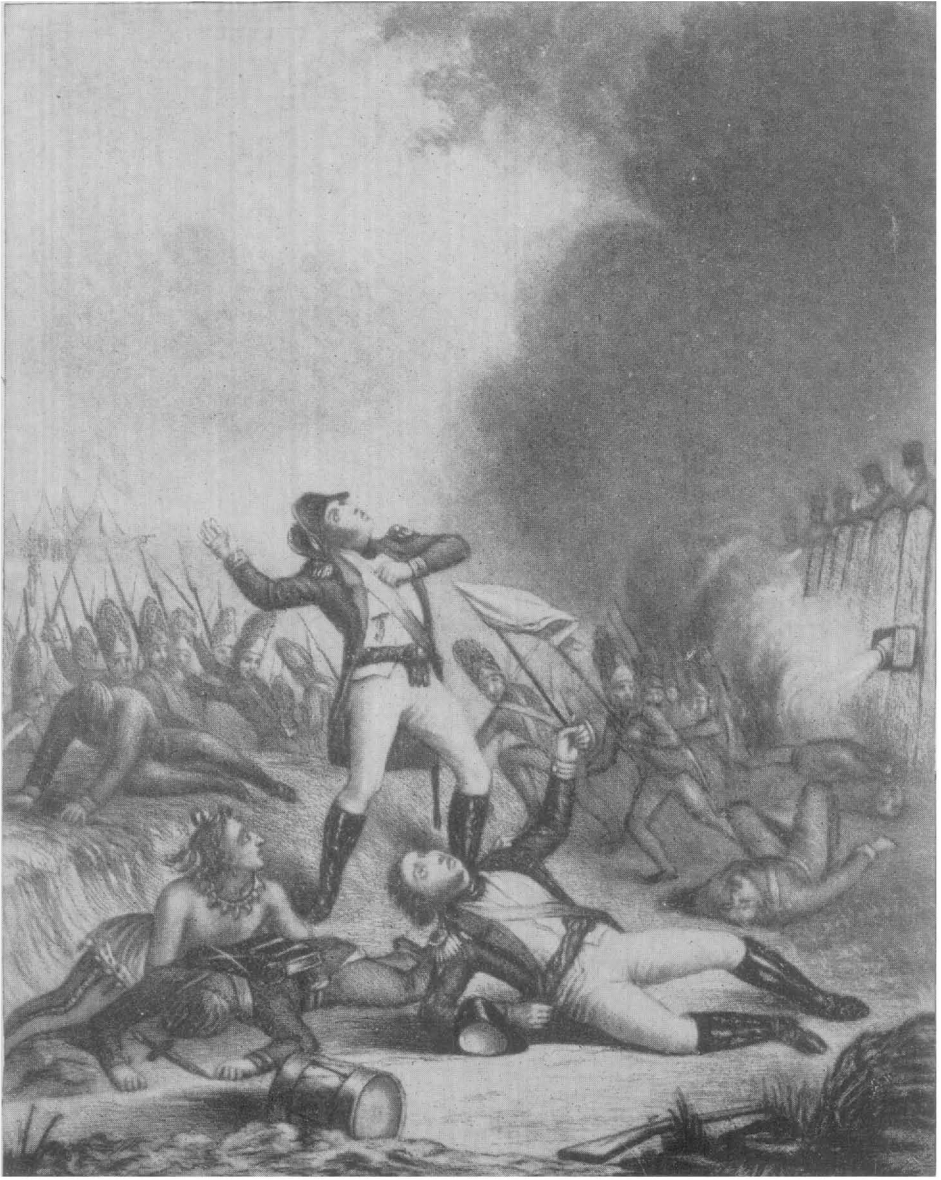


OHIO STATE UNIVERSITY.

HISTORICAL COLLECTIONS
OF
OHIO.

VOLUME III.



Designed and Engraved in 1846 by A. H. Ritchie for 1st Edition Ohio Historical Collections.

REPULSE OF THE BRITISH BEFORE FORT STEPHENSON.

“COL. SHORT, commanding the regulars composing the forlorn hope, was ordering his men to leap the ditch, cut down the pickets, and give the Americans no quarter, when he fell, mortally wounded, into the ditch, hoisted his handkerchief on the end of his sword, and begged for that mercy which he had the moment before ordered should be denied to his enemy.”

HISTORICAL COLLECTIONS

OF

OHIO

IN THREE VOLUMES.

AN ENCYCLOPEDIA OF THE STATE:

HISTORY BOTH GENERAL AND LOCAL, GEOGRAPHY WITH DESCRIPTIONS
OF ITS COUNTIES, CITIES AND VILLAGES, ITS AGRICULTURAL, MANU-
FACTURING, MINING AND BUSINESS DEVELOPMENT, SKETCHES
OF EMINENT AND INTERESTING CHARACTERS, ETC.,
WITH NOTES OF A TOUR OVER IT IN 1886.

ILLUSTRATED BY ABOUT SEVEN HUNDRED ENGRAVINGS.

CONTRASTING THE OHIO OF 1846 WITH 1886-90.

*From drawings by the author in 1846 and photographs taken solely for it in
1886, 1887, 1888, 1889, and 1890, of cities and chief towns, public
buildings, historic localities, monuments, curiosities,
antiquities, portraits, maps, etc.*

THE OHIO CENTENNIAL EDITION.

By HENRY HOWE, LL.D.,
AUTHOR "HISTORICAL COLLECTIONS OF VIRGINIA"
AND OTHER WORKS.

Vol. III.

COLUMBUS:
HENRY HOWE & SON.

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1891

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COUNTIES.

OTTAWA TO WYANDOT.

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COUNTIES.

OTTAWA.

OTTAWA COUNTY was formed March 6, 1840, from Sandusky, Erie and Lucas counties. Ottawa, says Bancroft, is an Indian word, signifying "*trader*." It was applied to a tribe whose last home in Ohio was on the banks of the Maumee. The surface is level, and most of the county is within the Black Swamp, and contains much prairie and marshy land. A very small portion of the eastern part is within the "*fire-lands*." There were but a few settlers previous to 1830. The emigration from Germany after 1849 was large, and its population is greatly of that origin. Their farms are generally small but highly productive, the draining of the Black Swamp bringing into use the richest of land. On the peninsula which puts out into Lake Erie are extensive plaster beds, from which large quantities of plaster are taken. Upon it are large limestone quarries, extensively worked. Area about 300 square miles. In 1887 the acres cultivated were 60,922: in pasture, 16,311; woodland, 19,601; lying waste, 6,989; produced in wheat, 228,461 bushels; rye, 46,961; buckwheat, 101; oats, 223,003; barley, 22,134; corn, 505,787; meadow hay, 12,166 tons; clover hay, 5,226; potatoes, 41,237 bushels; butter, 265,064 lbs.; sorghum, 317 gallons; maple sugar, 460 lbs.; honey, 8,786; eggs, 184,174 dozen; grapes, 6,993,216 lbs. (largest in the State); wine, 320,534 gallons (largest in the State); apples, 43,783 bushels; peaches, 86,424; pears, 1,867; wool, 49,823 lbs.; milch cows owned, 3,523.—*State Report, 1888*. Limestone, 167,054 tons burned for lime, 261,085 tons burned for fluxing, 56,000 cubic feet of dimension stone, 16,333 cubic yards of building stone, 40,272 cubic yards for piers and protection purposes, and 3,534 cubic yards of ballast or macadam.—*Ohio Mining Statistics, 1888*.

School census, 1888, 7,338; teachers, 137. Miles of railroad track, 89.

TOWNSHIPS AND CENSUS.	1840.	1880.	TOWNSHIPS AND CENSUS.	1840.	1880.
Bay,	231	509	Harris,	318	2,515
Benton,		2,712	Kelley's Island,	68	
Carroll,	262	1,697	Portage,	357	2,094
Catawba Island,		520	Put-in-Bay,		1,222
Clay,	176	3,616	Salem,	108	2,683
Danbury,	515	1,599	Van Rensselaer,	27	
Erie,	196	595			

Population in 1840 was 2,258; 1880, 19,762, of whom 12,793 were born in Ohio and 3,800 in the German Empire. Census, 1890, 21,974.

The first trial of arms in the war of 1812 in Ohio occurred in two small skirmishes on the peninsula between the Indians, September 29, 1812, and a party of soldiers, principally from Trumbull and Ashtabula counties, one of whom, then a lad of sixteen, was Joshua R. Giddings.

What is known as the PENINSULA is a tract of land, a little less than thirty square miles in area, lying between Lake Erie and Sandusky bay, and attached to the mainland by a narrow neck near the Portage river. Its early settlers were

from Danbury, Conn., and gave it the name of Danbury township. The western boundary of the Firelands cuts off a narrow strip of land on the west side of the township, though, as the township is now organized, the western line is that of the Firelands survey.

Catawba Island was organized as a separate township on the development of grape culture. It contains some 600 acres, situated north of the old Portage river bed, that stream now emptying into the lake some eight miles west of its original outlet, what is known as "The Harbors" being the old bed of the river. Catawba Island is connected with the mainland by a bridge over the west harbor.

Port Clinton in 1846.—Port Clinton, the county-seat, laid out in 1827, is 120 miles north of Columbus. It is situated on a beautiful bay, on the right bank of Portage river. It has a good harbor—in which is a light-house—and about sixty dwellings. It is about the only village in the county, and may ultimately be a place of considerable trade.—*Old Edition.*

PORT CLINTON, county-seat of Ottawa, is on Lake Erie at the mouth of Portage river, and about 110 miles north of Columbus, thirteen miles west of Sandusky, and thirty miles east of Toledo, on the L. S. & M. S. Railroad. County officers, 1888: Auditor, John H. Berleman; Clerk, Wm. A. Eisenhour; Commissioners, Alexander Scrymager, Frederick Hillman, Henry Rofkar; Coroner, George W. Woodward; Infirmary Directors, Robert Richardson, Henry Ryer, Wm. C. Lewis; Probate Judge, David R. McKitchie; Prosecuting Attorney, Charles I. York; Recorder, Frederick W. Camper; Sheriff, James Bisnette; Surveyor, Smith Motley; Treasurer, Washington Gordon. City officers, 1888: George R. Clark, Mayor; Wm. Bertsch, Clerk; John Orth, Treasurer; Sigmund Leimgruber, Marshal; Wm. Bodenstein, Sealer of Weights. Newspapers: *Lake Shore Bulletin*, Independent, A. W. Courchaine, editor and publisher; *Ottawa County News*, Democratic, George R. Clark, editor and publisher; *Ottawa County Republican*, Republican, J. W. Grisier, editor and publisher. Churches: one Catholic, one United Brethren, one Lutheran, one Methodist Episcopal. Bank: S. A. Magruder & Co., S. A. Magruder, cashier.

Manufactures and Employees.—A. Spies & Co., doors, sash, etc., 6 hands; Seuyfert & Co., carriages, etc., 5; O. J. True & Co., flour, etc., 4; A. Couche & Co., saw mill, 10; Robert Hoffinger, flour, etc., 8.—*State Report, 1887.*

Population, 1880, 1,600. School census, 1888, 546; John McConkie, school superintendent. Capital invested in industrial establishments, \$78,500; value of annual product, \$172,900.—*Ohio Labor Statistics, 1887.* Large fishing depots are located here. Census, 1890, 2,049.

THE TRIAL OF BENNET G. BURLEY AT PORT CLINTON.

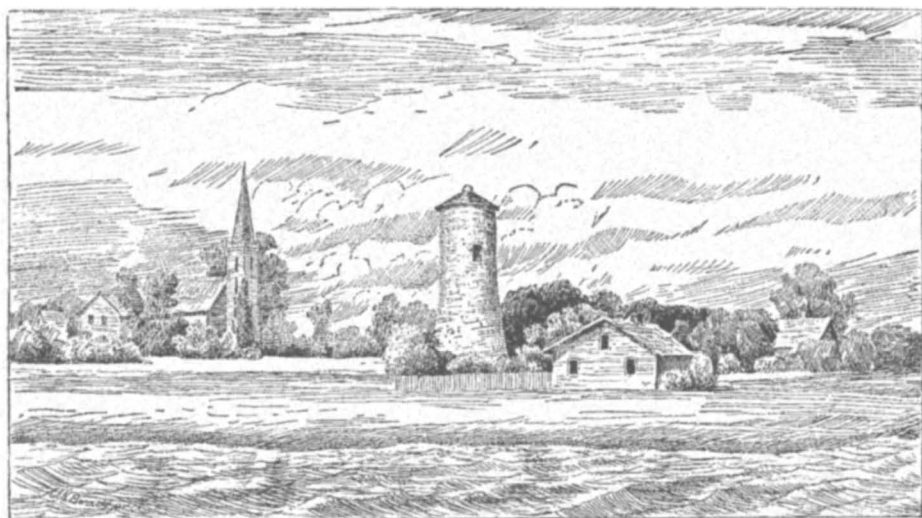
This was an interesting trial involving the question of recognition of the Confederate States as a government *de facto*. It resulted from the arrest of Bennet G. Burley, one of the Johnson's Island raiders. (See Erie County, Vol. I., p. 572.) Burley was tried in the Common Pleas Court at Port Clinton on the charge of robbery, in forcibly taking the watch of W. O. Ashley, the clerk of the steamer "Philo Parsons."

In bar of proceedings was pleaded the fact that defendant was the authorized agent and acting under the directions of the Confederate government, in all that he did, and that he did nothing not warranted by the laws and usages of war. Judge John Fitch presiding, held that the Confederate States' were, at the time named, a government *de facto*, exercising sovereignty, and being in a state of war with the Federal government; and hence the defendant could not be held amenable under the civil laws for acts performed under the authority of the Confederate government.

The Court cited, in support of such opinion, the fact that the United States had uniformly recognized the Confederate government as belligerent, and treated



OTTAWA COUNTY COURT-HOUSE, PORT CLINTON.



Drawn by Henry Howe in 1886

LIGHTHOUSE AND METHODIST CHURCH, PORT CLINTON.

its soldiers and agents as prisoners of war. The Court, however, held that in case the jury should believe that the taking of Ashley's watch was for the personal benefit of defendant, and not in the interest of the Confederate government, he was punishable under the State laws. The result was a disagreement of the jury, which stood, eight for guilty and four for not guilty. The case was understood to be without precedent, and the result was, accordingly, of general interest. The ruling of Judge Fitch was generally accepted as correct. These facts are from Waggoner's "History of Toledo."

That noted event in the late war in the Northwest—*Perry's victory*—took place on Lake Erie, only a few miles distant from the line of Ottawa. A description of this action we annex, from Perkins' "Late War :—"

Building a Navy in the Wilderness.—At Erie Commodore Perry was directed to prepare and superintend a naval establishment, the object of which was to create a superior force on the lake. The difficulties of building a navy in the wilderness can only be conceived by those who have experienced them. There was nothing at this spot out of which it could be built but the timber of the forest. Ship-builders, sailors, naval stores, guns and ammunition were to be transported by land, over bad roads, a distance of 400 miles, either from Albany by the way of Buffalo, or from Philadelphia by the way of Pittsburgh. Under all these embarrassments, by the 1st of August, 1813, Commodore Perry had provided a flotilla, consisting of the ships *Lawrence* and *Niagara*, of twenty guns each, and seven smaller vessels, to wit, one of four guns, one of three, two of two and three of one—in the whole fifty-four guns. While the ships were building the enemy frequently appeared off the harbor and threatened their destruction; but the shallowness of waters on the bar—there being but five feet—prevented their approach. The same cause which insured the safety of the ships while building, seemed to prevent their being of any service. The two largest drew several feet more water than there was on the bar. The inventive genius of Commodore Perry, however, soon surmounted this difficulty. He placed large scows on each side of the two largest ships, filled them so as to sink to the water edge, then attached them to the ships by strong pieces of timber, and pumped out the water. The scows then buoyed up the ships so as to pass the bar in safety. This operation was performed on both the large ships in the presence of a superior enemy.

The Fleet Ready for Battle.—Having gotten his fleet in readiness, Commodore Perry proceeded to the head of the lake and anchored in Put-in-Bay, opposite to and distant thirty miles from Malden, where the British fleet lay under the guns of the fort. He lay at anchor here several days, watching the motions of the enemy, determined to give him battle the first favorable opportunity. On the 10th of September, at sunrise, the British fleet, consisting of one ship of nineteen guns, one of seventeen, one of thirteen, one of ten, one of three and one of one—amounting to sixty-four, and exceeding the Americans by ten guns, under the command

of Commodore Barclay, appeared off Put-in-Bay, distant about ten miles. Commodore Perry immediately got under way, with a light breeze at southwest. At 10 o'clock the wind hauled to the southeast, which brought the American squadron to the windward, and gave them the weather-gauge. Commodore Perry, on board the *Lawrence*, then hoisted his Union Jack, having for a motto the dying words of Capt. Lawrence, "*Don't Give Up the Ship*," which was received with repeated cheers by the crew.

Awful Silence.—He then formed the line of battle, and bore up for the enemy, who at the same time hauled his courses and prepared for action. The lightness of the wind occasioned the hostile squadrons to approach each other but slowly, and prolonged for two hours the solemn interval of suspense and anxiety which precedes a battle. The order and regularity of naval discipline heightened the dreadful quiet of the moment. No noise, no bustle prevailed to distract the mind, except at intervals the shrill pipings of the boatswain's whistle, or a murmuring whisper among the men who stood around their guns with lighted matches, narrowly watching the movements of the foe, and sometimes stealing a glance at the countenances of their commanders. In this manner the hostile fleets gradually neared each other in awful silence. At fifteen minutes after 11 a bugle was sounded on board the enemy's headmost ship, *Detroit*, loud cheers burst from all their crews, and a tremendous fire opened upon the *Lawrence* from the British long guns, which, from the shortness of the *Lawrence's*, she was obliged to sustain for forty minutes without being able to return a shot.

The Lawrence Opens Fire.—Commodore Perry, without waiting for the other ships, kept on his course in such gallant and determined style that the enemy supposed he meant immediately to board. At five minutes before 12, having gained a nearer position, the *Lawrence* opened her fire, but the long guns of the British still gave them greatly the advantage, and the *Lawrence* was exceedingly cut up without being able to do but very little damage in return. Their shot pierced her sides in all directions, killing the men in the berth-deck and steerage, where the wounded had been carried to be dressed. One shot had nearly produced a fatal explosion. Passing through the light room it

knocked the snuff of the candle into the magazine. Fortunately, the gunner saw it, and had the presence of mind immediately to extinguish it. It appeared to be the enemy's plan at all events to destroy the commodore's ship. Their heaviest fire was directed against the *Lawrence*, and blazed incessantly from all their largest vessels. Commodore Perry, finding the hazard of his situation, made all sail, and directed the other vessels to follow, for the purpose of closing with the enemy. The tremendous fire, however, to which he was exposed soon cut away every brace and bowline of the *Lawrence*, and she became unmanageable. The other vessels were unable to get up, and in this disastrous situation she sustained the main force of the enemy's fire for upwards of two hours, within canister distance, though a considerable part of the time not more than two or three of her guns could be brought to bear on her antagonist. The utmost order and regularity prevailed during this scene of horror. As fast as the men at the guns were wounded they were carried below, and others stepped into their places. The dead remained where they fell until after the action. At this juncture the enemy believed the battle to be won.

The Lawrence a Mere Wreck.—The *Lawrence* was reduced to a mere wreck; her deck was streaming with blood and covered with the mangled limbs and bodies of the slain. Nearly the whole of her crew were either killed or wounded; her guns were dismounted and the commodore and his officers helped to work the last that was capable of service. At two Capt. Elliott was enabled, by the aid of a fresh breeze to bring his ship into close action in gallant style, and the commodore immediately determined to shift his flag on board that ship; and giving his own in charge to Lieut. Yarnell, he hauled down his Union Jack and, taking it under his arm, ordered a boat to put him on board the *Niagara*. Broad-sides were levelled at his boat and a shower of musketry from three of the enemy's ships. He arrived safe and hoisted his Union Jack, with its animating motto, on board the *Niagara*. Capt. Elliott, by direction of the commodore, immediately put off in a boat to bring up the schooners which had been kept back by the lightness of the wind. At this moment the flag of the *Lawrence* was hauled down. She had sustained the principal force of the enemy's fire for two hours and was rendered incapable of defence. Any further show of resistance would have been a useless sacrifice of the relics of her brave and mangled crew. The enemy were at the same time so crippled that they were unable to take possession of her, and circumstances soon enabled her crew again to hoist her flag.

Closing in on the Enemy.—Commodore Perry now gave the signal to all the vessels for close action. The small vessels, under the command of Capt. Elliott, got out their sweeps and made all sail. Finding the *Niagara* but little injured the commander determined upon the bold and desperate expedient of breaking the enemy's line; he accordingly

bore up and passed the head of the two ships and brig, giving them a raking fire from his starboard guns, and also a raking fire upon a large schooner and sloop from his larboard quarter at half pistol shot. Having gotten the whole squadron into action he luffed and laid his ship alongside of the British commodore. The small vessels having now got up within good grape and canister distance on the other quarter, enclosed the enemy between them and the *Niagara*, and in this position kept up a most destructive fire on both quarters of the British until every ship struck her colors.

"We have Met the Enemy and They are Ours."—The engagement lasted about three hours and never was victory more decisive and complete. More prisoners were taken than there were men on board the American squadron at the close of the action. The principal loss in killed and wounded was on board the *Lawrence*, before the other vessels were brought into action. Of her crew, twenty-two were killed and sixty wounded. When her flag was struck but twenty men remained on deck fit for duty. The loss on board of all the other vessels was only five killed and thirty-six wounded. The British loss must have been much more considerable. Commodore Barclay was dangerously wounded. He had lost one arm in the battle of Trafalgar. The other was now rendered useless by the loss of a part of his shoulder-blade; he received also a severe wound in the hip.

Commodore Perry, in his official despatch, speaks in the highest terms of respect and commiseration for his wounded antagonist and asks leave to grant him an immediate parole. Of Captain Elliott, his second in command, he says: "That he is already so well-known to the government that it would be almost superfluous to speak. In this action he evinced his characteristic bravery and judgment, and since the close of it has given me the most able and essential assistance." The bold and desperate measure of pressing forward into action with the *Lawrence* alone and exposing her to the whole fire of the enemy's fleet for two hours, before the other ships could be got up, has been censured as rash and not warranted by the rules of naval war; but there are many seasons when the commander must rely more on the daring promptness of his measures than on nice calculations of comparative strength. Neither Bonaparte nor Nelson ever stopped to measure accurately the strength of the respective combatants. The result is the acknowledged and generally the best criterion of merit; and it should not detract from the eclat of the successful commander that his measures were bold and decisive.

Cowardly Indians.—Two days after the battle two Indian chiefs who had been selected for their skill as marksmen, and stationed in the tops of the Detroit for the purpose of picking off the American officers, were found snugly stowed away in the hold of the Detroit. These savages, who had been

accustomed to ships of no greater magnitude than what they could sling on their backs, when the action became warm were so panic-struck at the terrors of the scene and the strange perils that surrounded them, that, looking at each other with amazement, they vociferated their significant "*quonh*," and precipitately descended to the hold. In their British uniforms hanging in bags upon their famished bodies, they were brought before Commodore Perry, fed and discharged, no further parole being necessary to prevent their afterwards engaging in the contest.

Burial of Fallen Heroes.—The slain of the crews of both squadrons were committed to to the lake immediately after the action. The next day the funeral obsequies of the American and British officers who had fallen were performed at an opening on the margin of the bay in an appropriate and affecting manner. The crews of both fleets united in the ceremony. The stillness of the weather, the procession of boats, the music—the slow and regular motion of the oars striking in exact time with the notes of the solemn dirge—the mournful waving of the flags, the

sound of the minute-guns from all the ships, the wild and solitary aspect of the place, gave to these funeral rites a most impressive influence and formed an affecting contrast with the terrible conflict of the preceding day. Then the people of the two squadrons were engaged in the deadly strife of arms; now they were associated as brothers to pay the last tribute of respect to the slain of both nations. Two American officers, Lieutenant Brooks and Midshipman Laub, of the *Lawrence*, and three British, Captain Finnis and Lieutenant Stoke, of the *Charlotte*, and Lieutenant Garland, of the *Detroit*, lie interred by the side of each other in this lonely place on the margin of the lake, a few paces from the beach.

This interesting battle was fought midway of the lake between the two hostile armies, who lay on the opposite shore waiting in anxious expectation its result. The allied British and Indian forces, to the amount of four thousand five hundred, under Proctor and Tecumseh, were at Malden ready, in case of a successful issue, to renew their ravages on the American borders.

TRAVELLING NOTES.

A VISIT TO GIBRALTAR.

Gibraltar is a very interesting islet. An indentation in Put-in-Bay Island forms Put-in-Bay harbor. Gibraltar lies within the mouth of the indentation and only about a furlong from either shore. It contains eight acres and rises, a forest-clad rock, forty-five feet above the lake. It bears forty-eight different kinds of trees. When the autumnal frosts cover the leaves it rounds up from the water as a huge bower of beauty, and sometimes when the air is calm the lake repeats the bower.

In the war of 1812 the island was fortified. Perry's fleet sailed out from here six miles to a point three miles north of Rattlesnake Island and there met the enemy.

An Island Castle.—The island is owned by Jay Cooke, and every year since the war era it has been his summer home. In 1864 and 1865 he built upon it his spacious castellated residence. Part of the materials for it were for a time in possession of the Southern Confederacy, the doors and window-casings. These were on board the "*Island Queen*" when she was captured by Beall, "*The Pirate of Lake Erie*." Mr. Cooke was not on board and so escaped molestation. But could they have secured and held him and used his great financial talents in their cause, it might not have been among the great variety of things "in the deep bosom of the ocean buried."

Upon the island Mr. Cooke has erected a monument to the memory of Commodore Perry with a suitable inscription, and near it stands mounted cannon, trophies of the victory. A lookout tower one hundred and thirty feet above the water gives a magnificent outlook. Some twenty beautiful islands and islets come under the eye from its summit, and these are largely productive in grapes, peaches, pears, quinces, apples and other fruits.

Tempering Effect of Water.—It was on the 20th of October that by invitation I arrived at Gibraltar to pass a day with Mr. Cooke, and at even that late season the temperature of the lake air was so kindly that lima beans were still plucked for the table on Put-in-Bay

Island, also cantaloupes and water melons; a few eatable peaches were lingering upon the trees, which Mr. Cooke gathered for my use when he took me over there on the succeeding morning. Flowers were also growing in the open air, as roses, heliotropes, pansies,

mignonettes, etc., and might be for a month to come, while thirty miles south on the mainland they had long been overtaken by frost; such was the tempering effect of surrounding water on the atmosphere of the island.

On the island are about eight hundred acres in grapes alone, the rest of the island mainly in other fruit. The yearly value from fruit and fishing for the people amounts to about a quarter of a million dollars. The population is about eight hundred. Peaches do remarkably well and also on the Peninsula. The making of fruit baskets is an important industry of this region. Peck baskets, wholesale, at about thirty cents, and half-bushel baskets at forty-two cents a dozen. When winter shuts down here it sometimes does it with so much vim that one can walk upon the ice from the Sandusky shore to that of Canada.

An Enterprising Polar Bear.—The winter of 1813 was especially severe; not a square yard of open water that anybody knew of between the islands and the North Pole. Whereupon, as the story goes, a white polar bear of enterprising spirit started South on an exploring tour until he reached the Peninsula, opposite Sandusky, when he was discovered by our kind, who treated him inhospitably, set upon him and carried off his fur coat. Poor bear!

Owning an Island.—There is something romantic in that idea of having an island all to one's self, as Mr. Cooke has in Gibraltar. Ex-President Hayes felt it years ago when his children were young, for he bought, a mile or so off the Peninsula, a small island as a recreation ground for them, where they could camp out and go a-sailing and a-fishing. It is a very small affair, so small one might some day take a fancy to pick it up, slip it in his vest pocket as he would his watch and walk off with it. It has a tiny name—Mouse Island—and it contains three acres.

When the war closed Mr. Cooke had his house finished. Being a Christian man he felt it was the Lord's work, thinking all the time of the text, "Except the Lord build the house they labor in vain that build it." So every summer for a term of ten years he was wont in gratitude to invite the Lord's ministers to enjoy it with him, generally picking out poor men with but lean salaries.

A Christian Plan.—His plan was to invite ten at a time, and two of a kind—two Methodists, two Presbyterians, two Episcopalians, two Lutherans, etc., whom he would keep two weeks and then they would depart for a second ten. When each departed he passed over checks to make good their travelling expenses to and fro. During their stay with him there was perfect concord, notwithstanding diverse theological beliefs. Of course, he took his guests sailing and fishing and their mutual enjoyment was huge. And sometimes when they sat down to the social meal there would lie on the platter for their regaling a magnificent white fish or bass that only an hour or two before had been sporting

in the water not one hundred yards away from the dining-table.

The Lover's Cave.—This rock of Gibraltar has its curiosities. The formation being limestone and one side a perpendicular bluff, it has under it a cave into which a boat can go; it is called "Lover's Cave." Another is the "Needle's Eye," an arched passage-way formed by an overhanging rock and another coming up from the bottom of the lake. One spot on the overhanging bluff is called "Perry's Lookout," where Perry was wont to station a sentinel to watch for the British fleet, and early one morning he discovered it near the Canada shore, whereupon he hoisted his anchors, sailed out of the bay and met them, much to their sorrow.

Painful Suspense.—While the battle was in progress the sound of the guns was heard at Cleveland, about sixty miles away in a direct line over the water. The few settlers there were expecting the battle and listened with intense interest. Finally the sounds ceased. They waited for a renewal. None came; the lull was painful. Then they knew the battle was over; but the result, ah! that was the point. One old fellow who had been lying flat with his ear to the ground soon settled that point. Springing up he clapped his hands and shouted, "Thank God! they are whipped! they are whipped."

"How do you know?" the others exclaimed.

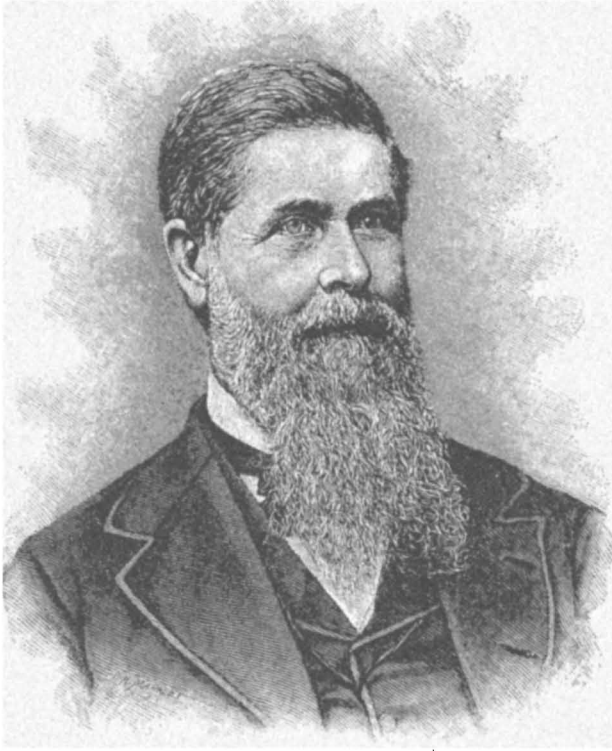
"Heard the big guns last!"

Perry's guns were the heaviest.

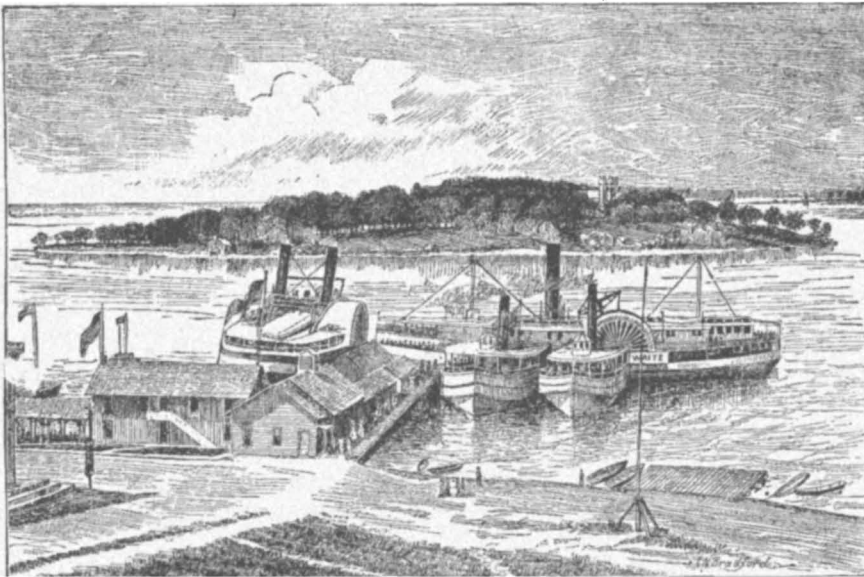
Power of Impressibility.—I had not met Mr. Cooke until this visit, and then I felt as though I had always known him; that, indeed, he was a very old friend. There are some characters that have that power of friendly impressibility and don't know it, and ought not to be blamed for having it. My philosophy of the matter is that it is the spirit of humanity and geniality that has got them in its full possession, and such would be miserable if they couldn't do good to everybody and everything around them, and this shows in every act, every word that falls from their lips and every expression of countenance. How those old divines must have enjoyed his princely hospitality and winning, heartfelt ways.

Mr. Cooke has a fine *personelle*. He is of the blonde type, half an inch less than six feet in stature and turns the scale at one hundred and ninety pounds. He is springy, alert in his movements and his mind acts with alike alertness. He has done a great work since that old Indian chief Ogontz carried him a small boy on his shoulders on the streets of Sandusky. Just glance at it.

A Remarkable Career.—In the spring of 1839, when eighteen years old, he went East to seek his fortune; entered as a boy the banking-house of E. W. Clarke & Co., Philadelphia, the largest domestic exchange and banking-house in the country. In a few months he was head-clerk; in his twentieth year had power of attorney to sign checks for the firm and at twenty-one was taken in as partner.



JAY COOKE.



GIBRALTAR, FROM PUT-IN BAY.

And when the war ensued he was the financial agent of the Government; and his house of Jay Cooke & Co., of Philadelphia, with branches in Washington, New York and London, did the greatest banking business the world has known. In the year 1865 it amounted to nearly three thousand millions of dollars. In placing the United States bonds he spent not less than a million of dollars in advertising and publications and

took all risks. Being of strong religious convictions he feels as though he had been an instrument in the hands of Providence to provide the funds for putting down the Rebellion. And until there is revealed the inner financial history of that stupendous era, the nation will never know how greatly its salvation rested upon the financial genius and patriotism of Jay Cooke. But he knows, and that is for him the best part of it.

THE WINE ISLANDS.

The group of Islands in the western part of Lake Erie, sometimes called the "Wine Islands," lie principally within the State of Ohio, but the largest island—Point Pelee—and a few of the smallest are British possessions. They are as follows :

Ross Island, alias South Bass, alias Put-in-Bay,	Area 1,500 acres.
Floral Isle, alias Middle Bass,	" 750 "
Isle St. George, alias North Bass,	" 750 "
Rattlesnake Isle,	" 60 "
Sugar Isle,	" 30 "
Strontian, alias Green Island,	" 20 "
Ballast,	" 10 "
Gibraltar,	" 8 "
Glacial, alias Starve Island,	Area about 2 "
Buckeye,	" 2 "

The above are the islands forming Put-in-Bay township, Ottawa county. Besides these are Mouse, a small island off Scott's Point, belonging to Ex-President Hayes; Kelley's Island, belonging to Erie county (see Vol. I, page 585); Gull, a small island, just north of Kelley's and West Sister's Island, some eighteen miles west of North Bass. North of the National boundary are Point Pelee Island, Middle Island, the small group known as Hen and Chickens, and East Sister's and Middle Sister's Islands.

Until 1854 these islands were sparsely settled. In that year Mr. J. D. Rivers, a Spanish merchant of New York, having been favorably impressed with their natural attractions purchased five entire islands, viz.: Put-in-Bay, Middle Bass, Ballast, Sugar and Gibraltar, at a cost of \$44,000. He at first turned Put-in-Bay into a sheep ranch, having at one time a herd of 2,000, but gradually disposed of these and converted the island into a fruit farm.

In 1858 Phillip Vroman, L. Harms, Lawrence Miller and J. D. Rivers commenced the cultivation of the vine. Their success was so great that others followed their example and now the principal industry is the growing of grapes. The quality of the soil, natural drainage and climatic influence surrounding the islands is specially favorable to the growing of fruits. The development of this industry is shown by the facts that in 1887 more than one-third of the grape product and nearly one-half of the wine product of the entire State is credited to Ottawa county, while nearly three times as many peaches were produced as in any other county in the State.

The varieties of grapes grown are mainly Catawba, Delaware and Concord, with some Ives, Norton, Clinton, etc.

At one time the wines from these islands had an extended reputation and were pronounced by the best judges "worthy of being compared to the most prized productions of France;" but the alarming extent of wine adulteration and competition of California wines has seriously affected the industry. Nevertheless, there are several companies that manufacture large quantities of wine of a high grade. One of these has in its cellars two of the largest casks in the United States, each capable of holding 16,000 gallons of wine.

Some fifteen or twenty years ago Put-in-Bay was a famous summer resort, but the destruction by fire in 1878 of the principal hotel, and in recent years the influx of unwholesome characters on excursions from the cities of Cleveland, Toledo and Sandusky, who are encouraged to come here and patronize the numerous saloons that have sprung up, has done much to bring the place into disrepute. Happily, within the past year a project has been got under way which may once more bring this historic and picturesque isle again into popular favor as a summer resort. A large hotel and cottages are to be erected and efforts made to prevent the lawless element from monopolizing this, Nature's outing place, for the people of Ohio.

The sanitary conditions of these islands are unsurpassed, and although there is nothing striking or grand in the scenery, yet taken altogether they form a scene of great beauty, while the morning and evening breezes that blow from the waters of Lake Erie are bracing and invigorating. Rock bass and perch abound in the water; better boating could not be desired. Propellers ply between the islands and steamers make several daily round trips to Sandusky.

These islands are favorite places of resort for clubs from the larger cities. Ballast Isle is owned by the Cleveland Club; they have a fine club-house and numerous cottages are occupied in season by their Forest City owners. On Floral Isle the Toledo and Lake Erie Boating and Fishing Association have a fine club-house surrounded by the cottages of the club members.

Near the centre of Put-in-Bay Island is a subterranean cavern that is quite an object of interest. It is 200 feet long, 150 feet wide and has an average height of 7 feet. At the farther end is a lake, whose pure, limpid waters are ice cold and said to be fifty feet deep in one place and to extend under the rocks to regions and depths unknown.

Early in this century these islands were overrun with rattlesnakes. The caves, crevices of the limestone rocks, afforded secure retreats at all times, and in the spring season they were wont to come out and lie upon the warm rocks and bask in the sunshine. The name of this horrid reptile is perpetuated in Rattlesnake Island, so called because its line of rocky humps suggested to its christener the rattles of rattlesnakes.

JAY COOKE was born in Sandusky, Ohio, August 10, 1821, and went in 1838 to Philadelphia, where he entered the banking-house of E. W. Clarke & Co. as a clerk, and when twenty-one years of age became a partner. In 1840 he wrote the first money article that appeared in Philadelphia, and for a year edited the financial column of the *Daily Chronicle*.

In 1858 he retired from the firm of E. W. Clarke & Co., and in 1861 established a new firm of which he was the head. In the spring of 1861, when the Government called for subscription loans, the firm of Jay Cooke & Co. at once organized and carried into operation the machinery to obtain and forward to Washington large lists of subscribers. This was done without compensation.

In 1862 Mr. Cooke was appointed by Secretary Chase the special agent of the government to negotiate the five hundred million five-twenty loan. In this great transaction the government assumed no risks. If the loan failed the agent was to receive nothing, and with full success the remuneration was not one-twentieth of the amount which European bankers are accustomed to receive from a foreign power, in addition to absolute

security from loss. The enormous negotiations of the great war loans of the United States were taken by the subscription agent, with the possible prospect of receiving no benefit therefrom, and the chance of ruining his own fortune and those of his partners.

The loan was sold, but even its remarkable success did not save Mr. Chase and Mr. Cooke from the detractions and accusations of the political enemies of the Secretary, who sought to damage his Presidential aspirations by charges of favoritism.

Whitelaw Reid, from whose *Ohio in the War* this sketch is abridged, says: The clamor of the opponents of Mr. Chase increased and finally succeeded. The treasury attempted to negotiate its own loans and failed. The consequence was that the Rebellion, which might have been suppressed in the later part of 1864, was defiant when the first of January, 1865, came. The force of financial success would have defeated the Richmond conspirators, but, familiar with the condition of National finances, the rebels waited confidently for the relapse of the Union effort to subdue them. The prospect was dark and dreary. The treasury was in debt for vouchers for the Quartermaster's

department, the armies were unpaid and heavy arrearages due, and a debt of three hundred millions of dollars stared the new Secretary in the face, while the financial burden steadily accumulated at the rate of four millions of dollars a day.

This was the condition of affairs when Mr. Fessenden was at the head of the Treasury Bureau. The government could only pay in vouchers and these were selling in every part of the country at a discount of twenty-five to thirty per cent. and gravitating rapidly downward. This was known to the Confederate authorities and excited the hopes of the Rebel armies at home and their sympathizers abroad. Had this condition continued gold would have reached a much higher premium, the vouchers of the government become unsaleable and ruin resulted. The government then tried to obtain money without the aid of a special agent. The endeavor was made, backed by the assistance of the National banks, but proved entirely abortive. With all this powerful machinery the receipts of the treasury averaged but seven hundred thousand per day, one-sixth of the regular expenditure. Mr. Chase and the leading friends of the government earnestly advised Mr. Fessenden to employ Mr. Cooke as the special agent of the Treasury Department, and the Secretary sent for the banker.

The interview was successful. Mr. Cooke asked the amount of the daily sales which would meet the urgent demands upon the treasury. The reply was "Two million five hundred thousand dollars; can you raise the money?" "I can," was the ready reply. "When will you commence?" "On the first of February," and the conference ended. This was on the 24th of January, 1865. His commission was sent to Mr. Cooke; he organized his staff of agents and by the first

of February was in full operation. Innumerable assistants were appointed; special and travelling agents were set at work; advertising was ordered by hundreds of thousands of dollars, and in a few days money began to flow into the depleted treasury and cash instead of vouchers paid the purchases for the maintenance of the government and the subsistence of the army.

From the first organization of Mr. Cooke's machines for popularizing the loan the daily sales averaged from two to three millions of dollars and steadily increased, until at the close of the loan the receipts averaged five millions of dollars per day. In about five months the last note was sold, fifteen or sixteen millions of dollars being sold occasionally in one day, and once forty-two millions. The result of these grand successes was the speedy collapse of the hopes of the Rebels. The vouchers of the government were paid off and new purchases were paid for promptly at a saving of from thirty to fifty per cent. on former prices. Since the close of the war Mr. Cooke has continued to act for the government in connection with other parties in many important matters. He was also the most efficient assistant in the establishment of the National banking system.

It should be added that Mr. Cooke's profits from the per centage allowed by the government were far less than has been generally supposed; they were three-eighths of one per cent. There are on file in the Treasury Department letters from him making repeated offers to give up the per centage and do the work for nothing if the government would release him from his liabilities for loss through any of his thousands of agents—a risk which constantly threatened him with ruin. The department always refused this offer.

TRAVELLING NOTES.

A VISIT TO LAKESIDE.

An Ohio Chautauqua—Lakeside is a peculiar place, a summer resort on the northeast shore of the Peninsula, about ten miles from Sandusky, with which there is constant communication by steamers passing to and from the islands. It is modelled after Chautauqua, and is owned by an association of gentlemen connected with the Methodist Episcopal church. It was founded in 1873 for the renovation of health and moral and religious instruction.

The location is in a forest, on a level site, with an expansive lake view, the nearest prominent visible object being Kelley's Island, rising from the water four miles farther out in the lake. The grounds contain 175 acres, fronting the lake with a wharf. It is enclosed by a high barb fence, the entrance gates guarded, and it is under stringent police regulations. Neither tobacco nor liquors are allowed to be sold.

The visitor is taxed for the use of the grounds; it is 25 cents for a single day, \$1 for a week, and \$2 for the season. I came here Saturday, by steamer, from Sandusky, to rest over the Sabbath. In the evening the police brought into the business office a

neighboring farmer who had evaded paying entrance fee by crawling, snake-like, under the fence. The tongue-lashing he received from the gentleman in charge showed "the way of the transgressor is hard"—that is, when caught.

A Wholesome Community.—The place has a large hotel, a business office with a post-office, bathing houses on the shore, about 400 cottages, and an auditorium—a huge open shed with seats for 3,000. The cottages are scattered about in the woods, generally are mere shells, externally painted, internally not so; built usually at a cost of from \$350 to \$400 each; some, from \$1,000 to \$1,600. Then, tents are brought here and some go into camp. On rare occasions 6,000 have slept on the grounds. The visitors are largely school marms, mothers with children, and boys camping out. The cost of living and boarding is cheap. Some females hire cottage rooms and do their own cooking. I felt it good to pass a Sabbath in a place from whence unwholesome people were excluded, and the moral air was so good. The Methodists, from their eminently social nature, are the best of all religionists to manage such a retreat.

On my trip over we passed Marblehead light-house, which is about two miles from Lakeside. Near that point are the famed Marblehead limestone quarries, which supply the best of limestone. The light-houses on the lakes are largely built with it, while a large portion of northern Ohio gets its lime from there.

Preaching to the Wyandots.—On the boat with me was an old gentleman, Rev. William Runness, a superannuated Methodist minister, who began his life in Portland, Maine, in 1802. He preached among the Wyandots once a quarter the last four years they remained in Ohio, he being the presiding elder in the district embracing them. As the Wyandots had no written language, he preached to them through an interpreter. This was Jonathan Pointer, a colored man, taken prisoner when a youth in the war of 1812 and adopted by them.

The Wyandots were very emotional and excellent singers. Some of their members were prone to prolixity in speaking, and "sometimes," said he, "they had to choke them off. On one occasion I saw one of the sisters get very much excited during one of their meetings, when 'Between-the-Logs,' an ordained minister of the Methodist Episcopal Church, a native Wyandot, struck up a tune and put her down. Then several speakers spoke and without interruption. 'Between-the-Logs' followed them, and had uttered but a few words, when the squelched sister, who had a loud, ringing voice, began, at the top of her register, singing—

"How happy are they
Who their Saviour obey."

'Between-the-Logs' was fairly drowned out, and took his seat, as much overcome by the merriment as the music."

Saved Enough to Bury Himself.—On the boat with us was an old gentleman whose talk was lugubrious. He was lamenting the degeneracy of the young men. "In old times," said he, "boys were bound out to trades,

and boarded with their employers, who looked after their habits, required them to keep good hours, and watched them with a father-like interest. With the introduction of machinery this is now all gone by. The young men are largely careless of money and dissolute. In my village of 1,000 people there are not three young men who do not drink and smoke; not one who has saved enough money to pay his funeral expenses, and yet there is not one who could not have saved enough to bury himself *three times over*."

Considering the profession of my informant, his illustration was exactly in his line, and shows how prone mankind are, when they open their mouths, to introduce the shop—he was the village undertaker.

When the old gentleman thus spoke, it was doubtless under a dreadful sense of great depression from the memory of unpaid bills. He had my sympathy.

Soldiers' Reunion.—At Lakeside was recently held one of those soldiers' reunions that have been so frequent since the war. These, with thinning, dissolving ranks of the old veterans—now fast getting into the sere and yellow leaf—will soon pass away and be held no more. Photography will preserve for posterity views of many of these meetings, and so help to keep alive and cherish the memory of those brave men who perilled all to save our beautiful country. The reunion that was lately held here was that of the Twenty-third Ohio, Gen. Hayes' old regiment. I have recently seen a photograph of it by Mr. Oswald, photographer, of Toledo. In the background, near together, are Mrs. Hayes, Stanley Matthews, Gen. Comly and Gen. Hayes. And it is a sad reflection that the ex-president is the only one of the four named at this present writing living.

Mrs. Hayes' Sympathy for the Soldier.—On their left is the drum-major, a very old man, then up in the eighties, having enlisted at the age of 60 years. Mr. Oswald himself is shown in the foreground, holding a child. The interest in this picture is greatly enhanced by the presence of Mrs. Hayes. Indeed, without her, it could not be the Twenty-third Ohio Volunteer Infantry. Mr. Oswald tells me that when the regiment went into winter-quarters the general was wont to put his family into a hired house near by, when Mrs. Hayes became a sort of mother to the boys. Whenever any of them were sick her sympathies were keenly aroused and she was all attention.

It is a precious time to the old soldiers—these reunions—the last of which, alas, is too near. The careless thinker, or observer, can have no conception of the sad joy of these men when they meet with more than brotherly affection and talk over their mutual experiences in that period of stupendous events—of bloody fields and agonizing hearts. The influence of these meetings upon these patriotic men, and the *power of comradeship* in the scenes through which they passed are beautifully delineated in a speech of Gen. Hayes at Cincinnati, August 10, 1889, before

the Ohio Commandery of the Loyal Legion. From it we make this extract :

SPEECH OF GEN. HAYES.

Commander and Companions : Among our most cherished associations we have come to know that *comradeship* in the *Union Army* holds a place in the very front rank. It has given us a host of army societies, great and small. . . . For us and those who are nearest and dearest to us, what an addition the war for the Union has contributed to the attractiveness of our American society ! Strike out from each of our lives, since the grand review at Washington, in May, 1865, all entertainments whose chief satisfaction, happiness and glory can be fairly traced to the comradeship of the war, and who does not see how meagre and barren those years would become ?

Memory's Review.—The interest which the war has imparted to our lives is not to be measured by the contemplation merely of assemblages that are marked by the turmoil and blare of multitudes marching with banners and gathered by music and cannon ; but we must reckon, also, the ever-recurring hours of domestic and other quiet scenes,

when in narrow and noiseless circles the tremendous events of our recent history, with their countless incidents, sometimes humorous, sometimes tragic and pathetic, are recalled, and pass and repass before us in never-ending review. The pictures on our walls, the books we read with most delight, the magazines and newspapers, the collections of mementos and relics gathered in those golden years, all do their part to keep in fresh remembrance the good old times when we were comrades, and almost all seemed and were, true and brave.

Soldiers' Friendships—It is often said that, outside of the family, no tie is stronger, more tender, and more lasting than that of comradeship. This is not the time nor place to compare as critics or philosophers the various sorts of friendship which grow up between men according to occupation and other circumstances. The fact we do know, and rejoice to know, is that to meet our old commander, or the brave, good men we commanded, or the trusted comrade of many a camp and march and battle, is always like good news from home, and fills the heart to overflowing with happiness which no words can fully tell.

ELMORE is nineteen miles west of Port Clinton, seventeen miles southeast of Toledo, on the L. S. & M. S. Railroad and Portage river. Newspapers : *Independent*, Independent, W. L. Foulke & Co., editors and publishers ; the *Elmore Tribune*, Independent, Bradrick Bros., publishers. Churches : 1 Presbyterian, 1 Disciples, 1 German Methodist, 1 Methodist Episcopal, 1 United Brethren, 1 German Lutheran, 1 German Reformed, and 1 Catholic. Bank : Bank of Elmore, John H. McGee, president, Thomas E. Baynes, cashier. Population, 1880, 1,044. School census, 1888, 414.

OAK HARBOR is ten miles west of Port Clinton, on the L. S. & M. S. Railroad and the W. & L. E. Railroad. Newspapers : *Ottawa County Exponent*, Democratic, J. H. Kraemer, editor ; *Press*, Democratic, George Gosline, editor and publisher. Churches : 1 Disciples, 1 Methodist, 3 Lutheran, and 1 Catholic.

Manufactures and Employees.—Charles A. Leow, carriages, etc., 6 hands ; H. H. Mylander, staves and headings, 33 ; J. Watts, planing mill, 5 ; Ampach Bros., saw mill and hoop factory, 55 ; Wash. Gordon, planing and saw mill, 25 ; C. Roose, staves and headings, 42 ; Portage Mills, flour, etc., 2.—*State Report, 1887.*

Population, 1880, 987. School census, 1888, 551. Capital invested in manufacturing establishments, \$127,000 ; value of annual product, \$181,000.—*Ohio Labor Statistics, 1888.*

Tile and brick are manufactured here of an excellent quality, and it is in a natural gas field.

CARROLL, P. O. Lacarne, is six miles west of Port Clinton, on the L. S. & M. S. Railroad. School census, 1888, 227.

GENOA is twenty-two miles west of Port Clinton, thirteen miles southeast of Toledo, on the L. S. & M. S. Railroad. It has six churches. Population, 1880, 930. School census 1888, 373 ; I. N. Sadler, school superintendent.

PUT-IN-BAY is on an island in Lake Erie, twelve miles north of Port Clinton, twenty two miles northwest of Sandusky. It is a famous summer resort, with daily steamers from Sandusky and Detroit during the summer season. Population, 1880, 381. School census, 1888, 231.

LAKESIDE is a summer resort on Lake Erie, and on the L. S. & M. S. Railroad, ten miles north of Sandusky.

PAULDING.

PAULDING COUNTY was formed from old Indian Territory, April 1, 1820. It was named from John Paulding, a native of Peekskill, N. Y., and one of the three militia men who captured Major Andre in the war of the Revolution; he died in 1818. The surface is level and the county covered by the Black Swamp.

Area about 420 square miles. In 1887 the acres cultivated were 61,555: in pasture, 6,167; woodland, 56,362; lying waste, 1,469; produced in wheat, 154,723 bushels; ryè, 5,379; buckwheat, 1,056; oats, 205,373; barley, 593; corn, 478,972; broom corn, 300 lbs. brush; meadow hay, 9,872 tons; clover hay, 2,103; potatoes, 30,922 bushels; tobacco, 5,050 lbs.; butter, 261,187; sorghum, 5,181 gallons; maple sugar, 430 lbs.; honey, 5,703; eggs, 335,593 dozen; grapes, 1,400 lbs.; sweet potatoes, 207 bushels; apples, 10,684; pears, 112; wool, 23,587 lbs.; milch cows owned, 3,809. School census, 1888, 8,063; teachers, 186. Miles of railroad track, 75.

TOWNSHIPS AND CENSUS.	1840.	1880.	TOWNSHIPS AND CENSUS.	1840.	1880.
Auglaize,	298	1,069	Emerald,		996
Benton,		798	Harrison,		770
Blue Creek,		616	Jackson,		974
Brown,	181	1,458	Latty,		609
Carryall,	345	2,582	Paulding,		1,065
Crane,	211	1,202	Washington,		1,346

Population of Paulding in 1840, 1,035; 1860, 4,945; 1880, 13,485, of whom 10,842 were born in Ohio; 570, Indiana; 421, Pennsylvania; 258, New York; 142, Kentucky; 141, Virginia; 267, German Empire; 165, British America; 96, Ireland; 77, France; 63, England and Wales; 7, Scotland; and 4, Norway and Sweden. Census, 1890, 25,932.

This county is all within the Black Swamp tract and is almost everywhere to the eye a dead level. The country roads having no obstacles to surmount are laid out through the woods with which the county is mostly covered, straight as an arrow, and the traveller over them can see immense distances on almost any road over which he may be passing. This with the wilderness aspect of the country strikes one with peculiar emotions.

As an illustration of the general water-like flatness of the Black Swamp region, one on a clear night can stand near the depot in Defiance and see the head-light of the locomotive just after it emerges from the curve and is coming East at the west end of the straight line which is the water tank, two and-a-half miles west of Antwerp and twenty-three miles away. Other places in the country have longer stretches of railroad line; but inequalities of grade prevent such a long vision.

The county has no basins; every acre is drainable. There is no boggy or swampy land. Where drained it is solid and every acre can be drained and cultivated. They are beginning to tile extensively and many tile factories are scattered over the county; the tiles varying from two-and-a-half to ten inches.

The county is being ditched extensively under the State statutes. An engineer appointed by the County Commissioners lays out the ditches and dictates the dimensions. They vary from three to six feet deep and from seven to even sometimes twenty feet in width, and from six to nine feet width at bottom. These ditches are in the swales or the lowest places, often not discernible to the eye and which the engineer's level alone can detect. Thousands of acres are now drained

and in time the entire county will be so, when it will be one of the most level fertile tracts anywhere, producing enormous crops, especially grass.

Two great streams run through the county, the Maumee and the Auglaize, which unite at Defiance and form what is termed on ancient maps "The Miami of the Lakes." The Maumee runs very crooked, northeast through the north-west corner townships, Carryall and Crane.

In that narrow strip north of the Maumee, south of the Defiance county line, the streams empty into the Maumee. In this tract are *Fountain Wells* or Natural Springs, which by piping rise two or three feet above the surface. South of the river are no fountains anywhere.

South of the Maumee all the streams run into the Auglaize. The first of these is "Six-Mile creek," which runs the entire width of the county and is so-called because it empties into the Auglaize six miles from its mouth. On it is the "Six Miles Reservoir," containing four and one-third square miles for the Maumee and Wabash canal, but it is now abandoned. Six Mile runs from one to three miles from the Maumee and parallel to it. The next considerable stream is "Crooked Creek," called by the Indians Flat Rock, because the bed is a flat limestone for nearly a mile from its mouth. The streams show the county to be a plain, sloping towards the northeast, the highest parts being in the southwest.

SKETCH OF JOHN PAULDING.

This county, as stated, was named from one of the three militia men, JOHN PAULDING, David Williams and Isaac Van Wert, who took Major Andre prisoner, September 23, 1780. Paulding was born in New York in 1758, and died at Staatsburg, Dutchess co., New York, in 1818. All three were Dutch and neither could speak English well. Paulding served through the war and was three times taken prisoner. The oldest of the three was Williams, who had but passed his twenty-third birthday. The circumstances of the capture were these :

They were seated among some bushes by the road-side amusing themselves by playing cards when they were aroused by the sound of the galloping of a horse, and on going to the road saw a man approaching on a large brown horse which they afterwards observed was branded near the shoulder U. S. A. The rider was a light, trim-built man, about five feet seven inches in height, with a bold, military countenance and dark eyes and was dressed in a round hat, blue surtout, crimson coat, with pantaloons and vest of nankeen. As he neared them the three cocked their muskets and aimed at the rider, who immediately checked his horse, when the following conversation ensued :

Andre.—"Gentlemen, I hope you are of our party."

Paulding.—"What party?"

Andre.—"The lower party."

Paulding.—"We are."

Andre.—"I am a British officer; I have been up the country on particular business and do not wish to be detained a single moment."

Paulding.—"We are *Americans*."

Andre.—"God bless my soul, a man must do anything to get along. I am a Continental officer going down to Dobb's Ferry to get information from below."

Andre then drew out and presented a pass from General Arnold, in which was the assumed name of John Anderson; but it was of no avail. Andre exclaimed, "You will get yourselves into trouble." "We care not for that," was the reply. They then compelled him to dismount, searched him and as a last thing ordered him to take off his boots. At this he changed color. Williams drew off the left boot first, and Paulding seizing it exclaimed, "My God, here it is!" In it three half sheets of written paper were found enveloped by a half sheet, marked "Contents, West Point." Paulding again exclaimed, "My God, he's a spy." A similar package was found in the other boot.

Andre was now allowed to dress. The young men now winked to each other to make further discoveries and inquired from whom he got the papers. "Of a man at Pines Bridge, a stranger to me," replied Andre. He then offered for his liberty his horse and equipage, watch and one hundred guineas. This they refused unless he informed them where he obtained his manuscript. He refused to comply, but again offered his horse, equipage and one thousand guineas. They were firm in their denial and Andre increased his offer to ten thousand guineas and as many dry goods as they wished, which should be deposited in any place desired; that they might keep him and send any one to New York with his order so that they could obtain them unmolested. To this they replied that it did not signify to make any offer, for he should not go. They delivered him to the nearest military station, Newcastle, twelve miles distant.

Williams, Paulding and Van Wert stood within the ring when Andre was hung. When an officer informed him that his time was nearly expired and inquired if he had anything to say, he answered, "Nothing for them but to witness to the world that he died like a brave man." The hangman, who was painted black, offered to put on the noose. "Take off your black hands," said Andre; then, putting on the noose himself, took out his handkerchief, tied it on, drew it up, bowed with a smile to his acquaintances and died.

Congress gave each of Andre's captors a farm in West Chester county, valued at \$2,500, a life pension of \$200, together with an elegant silver medal, on one side of which was the inscription, "*Fidelity*," and on the reverse the motto, "*Amo patriæ vincit*"—"The love of country conquers."

The preceding account is from the *Historical Collections of New York*, by John W. Barber and Henry Howe (myself), to which it was original:

On the night previous to the execution my great-uncle, Major Nathan Beers, of New Haven, was officer of the guard and in the morning he stood beside him. He said that Andre was perfectly calm. The only sign of nervousness he exhibited was the rolling of a pebble to and fro under his shoe as he was standing awaiting the order for his execution. As a last thing, although he was a stranger to Mr. Beers, but probably attracted by the kindness of his countenance, he took from his coat pocket a pen and ink sketch and handed it to him, saying in effect, "This is my portrait which I drew last night by looking in a mirror. I have no further use for it and I should like you to take it." He accompanied this gift with a lock of his hair. I have often seen the portrait, which Mr. Beers gave to Yale College.

Mr. Beers was a man of singular beauty of character and lived to nearly the age of one hun-

dred years. Though so deaf he could not hear a word that was uttered, he was every Sabbath in his seat at the church of which he was a deacon; his face was upturned to the minister with an expression so calm, so peaceful, that one could but feel that every feature was under the celestial light.

In the war Mr. Beers was Ensign of the Governor's Guards, the identical company which under the command of Benedict Arnold marched to Boston at its outbreak. In his old age the company, at the close of a parade day would often march to his residence on Hillhouse Avenue, draw up in line and give the aged veteran a salute. On one of these occasions he said: "Boys, I am not much of a speech-maker, but I can thank you. Although I am too deaf to hear the report of your guns, I will say your powder *smells good*."

PAULDING, county-seat of Paulding, is about one hundred and twenty miles northwest of Columbus, on the C. J. & M. R. R.

County officers, 1888: Auditor, R. D. Webster; Clerk, Thomas J. Champion; Commissioners, Daniel Davidson, Michael Maloy, Thomas Chester; Coroner, Daniel W. Hixon; Infirmary Directors, Henry Downhour, Samuel Dotterer, Daniel H. Dunlap; Probate Judge, Vance Brodnix; Prosecuting Attorney, W. H. Snook; Recorder, Frank M. Bashore; Sheriff, Edward C. Swain; Surveyor, Oliver Morrow; Treasurer, Michael Finan. City officers, 1888: H. E. McClure, Mayor; Bell Smith, Clerk; Joseph B. Cromley, Treasurer; John Bashore, Marshal. Newspapers: *Democrat*, Democratic, N. R. Webster, editor and publisher; *Paulding County Republican*, Republican, A. Durfey, editor and publisher. Churches: one Methodist, one United Brethren and one Presbyterian. Banks:

Paulding Deposit, C. H. Allen, president, W. H. Mohr, cashier; Potter's, George W. Potter, cashier.

It has 2 hoop and stave factories, 1 hub and buggy spoke factory—the hubs are made from elm and spokes from hickory—2 saw mills in town, while the country around is full of saw mills; also, two wagon and buggy shops and 1 planing mill.

Population, 1880, 454. School census, 1888, 606. Capital invested in industrial establishments, \$93,500. Value of annual product, \$218,000.—*Ohio Labor Statistics, 1887.* Census, 1890, 1,879.

CALVIN L. NOBLE, commonly called "The Judge," died at Paulding, April 10, 1889, where he had located in 1858. He was born in Trumbull county, October 13, 1813. Learned printing and founded a Democratic newspaper in Cleveland. As the type was too wide for his display head-line he left out one letter and changed the spelling from "Cleaveland" to "Cleveland," and the public adopted the change. See page 508.

In September, 1833, he located at Fort Defiance, when all the Northwestern Territory was a howling wilderness inhabited by Indians. Mr. Noble became agent for the American Fur Company and purchased large amounts of fur, which was then the principal source of revenue in all this region. He was also agent for the American Land Company; superintended the laying out of Bryan; was in the Legislature; held many offices, as Recorder and Commissioner of Williams county; was first Sheriff of Defiance county; Probate Judge of Paulding county and for twelve years collector of the leases of the Miami and Erie canal. He was one of the most widely known and respected of the pioneers of Northwestern Ohio.

TRAVELLING NOTES.

Paulding, Wednesday Evening, December 8, 1886.—I came to this place this morning from Cecil, six miles, by rail and have had a very interesting day. This is about the wildest county in Ohio. It is a new county, but rapidly improving; has doubled in population in the last eight years. The town is emerging from the forest and has a very primitive, woodsy look.

The place is girt around with the grand primitive forest, waiting its turn to sink beneath the labor of man. The single trees that are left and stand scattered around in the town, like sentinels on duty, have the peculiar look of trees grown in the forest of the Black Swamp, where they run up like bare naked poles with their spreading limbs and tufts of foliage on top, to welcome the sunlight and the shower.

The place pleases me beyond measure; carries me back to the aspect of the new places I have travelled through on old Pomp, when much of Ohio was a new country like this. And the people are filled with the same good spirits then so largely seen, which comes to settlers in a new rapidly developing country. They already halloo because they see their way out of the woods and a bright chance for themselves and boys and girls after them. The new-comers are crowding in inquiring for land improved and timbered, and then they buy and go into the interior and erect the old-time log hut, level the forest and drain the land.

How Hoops and Staves are Made.—The people of Paulding mainly get their living from the products of the forest. This afternoon I made a visit to the large hoop and stave factory of A. B. Holcombe & Co., and obtained these interesting facts from their manager, Mr. Charles Cook.

One man makes about 500 round hoops in a day; wages, 30 cents per 100. They are made from ash, white oak, hickory and maple and are used for flour, pork, syrup and liquor barrels.

Coiled or flat hoops are made by machinery out of elm and are used for light packing, as eggs, sugar, etc. The ordinary flat hoop is made largely hereabouts in the shanties in the woods and from black ash. They are *rived out* and delivered straight to the cooper and he puts them on by interlocking. His ordinary charge is about 12 cents a barrel.

This concern makes the patent hoop; it is made of elm. The log is taken to the saw mill, sawed into bolts 6½ feet long, 4½ inches thick. These bolts are steamed, then are

cut with knives similar to the stave knife, making bars $4\frac{1}{2}$ inches wide, $\frac{3}{8}$ of an inch thick and $6\frac{1}{2}$ feet long. These bars are then run through a planer that rounds one side of the hoop and so bevels the inner side, making a hoop $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches wide and $\frac{3}{8}$ of an inch thick, the required dimensions for a standard hoop. These hoops are taken to a machine called a pointer and lapper—points one end and thins the other—then the hoops are boiled in a vat; then, when hot, are coiled in a coiling machine and are ready for market—8 hoops are put in a coil. The capacity of the machine is 40,000 per diem. The cooper puts these on a barrel for 4 or 5 cents.

A single nail holds together a coil of hoops ready for market. Some millers use the flat hoop and others the patent hoop. The patent hoop here finds its market entirely in New York City.

Staves are made entirely of elm, because it is easily worked and the woods abound in elms. The wood-cutters saw up the trees into lengths of thirty-two inches in the woods. These are split into parts from six to ten inches thick. They are then called bolts. These are then put into vats or boxes, and steamed, and thus rendered pliable. In A. B. Holcombe & Co.'s works the boxes have a capacity for twenty-five cords. These bolts are then sawed or "equalized" the required length of a barrel, which for sugar is 30 inches, for flour $28\frac{1}{2}$, and for a half-barrel 24 inches. The half-barrel has a smaller heading and narrower staves.

These bolts are then put into a machine and split into long, thin pieces. The machine cuts each of these pieces into the required curves, to adapt each to forming part of the curve of a barrel.

The staves are then cut to the required width by a knife, which also gives a slight bevel to each, so as to fit it to its companion stave and the right bilge for the shape of the barrel. This concern makes about 30,000 staves per day. Eighteen staves are required for a sugar barrel and the diameter of its head is 19 inches.

Charcoal Furnaces.—On my way on the railroad from Cecil to Paulding, about a mile and a half south of the former, my attention was attracted by a huge brown building, and on the plateau beside it, and in contrast with it, lines of structures shaped like beehives, about fifteen feet at the base and about as high. These were on the line of the railroad and Wabash Canal. The beehive-like structures were twenty-three in number, and being white as snow (constructed, I believe, of brick and plastered with lime), formed a strong contrast to the dingy buildings and the dead aspect of the landscape around them. Attracted by the oddity of the scene as I gazed upon it from the cars, I was told that this was the Paulding furnace, the only one in northwest Ohio, and the beehive-like structures were kilns for the burning of the charcoal. The ores smelted were from Lake Superior. I am informed that beehive ovens will yield, in four days' burning, from forty-five to fifty bushels of charcoal per cord of wood.

This furnace was established here in 1864 by Graft, Bennett & Co., of Pittsburg, and because the country was full of wood. The ore is brought from Lake Superior by lake to Toledo, thence to this point by railroad and canal.

This furnace proved a great civilizer. In taking up land there could be no agriculture until the woods were cleared. In a short time they were employing 250 hands in clearing the forest and in other ways, clearing annually 1,000 acres of woodland. They used about 120 cords of wood per day, making forty-five tons of iron. The company built the first railroad in the county, the line from Cecil to Paulding. The furnace is not now running, and the increased and increasing value of the woodland will probably prevent a resumption.

All the furnaces in the United States originally used charcoal. Its place is now being supplied with anthracite and bituminous coal and coke.

ITEMS OF TALK WITH AN OLD SETTLER.

An old gentleman, Judge A. S. Latta, of Paulding, has given me some interesting items in conversation. When he first came to the country in 1837 there were but two families in the territory now comprising Emerald, Paulding and Blue Creek townships, in all 108 square miles. They were John Musselman, now living, and George Platter. There were only three families in Jackson, those of John R. and William Moss, and Mr. Fox. In Latta was only Leonard Kimmel, none in Harrison, and probably none in Benton. In 1842 there were only four organized townships, viz.: Auglaize; Brown, so named from Fort Brown at the junction of the canals; Crane, so called after Oliver Crane, one of the first settlers, and Carryall, so called from the resemblance of a rock in the river to a French carryall or sleigh. The county census of 1840 gave a population of 1,025; but these were largely a floating population, including laborers on the canal. Paulding, in 1840, had the smallest population of any county in Ohio. Van Wert, the county south, had 1,577, Ottawa 2,258, Henry 2,492, Williams 4,464, Wood 5,458, Putnam 5,142.



D. C. Winters, Photo, Paulding

THE PAULDING FURNACE, NEAR CECIL.

The white beehive-shaped structures are the kilns for the burning of the charcoal.



D. C. Winters, Photo, Paulding, 1887.

A HOOP-POLE SHANTY.

This is the home of a family who had moved in from Richland County to follow the business of making hoops. The county is full of such. Woodsmen here work the forest as fishermen work the sea.

The great obstacle to the settlement of the county has been the immense amount of fallen timber, which clogs up and stops the flow of water. The early settlers were fairly starved and drowned out; the ground was so wet they could not raise anything.

An old surveyor, running a line for a State road from Greenville in Darke county into Williams county, on entering Paulding made a note in his survey-book:

"Water!—water!—water!—tall timber!—deep water!—not a blade of grass growing, nor a bird to be seen."

A stranger was making some invidious comparisons in regard to the Black Swamp lands, when a resident retorted by saying:

"Why, we do what you cannot; we raise two crops upon them."

"How is that?" asked the other; "it can't be possible."

"Yes," rejoined he; "one of *ice*, and the other of *frogs*!"

As late as 1878 wild timbered lands could be bought within four miles of Paulding from \$4 to \$6 per acre; now, from \$10 to \$20; improved lands from \$30 to \$50 an acre.

The population is mixed, largely foreign—German, some Irish and native English and Scotch. The prevailing religious denominations are Methodists and United Brethren, some Lutherans and a few Catholics.

It is claimed for Paulding that in the war she supplied more soldiers, *pro rata*, to the population, than any other county in Ohio. During the war the crops, therefore, could only be harvested by importing laborers from the adjoining counties. It may be so, as the population here then consisted largely of floating laborers. Noble county makes the same claim, but in neither case have we seen the data for it.

DESTRUCTION OF THE RESERVOIR.

Just east of Antwerp, in this county, was the reservoir of the Wabash & Erie Canal, which connected with the Miami & Erie Canal at Junction City. When, some years ago, the State of Indiana abandoned the Wabash & Erie, this section became practically useless, and the reservoir of some 2,000 acres was a constant source of ill-health in the region about it. It was originally the valley of a small stream, and was dammed and diked to make a reservoir. An effort has been made to have the State abandon it, but the bill failed to pass the Legislature. On the night of April 25, 1888, a band of some 200 men, residents of the county, proceeded to the lower end of the reservoir, captured the guards, who had been there since an attempt at destruction a few weeks previous, and proceeded systematically to destroy it. Two locks were blown up with dynamite, and the bulk-head at the lower end of the reservoir. The building occupied by the gate-keeper was burned. The band worked all night cutting the dikes with pick and spade. The volume of water was thus largely reduced, though the reservoir was not entirely drained.

Immediately on learning of these lawless acts, Gov. Foraker issued a proclamation to the rioters to disperse, and ordered to the scene of action Gen. Axline with several companies of militia to protect the State's property and to preserve peace. When the militia arrived, however, the rioters had dispersed, and owing to the sympathy with their acts on the part of the residents of the county, it was found impossible to discover the perpetrators of the damage. The unnecessary injury to the health of the residents of this region, and the waste of a vast area of fine farming land, justified the destruction of the reservoir, but the means adopted to encompass this are deserving of severe condemnation. Later the reservoir and canal were abandoned by the State. In 1843 the Mercer county reservoir was in like manner subjected to the hostility of the inhabitants. (See Vol. II, 503.)

TRAVELLING NOTES.

Thursday Morning, December 9.—Left Paulding in the cars for Van Wert half-an-hour ago and they have stopped at a clearing in the woods called Latty, three miles below. This railroad, the "Cincinnati, Jackson and Mackinaw," runs through the wildest part of the State parallel with and a few miles only from the Indiana line. It has in this region no through travel. I am on a freight train with a caboose attached. It goes only about six miles an hour, making many stops.

The Timber Business and People.—The railroad is supported mainly by the transportation of timber, there being but little agriculture in Paulding county. The greater part of the population live with their families in hoop shanties or log cabins in the woods and engage in the getting out of staves and hoops. There are fifteen or sixteen stave factories in the county. The barrel heads are made of basswood and sycamore.

Latty is composed of a collection of huts in the woods for laborers who are at work cutting down timber for hoops and staves that are made here. The soft timber is cut down by cross-cut saws; the hardest trees are chopped. The principal timber of the country is oak, cottonwood, hickory, basswood and sycamore in immense quantities. The sycamore, they tell me, is of great value for the inside of houses; regarded as preferable to black walnut, ash or cherry, color resembling mahogany and beautifully grained.

Around Latty the trees had mostly been cut down by cross-cut saws. There are establishments here for making hoops and staves. Latty is a wild spot and very interesting to look upon. What piles of logs! what almost acres of staves!—some under sheds and some in the open. Around stand the woods in the deadness of winter, their trunks largely white and hoary.

The cutting down the forests is mere child's play compared to the labor of the pioneers with the axe. Now there are firms of men who travel even into the heart of Ohio, where yet remain scattered large bodies of woodland, with their portable saw-mills and make contracts to clear the land. They saw down the trees with cross-cut saws and convert them into lumber on the spot, living in the woods at the time in shanties and often with their families. By the use of the cross-cut saw a few men will clear one hundred acres in a few months and with a portable saw-mill of twenty-horse-power convert such a hard timber as oak into lumber at the rate of six thousand feet per day. I met, in travelling, one of a firm, Strack & Angell, of these modern clearers of the woods. He told me they had just cleared off in less than a year three hundred acres, yielding 900,000 feet of lumber.

Directing the Fall of Trees.—Such is the skill of these modern woodsmen that they will make a tree fall in any desired direction. If the top should lean as much as even ten feet over, say a gulch, and they wish it to lie in an opposite direction, they will work as follows: First, chip with an axe part way through the tree in the desired direction for its fall near its base, then on the opposite side begin with their cross-cut saw, driving in thicker and thicker wedges in the fissure made by the saw, which after a while changes the centre of gravity to the opposite side.

Costly Trees.—Sometimes trees of rare

value are found in the woods. I am told an enormous black walnut, some years ago, found in Williams county, brought \$1,000, and a bird's-eye oak, very rare, discovered in Indiana, sold for \$1,700. These were exorbitant sums, reached by furniture men in rivalry to each other.

Wild Game.—At a stopping-place in front of a cabin we saw some foxes chained and one of our passengers got out and played with them. The woods are full of foxes and wild game generally, as partridge, duck, quail, wild turkey, plover, jack-snipe, woodcock, etc.

Speech of the Twentieth Century.—In front of the cabins at Latty, the ground seemed alive with midgits, children playing in the warm, golden sunlight of a perfect December day. The air was pure and bracing; nature calm and peaceful and it seemed as though the very spirit of liberty dwelt here in this wilderness for the growth and nurture of these little ones, and then I thought, in a twinkling the Twentieth Century, in the freshness of youth and hope, will be here and he will call out to them, "Come, I want you. That old fellow, the Nineteenth Century, is dead; yes, dead as a hammer. You know, for you were at his funeral and nobody wept. We respect his memory, but will not put on mourning. He thought, as Old Father Time was notching out his last years, he had done great things in his day and generation. And so he had; but oh, law me! it's not a circumstance to what I shall do with my one

hundred years; that is, starting with your help." And they will help him, even if they were born in the woods of Paulding, and the nightly hooting of owls resounded from its dark, lonely recesses.

The original county-seat was CHARLOE, on the Auglaize river and Miami extension canal, twelve miles south of Defiance. It was laid out about 1840 and was never but little more than a mere hamlet. Ockenox's town stood on the site of Charloe, named from a chief who resided there, and who was reported an obstinate, cruel man. The village derived its name later from Charloe, an Ottawa chief, distinguished for his eloquence and sprightliness in debate.

ANTWERP is ten miles northwest of Paulding, twenty-one west of Defiance, on the M. W. St. L. & P. R. R. and Wabash canal.

City officers, 1888: W. F. Fleck, Mayor; A. E. Lane, Clerk; O. S. Applegate, Treasurer; Joel Dresser, Marshal. Newspaper: *Argus*, Republican, W. E. & N. H. Osborn, editors. Churches: 1 Presbyterian, 1 Catholic and 1 Christian. Population, 1880, 1,275. School census, 1888, 471; A. K. Grubb, school superintendent.

Antwerp has 2 large stave factories, one of which combines with it the manufacture of dressed and rough lumber; 2 factories for tobacco, candy, and jelly pails and cannicans—small, wooden cans—axle grease boxes, 1 patent hoop manufactory, flouring mill, etc. It is an excellent market for grain and live stock, and it exports largely poultry and wild game, as wild turkeys, ducks, quail, partridges, etc.

PAYNE is eight miles southwest of Paulding, on the N. Y. C. & St. L. R. R. Newspaper: *Review*, Republican, W. J. Johnson, editor and publisher.

Manufactures and Employees.—N. E. Prentice, flour, etc., 9 hands; P. H. Hyman, lumber and staves, 18; Payne, Hoop & Co., hoops, 41; H. F. Schnelker & Co., staves, 24; *Payne Review*, printing, 2; Jacob Ream, lumber and flooring, 10; Miller & Zind, wagons, etc., 3.—*State Reports*, 1887.

School census, 1888, 354. Capital invested in manufacturing establishments, \$60,000. Value of annual product, \$65,000.—*Ohio Labor Statistics*, 1888.

CECIL is six miles north of Paulding, on the W. St. L. & P. and C. J. & M. Railroads.

Manufactures and Employees.—J. B. Bugenot, Bros. & Co., staves and heading, 50 hands; M. Simpson, lumber and tile, 6.—*State Report*, 1888.

School census, 1888, 115.

DAGUE is six miles south of Paulding, on the C. J. & M. R. R. School census, 1888, 130.

LATTY is three miles south of Paulding, on the C. J. & M. and N. Y. C. & St. L. Railroads. School census, 1888, 169.

OAKWOOD is eleven miles southeast of Paulding, on the Auglaize river and N. Y. C. & St. L. R. R. School census, 1888, 136.

PERRY.

PERRY COUNTY was formed March 1, 1817, from Washington, Muskingum and Fairfield, and named from Commodore Oliver H. Perry. The surface is mostly rolling, and in the South hilly; the soil is clayey, and in the middle and northern part fertile.

Area about 410 square miles. In 1887 the acres cultivated were 66,700; in pasture, 102,176; woodland, 33,929; lying waste, 2,487; produced in wheat, 159,585 bushels; rye, 2,898; buckwheat, 212; oats, 54,621; barley, 108; corn, 517,542; meadow hay, 23,029 tons; clover hay, 883; potatoes, 34,286 bushels; tobacco, 500 lbs.; butter, 431,940; sorghum, 2,087 gallons; maple syrup, 11,472; honey, 3,005 lbs.; eggs, 370,713 dozen; grapes, 20,286 lbs.; wine, 270 gallons; sweet potatoes, 1,643 bushels; apples, 3,944; peaches, 1,017; pears, 622; wool, 334,183 lbs.; milch cows owned, 4,747. Ohio mining statistics, 1888: Coal mined, 1,736,805 tons, employing 3,301 miners and 433 outside employees; iron ore, 10,129 tons; fire-clay, 45 tons; limestone, 4,217 tons burned for fluxing.

School census, 1888, 8,063; teachers, 195. Miles of railroad track, 139.

TOWNSHIPS AND CENSUS.	1840.	1880.	TOWNSHIPS AND CENSUS.	1840.	1880.
Bearfield,	1,455	997	Monday Creek,	986	1,636
Clayton,	1,602	1,164	Monroe,	999	1,780
Coal,		3,836	Pike,		3,059
Harrison,	1,034	1,562	Pleasant,		1,053
Hopewell,	1,544	1,284	Reading,	3,936	3,367
Jackson,	1,700	1,896	Salt Lick,	1,243	3,970
Madison,	1,167	714	Thorn,	2,006	1,900

Population of Perry in 1820 was 8,459; 1830, 14,063; 1840, 19,340; 1860, 19,678; 1880, 28,218, of whom 22,528 were born in Ohio; 1,165, Pennsylvania; 523, Virginia; 149, Kentucky; 136, New York; 48, Indiana; 1,346, England and Wales; 925, Ireland; 269, Scotland; 249, German Empire; 56, British America; 39, France; and 17, Sweden and Norway. Census of 1890, 31,151.

COAL AND IRON.

Perry is the largest coal-producing county in the State. It also produces large quantities of hematite iron ore. A few miles south of McLuney Station, Bearfield township, a valuable deposit of black-band ore has been discovered and quite extensively worked on the Whitlock farm, for Moxahala furnace. Within three miles of New Lexington, the so-called Baird ore is mined quite extensively on many farms. It has been demonstrated that the Baird ore of Perry county is the limestone ore of the Hanging Rock district.

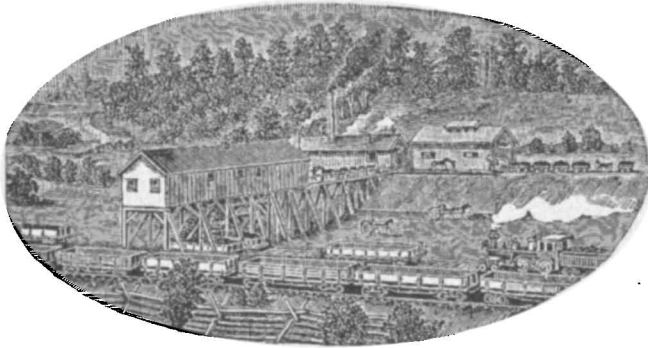
Monday Creek, Salt Lick, Coal and Monroe townships belong to the Hocking Valley coal field, constituting an important portion of what is known as the "Great Vein" territory, in which the Middle Kittanning seam ranges from five to thirteen and one-half feet in thickness.

The coal mines of the northern and central townships of Perry are similar in character to those of Muskingum county; they are specially adapted to domestic uses and for making steam. The Columbus and Eastern railroad is doing much for the development of the coal fields of this region.

This county was *first settled* by Pennsylvania Germans, about the years 1802 and 1803. Of the early settlers the names of the following are recollected: John

Hammond, David Pugh, Robt. McClung, Isaac Brown, John and Anthony Clayton, Isaac Reynolds, Daniel Shearer, Peter Overmyer, Adam Binckley, Wm. and Jacob Dusenbury, John Poorman, John Finck, Daniel Parkinson, John Lashley, Peter Dittoe, John Dittoe, and Michael Dittoe. The first church erected in the county was at New Reading; it was a Lutheran church, of which the Rev. Mr. Foster was the pastor; shortly after, a Baptist church was built about three miles east of Somerset.

The road through this county was, "from 1800 to 1815, the great thoroughfare between Kentucky, Indiana, Ohio and the Eastern States, or until steamboat navigation created a new era in the history of travellers—a perpetual stream of



VIEW AT THE COAL MINES, SHAWNEE.

emigrants rolled Westward along its course, giving constant occupation to hundreds of tavern-keepers, seated at short distances along its borders and consuming all the spare grain raised by the inhabitants for many miles north and south of its line. Groups of merchants on horseback with led horses, laden with Spanish dollars, travelled by easy stages every spring and autumn along its route, congregated in parties of ten or twenty individuals, for mutual protection, and armed with dirks, pocket pistols, and pistols in holsters, as robberies sometimes took place in the more wilderness parts of the road. The goods, when purchased, were wagoned to Pittsburg and sent in large flat boats, or keel boats, to their destination below, while the merchant returned on horseback to his home, occupying eight or ten weeks in the whole tour."

Somerset in 1846.—Somerset, the county-seat, is forty-three miles easterly from Columbus, on the Macadamized road leading from Zanesville to Lancaster, from each of which it is eighteen miles, or midway, which circumstance gave it, when originally laid out, the name of *Middletown*.

In 1807 John Finck erected the first log-cabin in the vicinity of this place. Having purchased a half-section of land he laid out, in 1810, the eastern part of the town; the western part was laid out by Jacob Miller. They became the first settlers: the first died about eleven and the last about twenty years since. The present name, Somerset, was derived from Somerset, Penn., from which place and vicinity most of the early settlers came. The board of directors of the Lutheran seminary at Columbus have voted to remove it to this place. The town contains 1 Lutheran, 2 Catholic and 1 Methodist church; 1 iron foundry, 1 tobacco warehouse, 3 newspaper printing offices, 16 mercantile stores and about 1,400 inhabitants. A very large proportion of the population of the county are Catholics. They have in the town a nunnery, to which is attached St. Mary's seminary, a

school for young females. It is well conducted and many Protestant families send their daughters here to be educated.—*Old Edition.*

About two miles south of Somerset are the buildings shown in the annexed view. The elegant building in the centre is St. Joseph's church, recently erected; on the right is seen the convent building; the structure partly shown beyond St.



Drawn by Henry Howe in 1846.

SAINT JOSEPH'S CHURCH AND CONVENT.

Joseph's church is the oldest Catholic church in the State, the history of which we give in an extract from an article in the *United States Catholic Magazine* for January, 1847, entitled "The Catholic Church in Ohio."

The first chapel of which we have any authentic record that was ever consecrated to Almighty God within our borders was St. Joseph's, in Perry county, which was solemnly blessed on the 6th of December, 1818, by Rev. Edward Fenwick and his nephew, Rev. N. D. Young, of the order of St. Dominic, both natives of Maryland, and deriving their jurisdiction from the venerable Dr. Flaget, who was then the only bishop between the Alleghenies and the Mississippi. This chapel was first built of logs, to which an addition of stone was subsequently made, so that it was for a considerable time "partly logs and partly stone." When the congregation, which consisted of only ten families when the chapel was first opened, had increased in number, the logs disappeared and a new addition, or, to speak more correctly, a separate church of brick, marked the progress of improvement and afforded new facilities for the accommodation of the faithful. An humble convent, whose reverend inmates, one American, N. D. Young, one Irishman, Thomas Martin, and one Belgian,

Vincent de Rymacher, cheerfully shared in all the hardships and privations incident to the new colony, was erected near the church, and from its peaceful precincts the saving truths of faith were conveyed and its divine sacraments administered to many a weary emigrant who had almost despaired of enjoying those blessings in the solitude which he had selected for his home. The benedictions of the poor and the refreshing dews of heaven descended on the spiritual seed thus sown. It increased and multiplied the hundred fold. New congregations were formed in Somerset, Lancaster, Zanesville, St. Barnabas, Morgan county, Rehoboth and St. Patrick's, seven miles from St. Joseph's, and in Sapp's settlement and various other stations still more distant was the white habit of St. Dominic hailed by the lonely Catholic as the harbinger of glad tidings and the symbol of the joy, the purity and the triumphs which attest the presence of the Holy Spirit and the fulfilment of the promises made by her divine founder to the church.

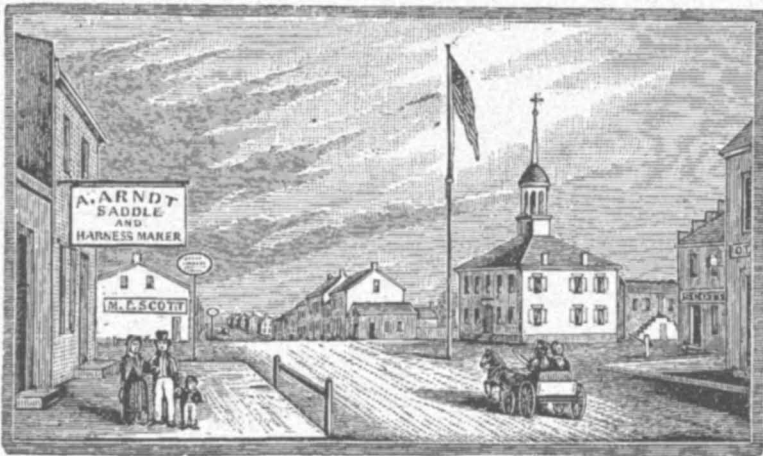
At this place a number of young men are being educated for the priesthood of the Dominican order. A large library is connected with the institution, which affords facilities to the students in becoming acquainted with church history and literature. Among them are the writings of many of the fathers and rare books, some of which were printed before the discovery of America.—*Old Edition.*



THE PERRY COUNTY COURT-HOUSE,
NEW LEXINGTON.



OLIVER H. PERRY.



Drawn by Henry Howe in 1846.

CENTRAL VIEW IN SOMERSET.

The old County Court-House shown on the right is yet standing, and M. F. Scott still in his store ready for customers.

SOMERSET, for many years the county-seat, is seven miles northwest of New Lexington, the present county-seat, on the Straitsville Branch of the B. & O. Railroad. City officers, 1888 : D. O. Brunner, Mayor ; Thomas Scanlon, Clerk ; Owen Yost, Solicitor ; E. T. Droege, Treasurer ; W. C. Weir, Marshal and Street Commissioner. Newspaper : *Press*, Labor, W. P. Magruder, editor and publisher. Churches : 1 Lutheran, 1 German Reformed, 1 Catholic and 1 Methodist. Population, 1880, 1,207. School census, 1888, 361 ; J. B. Phinney, school superintendent.

In the old description of Somerset we have spoken of the female academy of St. Mary's. It has long been a famed institution. It was established at Somerset in 1830 by Bishop Fenwick, the first Catholic Bishop of Cincinnati. Years after our visit it was destroyed by fire, and it was removed to about four miles east of the capitol building at Columbus. It was incorporated in July, 1868, under the direction of the Dominican Sisters. It is now widely known as the "Academy of St. Mary of the Springs," and is a highly popular institution. It is near Alum creek, a branch of the Scioto, and under the general charge of Bishop Watterson. The building is large and commodious. "The location is unsurpassed in its salubrity and beauty of landscape ; the distracting sights and sounds of the bustling world are excluded by shady groves and sloping hills."

St. Joseph's Church, shown in the view taken in 1846, was also destroyed by fire, but another replaces it and with a noble college building standing by it.

TRAVELLING NOTES.

SOMERSET, May 21.—Somerset has changed but little. The old picture fits even to this day. As I was making the drawing for it a brother of Phil Sheridan, then 9 years old, on his way to school, looked over my shoulder as he now tells me, while Phil himself was clerking it in the town somewhere—may be saw me seated in a chair near A. Arndt's sign. The old sign has gone—no longer creaks in the wind—catches no snow—gone, too, is Andy. Nobody lives forever. The old court-house is still standing, with the same old inscription over the door, with its Irish bull—

"Let Justice be Done IF the Heavens should Fall."

The one-story brown building beyond it exists now only in my picture ; never was a sparkling gem set in the brow of Somerset. It was Garlinger's grocery—a great institution in the times of the thirsty and free fights.

Free Fights.—Says an old citizen to me : "I remember one muster-day, about forty years ago, seeing a crowd of men pouring out of that grocery and indulging in a free fight, and all wearing red warmers, *i. e.*, roundabout loose jackets of red flannel. At that time there were often fights on the square. When parties had a grievance, they would put off settling it until muster-day. Then they would have it out, rough and tumble, often with rings around. The fight over, they would become good friends again. Frequently these fights would be to see who was the best man." "In those days, when any farmer was sick, his neighbors would get in his crops and take good care of him."

"They do that now ; don't they ?"

"No !" he replied ; "but they don't fight any more."

The sign "M. F. Scott," is gone, but the building is there, and so is M. F. Scott ; for I found him on an evening and had an hour's chat with him. Mr. Scott is a small, hale, rosy-cheeked old gentleman, 74 years of age, hair of snow and never was sick a day. I think he is of Irish extraction or birth. He told me he came here in 1838, and paid \$7 per 100 pounds freight for his goods from Philadelphia, and "now," added he, "the charge being fifty cents, some of my neighbors complain of the extortionate charges of railroads."

Phil. Sheridan's Boyhood.—I asked about Phil. Sheridan. He replied, "Sheridan was a very bright, trusty boy. Before going to West Point he clerked for various parties in town; once clerked in this very store." I asked, "How did he get his appointment?" "Why, he got it himself. There was a vacancy from this district, when he wrote to Gen. Richey, our member of Congress, that he wanted it." In speaking of it, years afterwards, and just after Stone River, Richey said: "It was at the close of the Mexican war; the pressure upon me was so tremendous for a cadetship, backed by strong, influential recommendations, that I was in great anxiety which way to move when I got Phil.'s letter backed by no one. I knew him, and it was so manly and so spirited that I that very day went to the War Department and ordered the warrant to be made out, fearful that if I deferred it some malign influence would be brought to bear to make me reject the application; and having done it, I had a deep sense of relief."

The Boyhood Home of Sheridan.—The next morning after this conversation I sketched the boyhood home of Phil. Sheridan. His father was a laboring man, and took contracts for macadamizing the National Road and other roads. The house was occupied by the family in their more humble days. In his later years he built a neat cottage residence about half a mile south of the town. He died at the age of 75 years from blood-poisoning, which originated from a kick at night in the wrist from a vicious horse, the wound not healing.

The old homestead is but three minutes' walk from M. F. Scott's store, and yet quite out of town. Somerset, like the old towns built upon the National Road, and like other macadamized thoroughfares, consists mainly of a single street with the buildings compact, like poor pieces of cities set down in the country. Such places have no pleasant village aspects, and therefore make one sad in thinking of what "might have been."

The main building of the old homestead consists of three rooms only, and is unoccupied and dilapidated, and we have tried to make it look as it did in "Phil.'s" boyhood days, and so have introduced the boy galloping on a horse around the corner, which is supposed to be "Phil." as he then was, preparing, unknown to himself, for that later ride, "Up at morning, at break of day."

The wing this way, consisting of a single room, was built in 1847, and is occupied by Mr. Zortman and wife, laboring people. Germans, of course, they are, for they had flowers blooming in the windows of their very humble home. I asked Mrs. Maggie Morris, who lived next door, the name of the street. She answered, "I don't know; some call it the 'Happy alley.'" The Happy alley has upon it but three or four houses, and commands a grateful, open prospect of green fields and sweet smelling slopes, falling away down to the Hocking valley, fifteen miles away to the south, and where, some

three years ago, one night, when the mills at Logan were burned, the light was seen reddening the sky.

From here, on the left, over an apple orchard, quarter of a mile away, on a slight hill, stands the old St. Mary's. It was a female seminary, with nunnery attached. St. Mary's has been removed to Columbus. It brought back pleasant recollections of hospitable entertainment there, and at St. Joseph's, from the Catholic Fathers and Sisters.

Talk upon Corn and Grapes.—From the cottage I walked to the present Sheridan homestead, half a mile south. Passed a large field where two men and three boys were hoeing open ground for corn, while two girls were following them, planting. They wore sunbonnets and their aprons were filled with the kernels, which they held up with one hand and dropped from the other—a pleasant sight. My companion, Mr. —, a friend of the Sheridan family, said: "In corn-planting the women and the girls often help. Under the most favorable weather corn will mature in ninety days from planting; sometimes it requires 120 days. The ground must be right as to moisture. If too wet, the corn will decay. The season being short the planting has to be hurried; hence, all of a family help. The heavy frost of June 5, 1859, destroyed the wheat of this region. Yet that was one of the most fruitful years here known, for the entire population turned out, put in varied crops, and, the autumn being long and warm, everything ripened."

"Some fifteen or twenty years ago," he continued, "there was a great furor hereabouts for planting grapes, the soil and climate seeming especially adapted to them, the varieties being Catawba, Ives' Seedling, Delaware and Concord, the last the most prolific. Some parties went into it so largely that it ruined them. For a while, wine was made largely and sold even as low as eighteen cents a gallon, and even then there was no market. Physicians were anxious to prescribe it, but Americans can't be taught to drink sour wines."

The Sheridan Homestead.—I found this to be a neat, simple cottage of wood with eight rooms. It stands back about twenty yards from the road, midst trees and shrubbery. Among these were evergreens and honeysuckles climbing trellis-work. The location of the cottage is in a small valley, in front of a grove, now called "Sheridan's Grove." A big tree stands by the house, marking the spot where, in the campaign of 1840, Harrison, Corwin, Ewing and Hamer addressed political meetings. Here, too, in the grove was held the first meeting of the three years' men in the civil war.

The Mother of Sheridan. now in her 87th year, is a short, slender, delicate woman, with sparkling black eyes. She could not have weighed over ninety pounds, erect, active and sprightly as a girl. She was all volubility and seemed overflowing with good spirits. At lunch she asked me, "Please to take that

seat." I replied, "Any seat at the table with the mother of Gen. Sheridan is an honor." She gracefully bowed, smiled, and gave a "Thank you, sir."

To a question, later, in the parlor, about her son, she replied, "Oh, he's an Ohio boy." The way she replied, "Oh, he's an Ohio boy," showed she was filled with the sense of the greatness of Ohio. Just as she answered it, the subject was changed by my companion, Mr. —, a friend of the family, interrupting. He took from the shelf and showed me a war bonnet of the Cheyennes. It was a gorgeous affair of fuss and feathers, and the only garment which those wild creatures wear when they go naked, riding and whooping, into battle.

Among the curiosities in the house was the inkstand used by Gen. Lee in signing the articles of surrender. In the parlor Mrs. Sheridan showed me "Phil's" photograph in a line with his staff, some fifteen or twenty young men. With a single exception he was the shortest of the group, and so worn down at the close of the war, she said he weighed but 130 pounds. It was evident that Sheridan's activity of mind and person came from this bright little woman. It is quite a satisfaction to me that I have had interviews with the mothers of both Sheridan and Grant—the latter is given in Vol. I., p. 333.

From the Sheridan place we continued our walk to St. Joseph. The church shown in the picture had been burnt and rebuilt, and a new noble college building added. The Fathers showed me a large billiard-room for the recreation of the students, an innovation upon the idea of the old time as to the proprieties; also the library, which is famous for its rare collection of ancient theological works.

South of St. Joseph the whole country looms up into one huge rounded hill, dotted with fields, forests and farms, and thus to the eye ends the globe in that direction. St. Joseph is a very secluded "shut-out-of-the-world" spot. In my original visit I passed over the Sabbath with the Fathers at St. Joseph.

The Sisters were at St. Mary's and were teachers in the seminary. Pleasant young women I found them, social and kindly. One with whom I conversed, I alone remember—Sister Veronica. I inquired about her and the answer was, "She died about seventeen years ago;" and about Father Wilson, whom I also met there, and the answer also was, "dead."

SISTER VERONICA is a pleasing memory of a blue-eyed, fair-haired girl. I could not well forget her, for she told me in such a simple, artless way why she had that name given to her, by relating the beautiful legend on which it was founded, which we here give for the reading of such as may never have heard it:

"As Christ was bearing the cross a woman advanced from the crowd and taking her veil from her head, wiped the sweat and blood from his face and brow, when a miracle was

performed; an exact image of our Saviour's face was printed thereon. Thereafter she was called 'Veronica, the woman of the veil.' That concluded, she is one of the legends of the church. It is not essential to our faith that we should believe them."

FATHER WILSON was a different character, but interesting. He was, I believe, New England born, and I think from the State of Maine. He had first gone from a carpenter's bench into the ministry of the Methodist church and then into that of the Catholic. As is usual in such cases his zeal was proportionate to the greatness of the change. He invited me to hear him the Sunday I was here. I remember only the opening words, "In the world's great progress. . . ." At the same time he outstretched his palms and carried into his preaching the shoutings and mannerisms of an old-style Methodist camp-meeting orator. This must have sometimes astonished his associate priests, being so different from their own.

With tendersympathy he approached me on the subject of my soul's salvation. I inquired if after the manner of the Protestants would not answer every practical purpose? He shook his head. Thereupon, I said: "I have a cousin, a Protestant, a cashier in a bank; his name, Amos Townsend. For years when a young man, he boarded himself; lived on the most frugal fare and dressed in simple attire; this was to save money that he might alleviate human woe. All his spare time was given to religious ministrations and visiting the poor and sick, and his purse was ever open to objects of suffering. When well advanced in life he married a woman who was his counterpart; she had long been his helpmeet in works of charity and they had grown into each other's lives. Then he took a little cottage and kept a horse and buggy. For his own gratification? Not in the least; but to take out the sick poor that they might have the benefit of fresh air and green fields. So holy, pure and self-denying is he that his townsmen look upon him as a wonder, the single one man among them all who follows to the last syllable the teachings of the 'Sermon on the Mount.' He is small in person, face sad, calm and saintly—so saintly that his townsmen call him *Saint Paul*."

Having thus stated, I asked the reverend father, "Where he would go when he died?"

He replied, "Amos Townsend is doubtless a good man. He has repented, but not believed. He has fulfilled only a part of the law, so can't be saved."

"Go to Purgatory?"

"No!"

"What! lower?"

Upon this he simply nodded, but uttered no dreadful word; neither did I.

Were Father Wilson living to-day he would doubtless find that "in the world's great progress" his opinions had changed.

Furthermore, he would see that this world is growing wiser, more humane as it grows older. The angelic in man is rising. The children are better than their fathers, because

wiser. With true religion, intelligence, and not ignorance, must be considered the mother of Devotion. The conception of a recluse of the middle ages was weak compared to the sublime thought which filled the soul of Cardinal Newman when he was brought to face that ever unanswerable question, "Canst thou by searching find out God?" Science

teaches Him in the universe and but supplements and enlarges our conception of the "Great First Cause least understood," the all-soul-filling ONE. Justice is the armor of love. In the ultimate, love must triumph. God reigns. "God is love." These, my lines, express in part my theology.

THE SUPREME POWER.

JEHOVAH moves the mighty worlds,
And spreads the silent stars in view,
With glory lights the summer clouds,
Beneath the beauteous dome of blue.

He whispers in the rustling leaves
And sparkles in the smiling morn;
Awakes the soul with sweetest strains,
And blesses from our very dawn.

No woe betides and no storm alarms,
Offspring of His great, loving heart;
Cast in his celestial form
'Mid mystery all, we form a part;

While every sound that charms the ear,
And every scene that glads the eye—
Innocence, love and starry worlds—
Alike proclaim DIVINITY:—

Who spake, when light from darkness flashed,
Mountains from oceans skyward sprang,
While star sang unto star
As each in glory on its course began.

GENERAL PHILIP HENRY SHERIDAN

CHRONOLOGY.

Born in Albany, New York, March 6, 1831, the son of Irish laboring people. Lived his infancy and youth in Somerset, Ohio; was a clerk for a while in Somerset in the hardware store of John Talbot and then in the dry-goods store of Finck & Dittoe, and from there entered as a cadet the United States Military Academy, July 1, 1848. Graduated July 1, 1853, thirty-fourth in his class of fifty-two, of which James B. McPherson was the head, and of which General Hood, of the Confederate, and Schofield, of the Union army, were also members. Then he entered the army as Brevet Second Lieutenant, 1st Infantry, May 14, 1851; became Captain, 13th Infantry. In the volunteer service the ranks and dates of appointment were: May 25, 1862, Colonel, 2d Michigan Cavalry; July, 1862, Brigadier-General; January 31, 1863, Major-General. In the regular army the dates and ranks were: September 20, 1864, Brigadier-General; November 8, 1864, Major-General; March 4, 1869, Lieutenant-General; June 1, 1888, *General*. Three officers only had before received this commission, viz.: Washington, Grant and Sherman. He was the nineteenth General-in-chief of the United States army. For forty years—1848 to 1888—from Cadet to General, he was in his country's service. He died, August 5, 1888, at Nonquitt, Mass., fifty-seven years five months of age, and lies buried in the National Cemetery, Arlington, the greatest city of the soldier's dead, and he the greatest soldier of them all. His grave is on the hill-slope, overlooking the capital of his country, which he loved so well. In 1879 Sheridan married Miss Luckner, the daughter of Daniel H. Luckner, of the United States army. He was a Roman Catholic and devoted to his duties as such.

Sheridan never was defeated and often plucked victory out of the jaws of defeat. He was thoroughly trusted and admired, and loved by his officers and men. He bore the nickname of "Little Phil," a term of endearment due to his size, like the "Petite Corporal" of Napoleon I. He was below the middle height, five feet five inches; but powerfully built, with a strong countenance, indicative of valor and resolution. His energy and endurance were remarkable. He could, when occasion required great efforts, endure for long periods great physical strain and loss of sleep.

It was frequently said that Sheridan had seen the backs of more rebels than any other federal General. This is doubtless true, and of itself expresses as well as implies a good deal. It was known that he was about equally

skilful in the command of artillery, cavalry and infantry. He commanded in the East as well as in the West and was popular and successful with both armies. He changed the cavalry arm of the service from an inefficient, unreliable force, into a well-disciplined, invincible, victorious army. He brought his division—all there was left of it—intact out of the deadly struggle in the tall cedars at Stone river. Though badly cut up with General McCook's corps at Chickamauga, Sheridan rallied the remnant of his division and proceeded to march in the direction of the sound of General Thomas' guns.

It was Sheridan who changed the valley of the Shenandoah from a valley of humiliation into a land of triumph. After the Shenandoah was cleared of the enemy he was called back to the main army in front of Richmond.



Drawn by Henry Howe in 1886.

PORTRAIT AND BOYHOOD HOME OF GENERAL SHERIDAN.

Grant's whole operations during the summer of 1864 and the early part of the year 1865, had been little less than a series of bloody disasters, and, as offensive movements, were certainly not successful. Eventually, Grant decided to make a last desperate effort to break the rebel lines and General Sheridan was selected to lead the momentous expedition. About three o'clock one morning Grant called Sheridan from his bed and told him what was to be done. "I want you to break the rebel lines," says General Grant, "and if you fail go and join Sherman." "I'll make the attempt," replies Sheridan, "but I'll not go to Sherman; I propose to end it right here." Right there, in the breast of little Phil Sheridan, was the crack of doom for the Southern Confederacy. Sheridan's command charged at Five Forks, the hitherto invincible

lines of General Lee were broken, and Richmond doomed. Lee's army was routed; retreated in great confusion and the Confederate administration hastily deserted the rebel capital. It was a great victory for the army of the Potomac; but few dreamed—not even General Grant—that the war was virtually over. It was Sheridan who, with his accustomed habit of following closely upon the backs of the defeated rebels, at once discovered the true condition of things and despatched back to Grant: "Hurry up the troops; Lee must surrender if closely pressed. I am sure of it."

Meanwhile Sheridan had a sharp engagement at or near Hanover Court-house, the last stand Lee's ragged and brave veterans ever made. Grant hurried up the troops and Appomattox was the result.

From the Military Order of the Loyal Legion, Ohio Commandery, issued *in memorandum* of Sheridan, we extract these passages:

His humble birth and humble life to his cadetship was not the least important in shaping his subsequent career. Though of foreign parentage he was imbued with the true spirit of Americanism which possessed him in mature manhood to a marked degree. The warm Irish blood flowing in his veins made service for his country a passion as well as a duty.

General Sheridan, with true soldierly instinct, preferred to attack the enemy and keep him employed, rather than to allow him time to make combinations and execute his own plans.

A characteristic of General Sheridan, not common to many other commanders on the field, and the one without doubt that enabled him to achieve success and fame, was the quality of being more self-possessed and fuller of resources and expedients in the tumult of the battle than at any other time. He gave conclusive evidence to those who observed him closely before and during a great and severely contested field engagement of awakening to a higher degree of mental power when danger was most imminent, than he displayed at any other time, or under ordinary circumstances. His original plan of battle, as is common through unforeseen causes, might prove to be defective, or become impracticable; yet he under such circumstances never became disconcerted or dismayed, and he was always fortunate enough to instantaneously make a new plan of battle or other new combinations, which were executed to meet the exigencies and to insure final and complete success.

Success and generalship are synonyms in war.

He had no patience with mediocrity in an officer high in command—it was not ordinary acts that were required to win a battle, but *extraordinary* ones, and an officer incapable of such should be removed.

Shortly after General Grant took command of all the armies of the United States, and on April 4, 1864, Sheridan was placed in command of the cavalry corps operating with the Army of the Potomac. At once his superiority as a cavalry officer showed itself. To confront him was the flower of the Confederate cavalry under an active, renowned leader, with other experienced officers under him. The pride of the South was in the efficiency and chivalry of its mounted soldiers and their best were concentrated in the East.

General Sheridan decided to fight with the sword and thenceforth the carbine and pistol became comparatively useless instruments in the hands of the enemy's cavalry; as, in close conflicts or melee, friend was as likely to be shot as foe, and the sabre wielded by the strong-armed Northern soldier was irresistible. When confronted by infantry, he fought his cavalry dismounted, then using the carbine efficiently.

From the time this mode of warfare was put in practice to the end of the war, Sheridan's cavalry against a like arm of the service was invincible, regardless of any disparity of numbers. We have the recent testimony of the present Emperor of Germany that, in the manner of fighting cavalry and in the mode of conducting campaigns, Sheridan has taught great military men new lessons in warfare.

The greatest soldiers of modern Europe, Von Moltke and others, and the most illustrious soldier of our own country, General Grant, have concurred in pronouncing Sheridan the most accomplished of the great field-generals of the world.

When, after the battle of Cedar Creek, in recognition of that great exploit, Sheridan was commissioned to be Major-General in the regular army, the veteran journalist, Chas. A. Dana, then Assistant Secretary of War, was despatched with the commission from Washington to Sheridan's camp, where he arrived late that night. What followed he related, years after, in his paper the *New York Sun*:

The next morning the General took me on foot through his camp, and as we went among the regiments and brigades and greeted old acquaintances on every hand, I was everywhere struck with the manifestations of the personal attachment to Sheridan. I had not seen anything like it in either of our great armies. Grant, Sherman, Thomas, all moved among their troops with every mark of respect and confidence on the part of the men; but in Sheridan's camp it was quite different. They seemed to regard him more as a boy regards the father he believes in, relies on and loves, than as soldiers are wont to regard their commander. Finally, as we were completing our morning's tour and had got nearly back to headquarters, I said to him: "General, how is this? These men appear to have a special affection for you, more than I have ever seen

displayed toward any other officer. What is the reason?"

"Well," said he, "I think I can tell you. I always fight in the front rank myself. I was long ago convinced that it would not do for a commanding general to stay in the rear of the troops and carry on a battle with paper orders, as they do in the Army of the Potomac. These men all know that where it is hottest there I am, and they like it, and that is the reason they like me."

"One thing more, General," I said. "Are you afraid, or don't you care? What is the real truth about it?"

"The man who says he isn't afraid under fire," he answered, "is a liar. I am damned afraid, and if I followed my own impulse I should turn and get out. It is all a question of the power of the mind over the body."

SHERIDAN'S RIDE.

This famous poem beginning with—

"Up from the South at break of day,
Bringing to Winchester fresh dismay,"

was a great factor in spreading the fame of Sheridan, and goes linked with it to posterity, together with the name of Buchanan Read, the poet-painter, who wrote it for James E. Murdoch, the elocutionist. Read died, May 11, 1872, in New York, while Murdoch is still living in Cincinnati, where he is greatly respected, and at the advanced age of eighty years.

The history of its production is thus given in the *Cincinnati Commercial Gazette* of July 17, 1887, by Henry W. Teetor:

"*Sheridan's Ride*" was composed Monday, November 1, 1864, in the front room of a three-story brick building, yet standing, and now known as No. 49 West Eighth street, then occupied by Cyrus Garrett, Esq., brother-in-law of Mr. Read.

The simple story of the composition of the famous ode is this: The evening of that day had been set apart for the Murdoch ovation, which took place at Pike's Opera-house. Mr. E. D. Grafton, the eminent artist, had met

Garrett upon Fourth street in the morning and handed him *Harper's Weekly*, containing the picture of "Sheridan's Ride to the Front." After a word of conversation in regard to the illustration, Garrett took the picture to his residence and soon after the subject of the celebrated ride, as sketched, came up. The following is Mr. Murdoch's account of that conversation, as told upon the stage by way of a prelude to reading the poem: "During the morning a friend with whom I was conversing

happened to pick up the last issue of *Harper's Weekly*, on the title-page of which was the picture of Sheridan. "There's a poem in that picture," said my friend. "Suppose I have one written for you to read to-night?" "But," I replied, "I shall not have time to look it over and catch its inner meaning and beauties, and besides I am not in the habit of reading a poem at night written in the morning."

That friend was Cyrus Garrett, who had previously familiarly said to his brother-in-law, "Buck, there is a poem in that picture." To which Read replied, "Do you suppose I can write a poem to order, just as you go to Sprague's and order a coat?" [It is Mr. Alexander Hill's impression, however, that this remark was also made by Mr. Murdoch to Read.] After this Read and Murdoch parted—Read to his room and Murdoch to his musings.

When Read retired to his room he said to his wife: "Hattie, do not let me be interrupted. I am not to be called even if the house takes fire." During his seclusion Read called for a cup of strong tea and then resumed his pen. About noon his work was done. The poem was given to his wife to copy, while Read at once left home and, going over to the studio of his friend, said, "Grafton, I have just written something fresh—hot from the oven—and left Murdoch committing it for a recitation to-night."

Concerning the reception of that poem, as inimitably interpreted by Murdoch, the *Commercial's* report was, "Peal after peal of enthusiasm punctuated the last three glowing verses. So long and loud was the applause at its end that Mr. Murdoch was called to the footlights, and Mr. Read only escaped the congratulations of the audience by refusing to respond, as he could not adequately do, he seemed to think, to the clamorous utterances of his name."

A remark made by a prominent citizen may also be given as indicating the effect upon the audience. When the poem was ended and Sheridan had "got there," with profound relief the late William Resor said: "Thank

God! I was afraid Sheridan would not get there."

"In a conversation with Read," said Mr. Grafton to the writer, "I once ventured to say, 'Read, did you take nothing but a pot of black tea into your room with you when you invoked the muse for 'Sheridan's Ride?' To my surprise, in a most unexpected, placid manner, he said: 'I took nothing else but that. Let me confess to you a fact: I can do nothing with the pen unless I am clear-headed. I know,' he continued, 'that poem, with its faults, came from no inspiration of the bottle. I would like, however, to have corrected some of those faults, but Bayard Taylor advised me not to allow the least change or emendation, but to let it stand as written.' The wisdom of this advice insured its acceptance, and if I mistake not, it now stands word for word as the muse gave it, nothing to add or subtract."

"Mr. Read also said this to me: 'They may talk what they choose about Byron, Burns, Poe and others writing so finely under the influence of drink, but I don't believe a word of it. If the tongue does wag, the brain will lag when much drink has been indulged in, for then I have discovered I am just about as dumb as a Prince's Bay oyster.'

Not long before "Death bowed to him his sable plume," Read thus wrote to his friend, Henry C. Townsend, Esq.:

"I want to tell you now and solemnly that a deep sense of my duty to my God, as well as to my fellow-man, has gradually been descending upon me, and it is to me a source of infinite pleasure that I can look back upon all the poetry I have ever written and find it contains no line breathing a doubt upon the blessed Trinity and the great Redemption of man. When I have written my verses I have been alone with my soul and with God, and not only dared not lie, but the inspiration of the truth was to me so beautiful that no unworthy thought dared obtrude itself upon the page. This was entirely owing to the goodness of God, who saw what it was to be, and saved me from subsequent mortification and regret."

NEW LEXINGTON, county-seat of Perry, is about fifty miles southwest of Columbus, on the C. & M. V. and T. & O. C. Railroads. This town was laid out in 1817, by James Comly, on farm land bought by him of Samuel Clayton, whose farm it had been. Just before the outbreak of the Rebellion, after a struggle of years with the people of Somerset, the county-seat was removed from that place to this.

County officers, 1888: Auditor, Asbury F. Randolph; Clerk, Philip Allen; Commissioners, Levi H. Kennedy, Z. S. Poulson, Joshua B. Larimer; Coroner, Glen A. Emery; Infirmary Directors, James Danison, Charles Watts, William T. Stevens; Probate Judge, Charles E. Spencer; Prosecuting Attorney, Maurice H. Donahoe; Recorder, David E. McCloy; Sheriff, George W. Irvin; Surveyor, John D. Minaugh; Treasurer, B. F. Rodgers. City officers, 1888: Edgar M. Braddock, Mayor; Frank E. Fox, Clerk; Jas. W. Montgomery, Treasurer; A. J. Robinson, Marshal; Jefferson Tracy, Street Commissioner; Henry D. Cochran, Solicitor. Newspapers: *Democratic Herald*, *Democratic*, Cullinan & Meloy,

editors and publishers ; *Tribune*, Republican, J. F. McMahon, editor and publisher. Churches : 1 Methodist, 1 Presbyterian, 1 Catholic, 1 Lutheran and 2 Baptist.

Manufactures and Employees.—Oliver K. Granger, flour, etc., 3 hands ; Starr Manufacturing Co., Powers' feed grinders, 18 ; S. A. Arnold, flour and feed, 3 ; Selden McGirr, doors, sash, etc., 5 ; D. C. Fowler, lumber, 3 ; Perry Creamery Co., butter, 3.—*State Report, 1888.*

Population, 1880, 1,357. School census, 1888, 525 ; Celwin Fowler, school superintendent. Capital invested in manufacturing establishments, \$43,000. Value of annual product, \$48,300.—*Ohio Labor Statistics, 1888.* Census, 1890, 1,470.

The site of New Lexington is pleasant. It is on a gentle elevation, just south of the "Pan Handle" Railroad. I entered it May 19, 1886. The best building in the place was the school-house, an imposing brick structure on a commanding site, the court-house then being unfinished. I noticed that north and east the country consisted mostly of gently rolling hills, on whose surface were broad fields luxuriant in growing wheat.

The one great absorbing point of interest connected with the place is that near here was born one of the world's great heroes, and in the cemetery here were laid his mortal remains, Sept. 9, 1884, and with great honors.

MACGAHAN, BULGARIA'S DELIVERER.

It is remarkable that a little interior county of Ohio should have produced two such extraordinary characters in the line of heroism as Philip Henry Sheridan and Januarius Aloysius MacGahan. Both were of Irish stock and both of Catholic birth and training.

MacGahan was born June 12, 1844, on the Logan Road, about three miles south of New Lexington, on what is known as Pigeon Roost Ridge. His father was James MacGahan, a native of County Derry, Ireland, and his mother, Esther Dempsey, of mixed Irish and German stock. They were married in St. Patrick's Church, in 1840, and settled on a little farm near by. When MacGahan was 6 years old his father died, leaving the widow in straitened circumstances. But she had a dower interest in the farm, and managed by struggling to get along with her little flock, in her little cabin nestled among the hills and almost surrounded by an unbroken forest.

MacGahan, as a boy in the district school, was far ahead in his studies, and he is spoken of as the mildest-mannered boy of the school and neighborhood—almost feminine and girlish in his ways and manners. He read all the books in the house and neighborhood, and when a boy of about 12 got hold of Dick's works—a great acquisition. Then, at night, he often wandered about, studying and locating and naming the stars, as described by Dick ; also, would frequently rise in the morning, before daybreak, to see and locate the stars and planets not visible in the early part of the night.

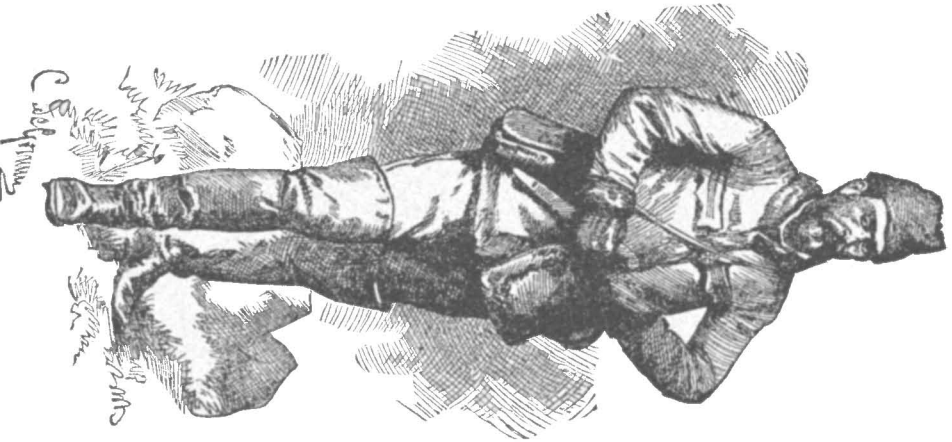
When about 14 years old he began working on farms in Hocking, Fairfield and Fayette counties, returning winters with the money he had thus earned to Pigeon Roost to attend school. In 1861 he applied to teach the Pigeon Roost school, but was refused on the ground of youth and inexperience. He took this to heart and left Pigeon Roost as a home forever, and went to Huntington, Indiana.

There he got a school and taught with very great success two winters, astonishing his patrons by using the word and object methods. Then he sent for his mother and the rest of the family.

In the winter of 1863-64 he removed to St. Louis, where he remained four years, studying and writing for the press and finding employment as book-keeper in the house of John J. Daly & Co. While there, he met for the first time Gen.



JANUARIUS ALOYSIUS MACGAHAN,
Bulgaria's Deliverer.



MACGAHAN, the War Correspondent.



GEN. JAMES MCCOMLY,
Journalist and Soldier.

Sheridan, and gave a brilliant description to the *Huntington Democrat* of a grand ovation to that officer; later he met Sheridan in Europe.

In December, 1868, he sailed for Europe, to study the languages—Latin, German and French—and with the ultimate design of returning to his native country and practising the law.

Just at the juncture when he had his trunk packed to return home, his funds being about exhausted, the Franco-Prussian war broke out, when he was engaged by the *New York Herald* to go with the French army as its war correspondent. He speedily procured a rough suit, rode hastily to the front, and soon after the wing of the army which he was with was driven back with considerable haste and disorder. His graphic letter describing the retreat immediately placed its author among the foremost war correspondents of the world. He then made a similar engagement with the *London News*. As a correspondent of these journals MacGahan was in all the wars of Europe for eight or ten years previous to his death. He was an unparalleled correspondent, for he seemed destitute of fear; would ride into the midst of a battle with the commanding officers that he might truthfully describe the thick of the fight—then, perchance, at times sit down under the shade of a tree with bullets whistling all around, and coolly spread out a lunch and partake thereof, or make notes of tragic events as they were transpiring around him.

His experiences, in variety, during the few years of his foreign life, were not probably ever equalled by any journalist, and never did one accomplish so much, excepting Stanley. These included his experience with the Commune in Paris, when he was arrested and condemned to death, and his life only saved through the influence of United States Minister Washburne; his travels through Europe with Gen. Sherman and party in 1871-72; his long and lonesome journey across the Asiatic country to Khiva in the early part of 1873; his cruise on board of a war ship on the Mediterranean, and his accidental and unexpected visit with the same to Cuba, Key West, New York and elsewhere in the United States in the latter part of 1873; his ten months with Don Carlos' army in 1874; his capture by the Republicans, who took him for a Carlist, and he undoubtedly would have suffered death but for the intervention of a United States representative; his voyage to the Arctic seas with the Pandora expedition in 1875; his experience with the Turkish army, and his memorable trip through Bulgaria in 1876; his visit to St. Petersburg and subsequent accompaniment of the Russian army to Bulgaria in 1877, where he was everywhere hailed as a liberator and deliverer; for the grateful people ran after him as he rode through the streets of the towns and villages of that country, kissing his boots, saddle, bridle, and even the little pet horse that he rode. Archibald Forbes, the great English writer and correspondent, who rode by his

side, says the grateful and affectionate demonstrations of the people of Bulgaria towards MacGahan, surpassed anything of the kind he ever saw or imagined.

Forbes, who loved him as a brother, in an article on MacGahan, pays this tribute to his great services:

"MacGahan's work in the exposures of the Turkish atrocities in Bulgaria, which he carried out so thoroughly and effectively in 1876, produced very remarkable results. Regarded simply on its literary merits, there is nothing I know of to excel it in vividness, in pathos, in a burning earnestness, in a glow of conviction that fires from the heart to the heart. His letters stirred Mr. Gladstone into a convulsive paroxysm of burning revolt against the barbarities they described. They moved England to its very depths, and men travelling in railway carriages were to be noticed with flushed faces and moistened eyes as they read them. Lord Beaconsfield tried to whistle down the wind the awful significance of the disclosures made in those wonderful letters. The master of jeers jibed at, as 'coffee-house babble,' the revelations that were making the nations to throb with indignant passion.

"A British official, Mr. Walter Baring, was sent into Bulgaria on the track of the two Americans, MacGahan and Schuyler, with the intent to disparage their testimony by the results of cold official investigation. But lo! Baring, official as he was, nevertheless was an honest man with eyes and a heart; and he who had been sent out on the mission to curse MacGahan, blessed him instead altogether, for he more than confirmed the latter's figures and pictures of murder, brutality and atrocity. It is not too much to say that this Ohio boy, who worked on a farm in his youth and picked up his education anyhow, changed the face of Eastern Europe. When he began to write of the Bulgarian atrocities, the Turk swayed direct rule to the bank of the Danube, and his suzerainty stretched to the Carpathians. Now Roumania owns no more the suzerainty, Serbia is an independent kingdom, Bulgaria is tributary but in name, and Roumelia is governed, not for the Turks, but for the Roumelians. All this reform is the direct and immediate outcome of the Russo-Turkish war.

"But what brought about the Russo-Turkish war? What forced the Czar, reluctant as he was and inadequately prepared, to cross the Danube and wage with varying fortune the war that brought his legions finally to the very gates of Stamboul? The passionate, irresistible pressure of the Pan-Slavist section of his subjects, burning with ungovernable fury against the ruthless Turk,

because of his cruelties on those brother Slavs of Bulgaria and Roumelia; and the man who told the world and those Russian Slavs of those horrors—the man whose voice rang out clear through the nations with its burden of wrongs and shame and deviltry, was no illustrious statesman, no famed litterateur, but just this young American from off the little farm in Perry county, Ohio."

MacGahan was preparing to attend and write up the International Congress at Berlin, when, declining to abandon a sick friend at Constantinople, he was himself attacked with the malignant fever that had prostrated his friend, and died after a few days' illness, June 9, 1878. Had he lived three days longer he would have exactly completed his 34th year.

MacGahan's meeting with the lady who subsequently became his wife, is full of romance. He was travelling through the provinces of Russia, along with Gen. Sherman and party, when his horse stumbled and threw him, spraining his ankle so severely that he was taken to the nearest house, where he was compelled to remain quiet for several days. News of the accident, and the further fact that the sufferer was a young stranger, from a far-off country, brought many to see him; among others a company of young girls of whom one was Miss Barbara D'Elaguine. MacGahan could not speak Russian at that time, and the lady could not speak English. Both could speak French, however, and that was the language of their courtship. There is one child of this marriage, a boy, born in Spain in 1874, during the Carlist war. The United States has been the home of widow and son for several years.

THE OBSEQUIES.

Thursday, September 12, 1884, was an ever-memorable day in New Lexington. It was the occasion of the funeral of MacGahan, who six years after his death was laid to rest in his native land. His remains at Constantinople were disinterred and brought by the United States steamer "Powhatan" in an outer casket to New York at the expense of the Press Club of that city, and were accompanied here from thence by his widow and child. They had previously lain in state in the City Hall, New York, and in the State Capitol, at Columbus.

Over 8,000 people were present, among them about sixty representatives of the press from various parts of the State. The streets and houses were decorated with evergreen arches and intermingled flags of black and white. One large streamer bore the inscription: BULGARIA'S LIBERATOR; and another, REST IN THY NATIVE LAND. The casket was taken into St. Rose's church. On it was a handsome plate, bearing the inscription:

J. A. MACGAHAN;
BORN, JUNE 12, 1844,
DIED, JUNE 9, 1878.

At the head of the casket was placed a large photograph of the dead journalist as he appeared in life, in citizen's dress, and at the foot was a full-length likeness of him in the costume of a war correspondent, as he roughed it with the boys or slept and dined in the tents of generals.

In the church was conducted the religious exercises, when Bishop Watterson preached on the "Power and Responsibility of the Newspaper Press."

The following-named gentlemen acted as pall-bearers:

Gen. James M. Comly, Toledo *Telegram*; Senator John Evans, of Gallia county; D. L. Bowersmith, of the *O. S. Journal*; S. J. Flickinger, Cincinnati *Enquirer*; Senator John O'Neil, Zanesville; Thomas Wetzler, *Ohio Eagle*; Lecky Harper, Mt. Vernon *Banner*; Hon. W. E. Finck, Somerset; Ed. L. Davenport, Logan *Republican Gazette*; Hon. J. L. Vance, Gallipolis *Bulletin*; Dr. F. L. Flowers, Lancaster; Jas. T. Irvine, Zanesville; James W. Newman, Secretary of State; L. C. Smith, Shawnee *Banner*; Capt. Charles N. Allen, Columbus; T. M. Gaumer, Zanesville *Signal*; C. E. Bonebrake, Springfield *Globe*.

About 11.30 the casket was brought out of the church and the procession began to form, under the direction of Hon. H. C. Greiner, assisted by several aids, in the following order:

Platoon of G. A. R. men, with reversed swords; Columbus Barracks Band; G. A. R. Posts; Military organizations; Military Band; Members of the Press; Committees and Speakers; Pall-bearers; Hearse with guard of honor; Relatives of deceased; Citizens, etc.

The guard of honor was composed of a detachment of the New Lexington Guards.

After the usual religious rites at the grave, the people gathered about the stand which had been erected near by, to be used for the public exercises. Hon. H. C. Greiner took the chair and acted as President. The exercises consisted of:

1st—Eulogy on Life and Character of J. A. MacGahan, by E. S. Colborn.

2d—Poem, written for the occasion, by W. A. Taylor.

3d—An Address on the Office of the Newspaper Correspondent, by Silas H. Wright.

The New Lexington *Tribune*, from which the foregoing sketch is largely taken, thus aptly concludes:

The great event has come and gone and the mortal remains of the famous Ohio boy, who perished so honorably and bravely in a far distant country, now repose in his native land.

The Nation, the State and the people of this county have heartily united in paying a just tribute to a brilliant genius, to a patient, hard worker, to a brave, noble man, who lived and toiled for others more than himself; who freed a nation of people, who opened the way for the story of the Cross, and who,

with his young wife and child awaiting his return in Russia, stopped amid malaria and malignant disease to lay down his life for a friend.

When qualities like these cease to attract the admiration and love of men and women, the world will scarcely be worth living in, and *finis* may be appropriately written upon its outer walls.

The Central Press Association of Ohio, after the funeral, organized to collect funds for the erection of a monument to the memory of their illustrious brother.

GEN. JAMES M. COMLY, journalist, was descended from a family of Friends who came to Philadelphia with William Penn, in 1682. His grandfather James and great-uncle located, after the war of 1812, on the site of New Lexington, which the latter laid out. James was born there March 6, 1832. He went to Columbus to learn the trade of a printer, and was successively "devil," journeyman, foreman, local editor and finally, editor and proprietor of the *Ohio State Journal*. He was Colonel of the 23d Ohio, Hayes' regiment; then General in the army, postmaster of Columbus, and was subsequently appointed by President Hayes as Minister to the Sandwich Islands. He afterwards removed to Toledo and edited the *Toledo Commercial*, and died July 26, 1887, from wounds received in the late war, and which had made his later life one of great suffering, borne with noble fortitude.

General Comly had a high place among Ohio's gifted men. The Memorial volume published of his life and services bears this motto, which truthfully characterized him:

"Whose wit in the combat, as gentle as bright,
Ne'er carried a heart-stain away on its blade."

And his old commander, Rutherford B. Hayes, in the same memorial work, gives this testimony: "Knowing General Comly intimately more than twenty-five years, and specially having lived by his side day and night during almost the whole of the war, it would be strange indeed if I did not deem it a privilege and a labor of love to unite with his comrades in strewing flowers on the grave of one whose talents and achievements were so ample and admirable and whose life and character were rounded to a completeness rarely found among the best and most gifted of men."

STEPHEN BENTON ELKINS, the eminent politician of the Republican party and railroad magnate, was born in Thorn township, September 26, 1841; removed when very young to Missouri and eventually to New York City. JACOB STRAWN was one of the early settlers of the same township; removed to Illinois, and at the time of his death became there the greatest cattle owner in the world. JOHN W. ILIFF, was born and brought up in Harrison township; removed to Colorado; received there the name of the "Cattle King," for he also, in turn, became the greatest cattle owner in the world. He died leaving an estate valued at two millions. WALTER C. HOOD, pronounced "a walking library and dictionary," was born at Somerset, and died while honoring the position of State Librarian under Governor Allen.

OLIVER HAZARD PERRY, in whose honor this county was named, was of chivalrous stock, and the name fell to the right county, considering how she has responded by producing a Sheridan, a MacGahan and a Comly. His father, Capt. Christopher Raymond Perry, was a native of Newport, R. I., a gallant naval officer of the old Revolutionary War, and his mother, Sarah Alexander, was born of Scotch-Irish stock, in County Down, Ireland. She had five sons and three daughters. "To great strength of character Mrs. Perry added high intellectual power and rare social grace, training her children with extraordinary care to high ideals of life and duty. After the victory on Lake Erie, some farmers in Rhode Island declared it was *Mrs. Perry's Victory*."

Her son Oliver was born at South Kingstown, R. I., August 23, 1785. She carefully trained him to obedience and gifted him with the spirit of heroism by narrating to him the deeds of her military ancestors—the old Scotch Covenanters. His favorite books were the Bible, Plutarch's Lives, Shakespeare and Addison. He excelled in the study of navigation and mathematics; at the age of 11 was confirmed a member of the Protestant Episcopal Church, and in 1799, at the age of 14, was commissioned midshipman; in 1807 was a lieutenant in the Tripolitan war. When the war of 1812 broke out he had, in expectation of hostilities, been unwearied in the training of his crews and in

gunnery, and by assembling gunboats occasionally, gained experience in the evolutions of a fleet, with which he practised also sham battles, dividing them into hostile squadrons. Within twenty-four hours after receipt of orders to go to Lake Erie and build a squadron, February 17, 1813, he had sent off a detachment of fifty men, and on the 22d following started thither with his younger brother, Alexander. He was five weeks on the way, going mostly in sleighs through the wilderness to Erie, Pa. A few months later the squadron had been built, the battle fought, and the victory won.

At the time of the battle Perry was but 28 years of age. In June, 1819, he died of

yellow fever, at the age of 33 years, in Port Spain, island of Trinidad, while in command of a squadron. A brother, Matthew Galbraith, was also a very accomplished naval officer. He figured in the bombardment of Vera Cruz and commanded the famed expedition to Japan.

In 1806 the State of Ohio purchased W. H. Powell's famous painting of Perry's

Victory, and suspended it in the rotunda of the Capitol at Columbus. It represents Perry just as he has left the *Lawrence* for the Niagara, in a naval launch. The launch is in the foreground, while the vessels are shown around engaged in action. The chief merit of the painting lies in the lifelike figures of Commodore Perry and his brave crew.

In this county are many ancient mounds of various dimensions, and four or five miles in a northwesterly direction from Somerset is an ancient stone fort. Although irregular in shape it approaches a triangle. Near the centre is a stone mound, about twelve feet high, and in the wall a smaller one. The fort encloses about forty acres. Just south of it is a square work, containing about half an acre.

SHAWNEE is eight miles south of New Lexington, on the Straitsville branch of the B. & O. R. R. It is one of the greatest coal-mining points in Ohio.

City officers, 1888 : E. W. Williams, Mayor ; D. C. Thomas, Clerk ; C. C. Marsh, Treasurer ; John Welch, Street Commissioner ; Thomas M. Jones, Marshal. Newspaper : *Banner*, Independent, A. Maynard, editor and publisher.

Population, 1880, 2,770. School census, 1888, 1,094 ; C. Pierce, superintendent of schools.

NEW STRAITSVILLE is ten miles south of New Lexington, on the Straitsville Division of the C. H. V. & T. R. R. The largest veins of coal in the State are found here and the daily shipments are very large. It has seven churches.

City officers, 1888 : Henry Spurrier, Mayor ; John E. Evans, Clerk ; J. L. West, Treasurer ; John Park, Street Commissioner ; Leonard Harbaugh, Marshal. Bank of Straitsville, H. H. Todd, president, C. B. Todd, cashier. Population, 1880, 2,872. School census, 1888, 1,152 ; C. L. Williams, superintendent of schools.

A recent visitor writes : "New Straitsville is in the heart of the richest coal-producing district west of Pennsylvania ; it is only three miles over the high, steep hills to bustling Shawnee, with its mines and blast furnaces ; southward are Gore, Carbon Hill, and finally Nelsonville, all strong mining towns of the Hocking Valley. A good deal of life is underground. When a stranger comes to Straitsville and beholds a few houses on half-a-dozen ridges and but two streets of consequence, he is scarcely ready to think that there is a population of nearly three thousand in the town, but if he went into many of the houses he would find them packed with people, and very often one roof shelters half-a-dozen families.

"Straitsville and Shawnee were desperate places during the great strikes that prevailed in Hoadly's administration. A good many deeds of violence were planned and executed in this neighborhood. At times human life was lightly valued, and yesterday a tree was pointed out to me from the limbs of which a man was lynched for shooting an officer during stormy times.

"These are good, happy and busy days in the Hocking Valley. The mining region has not been so prosperous for half-a-dozen years. There is an abundance of work and a steady demand for more coal. The railroads are working their men night and day and still they can not haul coal away from the mines rapidly enough to meet the current market demands."

CORNING is twelve miles southeast of New Lexington, on the T. & O. C. and K. & O. Railroads. The surrounding country is rich in coal and iron. It has four churches.

City officers, 1888 : G. W. Carroll, Mayor ; Chas. W. Roof, Clerk ; Dossa Donnelly, Treasurer ; A. T. Winning, Marshal ; John Clifford, Street Commissioner. Newspaper : *Times-Monitor*, Independent, *Times-Monitor* Publishing Company, editors and publishers. Population, 1880, 2,500 (estimated).

JUNCTION CITY is at the crossing of the B. & O. and C. & M. V. and T. & O. C. Railroads, five miles west of New Lexington. School census, 1888, 190.

RENDVILLE is on the T. & O. C. R. R., eleven miles from New Lexington. Population about 500. In 1887 Dr. I. S. Tuppins, born a slave and a graduate of Columbus Medical College, was elected Mayor. He is said to have been the first of his race elected to such a position in Ohio.

THORNVILLE is near the eastern end of the Licking Reservoir, on the line of the T. & O. R. R., and has a population of about 500.

THORNPORT is about two miles north of Thornville, on the B. & O. R. R. and on the Reservoir. In our old edition is stated :

"This portion of country was settled about 1810 ; land was then so cheap in the neighborhood that one Beesacker purchased twenty acres for an old, black mare ; luckily, in laying out the country, two important roads intersected his purchase. He immediately had it surveyed into town lots, naming it New Lebanon. An embryo town sprung into existence. This took place about 1815. It was afterwards changed to Thornville, from being in the township of Thorn."

PICKAWAY.

PICKAWAY COUNTY was formed January 12, 1810, from Ross, Fairfield and Franklin ; the name is a misspelling of *Piqua*, the name of a tribe of the Shawanese, for the significance of which see p. 517, Vol. II. The name was immediately derived from the plains in the county. The surface is level and the soil generally very fertile and productive in grain. In many places the eye will take in at a single glance five hundred acres of corn at one view. The country has the four varieties of woodland, barren, plain and prairie. The barrens were originally covered with shrub oak and were at first supposed to be valueless, but proved to be excellent for grass and oats. The original settlers were mainly from Pennsylvania and Virginia. The principal productions are corn, wheat, oats, grass, pork, wool and neat cattle.

Area about 480 square miles. In 1887 the acres cultivated were 144,968 ; in pasture, 80,135 ; woodland, 32,053 ; lying waste, 6,436 ; produced in wheat, 765,883 bushels ; rye, 2,146 ; buckwheat, 600 ; oats, 64,584 ; barley, 11,671 ; corn, 2,088,965 ; broom corn, 21,500 lbs. brush ; meadow hay, 11,355 tons ; clover hay, 4,865 ; flax, 585 bushels seed ; potatoes, 37,483 ; butter, 416,059 lbs. ; sorghum, 611 gallons ; maple syrup, 2,326 ; honey, 4,155 lbs. ; eggs, 526, 839 dozen ; grapes, 9,750 lbs. ; wine, 60 gallons ; sweet potatoes, 790 bushels ; apples, 6,797 ; peaches, 767 ; pears, 276 ; wool, 53,577 lbs. ; milch cows owned, 5,465. School census, 1888, 9,024 ; teachers, 209. Miles of railroad track, 62.

TOWNSHIPS AND CENSUS.	1840.	1880.	TOWNSHIPS AND CENSUS.	1840.	1880.
Circleville,	2,973	6,541	Perry,		1,794
Darby,	1,052	1,500	Pickaway,	1,574	1,514
Deer Creek,	1,376	1,636	Salt Creek,	1,815	1,858
Harrison,	1,149	1,461	Scioto,	920	2,310
Jackson,	993	1,339	Walnut,	1,798	1,591
Madison,	851	896	Washington,	1,194	1,145
Monroe,	1,352	1,880	Wayne,	779	811
Muhlenburg,	653	1,139			

Population of Pickaway in 1820 was 18,143; 1830, 15,935; 1840, 20,169; 1860, 23,469; 1880, 27,415, of whom 24,013 were born in Ohio; 861, Virginia; 604, Pennsylvania; 155, New York; 102, Indiana; 88, Kentucky; 471, German Empire; 283, Ireland; 89, England and Wales; 22, France; 20, British America; and 14, Scotland. Census, 1890, 26,959.

In my first edition of 1847, I stated: "Much of the land on the west side of the Scioto is farmed by tenants, who receive either a certain proportion of the profits, or pay stated rents. The further removed the ownership of land from those who cultivate it, the worse is it for the development of the resources of a country. Slavery is worse than the tenant system and actual ownership the best of all. Hence it is that the Virginia military district, much of which is held in large tracts by wealthy men, with tenants under them, does not thrive as well as some other parts of the State having a poorer soil, but cultivated by those who both hold the plow and own the land." Then I quoted from a writer of the time, as follows:

Within the county, on the west side of the river, is a territory of about 290 square miles, containing a population of 8,376, averaging a fraction less than thirty to the square mile; while the territory on the east side of the river, within the county, embracing only 209 square miles, sustains a population of 11,349, averaging almost fifty-five to the square mile. This disparity in the density of population of the territory on the east and west sides of the river arises principally from four causes: 1st, the large surveys on which the land on the west side of the river was originally located. This prevented persons of small means from seeking farms there; 2d, the difficulty of finding the real owner of these surveys, who generally resided in some of the Southern Atlantic States, or Kentucky, and who frequently had no agent here to subdivide, show, or sell the lands; 3d, the frequent interference of different entries and surveys there with each other, which rendered the titles insecure. Though only a small portion of the lands were subject to this last difficulty, yet many persons were thereby deterred from purchasing and settling upon them; 4th, the greater disposition in the inhabitants there to engross large tracts of land, instead of purchasing smaller tracts, and expending more upon their improvements. This last continues to be the great obstacle in the way of increase of population *now* on those lands.

To an observing traveller passing directly through the county from east to west, the contrast is very striking. While on the one side he finds the lands well improved, with

fields of moderate size, well fenced, with a good barn and neat dwelling-house to each adjacent farm; on the other, he finds occasionally baronial mansions, "like angel's visits, few and far between," with rarely a barn, and each field large enough for two or three good farms. Between these mansions he will find the old pioneer log dwellings and the slovenly cultivation of the first settlers. The prices of the same quality of land on the east side are generally about double those on the west side. A part of this difference in the artificial appearance and cultivation of the country upon the opposite sides of the river results, no doubt, from the different origin of the inhabitants. Those on the east side originated mostly from Pennsylvania; while those on the west side had their origin generally in the more northern slave States. Habits brought with the first emigrants cannot be changed at once, though time and the operation of our laws will gradually modify them. Already, in several neighborhoods west of the river, the plan of smaller farms and better improvements has commenced; and a few years of prosperous industry will produce the neat farm cottage and the well-stored barn, with the productive fields of variegated crops and delicious fruits, which render the pursuits of agriculture so desirable. These are the blessings designed by a bountiful Benefactor to compensate for the toils, exposures and hardships incident to the pursuit of farming. Without these comforts it would be the barren drudgery of the toil-worn slave.

THE PICKAWAY PLAINS.

Three-and-a-half miles south of Circleville are the celebrated *Pickaway Plains*, said to contain the richest body of land in Ohio. They are divided into two parts, the greater or upper plain and the lesser or lower one. The soil was very black when first cultivated; the result of vegetable decomposition through a long succession of ages. These plains are based on water-worn gravel and pebbles. The upper plain is at least 150 feet above the bed of the river, which passes



MAP OF THE ANCIENT SHAWANOESE TOWNS, ON THE PICKAWAY PLAINS.

[*Explanations.*—A. Ancient works, on which Circleville now stands.

B. Logan's cabin at Old Chillicothe, now Westfall, four miles below Circleville: from this place a trail led through Grenadier Squaw town, and from thence up the Congo valley, and crossed to the opposite side of the creek, about $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles from its mouth.

C. Black mountain, a short distance west of the old Barr mansion.

D. Council house, a short distance northeast of the residence of Wm. Renick, Jr. The two parallel lines at this point represent the gauntlet through which prisoners were forced to run, and O the stake at which they were burnt, which last is on a commanding elevation.

F. The camp of Col. Lewis, just south of the residence of Geo. Wolf. The Logan elm is about a mile north of the site of the camp of Lewis on Congo creek.

E. The point where Lord Dunmore met with and stopped the army of Lewis when on their way to attack the Indians: it is opposite the mansion of Major John Boggs.

G. The residence of Judge Gills, near which is shown the position of Camp Charlotte.]

about a mile west of them. Their form is elliptical, with the longest diameter from northeast to southwest, being about seven miles by three and a half or four miles. They were destitute of trees when first visited by the whites. The fertility was such as to produce one hundred bushels of corn, or fifty of wheat, to the acre for many years, but they are now less productive. These plains have but few trees or shrubs within reach of the eye, except along the distant borders. The early settlers in the vicinity procured all their fodder, a coarse, natural grass, from the plains, which grew several feet above a man's head. It was extremely difficult to break up, requiring the strongest teams. The cultivation of corn, which grew up to a height of twelve or fifteen feet, weakened their natural fertility. Originally, the plains were adorned with a great variety of beautiful flowers.

The annexed map is reduced from one 20½ inches by 17½, made from the survey of P. N. White, for Felix Renick, of Ross. The country represented is about seven miles square. Of all places in the West, this pre-eminently deserves the name of "classic ground." Here, in olden time, burned the council-fires of the red man; here the affairs of the nation in general council were discussed, and the important questions of peace and war decided. On these plains the allied tribes marched forth and met General Lewis, and fought the sanguinary battle at Point Pleasant. Here it was that Logan made his memorable speech, and here, too, that the noted campaign of Dunmore was brought to a close by a treaty, or rather a truce, at Camp Charlotte.

From the "Remarks" appended to this map by Mr. Renick, we extract the following:

Among the circumstances which invest this region with extraordinary interest is the fact that to these towns were brought so many of the truly unfortunate prisoners who were abducted from the neighboring States. Here they were immolated on the altar of the red man's vengeance, and made to suffer to the death all the tortures savage ingenuity could invent, as a sort of expiation for the aggressions of their race. Strange does it seem that human beings, on whom Nature had bestowed such riches of intellect, could be brought by force of habit, not only to commit, but to delight in committing, such enormous cruelties as they often practised on many of their helpless victims—acts which had the direct effect of bringing down retaliation, in some form or other, on their own heads. But that they should contend to the last extremity for so delightful a spot, will not be wondered at by the most common observer on a view of the premises. For picturesqueness, fertility of soil, and other concomitants to make it desirable for human habitation, it is not surpassed by any other locality in the Western country, or perhaps in the world. The towns were well supplied with good spring water; some of the adjacent bottom-lands were susceptible of being made to produce, as nature has left them, one hundred bushels of Indian corn to the acre and all other grains and vegetables in proportion.

The Black Mountain, represented on the map by C (so called by the natives, but why so named tradition hath not informed us), is a ridge somewhat in the shape of an inverted boat, elevated from 130 to 150 feet above the bottom of the prairie immediately in its vicinity,

and commands from its summit a full view of the high plains and the country around it to a great extent. This facility the natives enjoyed, for they were in the practice yearly of burning over the country, which kept down the undergrowth, while the larger growth was so sparse as not materially to intercept the view. This elevated ridge answered the Indian some valuable purposes. No enemy could approach in day time, who could not from its summit be descried at a great distance; and by repairing thither the red man could often have a choice of the game in view, and his sagacity seldom failed him in the endeavor to approach it with success.

The Burning Ground, in the suburbs of Grenadier Squawtown, represented on the map, was also situated on an elevated spot, which commands a full view of all the other towns within the drawing, so that when a victim was at the stake and the flames ascending, all the inhabitants of the other towns who could not be present, might, in a great measure, enjoy the scene by sight and imagination. The burning-ground at Old Chillicothe was somewhat similar, being in full view of the burning-ground at Squawtown, the Black Mountain and two or three other small towns in other parts of the plains.

The Grenadier Squaw, whose name the above town bore, was a sister to Cornstalk. She was represented as being a woman of great muscular strength, and, like her brother, possessed of a superior intellect.

Slover's Escape.—From accounts most to be relied on, it was to Grenadier Squawtown

that Slover, who was taken prisoner at Crawford's defeat, in 1782, was brought to suffer a similar death to that which Crawford, his commander, had undergone a few days before, but from which, through Providential aid, he was relieved and enabled to make his escape. The circumstances of his escape have been previously published; but as they seem to be inseparably connected with the history of this spot, I hope to be excused for repeating them here. After his capture on his way thither, he had been very much abused at the different towns he passed through, beaten with clubs, etc. On his arrival here he had a similar punishment to undergo. A council was held over him and he was doomed to die the death that Crawford had suffered. The day was appointed for the consummation of the horrid deed, and its morning dawned without any unpropitious appearances to mar the anticipated enjoyments of the natives collected from the neighboring towns to witness the scene. At the appointed time Slover was led forth, stripped naked, tied to the fatal stake, and the fire kindled around him.

Just as his tormentors were about to commence the torture, it seemed that the Great Spirit looked down, and said: "No! this horrid deed shall not be done!" Immediately the heavens were overcast; the forked lightnings in all directions flew; in mighty peals the thunder rolled and seemed to shake the earth to its centre; the rain in copious torrents fell and quenched the threatening flames before they had done the victim much injury—continuing to a late hour. The natives stood dumbfounded—somewhat fearing that the Great Spirit was not pleased with what they were about to do. But had they been ever so much inclined, there was not time left that evening to carry out their usual savage observances. Slover was therefore taken from the stake and conducted to an empty house, to an upper log of which he was fastened by a buffalo-tug tied around his neck, and his arms were pinioned behind him by a cord. Two warriors were set over him as a guard to prevent his escape in the night. Here again Providence seemed to interfere in

favor of Slover, by causing a restless sleep to come over his guard. Until a late hour the Indians sat up, smoking their pipes and talking to Slover—using all their ingenuity to tantalize him, asking "how would he like to eat fire," etc. At length one of them lay down and soon fell asleep. The other continued smoking and talking to Slover some time. After midnight a deep sleep came upon him. He also lay down, and soon thought of nothing save in dreams of the anticipated pleasure to be enjoyed in torturing their prisoner next day.

Slover then resolved to make an effort to get loose, and soon extricated one of his hands from the cords. He then tried to unloose the tug around his neck, but without effect. He had not long been thus engaged before one of the Indians got up and smoked his pipe. While he was thus engaged Slover kept very still for fear of a discovery; but the Indian being again overcome with sleep, again lay down. Slover then renewed his exertions, but for some time without effect, and he resigned himself to his fate. After resting awhile, however, he resolved to make another and a last effort. He put his hand again to the tug, and, as he related, he slipped it over his head without difficulty. He then got out of the house as quietly as possible, sprang over a fence into a cornfield. While passing through the field he came near running over a squaw and her children, who were sleeping under a tree. To avoid discovery he deviated from a straight track and rapidly hurried to the upper plain, where, as he had expected, he found a number of Indian horses grazing. Day was then fairly breaking. He untied the cord from the other arm, which by this time was very much swelled. Selecting, as he thought, the best horse he could see, he made a bridle of the cord, mounted him, and rode off at full speed. About ten o'clock the horse gave out. Slover then had to travel on foot with all possible speed; and between mosquitos, nettles, brush, briars, thorns, etc., by the time he got home he had more the appearance of a mass of raw flesh than an animated being.

DUNMORE'S EXPEDITION.

The history of the expedition of Lord Dunmore against these towns on the Scioto, in 1774, we derive from the discourse upon this subject delivered by Chas. Whittlesey, Esq., before the Historical and Philosophical Society of Ohio, at Columbus, in 1840.

In August, 1774, Lord Dunmore collected a force of 3,000 men, destined for the destruction of their towns on the Scioto, situated within the present limits of Pickaway county. One half of the corps was raised in Botoourt, Fincastle, and the adjoining counties, by Col. Andrew Lewis, and of these 1,100 were in rendezvous at the levels of Green Briar on the 5th of September. It advanced in two divisions; the left wing, commanded by

Lewis, struck the great Kenhawa and followed that stream to the Ohio. The right wing, attended by Dunmore in person, passed the mountains at the Potomac gap, and came to the Ohio somewhere above Wheeling. About the 6th of October a talk was had with the chiefs of the Six Nations and the Delawares, some of whom had been to the Shawanese towns on a mission of peace. They reported unfavorably.

Battle of Point Pleasant.—The plan of the campaign was to form a junction before reaching the Indian villages, and Lewis accordingly halted at the mouth of the Kenhawa on the 6th of October for communication and orders from the commander-in-chief. While there, he encamped on the ground now occupied by the village of Point Pleasant, without entrenchments or other defences. On the morning of the 10th of October he was attacked by 1,000 chosen warriors of the Western Confederacy, who had abandoned their towns on the Pickaway plains to meet the Virginia troops, and gave them battle before the two corps could be united. The Virginia riflemen occupied a triangular point of land, between the right bank of the Kenhawa and the left bank of the Ohio, accessible only by the rear. The assault was therefore in this quarter. Within an hour after the scouts had reported the presence of the Indians a general engagement took place, extending from one bank of one river to the other, half a mile from the point.

Colonel Andrew Lewis, who seems to have been possessed of military talent, acted with steadiness and decision in this emergency. He arrayed his forces promptly and advanced to meet the enemy, with force equal to his own. Col. Charles Lewis, with 300 men, forming the right of the line, met the Indians at sunrise and sustained the first attack. Here he was mortally wounded in the onset, and his troops, receiving almost the entire weight of the charge, were broken and gave way. Col. Fleming with a portion of the command had advanced along the shore of the Ohio, and in a few moments fell in with the right of the Indian line, which rested on the river.

The effect of the first shock was to stagger the left wing as it had done the right, and its commander, also, was severely wounded at an early stage of the conflict; but his men succeeded in reaching a piece of timber land and maintained their position until the reserve under Col. Field reached the ground. It will be seen by examining Lewis's plan of the engagement and the ground on which it was fought, that an advance on his part and a retreat of his opponent necessarily weakened their line by constantly increasing its length, if it extended from river to river, and would eventually force him to break it or leave his flanks unprotected. Those acquainted with Indian tactics inform us that it is the great point of his generalship to preserve his flanks and over-reach those of his enemy. They continued, therefore, contrary to their usual practice, to dispute the ground with the pertinacity of veterans along the whole line, retreating slowly from tree to tree, till one o'clock, P. M., when they reached a strong position. Here both parties rested, within rifle-range of each other, and continued a desultory fire along a front of a mile and a quarter, until after sunset.

The desperate nature of this fight may be inferred from the deep-seated animosity of

both parties towards each other, the high courage which both possessed and the consequences which hung upon the issue. The Virginians lost one-half their commissioned officers and fifty-two men killed. Of the Indians, twenty-one were left on the field, and the loss in killed and wounded is stated at 233. During the night the Indians retreated and were not pursued.

Having failed in this contest with the troops while they were still divided in two parties, they changed their plan and determined at once to save their towns from destruction by offers of peace.

Soon after the battle was over a reinforcement of 300 Fincastle troops, and also an express from Lord Dunmore arrived, with an order directing this division to advance towards the Shawanese villages without delay. Notwithstanding the order was given in ignorance of the engagement, and commanded them to enter the enemy's country unsupported, Col. Lewis and his men were glad to comply with it and thus complete the overthrow of the allied Indians.

The Virginians, made eager with success, and maddened by the loss of so many brave officers, dashed across the Ohio in pursuit of more victims, leaving a garrison at Point Pleasant. Our next information of them is, that a march of eighty miles through an untrodden wilderness has been performed, and on the 24th of October they are encamped on the banks of the Congo creek, in Pickaway township, Pickaway county, within striking distance of the Indian towns. Their principal village was occupied by Shawnees, and stood upon the ground where the village of Westfall is now situated, on the west bank of the Scioto and on the Ohio canal, near the south line of the same county. This was the headquarters of the confederate tribes, and was called Chillicothe; and because there were other towns, either at that time or soon after, of the same name, it was known as *Old Chillicothe*. One of them was located at the present village of Frankfort, in Ross county, on the north fork of Paint creek and others on the waters of the Great Miami. In the meantime Lord Dunmore and his men had descended the Ohio to the mouth of the Great Hockhocking, established a depot and erected some defences called Fort Gower. From this point he probably started the express directed to Lewis, at the mouth of Kenhawa, about fifty miles below, and immediately commenced his march up the Hockhocking into the Indian country. For the next that is known of him he is in the vicinity of Camp Charlotte, on the left bank of Sippo creek, about seven miles southeast of Circleville, where he arrived before Lewis reached the station on Congo, as above stated. Camp Charlotte was situated about four and one-half miles northeast of Camp Lewis, on the farm now [1840] owned by Thos. J. Winship, Esq., and was consequently farther from the Chillicothe villages than the position occupied by the left wing. There has been much diversity of opinion and statement re-

specting the location of the true Old Chillicothe town, and also in regard to the positions of Camp Charlotte and Camp Lewis. The associations connected with those places have given them an interest which will never decline.

This is probably a sufficient excuse for presenting here, in detail, the evidence upon which the positions of these several points are established.

It was at the Chillicothe towns that Logan delivered his famous speech. It was not made in council, for he refused to attend at Camp Charlotte where the talk was held, and Dunmore sent a trader, by the name of John Gibson, to inquire the cause of his absence. The Indians, as before intimated, had made propositions to the governor for peace, and probably before he was aware of the result of the action at Kenhawa. When Gibson arrived at the village Logan came to him, and by his (Logan's) request they went into an adjoining wood and sat down. Here, after shedding abundance of tears, the honored chief told his pathetic story. Gibson repeated it to the officers, who caused it to be published in the *Virginia Gazette* of that year. Mr. Jefferson was charged with making improvements and alterations when he published it in his notes on Virginia; but from the concurrent testimony of Gibson, Lord Dunmore, and several others, it appears to be as close a representation of the original as could be obtained under the circumstances. The only versions of the speech that I have seen are here contrasted, in order to show that the substance and sentiments correspond, and that it must be the production of Logan, or of John Gibson, the only white man who heard the original.

WILLIAMSBURG, VA., Feb. 4, 1775.

The following is said to be a message from Captain Logan, an Indian warrior, to Gov. Dunmore, after the battle in which Colonel Charles Lewis was slain, delivered at the treaty:

"I appeal to any white man to say that he ever entered Logan's cabin, but I gave him meat; that he ever came naked, but I clothed him.

"In the course of the last war, Logan remained in his cabin an advocate for peace. I had such an affection for the white people, that I was pointed at by the rest of my nation. I should have ever lived with them had it not been for Col. Cresap, who, last year, cut off, in cold blood, all the relations of Logan, not sparing my women and children. There runs not a drop of my blood in the veins of any human creature. This called upon me for revenge. I have sought it. I have killed many, and fully glutted my revenge. I am glad there is a prospect of peace on account of the nation; but I beg you will not entertain a thought that any thing I have said proceeds from fear. Logan disdains the thought. He will not turn on his heel to save his life. Who is there to mourn for Logan? No one."

NEW YORK, Feb. 16, 1775.

Extract of a letter from Va.:

"I make no doubt the following specimen of Indian eloquence and mistaken valor will please you, but you must make allowances for the unskilfulness of the interpreter.

"I appeal to any white man to say, if ever he entered Logan's cabin hungry and I gave him not meat; if ever he came cold or naked and I gave him not clothing.

"During the course of the last long and bloody war, Logan remained in his tent an advocate for peace. Nay, such was my love for the whites, that those of my own country pointed at me as they passed by and said, 'Logan is the friend of white men.' I had even thought to live with you, but for the injuries of one man. Colonel Cresap, the last spring, in cold blood, and unprovoked, cut off all the relatives of Logan; not sparing even my women and children. There runs not a drop of my blood in the veins of any human creature. This called on me for revenge. I have sought it. I have killed many. I have fully glutted my vengeance. For my country, I rejoice at the beams of peace. Yet, do not harbor the thought that mine is the joy of fear. Logan never felt fear. He will not turn on his heel to save his life. Who is there to mourn for Logan? Not one."

The right hand translation is literally the same as the copy given in Jefferson's Notes, page 124, and is doubtless the version given out by himself at the time.

It was repeated throughout the North American colonies as a lesson of eloquence in the schools, and copied upon the pages of literary journals in Great Britain and the Continent. This brief effusion of mingled pride, courage and sorrow, elevated the character of the native American throughout the intelligent world; and the

place where it was delivered can never be forgotten so long as touching eloquence is admired by men.

Camp Charlotte was situated on the southwest quarter of section 12, town 10, range 21, upon a pleasant piece of ground in view of the Pickaway plains. It was without permanent defences, or, at least, there are no remains of intrenchments, and is accessible on all sides. The creek in front formed no impediment to an approach from that quarter, and the country is level in the rear. Camp Lewis is said to be upon more defensible ground on the northeast quarter of section 30, same township and range. The two encampments have often been confounded with each other.

Before Lord Dunmore reached the vicinity of the Indian towns, he was met by a flag of truce, borne by a white man named Elliott, desiring a halt on the part of the troops, and requesting for the chiefs an interpreter with whom they could communicate. To this his lordship, who, according to the Virginians, had an aversion to fighting, readily assented. They furthermore charged him with the design of forming an alliance with the confederacy, to assist Great Britain against the colonies in the crisis of the revolution, which every one foresaw. He, however, moved forward to Camp Charlotte, which was established rather as a convenient council ground, than as a place of security or defence. The Virginia militia came here for the purpose of fighting, and their dissatisfaction and disappointment at the result amounted almost to mutiny. Lewis refused to obey the order for a halt, considering the enemy as already with his grasp, and of inferior numbers to his

own. Dunmore, as we have seen, went in person to enforce his orders, and it is said drew his sword upon Colonel Lewis, threatening him with instant death if he persisted in further disobedience.

The troops were concentrated at Camp Charlotte, numbering about 2,500 men. The principal chiefs of the Scioto tribes had been assembled, and some days were spent in negotiations. A compact or treaty was at length concluded, and *four* hostages put in possession of the governor to be taken to Virginia. We know very little of the precise terms of this treaty, nor even of the tribes who gave it their assent. It is said the Indians agreed to make the Ohio their boundary, and the whites stipulated not to pass beyond that river. An agreement was entered into for a talk at Pittsburg in the following spring, where a more full treaty was to be made; but the revolutionary movements prevented.

When the army returned, they took the route by Fort Gower, at the mouth of the Hocking, in what is now Athens county, where, on the 5th of November, and 10 days after the arrival of Lewis at Camp Charlotte, the officers held a meeting "for the purpose of considering the grievances of *British America*: an officer present addressed the meeting in the following words:"

Gentlemen:—Having now concluded the campaign, by the assistance of Providence, with honor and advantage to the colony and ourselves, it only remains that we should give our country the stronger assurance that we are ready at all times, to the utmost of our power, to maintain and defend her just rights and privileges. We have lived about three months in the woods, without any intelligence from Boston, or from the delegates at Philadelphia. It is possible, from the groundless reports of designing men, that our countrymen may be jealous of the use such a body would make of arms in their hands at this critical juncture. That we are a respectable body is certain, when it is considered that we can live weeks without bread or salt; that we can sleep in the open air without any covering but that of the canopy of heaven; and that we can march and shoot with any in the known world. Blessed with these talents, let us solemnly engage to one another, and our country in particular, that we will use them for no purpose but for the honor and advantage of America and of Virginia in

particular. It behooves us, then, for the satisfaction of our country, that we should give them our real sentiments by way of resolves, at this very alarming crisis.

Whereupon the meeting made choice of a committee to draw up and prepare resolves for their consideration; who immediately withdrew, and after some time spent therein, reported that they had agreed to and prepared the following resolves, which were read, maturely considered, and agreed to *nem. con.* by the meeting, and ordered to be published in the *Virginia Gazette*:

Resolved, That we will bear the most faithful allegiance to his majesty King George the Third, while his majesty delights to reign over a brave and a free people; that we will, at the expense of life and everything dear and valuable, exert ourselves in the support of the honor of his crown and the dignity of the British empire. But as the love of liberty and attachment to the real interests and just rights of America outweigh every other consideration, we resolve, that we will exert every power within us for the defence of

American liberty, and for the support of her just rights and privileges, not in any precipitous, riotous, or tumultuous manner, but when regularly called forth by the unanimous voice of our countrymen.

Resolved, That we entertain the greatest respect for his excellency the Rt. Hon. Lord Dunmore, who commanded the expedition

against the *Shawanese*, and who, we are confident, underwent the great fatigue of this singular campaign from no other motive than the true interests of the country.

Signed by order and in behalf of the whole corps.

BENJAMIN ASHBY, *Clerk*.

Notwithstanding the evidence above produced, derived from the American Archives, it is said that the troops, who had wished to give an efficient blow, reached Virginia highly dissatisfied with the governor and the treaty: the conduct of the governor could not be well explained by them, "except by supposing him to act with reference to the expected contest with England and her colonies—a motive which the colonists regarded as little less than treasonable."—*Perkins' Annals*.

Of the feeling in camp towards Dunmore at the time of the treaty, we have some evidence in the statement of the late venerable Abm. Thomas, one of the early settlers of Miami county, published in the *Troy Times*, in 1839.

We (Dunmore's army) lay at the mouth of the Hocking for some time. One day, as I was going down to the boats, I met Dunmore just leaving them. He expressed his fears that Gen. Lewis was attacked by the Indians. The men had noticed Dunmore for several days with his ear close to the water, but did not then suspect the reason. He told me he thought he heard the roaring of guns upon the water, and requested me to put my ear to it, and although it was ten or twelve [28] miles distant, I distinctly heard the roar of musketry. The next day we took up the line of march for Chillicothe, up the Hockhocking. On the second or third day, some Indians came running into the camp, beseeching Dunmore to stop Lewis's division, which had crossed the Ohio and was in full pursuit of the Indians; to use their own words, "like so many devils, that would kill them all." This was the first certain information our men had of that battle. On the solicitation of the savages, Dunmore twice sent orders to check the progress of Lewis, but he refused to obey them, until Dunmore himself took command of the division and led them back to the Ohio. The troops were indignant at the

conduct of Dunmore, and believed his object was to give up both divisions of the army to the Indians. It was thought he knew the attack would be made at Point Pleasant about the time it took place, calculated on the defeat of Lewis, and led our army into the defiles of the Hocking, that they might the more easily become the prey of infuriated savages, flushed with recent victory. An incident occurred here, showing the state of feeling among the men. At the time the Indians who came into the camp were sitting with Dunmore in his tent, a backwoodsman passing observed them and stepped around the tent. When he thought he had them in range, he discharged his rifle through the canvass, with the intention of killing the three at once. It was a close cut—it missed: the man escaped through the crowd and no one knew who did it. From this time until he left the camp, Dunmore tried to conciliate what he could by indulgence and talking; but this would not have availed him had he not taken other precautions, for many in the camp believed him the enemy of their country and the betrayer of the army.

The chief, Cornstalk, whose town is shown on the map, was a man of true nobility of soul, and a brave warrior.

At the battle of Point Pleasant he commanded the Indians with consummate skill, and if at any time his warriors were believed to waver, his voice could be heard above the din of battle, exclaiming in his native tongue, "Be strong! Be strong!" When he returned to the Pickaway towns, after the battle, he called a council of the nation to consult what should be done, and upbraided them in not suffering him to make peace, as he desired, on the evening before the battle. "What," said he, "will you do now? The Big Knife is coming on us, and we shall all be killed. Now you must fight or we are

done." But no one answering, he said, "Then let us kill all our women and children, and go and fight until we die." But no answer was made, when, rising, he struck his tomahawk in a post of the council house and exclaimed, "I'll go and make peace," to which all the warriors grunted "Ough! ough!" and runners were instantly despatched to Dunmore to solicit peace.

In the summer of 1777, he was atrociously murdered at Point Pleasant. As his murderers were approaching, his son Elinipsico trembled violently. "His father encouraged him not to be afraid, for that the *Great Man*



THE LOGAN ELM.

The above is a view of the Logan Elm, commonly called the Treaty Elm, as photographed by J. H. Nugent of Chillicothe in 1876. It is on the farm of James Boggs, about six miles south of Circleville, two and a half miles east of the Scioto, and one mile west of the Scioto Valley Railroad.

Congo Creek is shown in the foreground. James Boggs stands on the left and Nelson Kellenberger on the right. The cabin on the left, it is said, was built in 1798 and was the residence of the Boggs family, and when taken down, about 1882, had been in use as a tool house. Dimensions of the tree are: girth, 20 feet, height, 79 feet, spread of branches, in diameter, 120 feet.

above had sent him there to be killed and die with him. As the men advanced to the door, the Cornstalk rose up and met them : they fired, and seven or eight bullets went through him. So fell the great Cornstalk warrior—whose name was bestowed upon him by the consent of the nation, as their great strength

and support.” Had he lived, it is believed that he would have been friendly with the Americans, as he had come over to visit the garrison at Point Pleasant to communicate the design of the Indians of uniting with the British. His grave is to be seen at Point Pleasant to the present day.

The last years of Logan were truly melancholy. He wandered about from tribe to tribe, a solitary and lonely man ; dejected and broken-hearted by the loss of his friends and the decay of his tribe, he resorted to the stimulus of strong drink to drown his sorrow. He was at last murdered, in Michigan, near Detroit. He was, at the time, sitting with his blanket over his head before a camp fire, his elbows resting on his knees and his head upon his hands, buried in profound reflection, when an Indian, who had taken some offence, stole behind him and buried his tomahawk in his brains. Thus perished the immortal Logan, the last of his race. These foregoing facts were given to me by Mr. Henry C. Brish, of Tiffin, who had been an Indian agent. He had them from the “Good Hunter,” an aged Mingo chief and a familiar acquaintance of Logan.

In view of the question of authenticity of Logan’s celebrated speech we append the following extract from Butterfield’s *History of the Girtys*, published in 1890, by Robert Clarke & Co. :

“His lordship (Lord Dunmore) was met, before he reached the Indian villages by a messenger (a white man) from the enemy, anxious for an accommodation. Dunmore sent back the messenger with John Gibson and Simon Girty.” (The latter was then a scout for Lord Dunmore and had not yet commenced his notorious renegade career.)

“The two soon brought an answer to his lordship from the Shawanese. Gibson, nearly twenty-six years after, in relating the affair, ignores the presence of Girty entirely. But his memory was certainly at fault, for a number of persons present afterward declared that he was accompanied by Girty.

“While negotiations were going forward, the Mingo chief, Logan, held himself aloof. ‘Two or three days before the treaty,’ says an eye-witness, ‘when I was on the outguard, Simon Girty, who was passing by, stopped me and conversed ; he said he was going after Logan, but he did not like his business, for

he was a surly fellow. He, however, proceeded on, and I saw him return on the day of the treaty and Logan was not with him. At this time a circle was formed and the treaty begun. I saw John Gibson on Girty’s arrival, get up and go out of the circle and talk with Girty, after which he (Gibson) went into a tent, and soon after, returning into the circle, drew out of his pocket a piece of clean, new paper, on which was written, in his own handwriting, a speech for and in the name of Logan.’ This was the famous speech about which there has been so much controversy. It is now well established that the version as first printed was substantially the words of Logan ; but it is equally certain that he (Logan), in attributing the murder of his relatives to Colonel Cresap, was mistaken. Girty, from recollection, translated the ‘speech’ to Gibson, and the latter put it into excellent English, as he was abundantly capable of doing.”

THE FAMED LOGAN ELM.

On the farm of the Boggs family, on the Pickaway Plains, stands the famed LOGAN ELM. It is on Congo creek, distant about six miles directly south of Circleville, two and a half miles east of the Scioto, and one and a half miles west of the line of the Scioto Valley Railroad. According to the general tradition it was under this elm that Logan made his celebrated speech. It is a monster tree ; twenty feet in girth, seventy-nine feet in height and the circle overspread by its branches is one hundred and twenty feet in diameter.

The Boggs family settled on this spot about the year 1798. “The tradition,” says the *County History*, “relates that Capt. Williamson, an officer under Lord Dunmore, recited to Capt. John Boggs the circumstances connected with the treaty of the Indians, and described the place of meeting as being near Congo creek, about a mile below Camp Lewis, in a small piece of prairie of about thirty acres, in the middle of which was a mound. Logan was present and delivered the speech under an elm that stood a short distance southwest of said mound.

Capt. Pogg's had no difficulty subsequently in finding said tree from the description given him by Williamson, and it has ever since been carefully preserved by members of the family, because of the historical associations that are believed to surround it."

The victory at Point Pleasant, as stated, broke the power of the Indians. The site of the battle is four miles above Gallipolis, on the Virginia side of the Ohio. In the fall of 1844, while travelling over Western Virginia collecting historical materials, I stayed over night in the cabin of a mountaineer, named Jesse Van Bibber, then an old man. I had sought him for information, because his family had been engaged in the border wars. This old man sung to me, in pathetic tones, the song of that battle, sometimes called by them "The Shawanese Battle." I wrote it down from his lips, and published it in my works on Virginia, and now reproduce it here ;

BATTLE OF POINT PLEASANT.

Let us mind the tenth day of October,
Seventy-four, which caused woe ;
The Indian savages they did cover
The pleasant banks of the Ohio.

The battle beginning in the morning—
Throughout the day it lasted sore,
Till the evening shades were returning down
Upon the banks of the Ohio.

Judgment proceedes to execution—
Let fame throughout all dangers go ;
Our heroes fought with resolution,
Upon the banks of the Ohio.

Seven score lay dead and wounded,
Of champions that did face their foes ;

By which the heathen were confounded
Upon the banks of the Ohio.

Colonel Lewis and some noble captains,
Did down to death like Uriah go ;
Alas ! their heads wound up in napkins
Upon the banks of the Ohio.

Kings lamented their mighty fallen
Upon the mountains of Gilboa ;
And now we mourn for brave Hugh Allen
Far from the banks of the Ohio.

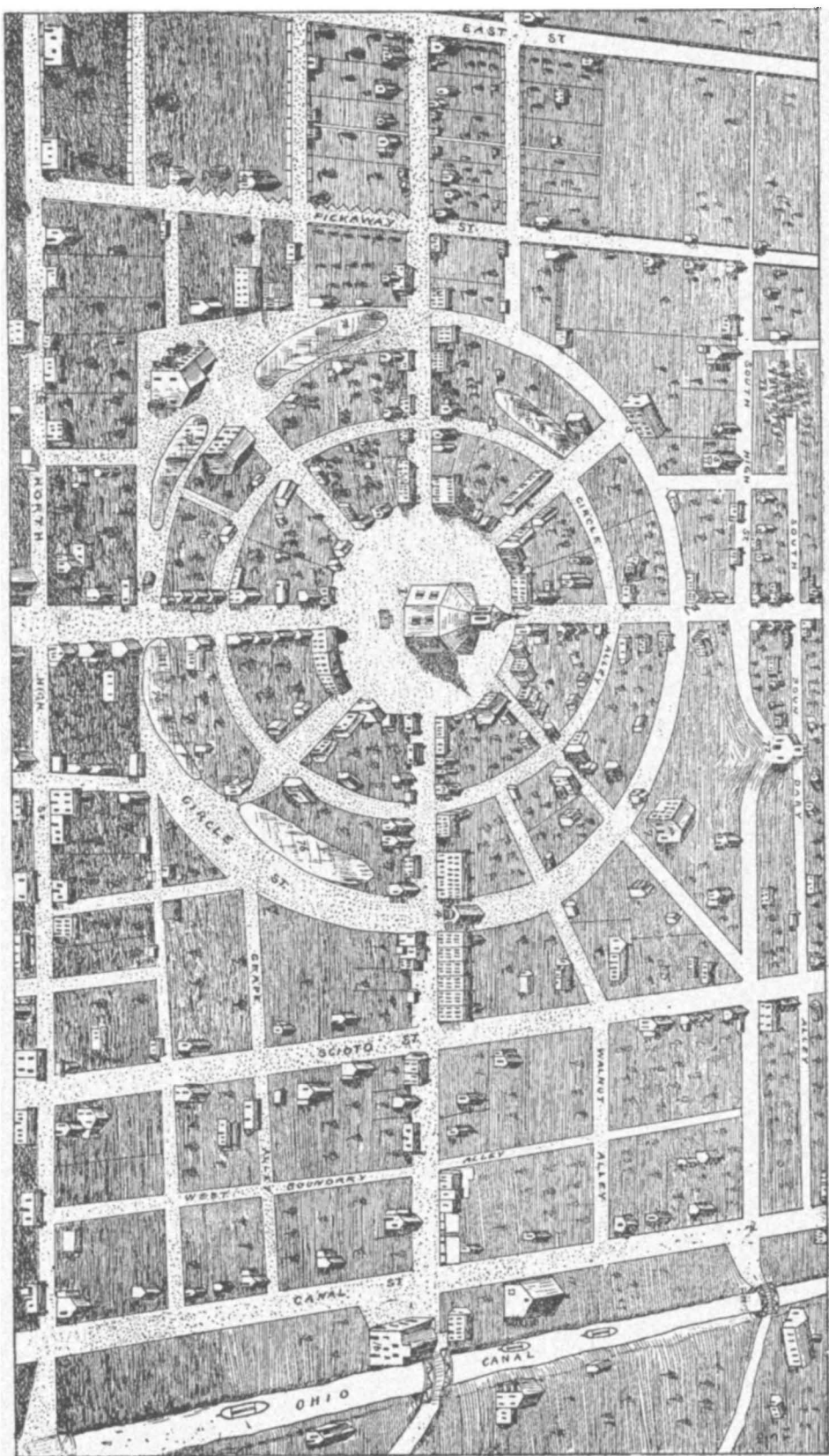
Oh ! bless the mighty King of Heaven,
For all his wondrous works below,
Who hath to us the victory given
Upon the banks of the Ohio.

Circleville in 1846.—Circleville, the county-seat, is on the Ohio canal and Scioto river, twenty-six miles south of Columbus, and nineteen south of Chillicothe. It was laid out in 1810, as the seat of justice, by Daniel Dresbach, on land originally belonging to Zeigler & Watt, and the first lot sold on the 10th of September. The town is on the site of ancient fortifications, one of which, having been circular, originated the name of the place. The old court-house, built in the form of an octagon, and destroyed in 1841, stood in the centre of the circle. Few, if any, vestiges remain of these forts, but we find them described at length in the *Archæologia Americana*, by Caleb Atwater, published in 1820. The description and accompanying cut are appended :

There are two forts, one being an exact circle, the other being an exact square. The former is surrounded by two walls, with a deep ditch between them ; the latter is encompassed by one wall without any ditch. The former was sixty-nine feet in diameter, measuring from outside to outside of the circular outer wall ; the latter is exactly fifty-five rods square, measuring the same way. The walls of the circular fort were at least twenty feet in height, measuring from the bottom of the ditch, before the town of Circleville was built. The inner wall was of clay, taken up probably in the northern part of the fort, where was a low place, which is still considerably lower than any other part of the work. The outside wall was taken from the ditch which is between these walls, and is alluvial, consisting of pebbles, worn smooth in water,

and sand, to a very considerable depth, more than fifty feet at least. The outside of the walls is about five or six feet in height now ; on the inside the ditch is at present generally not more than fifteen feet. They are disappearing before us daily and will soon be gone. The walls of the square fort are at this time, where left standing, about ten feet in height. There were eight gateways, or openings, leading into the square fort and only one into the circular fort. Before each of these openings was a mound of earth, perhaps four feet high, forty feet perhaps in diameter at the base, and twenty or upwards at the summit. These mounds, for two rods or more, are exactly in front of the gateways and were intended for the defence of these openings.

As this work is a perfect square, so the gateways and their watch-towers were equi-



BIRDS-EYE VIEW OF CIRCLEVILLE IN 1836, LOOKING SOUTH.



Drawn by Henry Howe in 1846.

WEST MAIN STREET, CIRCLEVILLE.

The foreground was originally a part of the old circle, which in time was "squared."



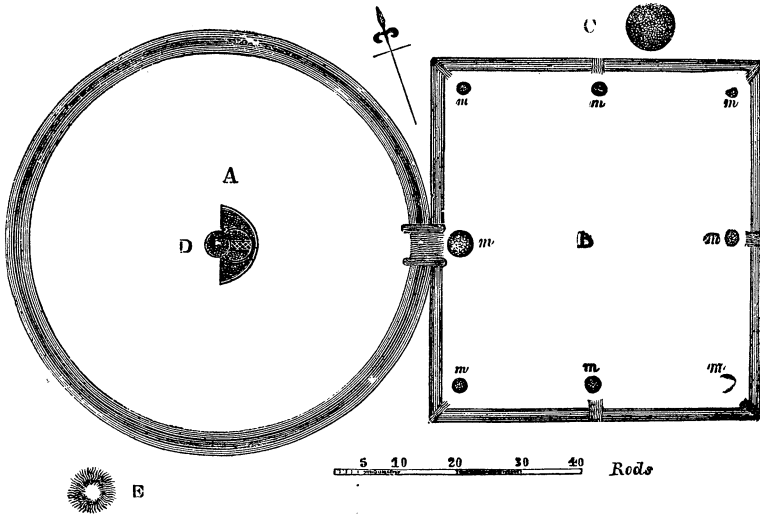
Reed & Bock, Photo., 1886.

VIEW IN CIRCLEVILLE.

The County Court-House is shown on the left; the old circle was a few hundred yards distant, farther up the street.

distant from each other. These mounds were in a perfectly straight line, and exactly parallel with the wall. Those small mounds were at *m, m, m, m, m, m, m*. The black line at *d* represents the ditch, and *w, w*, represent the two circular walls.

D [the reader is referred to the plate] shows the site of a once very remarkable ancient mound of earth, with a semi-circular pavement on its eastern side, nearly fronting, as the plate represents, the only gateway leading into this fort. This mound is entirely



ANCIENT FORTIFICATIONS AT CIRCLEVILLE.

removed; but the outline of the semi-circular pavement may still be seen in many places, notwithstanding the dilapidations of time and those occasioned by the hand of man.

The earth in these walls was as nearly perpendicular as it could be made to lie. This fort had originally but one gateway leading into it on its eastern side, and that was defended by a mound of earth several feet in height, at *m, i*. Near the centre of this work was a mound, with a semi-circular pavement on its eastern side, some of the remains of which may still be seen by an intelligent observer. The mound at *m, i*, has been entirely removed so as to make the street level, from where it once stood.

B is a square fort adjoining the circular one, as represented by the plate, the area of which has been stated already. The wall which surrounds this work is generally now about 10 feet in height, where it has not been manufactured into brick. There are seven gateways leading into the fort, besides the

one which communicates with the square fortification—that is, one at each angle, and another in the wall, just half way between the angular ones. Before each of these gateways was a mound of earth of four or five feet in height, intended for the defence of these openings.

The extreme care of the authors of these works to protect and defend every part of the circle is no where visible about this square fort. The former is defended by two high walls—the latter by one. The former has a deep ditch encircling it—this has none. The former could be entered at one place only—this at eight, and those about twenty feet broad. The present town of Circleville covers all the round and the western half of the square fort. These fortifications, where the town stands, will entirely disappear in a few years; and I have used the only means within my power to perpetuate their memory, by the annexed drawing and this brief description.

Another writer gives some additional facts. Writing in 1834, he says:

On the southwest side of the circle stands a conical hill crowned with an artificial mound. Indeed, so much does the whole elevation resemble the work of man, that many have mistaken it for a large mound. A street has lately been opened across the little mound which crowned the hill, and in removing the earth many skeletons were found in good preservation. A cranium of one of

them was in my possession, and is a noble specimen of the race which once occupied these ancient walls. It has a high forehead and large and bold features, with all the phrenological marks of daring and bravery. Poor fellow, he died overwhelmed by numbers; as the fracture of the right parietal bone by the battle-axe and five large stone arrows sticking in and about his bones, still

bear silent, but sure testimony. The elevated ground a little north of the town, across Hargus creek, which washes the base of the plain of Circleville, appears to have been the common burying-ground. Human bones in great quantities are found in digging away the gravel for repairing the streets and for

constructing the banks of the canal which runs near the base of the highlands. They were buried in the common earth without any attempt at tumuli, and occupy so large a space that only a dense population and a long period of time could have furnished such numbers.

Circleville is a thriving business town, surrounded by a beautiful, level country. Opposite the town, the bottom land on the Scioto is banked up for several miles, to prevent being overflowed by the river. Circleville has 1 Presbyterian, 2 Lutheran, 1 Episcopal, 2 Methodist, 2 Baptist, 1 Catholic, 1 Evangelical and 2 United Brethren churches; an elegant court-house, recently erected; 1 or 2 academies, 3 printing offices, about 20 mercantile stores, 1 bank, 9 warehouses on the canal, and had in 1830, 1,136, and in 1840, 2,330 inhabitants; it has now over 3,000. The business by the canal is heavy. Of the clearances made from this port in 1846, there were of corn, 106,465 bushels; wheat, 24,918 bushels; broom corn, 426,374 pounds; bacon and pork, 1,277,212 pounds; and lard, 1,458,259 pounds.—*Old Edition.*

CIRCLEVILLE, county-seat, is twenty-six miles south of Columbus, on the east bank of the Scioto river, which is crossed at this point by the Ohio canal. Circleville is on the C. & M. Division of the P. C. & St L. and the S. V. Railroads. It is in one of the richest agricultural regions in the State and is noted as shipping more broom corn than any other point in the United States, and having the largest straw-board manufacturing concern, it is claimed, in the world. This is one of the finest agricultural sections of Ohio; so Circleville's industries are principally devoted to working up the products of the soil. Pork-packing, sweet-corn canning and drying, tanning, and milling are conducted here on a large scale. It has the largest straw-board and straw-paper mill in the world, employing a capital of about half a million dollars and a large force of employees.

County officers, 1888: Auditor, S. W. Miller; Clerk, George H. Pontius; Commissioners, George Betts, Alexander C. Bell, Cyrus Purcell; Coroner, Mack A. Lanum; Infirmary Directors, John G. Haas, Daniel Myers, Jacob B. Rife; Probate Judge, D. J. Myers; Prosecuting Attorney, Clarence Curtin; Recorder, John McCrady; Sheriff, James T. Wallace; Surveyor, Cyrus F. Abernethy; Treasurer, Joseph C. Harper. City officers, 1888: J. Wheeler Lowe, Mayor; R. P. Dresbach, Clerk; R. C. Anderson, Marshal; Daniel Brown, Commissioner; John Schleyer, Solicitor. Newspapers; *Herald*, Democratic, Murphy & Darst, editors and publishers; *Democrat and Watchman*, Democratic, A. R. Van Cleaf, editor and publisher; *Union Herald*, Republican, Harry E. Lutz, editor and publisher. Churches: 1 United Brethren, 1 Baptist, 1 Episcopal, 1 Methodist, 3 Evangelical, 2 Lutheran, 1 Catholic and 1 Presbyterian. Banks: First National, J. A. Hawkes, president, Otis Ballard, cashier; Second National, S. H. Ruggles, president, E. E. Winship, cashier; Third National, S. Morris, cashier.

Manufactures and Employees.—George H. Spangler, carriages and buggies, 4 hands; C. B. Tyler, doors, sash, etc., 20; Delaplane & Parks, grain elevator, 2; Roth Brothers, oak harness leather, 15; McEwing & Oliver, engines and repairs, 10; Bell & Caldwell, meal and elevator, 5; Jacob Young, flour and feed, 3; H. A. Jackson, grain elevator, 3; Heffner & Co., Saginaw corn meal, 19; Circleville *Union Herald*, printing, 7; Pickaway Machine Works, machine work, 4; William Heffner & Son, flour and feed, 7; J. P. Strahm, cigars, 6; *Democrat and Watchman*, printing, 7; Portage Straw Board Co., straw boards, 210; Conrad Richards, barrels, 10; Edison Electric Light Co., electric light, 4.—*State Report, 1888.*

Population, 1880, 6,046. School census, 1888, 2,285; M. H. Lewis, school superintendent. Capital invested in industrial establishments, \$511,000.

Value of annual product, \$609,500.—*Ohio Labor Statistics, 1887.* Census, 1890, 6,556.

Circleville, having derived its name from being built around a circle, in process of time has changed its nucleus spot to a square; and hence claims that it has performed that impossible feat to mathematicians, squared the circle.

REMINISCENCES.

Circleville is noted from having long been the home of Ohio's earliest historian, CALEB ATWATER. His life was long, and he had a national reputation. It included many things—minister, lawyer, educator, business man, legislator, Indian Commissioner, author and antiquarian.

He was a direct descendant of David Atwater, one of the wealthiest of the original settlers who founded New Haven, in 1638, and these were the richest body of colonists in America. This David Atwater was the progenitor of all the Atwaters on the Continent. One of my four great-grandfathers was a Caleb Atwater; so I have some of the same blood in my veins.

But all of that old New England stock is nearly related. Almost the entire emigration to New England was in fourteen years, from 1628 to 1642, when in all 20,000 people came over. After that there was no emigration, only as the scattering snow-flakes after a snow squall. These 20,000 married young; had large families, often a dozen of children in each, so that at the beginning of this century they had increased to over a million. The result is, as genealogists ascertain, they are about all in some degree of cousinship to the rest. This, by some lines, is often near and others remote. Often a genealogist may ascertain for a man such a fact as this, that his wife is his third cousin by such a line, and by another the sixth cousin.

Caleb Atwater, Ohio's first historian, was born on Christmas Day, 1778, at North Adams, Massachusetts, was educated at Williams College, taught a ladies' school in New York, and at the same time studied theology; was ordained a Presbyterian minister, married and then quickly lost his wife, which event greatly affected his health and spirits. He later studied law, was admitted to the bar; and finally paid the best compliment in his power to the charms of wedded life that any poor, forlorn soul can—married the second time. Went into business, and failing, anticipated the advice of the sage of the New York *Tribune* "to go West," and got an early start.

The attractive point was Circleville, the year, 1815, and he remained until his death in 1854, at the patriarchal age of eighty-nine. He opened a law office to engage in the practice of law. The people sent him to the Ohio Legislature, where he became prominent as the friend of public schools, and as one of the original minority to advocate the introduction of canals. At the close of his legislative duties he was sent by General Jackson as Commissioner to the Winnebago Indians, at Galena, Illinois.

He early turned his attention to authorship, and his first book grew out of his coming to a town which was built around a circle, laid out by the Mound Builders. They had arranged their dwellings around it as a nucleus, put their Temple of Justice, *i. e.*, the Pickaway county court-house, in the centre, and radiated their streets from the circumference line. He, therefore, became interested in Archæology and issued his "Archæologia Americana upon Western Antiquities." This work attracted great attention among savans at home and abroad, and made him widely known. Beside this he published "A Tour to the Prairie du Chien," "An Essay on Education," "Writings of Caleb Atwater," and in 1838, his "History of Ohio."

He was the associate of the first men of Ohio and the country at large from the nature of his pursuits and objects of public interest.

I made the acquaintance of Caleb Atwater, in 1846, at Circleville. He had

the Atwater physique—a large, heavily-moulded man, with dark eyes and complexion, and a Romanesque nose. He was a queer talker, and appeared to me like a disappointed, unhappy man. One of his favorite topics was General Jackson, whose friendship he greatly valued. He had visited him at the Hermitage, where Old Hickory, who was a genial personage, had entertained him, talking, I presume, between the whiffs of his corn-cob pipe, which he smoked even when in the White House. His life appears to have been a struggle with penury. He did but little, if any, law business; he had a large family, six sons and three daughters, and his books were but a meagre source of support, and these he sold by personal solicitation. He was, however, blest with an excellent wife, and that is the all-important point with a struggling man.

In my recent visit to Circleville, Mr. Henry S. Page took me out to the Forest Cemetery, and there I found a beautiful monument, a cube about fourteen feet in height, of Italian marble, and surmounted by a figure of Christ asking a blessing. Upon it was this inscription:

JOHN CRADLEBAUGH, born at Circleville, Ohio, February 22, 1819. He was a Judge of the District Court of the United States for Utah Territory. He distinguished himself by his great courage in attempting to bring to justice the persons who were guilty of that horrible curse, the Mountain Meadow Massacre. He was a Delegate in Congress for Nevada Territory. He took part in the Siege of Vicksburg, where he commanded the 114th Regt. O. V. I., and was severely wounded. He died in Nevada, February 19, 1872.

Judge Cradlebaugh graduated at Miami University, practised the law in Logan and then in Circleville, was in 1850 and in 1852 a member of the Ohio Senate from Pickaway and Franklin counties. In 1858 he made a speech in Circleville strongly sustaining the policy of Buchanan in his policy in regard to the Missouri Compromise, which led to his appointment as one of the judges of Utah by Buchanan. After he left Utah he removed to Nevada, from which territory he was sent a delegate to Congress. He had expected to be Senator when Nevada was admitted as a State, but finally saw and predicted that "some rich man would come up from San Francisco with a pile of money and buy the Legislature," which proved true.

While residing in Nevada the war broke out, he returned to Pickaway county and raised the 114th O. V. I., which he commanded. He was badly wounded by a bullet passing through his mouth, which compelled him to retire from service. He returned to Nevada, but could not practise his profession, his mouth being so badly lacerated that he could not speak distinctly. So he became very poor. He died in 1872, and his remains were brought home and laid beside the beautiful monument he had erected in 1852, to the memory of his wife.

Judge Cradlebaugh greatly distinguished himself by his heroic conduct while acting as Judge in Utah. He tried to bring the Mormon murderers to account: boldly defied the power of the Mormon church, and in vain appealed to President Buchanan for aid to bring the authors of the Mountain Meadow massacre to

account. The details are given in the *Circleville Union Herald* of January 29 and July 2, 1889.

OHIO BIRDS.

A remarkable literary and scientific enterprise was that of Genevieve E. Jones and Eliza J. Schultze, in the projection of the "Illustrations of the Nests and Eggs of Birds of Ohio." In the course of the work Miss Jones died and her mother completed the illustrations. After eight years of untiring industry the work was published by Dr. N. E. Jones, with Mrs. N. E. Jones as illustrator and Dr. Howard Jones writer of the text. It consists of 68 plates, $15\frac{1}{4} \times 17\frac{1}{4}$ inches, accurately colored by hand, representing the nests and eggs of one hundred and thirty species, all the birds known to breed in Ohio, with over 300 pages of text from original field notes.

It is one of the most beautiful and desirable works that has ever appeared in the United States upon any branch of natural history and ranks with Audubon's celebrated work on birds. The two volumes cost about \$350.00.

Another noteworthy work on birds of Ohio is that of Dr. J. M. Wheaton, of Columbus, Ohio, which is contained in Vol. IV. of the Ohio Geological Survey.

Dr. Wheaton during his lifetime was a deep student of birds of Ohio and their habits; he collected and preserved at great expense and years of labor, one male and one female of each species of Ohio birds, many of which are now extinct and others fast disappearing before the changing conditions of increasing population. This valuable collection is now in the possession of his widow, but should be purchased and preserved by the State. An effort to this end was made during the legislative session of 1889, but owing to a clerical error failed.

Still another notable work on birds is "Nests and Eggs of North American Birds," by Oliver Davie, of Columbus, Ohio (1889). It is illustrated with engraved plates. This is the most complete and accurate work on North American birds' eggs and nests that has yet appeared, and is regarded as a standard by the most eminent authorities. Its author, Mr. Davie, is an expert taxidermist, and is now engaged on a work on that subject, which in its completeness and accuracy will equal his excellent work on "Nests and Eggs."

SAMUEL LUTZ was born in Lehigh county, Pa., March 13, 1789, and died at Circleville, Ohio, September 1, 1890, aged 101 years, 5 months, and 19 days.

In 1802 he removed to Circleville, became a surveyor; served in the war of 1812 under General Harrison. In 1830 was elected to the Ohio legislature and re-elected three times.

On Mr. Lutz's one hundredth birthday more than 1,200 friends and relatives gathered at his residence and in a temporary auditorium erected for the purpose took part in commemorative exercises. Each guest was given a card containing his autograph in a strong round hand, and an ample dinner was served on the grounds.

NEW HOLLAND is seventeen miles southwest of Circleville, on the C. & M. V. R. R. Newspaper: *Plain Talk*, Republican, E. B. Lewis, editor and publisher. Population in 1880, 478. School census, 1888, 186.

WILLIAMSPORT is nine miles southwest of Circleville, on the C. & M. V. R. R. Newspaper: *Rip Saw*, publisher, Homer Cooksey, editor. It has 1 Methodist and 1 Christian church and a fine sulphur spring. The main industry is carriage-making. Population in 1880, 313. School census, 1888, 164.

ASHVILLE is nine miles north of Circleville, on the S. V. R. R. Newspaper: *Enterprise*, Independent, Nessmith and Fraundfelter, editors and publishers. Churches: 1 United Brethren and 1 Evangelical Lutheran. Population about 450.

SOUTH BLOOMFIELD is nine miles northwest of Circleville. Population, 1880, 303. School census, 1888, 126.

TARLTON is ten miles southeast of Circleville. Population, 1880, 425. School census, 1888, 148.

WHISTLER is eleven miles southeast of Circleville. School census, 1888, 89.

DARBYVILLE is thirteen miles northwest of Circleville, on Big Darby creek. Population, 1880, 262. School census, 1888, 88.

COMMERCIAL POINT is fifteen miles northwest of Circleville. School census, 1888, 82.

PIKE.

PIKE COUNTY was formed in 1815 from Ross, Highland, Adams, Scioto and Jackson counties. Excepting the rich bottom lands of the Scioto and its tributaries, its surface is generally hilly. The hills abound with the noted Waverly sandstone. Area, about 470 square miles. In 1887 the acres cultivated were 59,554; in pasture, 50,068; woodland, 61,078; lying waste, 6,492; produced in wheat, 135,490 bushels; rye, 324; buckwheat, 30; oats, 84,125; barley, 490; corn, 500,281; meadow hay, 6,608 tons; clover hay, 1,063; potatoes, 21,327 bushels; tobacco, 1,345 lbs.; butter, 168,541; sorghum, 4,808 gallons; maple syrup, 1,719; eggs, 201,612 dozen; grapes, 11,400 lbs.; wine, 15 gallons; sweet potatoes, 550 bushels; apples, 14,685; peaches, 4,545; pears, 271; wool, 21,314 lbs.; milch cows owned, 2,621. School census, 1888, 6,191; teachers, 149. Miles of railroad track, 44.

TOWNSHIPS AND CENSUS.	1840.	1880.	TOWNSHIPS AND CENSUS.	1840.	1880.
Beaver,	1,075	750	Pebble,	504	1,594
Benton,		1,474	Pee Pee,	813	2,725
Camp Creek,	299	947	Perry,	565	879
Jackson,	1,096	2,067	Scioto,		921
Marion,		908	Seal,	1,875	1,411
Mifflin,	645	1,230	Sunfish,	325	976
Newton,	337	1,369	Union,		676

Population of Pike county in 1820 was 4,253; 1830, 6,024; 1840, 7,536; 1860, 13,643; 1880, 17,937; of whom 15,620 were born in Ohio; 661, Virginia; 359, Pennsylvania; 144, Kentucky; 67 New York; 58, Indiana; 606, German Empire; 44, Ireland; 24, England and Wales; 5, Scotland; 4, France, and 3, British America. Census, 1890, 17,482.

The Origin of Names is always a matter of interest. It is a tradition that an Irishman whose initials were P. P., cut them in the bark of a beech, on the banks of a creek. This gave its name to the creek—Pee Pee, and later to a township. Waverly is in Pee Pee, and James Emmitt, the founder, had called the place Uniontown until 1830, when the Ohio canal was in progress at that point. An attempt was then made to establish a post-office, when it was discovered there was already an Uniontown in Northern Ohio. In this quandary Capt. Francis Cleveland, later an uncle of Grover Cleveland (for Grover was then unborn), an engineer on the canal who had been deeply engrossed in reading Scott's novels, suggested the name Waverly, and it was adopted. The uncle died at Portsmouth in 1882.

BIOGRAPHY.

ZEBULON MONTGOMERY PIKE, from whom Pike county was named, was born in Lamberton, N. J., January 5, 1779, and died in York (now Toronto), Canada, April 27, 1813. His father was a captain in the Revolutionary army; was in St. Clair's defeat in 1791, and was brevetted a lieutenant-colonel in the regular army. His son was an ensign in his regiment, and while serving as such was an earnest student of Latin, French and mathematics. After the Louisiana purchase had been made from the French, Pike, who had been promoted to the grade of lieutenant, was given command of an expedition to trace the Mississippi to its source. Leaving St. Louis in August, 1805, he returned after nine months of hardship and exposure, having satisfactorily accomplished the service.

In 1806-7, while engaged in geographical explorations, he discovered Pike's Peak in the Rocky mountains, and reached the Rio Grande river. He and his party were arrested on Spanish territory and taken to Santa Fé, but were subsequently released. He arrived at Natchitoches in July, 1807, received the thanks of the government, and three years later published an account of his explorations. In 1813 he was placed in command of an expedition against York (now Toronto), Canada. His troops had taken one of the redoubts, which had been constructed by the enemy for defence, and arrangements were being carried forward for an attack upon another redoubt, when the magazine of the fort exploded, and Gen. Pike was fatally wounded, surviving but a few hours.

ROBERT LUCAS was born in Shepherdstown, Va., April 1, 1781. His father was a captain in the Revolutionary army and a descendant of William Penn. The son removed to Ohio in 1802 and settled near the mouth of the Scioto, where Portsmouth now stands. He raised a battalion of volunteers for the war of 1812; served as a brigadier-general, and saw considerable service at Fort Meigs and Lower Sandusky. He removed to Piketon, and there, in connection with his brother, conducted a general store. He was several times elected to the Ohio Senate and House, serving as Speaker of the latter. In 1832 he presided over the Democratic National Con-

vention that nominated Andrew Jackson for a second term. The same year he was elected Governor of Ohio, defeating his opponent, Gen. Duncan McArthur, by one vote. In 1834 he was re-elected Governor. While Governor the "Toledo war" occurred, and he successfully maintained the Ohio side of the controversy. In 1848 he was appointed by President Van Buren the first Territorial Governor of Iowa. He died in Iowa City, Iowa, February 7, 1853.

JAMES EMMITT was born in Armstrong county, Pa., November 6, 1806. His career is a striking example of what may be accomplished by persistent energy, industry and frugality. He removed to Ohio when a boy, and before he was 13 years of age was hired out to a farmer for the sum of \$6 per month and board. He had the board, but the \$6 were turned over to his father to aid him in his struggle to earn a home. Later he worked at blacksmithing at a country tavern; again at farm labor, and then as wood-chopper at \$4 per month. From 1825 to 1828 he was a teamster between Portsmouth and Chillicothe. At 22 he engaged in a partnership with Mr. Henry Jeffers in a small grocery business in Waverly. In 1831 he was appointed postmaster. The next year he bought a mill, and for the next forty years he gradually accumulated property interests, until the taxes he paid were one-tenth of the total tax receipts of Pike county, and one-half the population of Waverly was employed in his various establishments, such as a bank, a store, a huge distillery, a furniture factory, a lumber yard and saw and grist-mills.

He was the principal factor in the removal of the county-seat from Piketon to Waverly in 1861, and when this was accomplished he presented a fine court-house to the people. He served two years in the State Senate.

His opportunities for an education were meagre, but his force of character, strong common sense and great energy made his success in life something almost phenomenal for a small place like Waverly.

Mr. Emmitt is over six feet in height and almost gigantic in his proportions. For his recollections, he may be considered a walking history of Pike county, and from this source much herein is derived.

The first permanent settlers in the county were Pennsylvanians and Virginians. From about 1825 and later many Germans settled in the eastern part. The first settlement in the vicinity of Piketon was made on the Pee Pee prairie, by John Noland, from Pennsylvania; Abraham, Arthur and John Chenoweth, three brothers from Virginia, who settled there about the same time Chillicothe was laid out, in 1796.

Piketon in 1846.—Piketon, the county-seat, was laid out about the year 1814. It is on the Scioto, on the Columbus and Portsmouth turnpike, sixty-four miles from the first, twenty-six from the last, and two east of the Ohio canal. Piketon contains 1 Presbyterian, 1 Methodist, and 1 German Lutheran church, an academy, a newspaper printing-office, 4 mercantile stores, and had, in 1840, 507 inhabitants.—*Old Edition.*

In 1861 the county-seat was removed to Waverly.

In our old edition were given these historical items: Piketon was originally called Jefferson, and was laid off on what was called "Miller's Bank." The origin of this last name is thus given in the *American Pioneer*: "About the year 1795 two parties set off from Mason county, Ky., to locate land by making improvements, as it was believed the tract ceded to the United States, east of the Scioto, would be held by pre-emption. One of these parties was conducted by a Mr. Miller, and the other by a Mr. Kenton. In Kenton's company was a man by the name of Owens, between whom and Miller there arose a quarrel about the right of settling this beautiful spot. In the fray Owens shot Miller, whose bones may be found interred near the lower end of the high bank. His death and burial there gave name to the high bank, which was then in Washington county, the Scioto being then the line between Washington and Adams counties. Owens was taken to Marietta, where he was tried and acquitted."

On Lewis Evans' map of the middle British Colonies, published in 1755, is laid down, on the right bank of the river, a short distance below the site of Piketon, a place called "Hurricane Tom's;" it might have been the abode of an Indian chief or a French trader's station.—*Old Edition.*

A late writer states: Piketon was surveyed and platted by Peter Dunnon, a Virginian and a good surveyor—as surveyors went in those days. The court-house was not built at Piketon until about 1817, and prior to its completion court was held in a stone building near Piketon, owned by John Chenoweth. The court-house built at Piketon, which is still standing, was of brick. Among the earliest settlers in and about Piketon, were Jonathan Clark, Charley Cissna, Major Daniels, Joseph J. Martin—who was for years Lord High Everything of Pike county—the Brambles, Moores, Browns, Sargents, Praters, Nolans, Guthries and the Lucases. Most of these families first came into "the prairie" about 1797, but the Lucas brothers came later. Robert Lucas, one of these pioneers, afterward became Governor of Ohio. His brother founded the town of Lucasville. About 1820 Robert Lucas was conducting a general store at Piketon, which he afterward sold to Duke Swearingen. In 1829 Lucas was elected to the Legislature from Pike county, and thus began his political career.

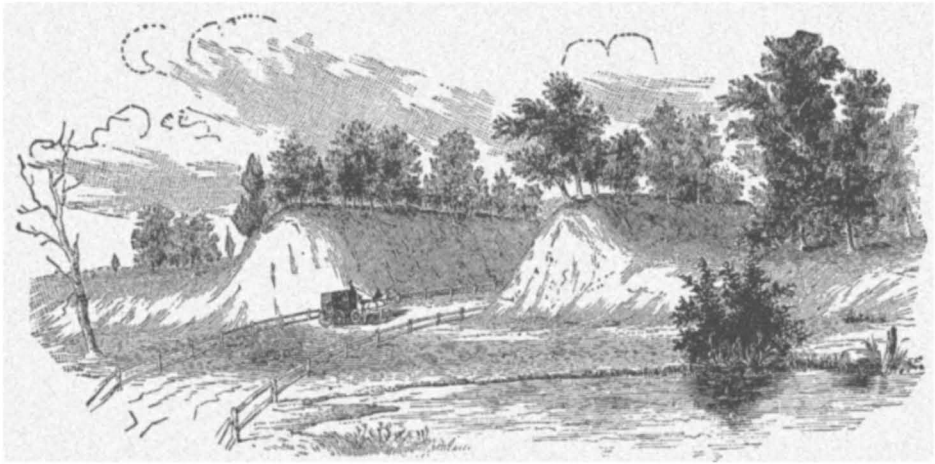
THE GRADED WAY AT PIKETON.

Among the many examples of ancient earthworks in Ohio occurs a most remarkable one about one mile below Piketon, described as follows in Squier & Davis's "Ancient Monuments of the Mississippi Valley:" It consists of a graded ascent from the second to the third terrace, the level of which is here seventeen feet above that of the former. The way is 1,080 feet long, by 215 feet wide at one extremity, and 203 feet wide at the other, measured between the bases of the banks. The earth is thrown outward on either hand, forming embankments varying upon the outer sides from five to eleven feet in height; yet it appears that much more earth has been excavated than enters into these walls. At the lower extremity of the grade the walls upon the interior sides measure no less than twenty-two feet in perpendicular height. The easy ascent here afforded has been rendered available in the construction of the Chillicothe and Portsmouth turn-

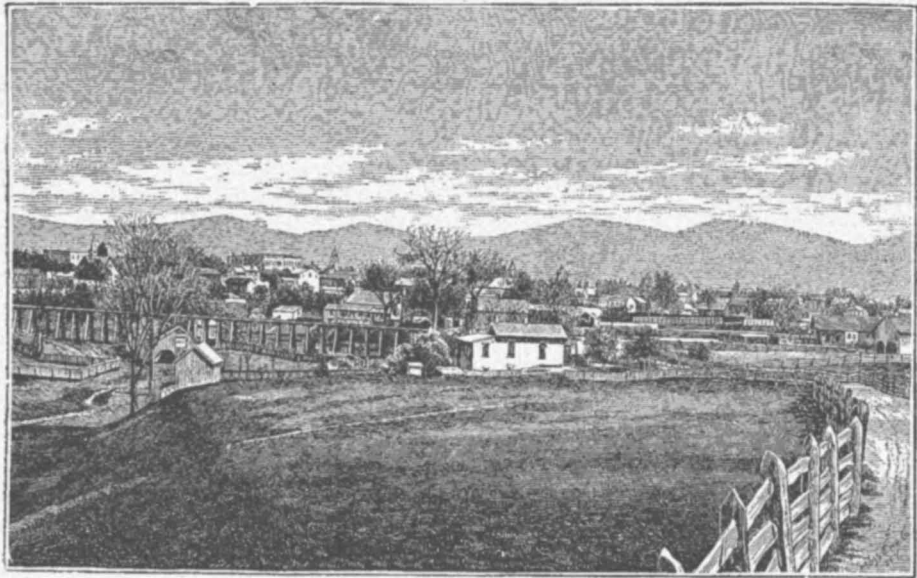
pike, which passes through it. The walls are covered with trees and bushes, and resemble parallel natural hills, and probably would be regarded as such by the superficial observer. Indeed, hundreds pass along without suspecting that they are in the midst of one of the most interesting monuments which the country affords, and one which bears a marked resemblance to some of those works which are described to us in connection with the causeways and aqueducts of Mexico.

A singular work of art occurs on the top of a high hill, standing in the rear of the town of Piketon, and overlooking it, which it may not be out of place to mention here. It consists of a perfectly circular excavation, thirty feet in diameter, and twelve feet deep, terminating in a point at the bottom. It contains water for the greater part of the year. A slight and regular wall is thrown up around its edge. A full and very distinct view of the graded way just described is commanded from this point.

To the foregoing account of the "Graded Way" we append the conclusions of Mr. Gerard Fowke on this work. Mr. Fowke was for years connected with the



THE GRADED WAY, PIKETON.



E. P. Miller, Photo., Waverly, 1886.

WAVERLY.

The view is from the west on the road to the Quarry; the hills are those bounding the Scioto valley on the east.

Smithsonian Institution, and has done much to explode many absurd theories and notions on archæology promulgated by authors ignorant of their subject and writing only to strike the popular mind and pocket.

It may be well to state that the celebrated "Graded Way" near Piketon, whose use has caused much speculation, is not a graded way at all in the sense usually employed. The point cannot be made clear without a diagram, but the depression is simply an old waterway or thoroughfare of Beaver creek, through which, in former ages, a portion of its waters were discharged, probably in times of flood. It is *not* just "1,080 feet in length," but reaches to the creek, nearly half a mile away. The artificial walls on either side are not "composed of earth excavated in forming the ascent," for the earth from the ravine or cut-off went down the Scioto before the lower

terraces were formed, but are made of earth scraped up near by and piled along the edge of the ravine, just as any other earth walls are made. The walls are of different lengths, both less than 800 feet in length along the top; neither do they taper off to a point, the west wall in particular being considerably higher and wider at the southern extremity, looking, when viewed from the end, like an ordinary conical mound. The earth in the walls thus built up, if spread evenly over the hollow between them, would not fill it up more than two feet, and that for less than a third of its length.

CONFLICT FOR THE COUNTY-SEAT.

The history of every new State is replete with the conflicts between towns for county-seats. That between Waverly and Piketon is thus told in the *Chillicothe Leader*:

A Strange Fatality has overhung Piketon from its earliest day. A town of fair promise, it has "just missed" everything good but the county-seat, and that was taken from her. When the course of the great Ohio & Erie canal was first laid out, it passed through Piketon. When the survey was completed, the people of that town were jubilant; they believed the future success of their town was assured, and that the death-warrant of Waverly—its rival—was written and sealed. It so chanced that Hon. Robert Lucas was in the Legislature at this time—Speaker of the House. Mr. Lucas owned large tracts of land about the present town of Jasper, and so it happened that after a while the people of Piketon were startled by the information that another survey was being made, with the view of running the canal down on the Waverly and Jasper side of the river, completely cutting them off. The hand of Robert Lucas was plainly discernible in this new deal, and his influence was great enough to secure the location of the canal through his Jasper lands. This was a blow between the eyes for Piketon—a most fortunate circumstance for Waverly.

The canal gave Waverly water-power for her mills, an advantage that was of great importance to any town in the days before steam-power was introduced. Waverly very promptly felt the impetus that this advantage gave her, and began to exhibit a vigorous growth.

About 1850 a project was gotten up to build a railroad from Columbus to Portsmouth, down the valley, which was to pass through Piketon. Every county along the line voted \$100,000 or more to this railroad, but Pike, and there the road was refused an appropriation by the people at the polls.

Pike's refusal to do anything was the result of the work of the Waverly people, who did not want Piketon to get a road, to carry away the trade they were building up. The project was thus defeated, although a part of the road, from Portsmouth to Jackson, was built. This piece of road is now the C., W. & B.'s "Portsmouth Branch." This was another blow at Piketon's prosperity—one more link in her chain of calamity.

When the Marietta & Cincinnati Railroad was projected, it was to run from Cincinnati to Hillsboro, thence on down to Chillicothe and on to Marietta. The road was built to Hillsboro, but for some reason, best known to the managers of the road and the schemers who were hand-in-glove with them, the line stopped right there, and the road shot off at a tangent and struck out for Chillicothe from Blanchester. This left Hillsboro stuck out at one end of a railroad's arm, without direct connection with anybody or anything. Mr. Mat. Trimble, the brother of Dr. Carey A. Trimble, was the soul of the scheme for getting Hillsboro into connection with the world, and he was enraged at this treachery of the M. & C. people toward that city. So, to get even with Hillsboro's enemies, he set to work to organize a company to build a road—an air-line—from Hillsboro to a point on the river near Gallipolis. This company was organized, the line surveyed and work commenced at both ends of the road. The roadway was built, culverts and abutments for bridges put in, immense levees built, a great tunnel through the hills near Jasper started, the heaviest kind of stone-work was done wherever required, ties were bought and laid along the road, iron was imported from England, and everything was getting into nice shape, when the company bursted, after

sinking two million dollars. The road was a very expensive one, as the engineers wouldn't get out of the way for anything. If a house was in the way, they bought it. "Brown's Mill," Pike county, was purchased and razed to the ground. If a hill was encountered, they cut right through it, rather than go around it. This sort of "air-line" work ate up capital rapidly and ruined the company—and Pike-ton's chance for a railroad.

If Piketon had gotten this railroad, the fate of Waverly would have been sealed. But she didn't get it.

Waverly had always boasted that she would capture the county-seat, and "down" Pike-ton. The towns were always jealous of each other, and as early as 1836 the county-seat question became a political issue. In 1836 the Democrats nominated James McLeish,

of Waverly, for the Legislature. The people of Piketon took alarm at this, and set to work vigorously to beat him. Some of the leading Whigs—Dr. Blackstone, James Row and others—came up to Chillicothe and had a lot of circulars printed with a cut thereon, showing a man with a house on a wheelbarrow, and labelled, "Jimmy McLeish moving the Court-house from Piketon to Waverly." That circular settled the political aspirations of Jimmy McLeish. His defeat so enraged him that he left Waverly and removed to Sharonville.

From that time on, the "county-seat question" grew in prominence. But it was not until 1859 that Mr. Emmitt inaugurated the great "war" that resulted in Waverly capturing the desired plum.

Waverly in 1846.—Waverly, four miles above Piketon, on the Scioto river and Ohio canal, was laid out about the year 1829 by M. Downing. It contains one Presbyterian and one Methodist church, four stores, and had, in 1840, 306 inhabitants.—*Old Edition.*

WAVERLY, county-seat, about eighty-five miles east of Cincinnati, sixty miles south of Columbus, is on the west bank of the Scioto river, on the Ohio canal, and the S. V. & O. S. Railroads.

County Officers, 1888 : Auditor, Snowden C. Sargent ; Clerk, George W. Eager ; Commissioners : George W. Brodbeck, John Motz, Jacob Gehres ; Coroner, John R. Heath ; Infirmary Directors, Henry Shy, Thomas Markham, Jacob Butler ; Probate Judge, Branson Holton ; Prosecuting Attorney, Stephen D. McLaughlin ; Recorder, Newton E. Givens ; Sheriff, James H. Watkins ; Surveyor, Henry W. Overman ; Treasurer, Frank Ehrman, City officers, 1888 : Mayor, Philip Gabelman ; Clerk, George Baringer ; Treasurer, George Hoeffinger ; Marshal, Jas. R. Bateman. Newspapers : *Pike County Republican*, Republican, H. R. Snyder, editor and publisher ; *Watchman*, Democratic, John H. Jones, editor and publisher. Churches : 1 Methodist Episcopal, 1 German Methodist Episcopal, 1 Presbyterian, 1 German Lutheran, 1 German United Brethren, and 1 Catholic. Bank : Emmitt & Co., James Emmitt, president, John F. Masters, cashier.

Manufactures and Employees.—James Emmitt, doors, sash, etc., 6 hands ; Gehres Brothers, doors, sash, etc., 5 ; James Emmitt, flour and high wines, 15 ; James Emmitt, lumber, 4 ; Pee Pee Milling Co., flour and feed, 8 ; M. D. Scholler & Co., oak harness leather, 3 ; Waverly Spoke Works, wagon spokes, 12.—*State Report, 1888.*

Population, 1880, 1,539. School census, 1888, 522 ; James A. Douglass, school superintendent. Capital invested in industrial establishments, \$120,200. Value of annual product, \$145,500. In addition to the handling of grain and stock, ties, bark and hoop-poles are largely shipped, and, although the place is largely known as a whiskey town, local option is in force. Census, 1890, 1,514.

RECOLLECTIONS OF HON. JAMES EMMITT.

In 1886 the *Chillicothe Leader* published a series of valuable and interesting articles on the pioneer history of Pike county and the surrounding region. These articles were largely the recollections of the Hon. James Emmitt, whose father settled in Pike county when all about was a wilderness. James Emmitt, then a small boy, developed with the country, and his career is largely identified with the history of the Scioto Valley. We quote the following from this series of articles.

Why Pioneers Settled in the Hills.—It is often cause for wonderment to people now-a-days why the pioneers of the Scioto Valley, as a rule, settled in the hills, some distance away from the river, instead of in the rich bottoms, which are now our most prized lands, said Mr. Emmitt. But if they had seen this country about here as it was when I first saw it, they would understand why the first settlers took to the high ground. Vegetation in the bottoms, in those days, was absolutely rank. Sycamore, black walnut and hackberry trees grew abundantly and to splendid proportions, and the vines of the wild grape clambered up in a dense and tangled mass to their very tops, interlacing their branches, and often uniting many trees in a common bond of clinging vines. The growth of weeds and underbrush was wonderfully dense, and when the floods would come and cover the bottoms, several inches of water would remain in those brakes of weeds for months after it had receded from less densely overgrown ground. As a matter of fact, the water would stand almost the year around, in lagoons, over a large portion of the bottoms, converting them into huge marshes, and causing them to closely resemble much of the swamp land now so abundant in the South.

Poison Breeding Land.—The bottoms, under the conditions that then existed, were nothing more than immense tracts of poison-breeding land, marshy in nature, and wholly unfit for the agreeable habitation of man. The atmosphere of the bottoms was fairly reeking with malaria, and it was simply impossible to live in the low lands without suffering constantly with fever and ague. And the ague of those far-off days was of an entirely different type from that with which we now have acquaintance. It took on a form, at times, almost as malignant as yellow fever. When a man was seized with the "shaking ague," as it manifested itself in 1818-20, he imagined that a score of fiends were indulging in a fierce warfare over the dismemberment of his poor person.

Physical Suffering.—Every member, every nerve, every fibre of his wretched body was on the rack, and the sufferer thought that surely something must give way and permit his being shaken into bits. Oh, what torture it was! After the terrible quaking ceased then came the racking, burning fever, that scorched the blood, parched the flesh, and made one pray for death. Torture more absolute and prostrating could not well be conceived of. And when it is remembered that no one who dared brave the dangers of the bottoms was exempt from ague, in some one of its many distressing forms, during the entire spring and summer seasons, and often year in and out, it is not surprising that the early settlers shunned what was to them a plague-stricken district. The consequence was, that the hill country bordering the bottoms was first settled up, and the bottom lands were gradually conquered by working into them from their outer boundaries and

clearing away timber, vines, underbrush, debris and weeds. When land was cleared of timber, the sun speedily converted it into workable condition. Fever and ague grew less prevalent as the land was cleared up.

Floods Enrich the Land.—Nothing could be richer than these bottom lands when first turned up by the pioneer's plow. Before the timber was cleared away, as has been said, there was so much underbrush and debris—logs and limbs and all forms of flotsam and jetsam—covering the lands adjacent to the river, that a flood could not quickly recede, having so many impediments. As a consequence, at every rise in the river, the water was held on the bottoms until they had become enriched by a heavy deposit of the soil carried down from the hill-tops. There is a point here worthy of consideration. Our bottoms are now almost entirely cleared of timber, and, as a result, they yearly receive less benefit from the floods that sweep over them. They are, in many instances, impoverished, instead of being enriched by the high water, which now flows over them with a strong current, and carries away tons of the finest soil.

Blacksmith Shop in a Tree.—Some idea of the size of the sycamores that were then so abundant in the bottoms may be had when I tell you that the trunk of one of these trees, not far from Waverly, was used as a blacksmith shop. The hollow of the tree was so large that a man could stand in the middle of it, with a ten-foot rail balanced in his hand, and turn completely around without either end of the rail striking the sides of the trunk. Both the hackberry and walnut trees made splendid rails. They were favorite woods for this purpose, as they split so nice and straight.

Dangerous Plowing.—A man took his life in his hands when he went out into the newly cleared field to plow, in those days. Stumps and roots and rocks were but trifles compared with what they had to contend with. Mr. Emmitt says that he has followed the plow, when, at an average of twenty feet, a nest of bees—yellow-jackets, with a most terrible sting—would be turned up. Enraged at the destruction of their homes, these bees—and the air was full of them from morning until night—would keep up an incessant warfare on the plowmen and attack them at every exposed point. Their sufferings from the stinging of bees was really frightful.

Their danger was even increased when harvest time came. When the reapers, wielding sickles, would enter a wheat field, they would find the ground fairly full of snakes—vipers and copperheads and black snakes—which not only threatened human life, but dealt great destruction among the cattle.

"Squirrel Plague."—The invasion of squirrels was one of the most remarkable events of that period, and spread the widest devastation over the land. There had not been an unusual number of squirrels in the woods the year before, and only an average number were observable the year following.

But the year of the "squirrel plague," the bushy-tailed pests came like an irresistible army of invasion, laying waste every foot of territory they invested. They spared nothing. They utterly annihilated the crops of every kind. Nothing comparable to this invasion can be pointed to in our later history, save the grasshopper plague, that a few years ago almost impoverished Kansas and Missouri.

Squirrels Set the Fashions.—The squirrel invasion had an important effect upon the "fashions" of the day. Fur became so plentiful that everybody decorated their clothing with it, and every man in this section of country wore a Davy Crockett outfit. A jaunty coon-skin cap, with squirrel-fur trimming was just the thing at that time; and if a young man was particularly anxious to do the swell act, he would decorate his fur-trimmed buckskin shirt with brightly polished pewter buttons, made by melting down a piece of pewter plate, or the handle of a water pitcher or tea-pot, and moulding it into the desired form.

Locusts and Crows.—Then later came the dreaded locusts to eat up the crops and blight

the trees and make life unbearable with their hideous and never-ceasing singing; and with all the other afflictions, the pioneer had to constantly battle with his smaller foes—the birds, crows, rabbits and squirrels.

Mr. Emmitt says that the crows would follow the plow in such numbers, to gather the worms turned up to the surface, that the furrows would be absolutely black with them. After the corn was planted, two or more of the older children, and often men, would be compelled to watch the fields from morning until dark, to keep the cawing, black thieves from scratching up and eating the grain, and destroying the sprouting corn.

Phenomenal Fog.—About 1820 the pioneers were overawed by one of the strangest phenomena of their experience. A great fog or smoke came up, about midsummer, so dense that one could not see a light ten feet away, or a man or a tree even a few feet distant. The sun appeared as a great fiery ball in the heavens, and had a rather fearful aspect. All-enveloping and dense as was this fog, it did not in anyway interfere with one's breathing.

In the days of flat-boating on the Ohio and Mississippi rivers, the mysterious disappearance of men who had started for New Orleans with cargoes of produce, was no uncommon occurrence. It was the custom to take a cargo down the rivers, and if the pioneer merchant had escaped the perils of the river and successfully disposed of his cargo, he had a still greater peril to face when, with his gold on his person, he journeyed on horseback toward home. The Mississippi country was infested with robbers and murderers, ever on the lookout for unwary victims.

The Swearingen Mystery.—A black mystery to this day enshrouds the fate of Duke Swearingen, who succeeded Gov. Lucas in his mercantile business at Picketon. About 1823 Swearingen started for New Orleans with a flat-boat load of flour and meat. After he passed out of the Ohio into the Mississippi he was never again heard of. When the time had passed when he was due at home, his friends at Picketon became uneasy about him. Weeks and months passed, and no word was received from him. A search was made for him up and down the river, and at New Orleans, and he was advertised for, but Duke Swearingen was never again heard from. Shortly after Mr. Swearingen's disappearance another merchant of Picketon, Mr. Willard, forever disappeared after a manner identical with the circumstances surrounding Swearingen, becoming lost to the knowledge of his friends.

Opening of the Canal.—The canal was opened in 1832. It was announced that the water would reach Waverly on the morning of September 6th, of that year, and preparations had been made to welcome its advent. Almost the entire population of the surrounding country had flocked into Waverly "to see the water come down the big ditch." The citizens had arranged to give a grand public dinner in the open air, and Governor

Lucas and Governor McArthur—who were opposing each other in the race for the governorship—were present.

The Water does not Come.—The canal banks were packed for a long distance on either side with people eagerly awaiting the advent of the water. But it didn't come—although it was struggling bravely to reach the point where hundreds of people were waiting to greet, with ringing cheers and noisy salutes, its advancing, incurving amber wave.

The trouble was, the canal was for long distances cut through gravelly land, and as a matter of course, when the water reached these gravel-bottomed channels, it was absorbed, as though by a huge sponge. It was not until such places had become well waterlogged that the south-bound tide made much progress toward Waverly, but at noon a mighty shout announced its arrival at that point.

The First Canal Boat.—Following close in the wake of the advancing tide was a boat bearing a party of jolly Chillicotheans—among them Gen. James Rowe, Dr. Coates, James Campbell and Edward Edwards—to whom the odd little craft belonged. They were the first navigators of the waters of the canal south from Chillicothe to Waverly. Their badly-built and leaky boat had an ec-

centric fashion of sinking every night, while they were afloat, and they were forced to amuse themselves every morning by "raising the craft" and pumping her out. The first regular passenger and freight-boat that reached Waverly, and it came down with the water too, was the "Governor Worthington," owned by Michael Miller and Martin Bowman, of Chillicothe. It brought down quite a number of passengers from Chillicothe, and was a great curiosity. The owners had mounted a little brass cannon on the "Gov. Worthington's" deck, and fired it off at brief

intervals on the way down, attracting the widest attention.

All those who came, either by land or water, were feasted at the great public dinner, bountifully served by a rejoicing people. Both Governor Lucas and Governor McArthur made after-dinner speeches—McArthur addressing himself directly to the Whig element present, and Lucas to the Democrats; but both joined in prophesying the incalculable blessings and wonderfully increased prosperity that would follow close upon the opening of travel and traffic on the then great waterway.

The great developments of the past few years in the direction of combination and consolidation of financial enterprises, give historic interest to this combination of an early day.

Must Have Hogs.—In 1850 a very strong syndicate was formed by men of abundant capital with the view of getting up a corner on stock hogs. Their organization extended all over the country, their headquarters for Ohio being at Columbus. The syndicate sent out its agents everywhere, and was rapidly getting the control of all the young hogs in the market.

They seemed to make a particularly clean sweep of southern Ohio, and before the magnitude of their operations was discovered they had secured about every stock hog in sight. This was a move that Emmitt & Davis could not stand, as they were always in need of stock hogs to which to feed their distillery slops. Mr. Emmitt got track of a nice bunch of young hogs that could be secured in Franklin county. The hogs were held at a stiff price, and before deciding to buy them, Mr. Emmitt sent for Mr. Davis.

"We need the hogs, don't we, Davis?" he asked.

"Yes, sir," was the answer.

"I think you had better go up and buy them."

A Tough Experience.—Mr. Davis mounted his little gray mare the next morning and rode up into Franklin county to buy the stock hogs and drive them home. It was a miserable journey of sixty miles, over rough roads and in very distressing weather. He reached his destination, bought and paid for the hogs, and made all arrangements for starting them on the homeward road the morning after the deal was completed. The hogs were quartered that night in an exposed field near the road. A heavy rain had fallen, and later on a terrible sleet veneered all creation outdoors with a thick encasement of ice. The poor hogs caught the full fury of the storm, and when Mr. Davis went into the field at daylight the next morning, he kicked hog after hog in the endeavor to get them to their feet, but many of them were stark dead. With the animals that were in a condition to be driven, he started for Waverly. It was a terrible trip, but Davis, although an old man, never complained of the hardships of it.

RACE HATRED.

An unusual history of race hatred within the limits of Ohio is that related by a correspondent of the Chillicothe *Leader*, as existing in Waverly, and which we give herewith:

A Town Without a Negro Citizen.—The one thing that distinguishes Waverly over every other city or town in Ohio having a population of 2,000, is the fact that she does not harbor a single negro within her borders. This antipathy to the negro at Waverly dates back to the earliest settlement of the town. When Waverly was still in its swaddling-clothes there was a "yellow nigger" named Love living on the outskirts of the town. He was a low-minded, impudent, vicious fellow, very insulting, and made enemies on every hand. His conduct finally became so objectionable that a lot of the better class of citizens got together one night, made a descent upon his cabin, drove him out and

stoned him a long way in his flight toward Sharonville. He never dared to come back. Our first acquaintance with negroes about Waverly was with rather rough, objectionable members of that race, and many things occurred to intensify the prejudice which many of our people always held against the negroes.

A Friend of the Negro.—Dr. William Blackstone was a strong exception to the general rule. He was a friend of the negro, their champion, and the prejudiced whites accused the doctor of "encouraging the d—d niggers to be impudent and sassy to us." Opposed to Blackstone was a strong family of Burkes, and a number of the Downings,

who thought that the only correct way to treat a negro was to kill him. This was their doctrine, and they proclaimed it, with much bravado, on all occasions.

Outrages on Negroes.—There was a splendid fellow, a darkey named Dennis Hill, who settled at Piketon and established a tanning business, who was almost harassed to death by the negro-haters. He finally left this section and went to Michigan, where he grew rich.

A lot of Virginia negroes settled up on Pee Pee creek, in the neighborhood of the Burkes and the Downings. Some of them prospered nicely, and this enraged their white neighbors. Tim Downing was the leader of the gang that made almost constant war on these negroes. Downing's crowd got to burning the hay and wheat of the colored farmers, harassing their stock, interfering in their private business, and doing everything in their power to make life absolutely miserable to the colored people. They concentrated the brunt of their hatred against the most prosperous of these colored farmers, whose names I can't recall.

Raiding the Wrong Man.—One night they organized a big raid into the colored settlement, with the avowed purpose of "clearing out the whole nest of d—d niggers." They went fully armed, and didn't propose to stop short of doing a little killing and burning. One of the first cabins they surrounded was that of the especially hated colored man spoken of. They opened fire upon it, hoping to drive the negro out. But the darkey—an honest, peaceable fellow—wasn't to be easily frightened. He, too, had a gun, and taking a safe position near one of the windows of his cabin, he blazed away into the darkness in the direction from which the shots had come. A wild cry of pain followed his shot. The buckshot from his gun plunged into the right leg of Tim Downing's brother, cutting an artery. Downing fell, but he was picked up and carried to the home of Bill Burke.

Downing's Death.—The crowd abandoned the attack after Downing's fall, and followed him to Burke's house. There Downing bled to death. A coroner's jury, of which I was a member, was empanelled and returned a verdict to the effect that Downing had come to his death from the effects of a gunshot

wound—but the jury refrained from saying who had discharged the gun. The gang of whites to which Downing belonged surrounded the house in which the jury was in session, and threatened it with all sorts of vengeance if it did not return a verdict expressing the belief that Downing had been murdered by the negro. But their threats didn't procure the desired verdict. They afterwards had the negro arrested and tried for murder, but he was acquitted.

Cowardly Revenge.—The morning after the fatal raid the Downings, Burkes and their friends, armed themselves and marched to the negro's cabin. They lay in wait there until the darkey's son, a nice, young fellow, came out of the cabin. They opened fire on him, and one of the bullets struck him in the head, fracturing his skull and allowing a portion of his brains to escape. When the young man fell the crowd broke and ran. The wounded negro lingered quite a long while, suffering most frightfully, and finally died. No one was ever punished for this crime. After these two tragedies the negro moved away.

He Met his Match.—Tim Downing had a brother, Taylor, living up near Sharonville, and this man concluded that he had to have "an eye for an eye," to avenge his brother's death. One morning, just after Downing's death, he was going through the woods with his gun on his shoulder, and came upon a negro chopping rails. He told the darkey to make his peace with God, as he was going to kill him right there.

The darkey knew that Downing meant what he said, and quick as a squirrel's jump he made a dash at Downing with his ax, striking him full on the side of the face, and shattering his jaw in the most frightful fashion. Downing lived, but he was horribly marked for life. The negro was arrested and tried, but was acquitted. This only enraged the white gang more, and they made life in this neighborhood entirely too hot for the negro. It was under such circumstances as these that the bitter anti-negro feeling at Waverly had its origin. This race hatred was fostered and extended until even moderate-thinking people, on any other subject, came to believe that they couldn't stand the presence of a negro in Waverly.

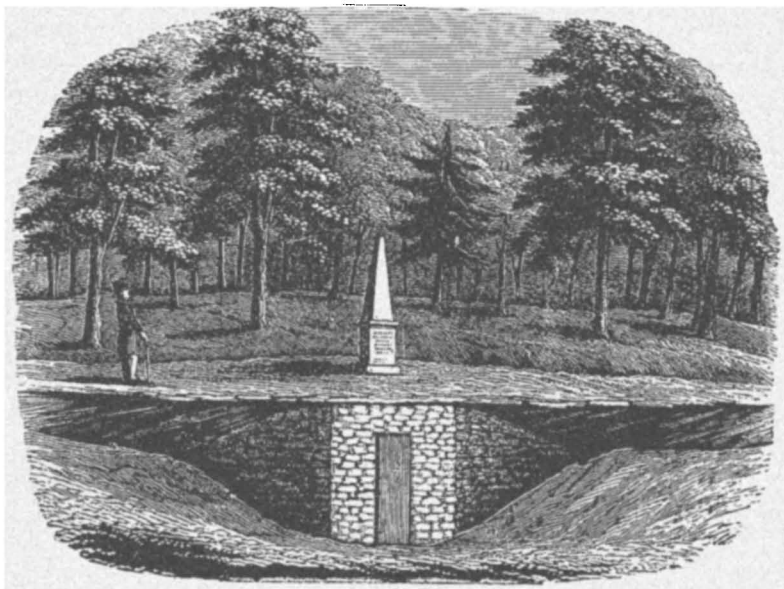
WILLIAM HEWITT, THE HERMITT.

On an adjoining page is given a view of the Cave of the Scioto Hermit, which we visited to make the drawing for our first edition, and therein gave the following account: About eleven miles south of Chillicothe, on the turnpike road to Portsmouth, is the cave of the hermit of the Scioto. When built, many years ago, it was in the wilderness, the road having since been laid out by it. It is a rude structure, formed by successive layers of stone, under a shelving rock, which serves as a back and roof.



Drawn by Henry Howe in 1846.

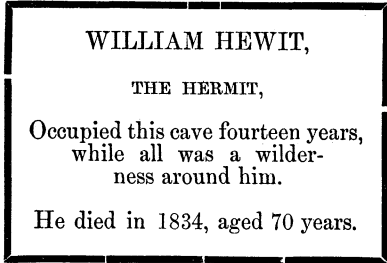
CENTRAL VIEW IN PIKETON.



Drawn by Henry Howe in 1846.

CAVE OF WILLIAM HEWIT,
The Hermit of the Scioto.

Over it is a monument, bearing the following inscription :



But little is known of the history of the hermit. He was, it is said, a Virginian, and married early in life into a family of respectability. Returning one night from a journey, he had ocular proof of the infidelity of his wife, killed her paramour, and instantly fled to the woods, never to return or associate with mankind. He eventually settled in the Scioto valley and built this cave, where he passed a solitary life, his rifle furnishing him with provisions and clothing, which consisted of skins of animals. As the country gradually filled up he became an object of curiosity to the settlers. He was mild and inoffensive in his address, avoided companionship with those around, and if any allusion was made to his history, evaded the subject. Occasionally he visited

Chillicothe, to exchange the skins of his game for ammunition, when his singular appearance attracted observation. In person, he was large and muscular; the whole of his dress, from his cap to his moccasins, was of deerskin; his beard was long and unshaven, and his eye wild and piercing. In passing from place to place he walked in the street to prevent encountering his fellow-men. Many anecdotes are related of him.

He planted an orchard on government land, which afterwards became the property of a settler; but so sensitive was he in regard to the rights of others, that he would not pluck any of the fruit without first asking liberty of the legal owner. While sitting concealed in the recesses of the forest, he once observed a teamster deliberately cut down and carry off some fine venison he had placed to dry on a limb of a tree before his cave. Hewitt followed, got before him, and as he came up, suddenly sprang from behind some bushes beside the road, and presenting his rifle to his bosom, with fierce and determined manner bade him instantly return and replace the venison. The man tremblingly obeyed, receiving the admonition, "never again to rob the hermit." A physician riding by, stopped to gratify the curiosity of his companions. He found the hermit ill, administered medicine, visited him often gratuitously during his illness, and effected a cure. The hermit ever after evinced the warmest gratitude.

In the above account, William Hewitt is stated to have refused to associate with mankind, a result of the infidelity of his wife and the killing of her paramour. This fact was related by the hermit to the father of Col. John McDonald. Hon. James Emmitt, who knew Hewitt intimately, states that the cause of his solitary life was a quarrel with other members of his family over the disposition of his father's estate. Disgusted by the avariciousness of his relatives he sought the solitude of the Western wilderness. This occurred about 1790, when Hewitt was twenty-six years old. He first located in a cave in what is now Jackson county, Ohio, but as the game upon which he subsisted began to grow scarce with the advent of the settler and trader, he removed into what is now Pike county.

Mr. Emmitt gives many interesting reminiscences of Hewitt, from which we extract the following :

The Hermit's Cave.—Almost at the base of the Dividing Ridge's gentle slope to the southward, he found a cave in a lowly hillside. This cave was nothing more than a great ledge of rock, projecting out eight or ten feet over a shelving bank, and forming a one-sided room of fair dimensions. The rock-ceiling was so low, however, that at no point could a man of ordinary stature stand erect. He enclosed the cave's open front with a loosely laid up wall of rock. At one end of the cave he erected a heavy oaken door, which he had hewn out with his little tomahawk. This door was swung on very clumsy wooden hinges, and was fastened by driving a peg through its outer board and into a crevice in the rocky wall.

A Magnificent Physique.—When Hewitt

first came into this section, and took possession of his cave, he was a splendid specimen of a man. He was six feet two inches in height, broad and deep-chested, and as straight as a nickel-tipped lightning rod. He weighed something over 200 pounds, and was as strong and active as a gladiator.

Clad from head to foot in buckskin—moccasins, leggins, hunting shirt, belt and hat—and always armed with gun, tomahawk and knife, Hewitt, the hermit, was a very picturesque citizen to suddenly meet in the woods.

An Ohio Robinson Crusoe.—When he took possession of his cave, be it remembered, there were very few people in this section, and the only road traversing this country from north to south, was known as Yoakum's

Trace. It was merely a wagon trail, and passed Hewitt's cave at a point about 100 yards distant from the present curve-beautified turnpike. When the travellers up and down Yoakum's Trace first became aware of the fact that there was a sort of buckskin-clad Robinson Crusoe skulking about the woods, armed to the teeth, they were much alarmed, and their alarm was heightened when it became evident that the Recluse of Dividing Ridge didn't seek their company. But this fear gradually diminished as they became more familiar with his appearance and manners, and managed to strike up an acquaintance with him. There was this peculiarity about Hewitt, while he never sought any man's company, he never acted the fool about meeting people, when a meeting was unavoidable. When brought into contact with his fellow-men, he always bore himself with striking native dignity; rather with the air of a man who felt himself to be a trifle superior to the ordinary run of citizens.

The Hermit's Antecedents.—One day, in 1832, Mr. Emmitt, while at the Madeira Hotel, in Chillicothe, was accosted by a gentleman, who introduced himself, and said that he was from Virginia. He came to Ohio, he said, to look up a man named William Hewitt, who years before had disappeared from his Virginia home, and had been lost to the knowledge of his friends until a few months before.

Mr. Emmitt heard the story of Hewitt's flight from home—related above—and then proffered to accompany the stranger to Hewitt's cave. The two men rode down to the cave, knocked, and were bidden to enter. They found Hewitt comfortably seated on his fur-carpeted floor. He did not get up to receive his visitors, but in a friendly way made them welcome. He did not at first recognize the stranger, but when told who he was, he said:

"How are you, Bill," as though it had only been yesterday that they had met.

The stranger sought Hewitt to acquaint him with the condition of his property back in Virginia, and how it had been abused by those who then had unlawful possession of it. Hewitt heard him through, with but little show of interest, and when urged by the stranger to return and claim his property, he answered, with some vehemence: "Never mind; I'm going back some of these days, and then I'll give 'em hell." He didn't seem to care anything about the value of his property, but showed that he was filled with bitterness toward those on whose account he had renounced civilization and home.

The stranger went back to Virginia, a dissatisfied and rather disgusted man.

A Pitiable Condition.—Hewitt, as he grew old, became very careless in his personal habits, and for two years preceding his death never changed his buckskin garments. He had grown fat and lazy, and made no exertion that was not a necessity. And as he grew old he became more sociable. One day, in the winter of 1834, he stopped at the house of

a widow woman, named Lockhard, with whom he ate a hearty dinner.

After dinner he was taken violently ill with a chill. Mr. Emmitt, who was then one of the Poor Commissioners of Pike county, was notified of Hewitt's illness, and he had the old man removed to a frame building in Waverly. Dr. Blackstone was summoned and gave the man needed medical assistance. The Hermit was stricken with pneumonia.

His person was in an absolutely filthy condition. The dirty buckskin garments were cut from his person, and he was given a thorough bath—the first he had had for three years, or longer. He was newly and comfortably clothed by Mr. Emmitt, was provided with a male nurse, and made as comfortable as possible. The ladies of Waverly were very kind to him, and daily brought him many delicacies. He began to improve, and one night, about a week after he was taken ill, his nurse, a man named Cole, left him alone, and went up to Downing's Hotel to spend the night. When he returned in the morning Hewitt was dead.

The Hermit's Skeleton.—Hewitt was buried in the old graveyard at Waverly, about one square southeast of the court-house. But he was not allowed to remain long in his grave. He was resurrected by Dr. Wm. Blackstone, and carved up in artistic shape. A portion of Hewitt's skeleton—the entire skull, and the bones composing the chest, ribs and backbone—was mounted by Dr. Blackstone. No one knew what became of the remainder of the skeleton until 1883, when they came to light in a most unexpected way. One day, while some of Mr. Emmitt's workmen were digging a cellarway to a house he owned, adjoining what had been Dr. Blackstone's office, they came upon a pile of bones, buried four feet below the surface of the ground, and close to the stone foundation wall. The bones were evidently those of a victim of the Doctor's dissecting-table, and Mr. Emmitt promptly concluded that they were a portion of Hewitt's skeleton. This opinion found its way into print, and a few days later he received a letter from Dr. Blackstone, of Circleville, making inquiry about the discovered bones. He said that he was in possession of what he believed to be the other portion of Hewitt's frame, bequeathed to him by his uncle, Dr. Wm. Blackstone. Mr. Emmitt boxed and sent him the bones, and they fitted, exactly, the upper half of the skeleton in Dr. Blackstone's possession. This was a remarkable reunion of bones, surely, after a separation of a half-century.

Hewitt's Monument.—The Columbus & Portsmouth turnpike was built past the mouth of Hewitt's cave in 1840, and in 1842, Mr. Felix Renick, the first President of the company, had a respectable freestone monument erected on the shelving rock forming the roof to the cave, to mark the grewsome home that Hewitt occupied from 1820 to 1834.

The erection of this monument was a wise.

money-making scheme, and has paid for it-
self an hundred times over. Thousands of
people have driven up or down that pike—
and paid their toll both ways—in order to see
the monument, and the cave where the old

Hermit lived, slept on a bed of finest deer-
skin, ate his choice venison, and laughed at
the cares of a struggling, feverish world.

He always ate his pawpaws in peace.

PIKETON is five miles south of Waverly, on the Scioto river and S. V. R. R.
Newspaper: *Sun*, Republican, W. E. Bateman, editor and publisher. Popula-
tion, 1880, 665. School census, 1888, 217.

JASPER is seven miles southwest of Waverly, on the Scioto river and Ohio
canal. School census, 1888, 103.

BEAVERTOWN, P. O. Beaver, is eleven miles southeast of Waverly, on the
O. S. R. R. It has three churches. School census, 1888, 66.

PORTAGE.

PORTAGE COUNTY was formed from Trumbull, June 7, 1807; all that part
of the Reserve west of the Cuyahoga and south of the townships numbered five
was also annexed as part of the county, and the temporary seat of justice ap-
pointed at the house of Benjamin Tappan. The name was derived from the old
Indian *portage* path of about seven miles in length, between the Cuyahoga and
Tuscarawas, which was within its limits. The surface is slightly rolling; the
upland is generally sandy or gravelly, and the flat land to a considerable extent
clay. The country is wealthy and thriving, and the dairy business is largely
carried on.

Area about 490 square miles. In 1887 the acres cultivated were 118,744; in
pasture, 149,678; woodland, 44,233; lying waste, 2,340; produced in wheat,
375,877 bushels; rye, 932; buckwheat, 635; oats, 555,086; barley, 194; corn,
425,143; meadow hay, 29,845 tons; clover hay, 15,164; flax, 64,900 lbs. fibre;
potatoes, 183,263 bushels; tobacco, 40 lbs.; butter, 931,376; cheese, 1,786,500;
sorghum, 45 gallons; maple syrup, 88,282; honey, 11,993 lbs.; eggs, 966,965
dozen; grapes, 7,990 lbs.; wine, 45 gallons; apples, 166,784 bushels; peaches,
22,301; pears, 1,408; wool, 199,946 lbs.; milch cows owned, 12,240. *Ohio
Mining Statistics, 1888*: Coal mined, 70,923 tons, employing 157 miners and
23 outside employees; fire-clay, 308 tons.

School census, 1888, 8,131; teachers, 378. Miles of railroad track, 154.

TOWNSHIPS AND CENSUS.	1840.	1880.	TOWNSHIPS AND CENSUS.	1840.	1880.
Atwater,	756	1,147	Nelson,	1,398	890
Aurora,	906	666	Palmyra,	1,359	1,105
Brimfield,	1,154	1,030	Paris,	931	666
Charlestown,	851	633	Randolph,	1,649	1,684
Deerfield,	1,184	985	Ravenna,	1,542	4,224
Edinburg,	1,085	910	Rootstown,	1,112	1,217
Franklin,	1,497	4,141	Shalersville,	1,281	960
Freedom,	888	804	Streetsboro,	1,136	702
Garrettsville,		969	Suffield,	1,200	1,530
Hiram,	1,080	1,058	Windham,	907	1,029
Mantua,	1,187	1,150			

Population of Portage in 1820 was 10,093 ; 1830, 18,792 ; 1840, 23,107 ; 1860, 24,208 ; 1880, 27,500 : of whom 19,940 were born in Ohio ; 1,476, Pennsylvania ; 1,115, New York ; 112, Indiana ; 81, Virginia ; 24, Kentucky ; 918, England and Wales ; 750, German Empire ; 561, Ireland ; 165, British America ; 104, Scotland ; 46, France, and 22, Norway and Sweden. Census, 1890, 27,868.

The cheese industry in this county, as in others of the Western Reserve, has grown to very large proportions ; hence the term *CHEESEDOM* has sometimes, in slang parlance, been applied to this section of the State. The beginning of this industry dates from the first settlement, when, as soon as the pioneer cabin was up, and the family domiciled, the women prepared for cheese-making. A rail or pole with one end under the lower log of the cabin, and lying across a rudely-constructed cheese-hoop, with a weight attached to the outer end, constituted the primitive cheese-press.

After the settlers had succeeded in enclosing and seeding pastures, cheese-making increased, but great difficulty was experienced in getting it to market. In the summer of 1820 Mr. Harvey Baldwin took from Aurora the first cargo of cheese to a Southern market. He had less than 2,000 pounds hauled to Beaver Point, Pa., by wagon, there transferred to a pine skiff, and then commenced voyaging down stream, selling cheese at Wheeling, Marietta, and other river towns, until he reached Louisville, Ky., where he disposed of the last of his stock, having made a profitable venture. Later he united with Samuel Taylor and Apollis White, purchased several dairies in Bainbridge and Auburn in 1825, and sent cheese down the Ohio river.

In 1826 Mr. Royal Taylor and Russell G. McCarty gathered a cargo of thirty tons of cheese in Aurora and Bainbridge, and took it to Louisville, where it was divided into two lots. McCarty took his to Alabama. Taylor carried his goods to Nashville, but found the market overstocked.

He says : " I hired two six-horse teams, with large Pennsylvania wagons (as they were then called), to haul 8,000 pounds each, over the Cumberland mountains to Knoxville, East Tennessee, at \$2.50 per 100 pounds. I accompanied the wagons on foot, and sold cheese at McMinnville, Sparta, and other places where we stayed overnight. The people with whom we stayed overnight usually purchased a cheese, called the family together around a table, and they generally ate nothing but cheese until they had satisfied their appetites, and then the balance (if anything was left) was sent to the negro quarters to be consumed by the slaves. My sales in Tennessee and North Carolina at that time ranged between twenty-five and thirty-seven cents per pound. The trip was somewhat protracted, as the teams could not travel more than ten or fifteen miles each day. On my return to Knoxville I purchased a horse and came home on horseback after an absence of about six and a half months.

" Until after 1834 the Western Reserve cheese had entire control of the Southern markets. About this time the Yankee population on the Darby Plains, in Ohio, commenced its manufacture and came into competition with ours at Cincinnati, Louisville and some other markets. The article they offered was equal, if not superior in quality to ours, but the quantity was much less ; consequently they did not greatly diminish our sales. The increase of the consumers at the South and West kept even pace with manufacturers in the North, and hence the enormous quantities now manufactured find a ready sale. I only regret to say that the quality has not improved in the same ratio as the quantity has increased."

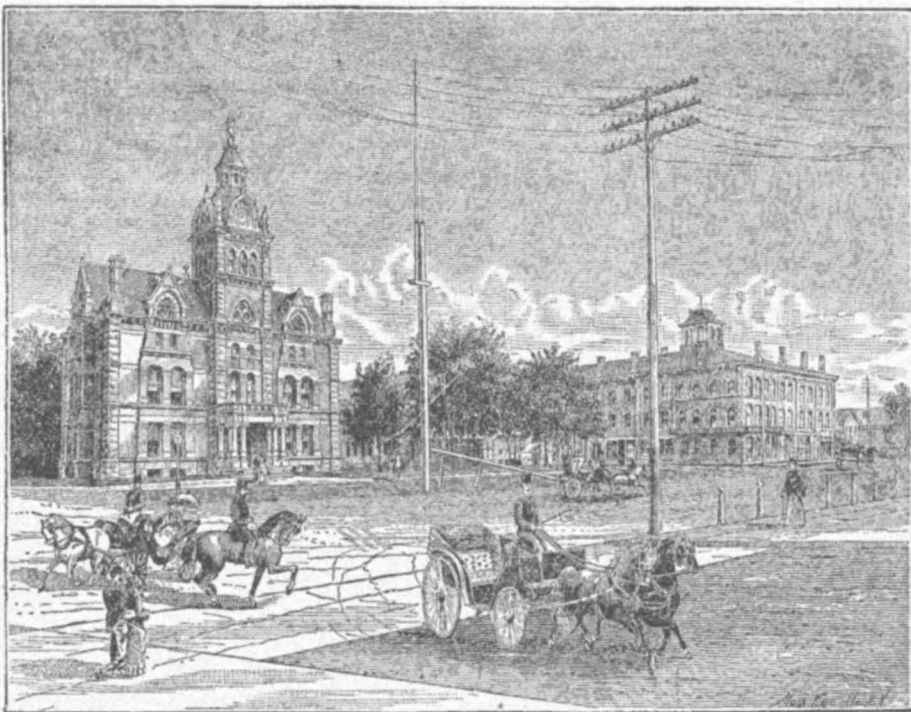
EARLY SETTLEMENTS AND INCIDENTS.

RAVENNA was originally settled by Benjamin Tappan, Jr., in 1799. He was the afterwards eminent Benjamin Tappan, Senator from Ohio, who later removed to Steubenville. In making the settlement at Ravenna he acted as the agent of his father, Benjamin Tappan, Sr., who was the principal proprietor. At this time



Drawn by Henry Howe in 1846

CENTRAL VIEW IN RAVENNA.



From Photograph in 1887.

CENTRAL VIEW IN RAVENNA.

there was but one white person, a Mr. Honey, residing in the county. A solitary log-cabin in each place marked the sites of the flourishing cities of Buffalo and Cleveland. On his journey out from New England, Mr. Tappan fell in with the late David Hudson, the founder of Hudson, Summit county, at Gerondaquet, N. Y., and "assisted him on the journey for the sake of his company. After some days of tedious navigation up the Cuyahoga river, he landed at a prairie, where is now the town of Boston, in the county of Summit. There he left all his goods under a tent with one K—— and his family to take care of them, and with another hired man proceeded to make out a road to Ravenna. There they built a dray, and with a yoke of oxen which had been driven from the Connecticut river, and were found on his arrival, he conveyed a load of farming utensils to his settlement. Returning for a second load, the tent was found abandoned and partly plundered by the Indians. He soon after learned that Hudson had persuaded K—— to join his own settlement."

On Mr. Tappan "removing his second load of goods, one of his oxen was overheated and died, leaving him in a vast forest, distant from any habitation, without a team, and what was still worse, with but a single dollar in money. He was not depressed for an instant by these untoward circumstances. He sent one of his men through the woods with a compass to Erie, Pa., a distance of about 100 miles, requesting from Capt. Lyman, the commandant at the fort, a loan of money. At the same time he followed himself the township lines to 'Youngstown,' where he became acquainted with Col. James Hillman, who did not hesitate to sell him an ox on credit at a fair price—an act of generosity which proved of great value, as the want of a team must have broken up his settlement. The unexpected delays upon the journey, and other hindrances, prevented them from raising a crop at this season, and they had, after the provisions brought with him were exhausted, to depend for meat upon their skill in hunting and purchases from the Indians, and for meal upon the scanty supplies procured from Western Pennsylvania. Having set out with the determination to spend the winter, he erected a log-cabin, into which himself and one Bixby, to whom he had agreed to give 100 acres of land on condition of settlement, moved on the 1st day of January, 1800, before which they had lived under a bark camp and their tent."

About the time of Mr. Tappan's settlement at Ravenna, others were commenced in several of the townships of the county. The sketches of Deerfield and Palmyra we annex from the Barr manuscripts.

Deerfield received its name from Deerfield, Mass., the native place of the mother of Lewis Day, Esq. Early in May, 1799, Lewis Day and his son Horatio, of Granby, Conn., and Moses Tibbals and Green Frost, of Granville, Mass., left their homes in a one-horse wagon, and arrived in Deerfield on the 29th of the same month. This was the first wagon that had ever penetrated farther westward in this region than Canfield. The country west of that place had been an unbroken wilderness until within a few days. Capt. Caleb Atwater, of Wallingford, Conn., had hired some men to open a road to township No. 1, in the seventh range, of which he was the owner. This road passed through Deerfield, and was completed to that place when the party arrived at the point of their destination. These emigrants selected sites for their future dwellings, and commenced clearing up the land. In July Lewis Ely and family arrived from Granville, and wintered here, while the first named, having spent the summer in making improvements, returned east. On the 4th of March, 1800, Alva Day (son

of Lewis), John Campbell and Joel Thrall, all arrived in company. In April George and Robert Taylor and James Laughlin, from Pennsylvania, with their families, made permanent settlements. Mr. Laughlin built a grist-mill, which, in the succeeding year, was a great convenience to the settlers. On the 29th of June Lewis Day returned from Connecticut, accompanied by his family and his brother-in-law, Major Rogers, who the next year also brought out his family.

Much suffering was experienced on account of the scarcity of provisions. They were supplied from settlements on the opposite side of the Ohio, the nearest of which was Georgetown, forty miles distant. These were conveyed on pack-horses through the wilderness. On the 22d of August Mrs. Alva Day gave birth to the first child—a female—born in the township, and on the 7th of November the first wedding took place. John Campbell and Sarah Ely—daughter of Lewis—were joined in wedlock by Calvin Austin, Esq., of Warren. He was accompanied from Warren, a distance of twenty-seven miles, by the late

Judge Pease, then a young lawyer of that place. They came on foot (there not being any road), and as they threaded their way through the woods young Pease taught the justice the marriage ceremony by oft repetition.

The first civil organization was effected in 1802, under the name of Franklin township, embracing all of the present Portage and parts of Trumbull and Summit counties.

In 1806 there was an encampment of seven Mohawk Indians in Deerfield, with whom a serious difficulty occurred. John Diver, it is thought, in a horse-trade overreached one of these Indians named John Nicksaw. There was much dissatisfaction expressed by the Indians at the bargain, and Nicksaw vainly endeavored to effect a re-exchange of horses.

On stating his grievances to Squire Day, that gentleman advised him to see Diver again and persuade him to do justice. Nicksaw replied, "No! you speak him! me no speak him again!" and immediately left. On this very evening (January 20, 1806) there was a sleighing party at the house of John Diver. Early in the evening while amusing themselves, they were interrupted by the rude entrance of five Indians—John Nicksaw, John Mohawk, Bigson and his two sons, from the encampment.

They were excited with whiskey and endeavored to decoy John Diver to their camp on some frivolous pretence. Failing in this stratagem they became more and more boisterous, but were quieted by the mildness of Daniel Diver. They changed their tone, reciprocated his courtesousness, and vainly urged him to drink whiskey with them. They now again resumed their impudent manner, and charging Daniel with stealing their guns, declared they would not leave until he returned them. With much loss of time and altercation he at last got them out of the house. Shortly after John Diver opened the door, and was on the point of stepping out, when he espied Mohawk standing in front of him, with uplifted tomahawk, in the attitude of striking. Diver shrunk back unobserved by the company and, not wishing to alarm them, said nothing at the time about the circumstance.

About 10 o'clock, the moon shining with

About this time the settlement received accessions from New England, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania and Virginia. The Rev. Mr. Badger, the missionary of the Presbyterians, preached here as early as February 16, 1801. In 1803 Dr. Shadrach Bostwick organized an Episcopal Methodist society. The Presbyterian society was organized October 8, 1818, and that of the Disciples in 1828.

unusual brightness, the night being cold and clear with snow about two feet deep, Daniel observed the Indians standing in a ravine several rods from the house. He ran up and accosted them in a friendly manner. They treacherously returned his salutation, said they had found their guns, and before returning to camp wished to apologize for their conduct and part good friends. Passing along the line he took each and all by the hand until he came to Mohawk, who was the only one that had a gun in his hands. He refused to shake hands, and at the moment Diver turned for the house, he received a ball through his temples destroying both of his eyes. He immediately fell. On the report of the gun John Diver ran to the spot, by which time Daniel had regained his feet and was staggering about. Mohawk was standing a few paces off, looking on in silence, but his companions had fled. John eagerly inquired of his brother what was the matter? "I am shot by Mohawk," was the reply. John instantly darted at Mohawk, intending to make him atone in a frightful manner for the injury done his brother. The savage fled toward the camp, and as Diver gained rapidly upon him, Mohawk threw himself from the road into the woods, uttering a horrid yell. Diver, now perceiving the other Indians returning toward him, fled in turn to his brother, and took him into the house. The wound, although dangerous, was not mortal, and he was living as late as 1847.

The Indians hurried to their encampment, and from thence fled in a northwest direction. The alarm spread through the settlement, and in a few hours there were twenty-five men on the spot, ready for the pursuit. Before daylight this party (among which were Alva Day, Major H. Rogers, James Laughlin, Alex. K. Hubbard and Ira Mansfield) were in hot pursuit upon their trail. The weather being intensely cold and the settlements far apart they suffered exceedingly. Twenty of them had their feet frozen, and many of them were compelled to stop; but their number was kept good by additions from the settlements through which they passed.

On the succeeding night the party came up with the fugitives, encamped on the west side of the Cuyahoga, in the present town of Boston. The whites surrounded them; but Nicksaw and Mohawk escaped. They were overtaken and commanded

to surrender or be shot. Continuing their flight, Williams, of Hudson, fired, and Nicksaw fell dead; but Mohawk escaped. The whites returned to Deerfield with Bigson and his two sons. A squaw belonging to them was allowed to escape, and it is said perished in the snow. On arriving at the centre of Deerfield, where the tragedy had been acted, Bigson appeared to be overpowered with grief, and giving vent to a flood of tears, took an affectionate leave of his sons, expecting here to lose his life, according to a custom of the Indians. They were taken before Lewis Day, Esq., who, after examination, committed them to prison at Warren.

Mr. Cornelius Feather, in the papers of the Ashtabula Historical Society, says:

It was heart-rending to visit this group of human misery at Warren and hear their lamentations. The poor Indians were not confined, for they could not run away. The narrator has seen this old, frost-crippled chief Bigson, who had been almost frozen to death, sitting with the others on the bank of the Mahoning, and heard him, in the Indian tongue, with deep touching emotions, in the highest strain of his native oratory, addressing his companions in misery—speaking the language of his heart; pointing toward the rising, then toward the setting sun, to the north, to the south, till sobs choked his utterance and tears followed tears down his sorrow-worn cheeks.

We now return to the Barr manuscript for another incident of early times, exhibiting something of Indian gratitude and customs:

John Hendricks, an Indian, for some time lived in a camp on the bank of the Mahoning, with his family—a wife and two sons—and was much respected by the settlers. Early in 1802 one of his sons, a child of about 4 years of age, was taken sick, and during his illness was treated with great kindness by Mr. James Laughlin and lady, who lived near. He died on the 4th of March, and his father having expressed a desire to have him interred in the place where the whites intended to bury their dead, a spot was selected near the residence of Lewis Day, which is to this time used as a graveyard. A coffin was prepared by Mr. Laughlin and Alva Day, and he was buried according to the custom of the whites. Observing the earth to fall upon the board, and not upon

the body of his deceased son, Hendricks exclaimed in a fit of ecstasy, "Body no broken!" Some days after Mr. Day observed these Indians near the grave, apparently washing some clothing, and then digging at the grave. After they had retired, prompted by curiosity, Mr. Day examined the grave, and found the child's clothes just washed and carefully deposited with the body. Shortly after he inquired of Hendricks why he had not buried them at the funeral. "Because they were not clean," replied he. These Indians soon left the neighborhood, and did not return for one or two years. Meeting with Mr. Laughlin, Hendricks ran towards him, and throwing himself into his arms, embraced and kissed him with the deepest affection, exclaiming, "Body no broke! body no broke!"

The first improvements in Palmyra were made in 1799 by David Daniels, from Salisbury, Conn. The succeeding year he brought out his family. E., N. and W. Bacon, E. Cutler, A. Thurber, A. Preston, N. Bois, J. T. Baldwin, T. and C. Gilbert, D., A. and S. Waller, N. Smith, Joseph Fisher, J. Tuttle, and others came not long after.

On the first settlement of the township there were several families of Onondaga and Oneida Indians who carried on a friendly intercourse with the people, until the difficulty at Deerfield, in 1806, in the shooting of Diver.

When this region was first settled, there was an Indian trail commencing at Fort McIntosh (where Beaver, Pa., now is) and extending westward to Sandusky and Detroit. This trail followed the highest ground. It passed by the Salt Springs in Howland, Trumbull county, and running through the northern part of Palmyra, crossed Silver Creek, in Edinburg, one and a half miles north of the centre road. Along this trail parties of

Indians were frequently seen passing for several years after the white settlers came. In fact, it seemed to be the great thoroughfare from Sandusky to the Ohio river and Du Quesne. There are several large piles of stones by this trail in Palmyra, under which human skeletons have been discovered. These are supposed to be the remains of Indians slain in war, or murdered by their enemies; as tradition says it is an Indian practice for each one to cast a stone upon the grave of an enemy whenever he passes by. These stones appear to have been picked up along the trail and cast upon heaps at different times.

At the point where this trail crosses Silver creek, Frederick Daniels and others, in 1814, discovered painted on several trees various devices, evidently the work of Indians. The bark was carefully shaved off two-thirds of the way around, and figures cut upon the wood. On one of these were delineated seven Indians, equipped in a particular manner,

one of which was without a head. This was supposed to have been made by a party on their return westward, to give intelligence to their friends behind of the loss of one of their party at this place; and on making search a human skeleton was discovered near by.

Ravenna in 1846.—Ravenna, the county-seat, so named from an Italian city, is thirty-four miles southeast of Cleveland and 140 northeast of Columbus. It is situated on the Cleveland & Pittsburg road, on the crest of land dividing the waters flowing into the lakes from those emptying into the Gulf of Mexico; the Ohio & Pennsylvania canal runs a short distance south of the town. The engraving represents the public buildings in the central part of the village; in the centre is seen the court-house and jail; on the right in the distance the Congregational, and on the left the Universalist church. Ravenna contains one Congregational, one Disciples, one Methodist and one Universalist church, ten mercantile stores, an academy, two newspaper printing-offices, and about 1,200 inhabitants. It is a thriving, pleasant village, and is noted for the manufacture of carriages.—*Old Edition.*

RAVENNA, county-seat of Portage, about 125 miles northeast of Columbus, about thirty-five miles southeast of Cleveland, at the junction of the C. & P. and N. Y., P. & O. and P. C. & T. Railroads, is the shipping-point for a fine farming district; the principal shipments are grain, wool, cheese, etc. It is also a considerable manufacturing centre. County officers, 1888: Auditor, S. R. Freeman; Clerk, A. E. Seaton; Commissioners, John L. Thompson, Wanzer Holcomb, Wesley Hubbard; Coroner, A. M. Erwin; Infirmary Directors, William Fox, Thomas C. Stewart, F. B. Cannon; Probate Judge, C. D. Ingall; Prosecuting Attorney, E. W. Maxon; Recorder, Sidney J. Post; Sheriff, James Jones; Surveyor, Jedediah Cole; Treasurer, Marvin Collins. City officers, 1888: Mayor, J. W. Holcomb; Clerk, Arthur Seaton; Treasurer, W. T. Grundel; Marshal, William Dietch. Newspapers: *Democratic Press*, Democratic, S. D. Harris & Son, editors and publishers; *Republican*, Republican, John Meharg, editor and publisher. Churches: one Methodist Episcopal, one Catholic, one Episcopal, one Congregational, one Lutheran, one Disciples, one United Brethren, one Universalist. Banks: First National, Newell D. Clark, president, R. B. Carnahan, cashier; Second National, E. T. Richardson, president, W. H. Beebe, cashier.

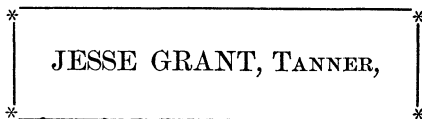
Manufactures and Employees.—Merts & Riddle, coaches, etc., 50 hands; Johnston, Johnston & Co., cigar boxes, 8; Buckeye Foundry, iron castings, 2; E. & R. Knapp, pumps, 3; Ravenna Glass Co., glass bottles, etc., 83; Ravenna Mills, flour, etc., 2; D. L. Baldwin & Son, planing-mill, etc., 8; Quaker Mill Co., oat meal, 83; O. A. Bissell, cooperage, 5; Ravenna Woollen Mills, woollen goods, 5; Seymore & Olin, flour, etc.; Diamond Glass Co., window glass, 58.—*State Report, 1888.*

Population, 1880, 3,255. School census, 1888, 1,061; D. D. Pickett, school superintendent. Capital invested in industrial establishments, \$443,800. Value of annual product, \$604,500.—*Ohio Labor Statistics, 1887.*

Census, 1890, 3,417.

The first settler, Benjamin Tappan, built his cabin in 1799 in the southeast part of the township; in 1808 he laid the foundation for the town. He offered a town lot as a prize for the first child born on the site. This prize fell to the son of a David Thompson, born in 1810. Tappan also gave a graveyard, which came into use in 1809. Nathan Chapman, aged 51 years, was its first tenant. The present cemetery was laid out in 1813. A few years later Ravenna had quite a village appearance. Jesse R. Grant, father of General Grant, when a young man of about 23 years of age, carried on a tannery here. It was nearly opposite

the site of the Presbyterian church, on the northeast corner of the street. The shop stood a little back from the street, and in the yard in front were the tan-vats. In 1835 Dr. Isaac Swift lived opposite, and had a little drug-store by his house. A sign which read



then leaned endways against the old building, which was then used as a tannery, although Grant had left years before. A few years ago the old vats were taken up, and some of the wood made into walking-sticks.

Kent in 1846.—Franklin Mills [now Kent] is six miles west of Ravenna, on the Cleveland road, Cuyahoga river and Mahoning canal. In the era of speculation a large town was laid out here, great prices paid for "city lots," and in the event large quantities of money changed hands. It, however, possesses natural advantages that in time may make it an important manufacturing town, the Cuyahoga having here two falls, one of seventeen and the other of twenty-five feet. The village is much scattered. It contains one Congregational, one Baptist, one Episcopal and one Methodist church, four mercantile stores, two flouring mills, two woollen factories and about 400 inhabitants.—*Old Edition.*

KENT, formerly Franklin Mills, is six miles west of Ravenna, on the Cuyahoga river and N. Y., P. & O., C. & C. and P. Y. & C. Railroads. The Cuyahoga river furnishes inexhaustible water-power. City officers, 1888: Mayor, James Wark; Clerk, Frank Arighi; Marshal, James Logan; Treasurer, M. G. Garrison; Street Commissioner, E. Minnick. Newspapers: *Courier*, Independent, Charles H. Scott, editor and publisher; *News*, Democratic, H. E. Gridley, editor; *Saturday Bulletin*, Republican, N. J. H. Minich, editor and publisher. Churches: one Universalist, one Catholic, one Methodist, one Congregational, one Disciples, one Baptist, and one Lutheran. Banks: City, D. L. Rockwell, president, M. G. Garrison, cashier; Kent National, Marvin Kent, president, Charles K. Clapp, cashier.

Manufactures and Employees.—J. Turner & Sons' Manufacturing Co., worsted goods, 175 hands; H. A. & M. Kent, flour, etc., 2; N. Y., P. & O. Railroad Shops, repair shops, 320; T. G. Parsons, planing mill, 10; Williams Bros., flour, 30; Railway Speed Recorder Co., 88; Grohe Bros., planing mill, 5; John F. Byers, machine work, 5; C. T. Goeppinger, tannery, 4.—*State Report, 1887.*

Population, 1880, 3,309. School census, 1888, 369; A. B. Stutzman, school superintendent. Capital invested in manufacturing establishments, \$484,500. Value of annual product, \$956,250.—*Ohio Labor Statistics, 1888.*

Census, 1890, 3,481.

Franklin, the township in which Kent now is, comprising 16,000 acres in 1798, was bought for twelve and a half cents an acre, or \$2,000, by Aaron Olmstead, of Hartford, Conn. As early as 1803 Benjamin Tappan and others built a bridge over the river about four yards from the spot where Brady made his leap. The first settlers were the Haymaker family, German Pennsylvanians, who temporarily occupied a hut built by Olmstead's surveyors.

One day, while they were in this hut, a party of Indians gave them a call, when a squaw among them leaned a board, to which she had, in Indian fashion, tied her pappoose, against the hut. After the mother had gone in a wild hog came through the brush, and grasping the Indian baby, ran off with it. The mother, hearing the noise, ran to its rescue; but the infuriated hog would not give up its prize until he was badly beaten.

A son of one of the family, Frederick Haymaker, a bright, educated man, became the private secretary of Aaron Burr, and it is said knew the secret plans of Burr;

but to his dying day he never divulged them. He died in 1851. The Haymakers, in 1807, put up a mill, and eventually bought 600 acres on the site of Kent. In 1815, when the township was organized, the entire voting population was twelve.

In 1827, on the site were an upper and a lower village, the first called Carthage and the last Franklin Mills. In 1863 the name of the combined villages was changed to Kent, in honor of Marvin Kent, the proprietor of the N. Y., P. & O. Railroad, and its then president. On the 7th of March of that year its first passenger train entered the place. Kent became the geographical centre of the road, and the location of the principal shops of its two divisions; so the place, which had been languishing, got a fresh impetus through the indomitable energy of one of its citizens.

John Brown, of Harper's Ferry, about the year 1835, with his father, was for a short time a resident. He was then about 35 years of age.

The noted Indian fighter, Brady, made his celebrated leap across the Cuyahoga about 200 yards above the bridge at Kent. The appearance of the locality has been materially altered by blasting rocks for the canal.

The picture shown is from the drawing made for this work by Mr. F. E. Poister, of Kent, who drew it as it was about 1809, from the recollection of early settlers. The stand-point for the view was on the north and left bank of the Cuyahoga.

BRADY'S POND, so called from being the place where he secreted himself after the leap (related below from a published source), is about two and a half miles from the village, and a few hundred yards north of the road to Ravenna. It is a small but beautiful sheet of water, the shores of which are composed of a white sand, finely adapted to the manufacture of glass.

Capt. Samuel Brady seems to have been as much the Daniel Boone of the northeast part of the valley of the Ohio, as the other was of the southwest, and the country is equally full of traditionary legends of his hardy adventures and hair-breadth escapes. From undoubted authority, it seems the following incident actually transpired in this vicinity. Brady's residence was on Chartier's creek, on the south side of the Ohio, and being a man of herculean strength, activity and courage, he was generally selected as the leader of the hardy borderers in all their incursions into the Indian territory north of the river. On this occasion, which was about the year 1780, a large party of warriors from the falls of the Cuyahoga and the adjacent country had made an inroad on the south side of the Ohio river, in the lower part of what is now Washington county, on what was then known as the settlement of "Cat-fish Camp," after an old Indian of that name who lived there when the whites first came into the country on the Monongahela river.

This party had murdered several families, and with the "plunder" had recrossed the Ohio before effectual pursuit could be made. By Brady a party was directly summoned, of his chosen followers, who hastened on after them, but the Indians having one or two days the start, he could not overtake them in time to arrest their return to their villages.

Near the spot where the town of Ravenna now stands, the Indians separated into two parties, one of which went to the north, and the other west, to the falls of the Cuyahoga. Brady's men also divided; a part pursued

the northern trail, and a part went with their commander to the Indian village, lying on the river in the present township of Northampton, Summit county. Although Brady made his approaches with the utmost caution, the Indians, expecting a pursuit, were on the look-out, and ready to receive him, with numbers four-fold to those of Brady, whose only safety was in hasty retreat, which, from the ardor of the pursuit, soon became a perfect flight. Brady directed his men to separate, and each one to take care of himself; but the Indians knowing Brady, and having a most inveterate hatred and dread of him, from the numerous chastisements which he had inflicted upon them, left all the others, and with united strength pursued him alone.

The Cuyahoga here makes a wide bend to the south, including a large tract of several miles of surface, in the form of a peninsula; within this tract the pursuit was hotly contested. The Indians, by extending their line to the right and left, forced him on to the bank of the stream. Having in peaceable times often hunted over this ground with the Indians, and knowing every turn of the Cuyahoga as familiarly as the villager knows the streets of his own hamlet, Brady directed his course to the river at a spot where the whole stream is compressed by the rocky cliffs into a narrow channel of only twenty-two feet across the top of the chasm, although it is considerably wider beneath, near the water, and in height more than twice that number of feet above the current. Through this pass the water rushes like a race-horse, chafing and roaring at the confinement of its current by



Drawn by Henry Howe in 1846.

BRADY'S POND.

When pursued by the Indians, after his leap, Brady secreted himself under a log in this pond.



F. E. Poister, Photo., Kent.

THE SPOT OF BRADY'S LEAP,

On the Cuyahoga river, a few hundred yards above the bridge at Kent.

the rocky channel, while, a short distance above, the stream is at least fifty yards wide.

As he approached the chasm, Brady, knowing that life or death was in the effort, concentrated his mighty powers, and leaped the stream at a single bound. It so happened that on the opposite cliff the leap was favored by a low place, into which he dropped, and grasping the bushes he thus helped himself to ascend to the top of the cliff. The Indians, for a few moments, were lost in wonder and admiration, and before they had recovered their recollection, he was half-way up the side of the opposite hill, but still within reach of their rifles. They could easily have shot him at any moment before, but being bent on taking him alive, for torture, and to glut their long-delayed revenge, they forbore to use the rifle; but now, seeing him likely to escape, they all fired upon him; one bullet severely wounded him in the hip, but not so badly as to prevent his progress. The Indians, having to make a considerable circuit before they could cross the stream, Brady advanced a good distance ahead.

His limb was growing stiff from the wound, and as the Indians gained on him, he made for the pond which now bears his name and, plunging in, swam under water a considerable distance, and came up under the trunk of a large oak, which had fallen into the pond. This, although leaving only a small breathing place to support life, still completely sheltered him from their sight. The Indians, tracing him by the blood to the water, made diligent search all around the pond, but finding no signs of his exit, finally came to the conclusion that he had sunk and was drowned. As they were at one time standing on the very tree beneath which he was concealed, Brady, understanding their language, was very glad to hear the result of their deliberations, and after they had gone, weary, lame and hungry, he made good his retreat to his own home. His followers also returned in safety. The chasm across which he leaped is in sight of the bridge where we crossed the Cuyahoga, and is known in all that region by the name of *Brady's Leap*.

Beside Brady's Pond there are quite a number of small lakes in this part of the county. One, just south of Ravenna, is called "Mother Ward's Wash Tub." It is a phenomenal reservoir, with a hidden outlet eastward, and the water is very soft and remarkably well adapted for washing purposes.

The late Col. Charles Whittlesey, a few weeks before his decease in the fall of 1886, sent me from Cleveland the following communication, in the course of which he speaks of a noted natural object in Kent:

In your first edition, in Lucas County, you have "Roche de Beuf,"—an error of the printer, probably. It should be *Roche de Bout*, the French for standing stone or rock on end. They are natural columns, common in Ohio and in the Northwest.

Lancaster, Ohio, was at first known as the "Standing Stone." There was a very singular one in the gorge of the Cuyahoga at Kent, Portage county. It stood in the midst of the rushing waters with a small pine on the top, not far above the present bridge and near where Brady made his famous leap. The great Indian trail to the lake, Old Portage and Sandusky, crossed just above the place, being known as the "Standing Stone." The rock here is conglomerate, that at Mau-

mee limestone. There was another in Randolph, Portage county, about a mile southwest of the centre, and another in the channel of the south fork of Mahoning river, where the east line of Deerfield crosses it. These were sandstone. I gave sketches and descriptions of these in Portage county in the *Family Visitor*, Hudson, 1850, edited by Prof. G. P. Kirtland, of which there are files in our Historical Society.

There are on our files here several literal reports of interviews with old settlers, of which the professional county historians made very little use. Also, a statement of the "Boston Bankers," alias the counterfeiters, Jim Brown, Wm. Ashley and their confederates, most of whom I knew.

BIOGRAPHY.

LUCIUS FAIRCHILD was born in Franklin, Portage county, Ohio, December 31, 1831. At the age of 16 he removed with his parents to Madison, Wisconsin. In 1849 he went from Wisconsin, where his family had moved, to California; but six years of speculating and mining did not bring substantial returns, and he returned to Madison. In 1859 he was admitted to the bar, and was the first man from the Badger State to head a recruiting party when the war broke out. As lieutenant-colonel of the Second Wisconsin he made a noted career in the field. He was

the last man to leave the field at the second battle of Bull Run. He lost his left arm at the shoulder in a desperate charge at Gettysburg. His military career closed with the rank of brigadier-general at the age of 34. He was originally a Democrat, but the Republicans of Wisconsin elected him secretary of state in 1864 and governor in 1865, re-electing him in 1867. In 1869 he was elected governor for the third time. In 1871 he was appointed consul to Liverpool, and remained abroad nearly ten years, as he was transferred to Paris as consul-general and to Madrid as

minister. In 1866 he was elected Commander-in-Chief of the Grand Army of the Republic.

FLORUS B. PLIMPTON was born in Palmyra, Portage county, Ohio, September 4, 1830. His father, Billings O. Plimpton, removed from Connecticut at the beginning of the century and engaged in the ministry of the Methodist Episcopal Church as an itinerant. He died the day after Florus was born, aged 90. Florus worked on his father's farm in Hartford, Trumbull county, attended Allegheny College, Meadville, Pa., for three years, and in 1851 entered into journalism at Warren, Ohio. In 1853 he married Miss Cordelia A. Bushnell, of Hartford, Ohio. He was connected with newspapers in Niles, Mich., Ravenna, Ohio, and Elmira, N. Y., until 1857, when he became one of the editors of the *Pittsburg Dispatch*. In 1866 he became one of the staff of the Cincinnati *Commercial*, and his labors with it and with the *Commercial-Gazette* continued without interruption for a quarter of a century, and were of an unusually important character,

breadth and responsibility. He died April 23, 1886, and in accordance with his request his remains were cremated.

Mr. Murat Halstead, his intimate associate and friend for more than twenty-five years, said of him: "He was a man of absolute probity, of perfect truthfulness, of unquestioned sincerity. He was a man of marked characteristics and individuality, whose opinions, whose modes of thought, whose methods of labor were all his own. He was a man of singularly fine independence, and there was never any doubt or question as to where he was to be found."

Mr. Plimpton was a born poet and began to write poetry as a boy. To devote himself to poetry would doubtless have been the ideal life for him, but the arduous duties of a journalist did not admit of his devoting much time to his muse. The small collection of his poems gathered by his wife, and published after his death, bear testimony to his genius. His lines are very musical, and owe their melody to an inborn sense of rhythm.

We quote the last three verses of a poem of The Police Court, in dialect, and entitled.

"MAKE IT FOUR, YER HONER."

Shakin' her gray hairs backward
Out of her eyes and face;
"It's thrue that ye say, yer Honer,
It's thrue is my disgrace.
It wasn't the coat I cared for;
It's stharvin' I was to ate,
And I want a friendly shilter
Out av a friendless sthrate.

"Sind me back to the prisin,
For the winter it is could,
An' there isn't a heart that's warmin'
For the likes av me that's ould;
There isn't a heart that's warmin',
Nor a hand that takes me in—
If I sthale to kape from stharvin',
May God forgive the sin!"

Then kindly spakes his Honer:

"Well, Mary, will it do
If I sind ye to the prisin
For jist a *a month or two*?"
"The prisin's a friend," says Mary;
"I fear the winter more—
An' it's all the same, yer Honer,
Ye'll plaze to make it FOUR."

ALBERT GALLATIN RIDDLE was born in Monson, Mass., May 28, 1816. A year later his father removed to Geauga county, Ohio, where he died when Albert was seven years of age. The family was broken up and Albert was apprenticed to Seth Harmon, a farmer living near Mantua, Portage county. In 1831 he returned to Geauga county, studied law, was admitted to the bar, and became a famous advocate, with great power as an orator. He was a member of the Ohio legislature of 1848-49, and called in 1848 the first free-soil convention in Ohio. Two years later he removed to Cleveland. His able conduct, in 1859, of the celebrated Oberlin "slave rescuers" case gave him a widespread reputation. He was elected to Congress as a Republican in 1861, and made the first speeches delivered in Congress in favor of arming slaves. In 1863 he was appointed

United States consul at Matanzas. For the past twenty-five years he has practised law in Washington. He aided in the prosecution of John H. Surratt for the murder of President Lincoln; from 1877 to 1889 was law officer for the District of Columbia, and for several years had charge of the law department of Howard University.

Mr. Riddle is the author of a "Life of Garfield," also one of Benjamin F. Wade, a number of novels and other publications. His "Bart Ridgely, a Story of Northern Ohio," is a work of great power. "The Portrait, a Romance of Cuyahoga Valley," describes many of the scenes and events of his boyhood life in Portage county.

MARVIN KENT was born at Ravenna, Portage county, Ohio, September 21, 1816. He attended Tallmadge Academy, and in mercantile pursuits early displayed unusual sa-



ADAM G. RIDDLE,
Lawyer and Author.



FLORUS B. PLIMPTON,
Journalist and Poet.



HIRAM COLLEGE.

The institution where Garfield received his early education and of which he was subsequently President.

gacity and executive ability. In 1850, while engaged in manufacturing in Franklin Mills (now Kent), he devised, planned and projected the Atlantic & Great Western Railroad, designed to connect the Erie with the Ohio & Mississippi, forming a grand trunk line from New York to St. Louis. He was elected president of the company then incorporated, and conducted its affairs through all its trials and vicissitudes, save for a period of three years, until the completion of the road in 1864. The construction of this road encountered, perhaps, more obstacles and greater opposition than any other in the country.

HIRAM occupies the highest elevation on the Reserve, being 1,300 feet above sea-level, which gives it great salubrity and healthfulness. This is a fine fruit and dairy region. It is twelve miles northeast of Ravenna, two miles from the N. Y., P. & O. Railroad. It has one newspaper (*Bugle Echo*), D. H. Beaman, editor, and about 500 inhabitants. It is especially noted as the seat of Hiram College, the institution where James A. Garfield was educated. Its president is George H. McLaughlin. It was opened in 1851 as the Western Reserve Eclectic Institute, received its charter in 1867, and was rebuilt and enlarged in 1886.



JO. SMITH—The Mormon Prophet.

GARRETTSVILLE is twelve miles northeast of Ravenna, on the N. Y., P. & O. Railroad. Newspapers: *Journal*, Independent, Charles B. Webb, editor and publisher; *Saturday Item*, Independent, O. S. Ferris, editor and publisher. Churches: one Congregationalist, one Methodist and one Baptist. Bank: First National, W. B. McConnell, president, J. S. Tilden, cashier. Population, 1880, 969. School census, 1888, 290; J. J. Jackson, school superintendent. It is in a rich agricultural and dairy region.

EDINBURG is seven miles southeast of Ravenna. It has one Congregational and one Methodist Episcopal church. School census, 1888, 66.

MANTUA is twelve miles north of Ravenna. It has one Methodist, one Disciples and one Congregational church. Population, about 750. School census, 1888, 159.

MANTUA STATION is nine miles north of Ravenna, on the Cuyahoga river and

Upon its completion Mr. Kent retired from active business life. In 1875 he was elected to the State senate. He has been a generous promoter of the interests of the city of Kent, which bears his name.

Mrs. FANNIE B. WARD, correspondent, is a literary lady of Ravenna, who wields an interesting and instructive pen. Moved by a spirit of professional enterprise, early in the eighties, she singly and alone went down into Mexico and lived among the people that she might properly describe the domestic life of these, our neighbors, and thus has greatly added to our knowledge of them.

In the winter of 1831 JOSEPH SMITH and SIDNEY came to Hiram, held meetings and made many converts to the then new faith of the Latter-Day Saints, or Mormonism. But after a while it was rumored that they designed eventually to get possession of all the property of their converts. The people became alarmed; among them were some of their dupes, who went to the house of Smith and Rigdon, stripped them, gave them a coat of tar and feathers, and rode them on a rail—whereupon they left the place.

Jo. Smith in his personal appearance was well adapted to impose upon the weak and credulous. His complexion was of corpse-like paleness and waxy, his expression grave and peculiarly sanctimonious, his words few and in sepulchral tones. At Nauvoo he claimed a revelation from Heaven to take spiritual wives and established polygamy.

N. Y., P. & O. Railroad. It has one newspaper, *Gazette*, Independent, D. B. Sherwood, editor ; one bank, Crafts, Hine & Co., and a population of about 600.

PALMYRA is one and a half miles from Palmyra Station, on the L. E. A. & S. Railroad. It is eleven miles southeast of Ravenna. School census, 1888, 120.

RANDOLPH is nine miles south of Ravenna. School census, 1888, 77.

WINDHAM is twelve miles northeast of Ravenna, on the N. Y., P. & O. Railroad. School census, 1888, 100. It has one newspaper, the *Herald*, F. D. Snow, editor ; one Congregational and one Methodist Episcopal church ; a tub and pail and basket factory, and stone quarries.

PREBLE.

PREBLE COUNTY was formed from Montgomery and Butler, March 1, 1808; it was named from Capt. Edward Preble, who was born at Portland, Maine, August 15, 1761, and distinguished himself as a naval commander in the war of the Revolution, and particularly in the Tripolitan war, and died on the 25th of August, 1806. The soil is various; the southern part is a light rich soil, and is interspersed by numerous streams; the remainder of the county is upland, in places wet, but fertile when brought under cultivation. There is an abundance of water power for milling purposes, and large quantities of flour are manufactured.

Area about 440 square miles. In 1887 the acres cultivated were 186,275; in pasture, 35,426; woodland, 33,294; lying waste, 5,873; produced in wheat, 529,637 bushels; rye, 1,136; buckwheat, 85; oats, 464,627; barley, 13,563; corn, 1,522,636; broom-corn, 17,100 pounds brush; meadow hay, 8,814 tons; clover hay, 4,096; flax, 81,500 pounds, fibre; potatoes, 30,830 bushels; tobacco, 1,044,210 pounds; butter, 611,300; cheese, 300; sorghum, 6,668 gallons; maple syrup, 9,169; honey, 11,137 pounds; eggs, 549,135 dozen; grapes, 30,870 pounds; wine, 149 gallons; sweet potatoes, 3,242 bushels; apples, 1,643; peaches, 61; pears, 749; wool, 28,183 pounds; milch cows owned, 5,959. Ohio Mining Statistics, 1888: Limestone, 64,500 tons burned for lime; 3,000 tons burned for fluxing; 23,750 cubic feet of dimension stone; 10,397 cubic yards building stone; 30,000 square feet of flagging; 12,460 square feet of paving; 8,571 lineal feet of curbing; 3,492 cubic yards of ballast or macadam. School census, 1888, 7,139; teachers, 183; miles of railroad track, 75.

TOWNSHIPS AND CENSUS.	1840.	1880.	TOWNSHIPS AND CENSUS.	1840.	1880.
Dixon,	1,281	1,162	Jefferson,	2,165	2,244
Gasper,	836	863	Lanier,	1,624	1,909
Gratis,	1,950	2,186	Monroe,	1,176	1,986
Harrison,	1,696	2,663	Somers,	1,823	2,233
Israel,	1,538	1,807	Twin,	1,676	1,973
Jackson,	1,257	1,398	Washington,	2,459	4,118

Population of Preble in 1820 was 10,237; 1830, 16,296; 1840, 19,481; 1860, 21,820; 1880, 24,533; of whom 19,293 were born in Ohio; 1,042, Indiana; 768, Virginia; 722, Pennsylvania; 322, Kentucky; 87, New York; 478, German Empire; 425, Ireland; 51, British America; 44, England and Wales; 10, France, and 6, Scotland. Census, 1890, 23,421.

LIMESTONE QUARRIES.

The quarrying of limestone is an important industry in this county. The limestones principally quarried belong to the Niagara group; these in Ohio are very often called cliff limestones, because they stand in the bluffs along the river valleys. The quarries in the vicinity of Eaton turn out a number of grades of stone, suitable for flaggings and copings as well as for fine and rough constructions. It is stated in Orton's Geological Report, that a stone 10 x 12 feet in superficial dimensions has been taken out and that very much larger stones can be obtained. The Clinton limestone has not been so extensively quarried, but is very much in demand for chimney backs and has been found especially desirable for those constructions which are exposed to fire or heat.

Old Block House.—On what is known as the Wolf farm, Harrison township, stood one of a series of block houses built and manned by citizen-soldiers in the fall of 1813. Dr. J. W. Miller, of West Baltimore, has given us the following facts concerning it.

This block-house was built by a party of drafted men, belonging to a company of riflemen which formed a part of the Old Battalion under the command of Major Alexander C. Lanier. This company occupied the block-house during the winter of 1813-14 to protect the settlements on Miller's Fork.

It was one of a series of block-houses, built and manned by citizen-soldiers, in communication with the settlements and line of forts between Cincinnati and the Lakes. The fol-

lowing is a true copy of a discharge which is in my possession.

I do certify that ———, a sargeant of my company of Ohio Riflemen, in the Old Battalion, under the command of Alexander C. Lanier, has served a regular tour of duty, and is hereby honorably discharged.

Given under my hand this 5th day of April, 1814.

SIMON PHILLIPS, Capt.

The members of this company have been left out of the roster of Ohio's soldiers in the war of 1812, as least so far as Ohio's record is concerned. The Locks, Hapners, McNults and others of Lewisburg, and the Tillmans, Loys, Rices, Abbots, Phillippes, Myerses and others on Miller's Fork, were prominent in the settlements referred to.

TRAVELLING NOTES.

A Caboose Ride.—On Tuesday at noon, April 13, I took the caboose at Hamilton, and rode to Eaton, distant some 25 miles. The caboose was at the end of a very long freight train, perhaps a quarter of a mile in length. In the roof of the caboose was a lookout. I took advantage of it, ascended by a few steps, seated myself in a chair on a little platform, when perhaps half of my body was outside and above everything, there being a scuttle-hole in the roof for this purpose.

Our progress was very slow, about 6 or 8 miles an hour, which gave ample opportunity if one passed anything particularly attractive, to fully take it all in; I especially appreciated this as we slowly went by a scattered village, with a quaint-appearing church, with deep red roof, and red roofs here and there upturned to the sky, which showed that the people whose homes I was gazing upon came to Ohio from the Rhineland. The ride was a delight, and also historically interesting, up the gentle valley in which, in the days of the savage and the wilderness, the armies of St. Clair and Wayne had marched—the one to defeat and massacre; the other to victory and peace.

I looked down as from the upper deck of a steamer upon our long train, which was twisting and winding under my eyes, with its little black pony ahead (at least seeming little from its distance from me) sending out its black smoke and doing his work so nicely and honestly, as to fill me with a sense of gratitude for his marvellous performance. If I don't give the black pony credit, I must those who first thought him out, and then made him to go (the little creatures generally known as human beings), and this without a crack of a whip, nor a quart of oats, but

simply with fire, wood and plenty of water, and a strong, brave manly fellow to drive him.

The fields in broad areas were green with the deep verdure of the winter wheat, on which the snow had lain and nurtured, and then the sun came out warm and smiling and it was exhaled to the skies. Thus the bright green wheat, with the black and as yet leafless woods, the scattered white houses of the farmers, and now and then a red one, the windings of the Seven Mile or St. Clair's Creek, indicated from my lookout by the un-

dulating course of our train which was going up it, the tall windmills by the farm houses, called wind pumps, because used for supply of water; the gentle undulations of the country largely open to the view, together with the clear overarching sky, were all pleasing, peace-filling objects for my contemplation. I had no cares and so drank to my fill from the varied objects of the changing landscape. Ordinary railroad travelling gives one but a faint idea of the beauties of natural objects, and so I felt favored.

Aunt Sally and her Pet.—In my original visit to Eaton, the landlady at the village tavern was a comical, good-natured creature, whom, if I rightly remember, the young men of the village (who largely boarded with her) addressed as "Aunt Sally."

In those days the pigs had the liberty of the streets in the small towns; yes, even in Cincinnati they roamed abroad, doing good scavenger work, while sending forth their notes loud and strong.

Whether Aunt Sally was unwedded or wedded I know not, but she evidently felt the want of some object to pet. Woman's heart has many tendrils and sometimes these fasten queerly; hence Aunt Sally's especial attentions to a pig, which were gratefully returned, all to the daily amusement of her boarders.

Piggie was not over cleanly, had only one ear, some dog having appropriated the other, and once, to my astonished eyes, during my stay, dashed into and through the house with the freedom of one of the family. I was told he had once even appeared in the dining-room. I doubted this; it was altogether too premature. Odd characters in the olden time diversified village life. There are few such anywhere in our time—a great loss in the line of what Barnum might term "moral entertainment."

At Eaton I was pleased to find my old friend Judge John V. Campbell, a large, heavy man of sweet and gentle spirit, who had aided me on my original visit and all through a long life has been doing good. He took me toward evening on a ride in his buggy to the Preble County Children's Home, about a mile southwest from the town, of which institution he was the principal trustee.

The Judge's Crust.—In a few minutes after starting my attention was arrested by an old mill and tool shop in ruins on the margin of "Seven Mile Creek" and near an old bridge.

"What a fine picture," I said, "that would make if it only had some big, old trees around it."

"Yes," replied the Judge, "and I must tell you a story."

"When I was a boy about fifteen years old, a missionary, one Sunday morning, preached a charity discourse in our church. His eloquence so moved me that I felt it my duty to contribute. I had a quarter in my pocket. I hated to part with it; it was all the money I had in the world, and money was hard for me to get; but I dropped it in the box all the same. That afternoon I was wandering about that old tool shop, when my eye was attracted by something shiny; stooping down I picked it up; when, rubbing off the dirt, I found it to be half-a-dollar."

Thus the Judge's crust cast upon the waters went ahead of the Scripture promise, it being doubly returned, and that too before sundown.

The Children's Home has about forty children. This place contains about twenty-five acres. The Home building was originally a hotel, a health resort called St. Clair's Springs. Here are several flowing mineral springs, said to be good for many diseases. It is on the line of St. Clair's Military Trace, and near the site of old Fort St. Clair. There are six springs at the Home, and more can be made anywhere there by driving gas pipes down a few feet.

These Children's Homes are one of the most commendable features of the State. They originated in Washington county, under which heading is given a sketch and portrait of Mrs. Ewing, the noble woman who originated them.

As we drove out to the gate to leave, a little midget in the form of a four-year-old boy stood in waiting. He looked up at the Judge with a reverential air, thumb in mouth.

"Well, Tommy," asked the Judge, "what do you want?"

"Some new shoes," timidly replied he.

We looked down at his feet; he seemed well, but coarsely shod, the toes well protected with shining, metallic tips.

"You shall have a new pair soon, Tommy," rejoined the Judge. Then as we drove along he told me this incident:

"A group of the children were chatting among themselves about their mothers, saying how much they would like to have visits from their mothers, when one little fellow, who had been silent, added, 'I don't care ever to see my mother no more, since she has forsaken me and left me alone in this place.'"

About a year after this ride with me, the Judge illustrated in his history the text that points to the finale for each of us in turn, "We have here no continuing city."

Eaton in 1846.—Eaton, the county-seat, is twenty-four miles west of Dayton, ninety-four west of Columbus, and nine east of the State line. It was laid out in 1806 by William Bruce, then proprietor of the soil. It was named from Gen. William Eaton, who was born in Woodstock, Ct., in 1764, served in the war of the revolution, was graduated at Dartmouth in 1790, was appointed a captain under Wayne, in 1792, also consul at Tunis in 1798; in April, 1804, he was appointed navy agent of the United States with the Barbary powers, to co-operate

with Hamet, bashaw, in the war against Tripoli, in which he evinced great energy of character : he died in 1811. He was brave, patriotic and generous.

The turnpike from Dayton west leads through Eaton, and one also connects the place with Hamilton. The village contains 1 Presbyterian, 1 Methodist and 1 Public church, 1 book, 2 grocery and 4 dry-goods stores, 1 or 2 newspaper printing offices, 1 woollen factory, 1 saw mill and about 1,000 inhabitants. Near the town is an overflowing well of strong sulphur water, possessing medicinal properties. About two miles south is Halderman's quarry, from which is obtained a beautiful grey clouded stone : at the village is a limestone quarry, and the county abounds in fine building stone.—*Old Edition*.

Among the earlier settlers of the town were : Samuel Hawkins, Cornelius Vanausdal, David E. Hendricks, Alexander Mitchell, Alexander C. Lanier and Paul Larsh. Cornelius Vanausdal kept the first store and David E. Hendricks the first tavern.

EATON, county-seat of Preble, is fifty-three miles north of Cincinnati, on the C. R. & C. R. R. It is the centre of a great tobacco and grain-growing section. Cigar manufacturing is a large industry.

County officers, 1888 : Auditor, Hiram L. Robbins ; Clerk, Leander D. Lesh ; Commissioners, William Mills, John C. Riner, Werter D. Pugh ; Coroner, Philip M. Small ; Infirmary Directors, Frank Ridenour, Nathaniel B. Stephens, Joseph W. Coffman ; Probate Judge, William A. Neal ; Prosecuting Attorney, John Risinger ; Recorder, Peter S. Eikenberry ; Sheriff, William Watters ; Surveyor, Robert E. Lowry ; Treasurer, Silas Laird. City officers, 1888 : W. B. Marsh, Mayor ; J. N. Sliver, Clerk ; Geo. W. Nelson, Treasurer ; Court Corwin, Marshal. Newspapers : *Democrat*, Democratic, L. G. Gould, editor and publisher ; *Register*, Republican, W. F. Albright & Sons, editors and publishers. Churches : 1 Lutheran, 2 Methodist, 1 Presbyterian, 1 Catholic, 1 Baptist, and 1 Disciples. Banks : Farmers' and Citizens', Abner Dunlap, president, C. F. Brooke, Jr., cashier ; Preble County, H. C. Hiestand & Co.

Manufactures and Employees.—F. P. Filbert, cigars, 35 hands ; Coovert & Cooper, cigars, 29 ; G. A. & J. F. Lugar, builders' wood-work, 11 ; Frank Rhinehart, builders' wood-work, 4 ; H. Sanders, flour, etc., 3 ; W. F. Jones, cigars, 13 ; Straw Bros., cigar boxes, 5.—*State Report, 1887*.

Population in 1880, 2,143. School census, 1888, 730 ; J. P. Sharkey, school superintendent. Capital invested in industrial establishments, \$51,000. Value of annual product, \$100,000.—*Ohio Labor Statistics, 1887*. Census, 1890, 2,996.

"At Eaton are mineral springs and flowing wells," writes Dr. F. M. Michael. "*Artesian Wells* are obtained in the north part of the town by boring thirty or thirty-five feet in the earth. The waters are strongly impregnated with iron, bicarbonate of sodium, potassium, with traces of lithium ; very little lime salts enter into the composition ; in fact, the water is much softer than the surface wells.

"One of these wells has been flowing for many years. Several new wells have been flowing for eight years ; the water rises several feet above the ground.

"A well at the court-house, over one hundred feet in depth, affords white sulphur waters. Has been in use many years for its medicinal qualities."

Eaton is a healthy town, but in 1849 few places in the State suffered so severely from *Asiatic Cholera* ; about one hundred and twenty deaths in the course of the summer out of a population of about six hundred who remained behind, while of the other half of the population who fled, not one died.

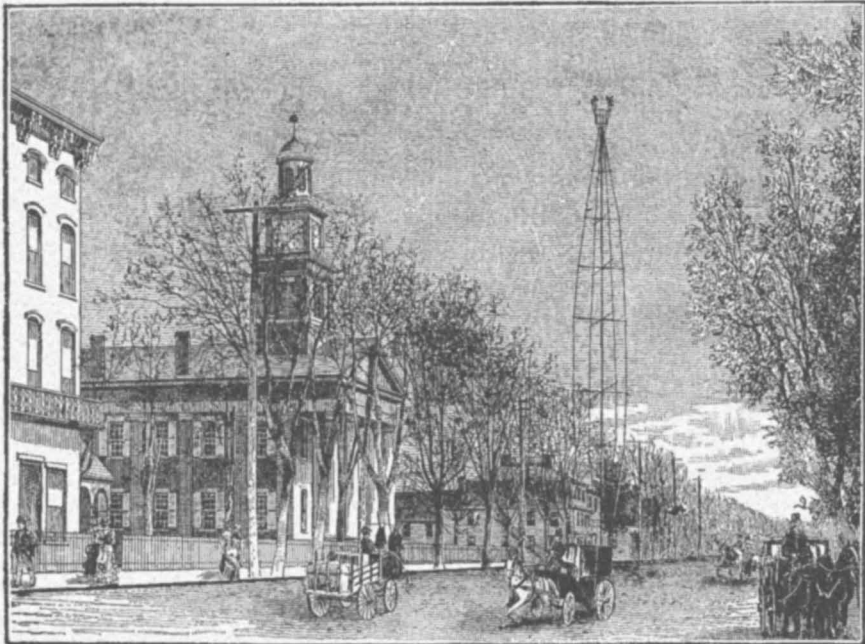
The first male person born in this county was Col. George D. Hendricks. This was on the site of Camden, October 3, 1805. He had a varied experience ; was a soldier under Sam Houston, in the war between Texas and Mexico, and then returned and

settled at Eaton, where he became a most useful citizen ; served in the Legislature ; was County Auditor, County Sheriff and Village Postmaster. This child of the wilderness remembered many interesting things.



Drawn by Henry Howe in 1846.

THE COURT-HOUSE, ETC., EATON.



C. C. Harlan, Photo., Eaton, 1890.

THE COURT-HOUSE, ETC., EATON.

THE ONE-EYED OX.

This was an animal that roamed through the woods when he was a boy. This historic ox was a noble animal, with large and stately horns of a dark brindle color, and a grand type of the bovine race, whom the first settlers found here on their arrival. It was supposed he had strayed from Wayne's army on his march into the Indian country. They caught him and reduced him to their service. When a boy Hendricks rode "One-Eyed" to mill on several occasions, and his father harnessed him and employed him to haul logs in the clearing. He was quite celebrated among the early settlers and lived for several years among them as common property, and when he died they largely turned out to his funeral and buried him in honor on Garrison Branch.

NETTLE SHIRTS.

Another of Mr. Hendrick's experiences was the wearing a nettle shirt. Nettles were found wild in the woods, and before they could break up the country and grow flax for

linen, the settlers resorted to it as a material for underclothing. This shirt so irritated his back, he was frequently compelled to lean against the trees and rub it to allay the irritation. Scott, in his *History of Fairfield County*, says:

"The pioneers in some parts manufactured fine linen from the fibre of wild nettles, but it was not known to all even of them. It grew in great abundance in some sections and always on the low and richest soil. It resembled boneset or ague weed, and grew about four feet in height. Its fibre was fine as the finest flax and was treated in the same way, by rotting, breaking, scutching and spinning; but unlike flax, it was mowed down and not pulled up by the root. The nettle has entirely disappeared from the country and is never seen except in remote and wild spots. It has on its stem a prickly beard that, upon touching with the hands, inserts itself into the skin, producing a most intolerable itching, almost unendurable; hence, everybody soon learned to go round 'the nettle patch.'"

GIRLS STOLEN BY INDIANS.

A year or two before the war of 1812, two little girls were stolen from Harrison township by Indians. One was named Tharp and the other Harper. The incidents connected with this affair were related by Mr. G. D. Hendricks, January 18, 1885, at which time he was a resident of Hiawatha, Kansas.

Mr. Harper Finds His Child.—When the children were first missed, they were supposed to be lost; but their captivity was assured by the discovery of Indian tracks. All efforts to find their whereabouts were of no avail, until many years after the close of the war, when Mr. Harper learned from an Indian that a white woman was at Kaskaskia, Illinois, whence the father sought and found his long-lost child, but so changed by time and association that she was past recognition. But through the kind offices of a French interpreter, it became self-evident as to her identity. Notwithstanding this, she seemed unable to realize that she was other than one of the tribe, and refused to converse with her father, or return with him to civilization.

Wife of an Indian Chief.—Years rolled on without any tidings of the daughter of Mr. Tharp, until about the year 1837 or 1838, when he received word from a friend and Indian trader, that the wife of an Indian chief, named Captain Dixon, was a white woman. Dixon was a younger brother of the Miami chief Shinglemacy, whose Indian name was Meto-Sina. This tribe were on their Reservation, a few miles below where Marion, Grant county, Indiana, is located. The fond father sped his way to the vicinity of the village, and called on my brother, William E. Hendricks, who had a traditional knowledge of the abduction of the Tharp and Harper children. As his farm was adjoining the Reservation, and he knew personally

Captain Dixon and the tribe generally, the meeting of father and daughter was at my brother's house.

Refused to Leave.—The result of the conference was disheartening to the father; for this child of misfortune persistently refused to leave her Indian home, arguing that with the whites she would be an object of sport or ridicule, on account of her Indian habits and training, and was too old to learn the habits and customs of civilized life; and, in fact, she had but a faint recollection of her childhood home and kindred. The meeting and parting, as described by my nephew, were heartrending to the bereaved father; and the more so, because of the cold indifference of his alienated daughter, who, in a few years after, committed suicide, by drowning, at "Hog-back," in the Mississinewa, four miles below the village, because her liege lord returned home from a drunken spree with another wife. Captain Dixon, though a fair scholar, and speaking good English, was a drunken desperado, as were two of his brothers, who were killed at an Indian pow-wow, by a Pottawatomie brave; his oldest brother, Meto-Sina, was temperate.

VANAUSSDAL'S STORE.

When the county of Preble was organized there was not a store in the county. The necessity for one induced Cornelius Vanaussdal, a young man of 25, to leave his father's

farm and start the enterprise at Eaton. He and his store soon became known throughout the surrounding country, and his venture proved a profitable one. Started in 1808, he conducted it either alone or in partnership with others until 1863. Among his familiar acquaintances were Tecumseh, his brother, the Prophet, Honest John, Indian John, and others.

It is related of Indian John, that he brought furs to the store to swap for salt. The old-fashioned steelyards with long and short, or light and heavy slides, were used in weighing the articles involved in the trade. John had never seen steelyards before, and watched the weighing closely. The light side was used in weighing the furs. When the salt was to be weighed the steelyards were turned over so as to use the heavy side. John watched this operation with suspicion, and

when he saw the yard fly up when the pea was not so far from the fulcrum as when his furs were weighed, he was convinced that there was something wrong, and seizing the steelyards with an exclamation pronouncing them a lie, ran to the door and threw them as far as he could into the weeds and brush. Mr. Vanausdal, in his dealings with Indians, would never give them credit, although he freely trusted white men. Mr. Vanausdal was born in Virginia, October 2, 1783; in 1805 came with his father to what is now Lanier township, Preble county. In 1810 he took the first census of Preble county. During the war of 1812, he was assistant paymaster in the United States army, and engaged in furnishing supplies to the army operating between the Ohio river and Lake Erie. In 1819 he represented Preble county in the Legislature. His death occurred in 1870.

About a mile west of Eaton is the site of Fort St. Clair, erected in the severe winter of 1791-2. At this time Fort Jefferson was the farthest-advanced post, being forty-four miles from Fort Hamilton. This spot was chosen as a place of security, and to guard the communication between them. Gen. Wilkinson sent Major John S. Gano, belonging to the militia of the Territory, with a party to build the work. Gen. Harrison, then an ensign, commanded a guard every other night for about three weeks, during the building of the fort. They had neither fire nor covering of any kind, and suffered much from the intense cold. It was a stockade, and had about twenty acres cleared around it. The outline can yet be distinctly traced.

On the 6th of November, 1792, a severe battle was fought almost under cover of the guns of Fort St. Clair, between a corps of riflemen and a body of Indians. Judge Joel Collins, of Oxford, who was in the action, gives the following facts respecting it in a letter to James McBride, dated June 20, 1843:

Indians Led by Little Turtle.—The parties engaged were a band of 250 Mingo and Wyandot warriors, under the command of the celebrated chief Little Turtle, and an escort of 100 mounted riflemen of the Kentucky militia, commanded by Capt. John Adair, subsequently governor of Kentucky. These men had been called out to escort a brigade of pack-horses, under an order from Gen. Wilkinson. They could then make a trip from Fort Washington, past Fort St. Clair, to Fort Jefferson, and return in six days, encamping each night under the walls of one of these military posts for protection. The Indians being elated by the check they had given our army the previous year, in defeating St. Clair, determined to make a descent upon a settlement then forming at Columbia, at the mouth of the Little Miami. Some time in September 250 warriors *struck the war pole*, and took up their line of march. Fortunately for the infant settlement, in passing Fort Hamilton they discovered a fatigue party, with a small guard, chopping firewood, east of the fort. While the men were gone to dinner the Indians formed an ambuscade, and on their return captured two of the men. The prisoners informed the Indians that on the morning previous—which must have been on Friday—a brigade of some fifty or 100

pack-horses, loaded with supplies for the two military posts in advance, had left Fort Hamilton, escorted by a company of riflemen, mounted on fine horses, and that if they made their trip in the usual time, they would be at Fort Hamilton, on their return, Monday night.

Ambuscade.—Upon this information, Little Turtle abandoned his design of breaking up the settlement above Cincinnati, and fell back some twelve or fifteen miles, with a view of intercepting the brigade on its return. He formed an ambuscade on the trace, at a well-selected position, which he occupied through the day that he expected the return of the escort. But as Capt. Adair arrived at Fort Jefferson on Saturday night, he permitted his men and horses to rest themselves over Sunday, and thus escaped the ambuscade. On Monday night, when on their return, they encamped within a short distance of Fort St. Clair. The judge says:

“The chief of the band of Indians being informed of our position by his runners, concluded that by a night attack he could drive us out of our encampment. Accordingly, he left his ambush, and a short time before day-break, on Tuesday morning, the Indians, by a discharge of rifles and raising the hideous yells for which they were distinguished, made

a simultaneous attack on three sides of the encampment, leaving that open next to the fort. The horses became frightened, and numbers of them broke from their fastenings. The camp, in consequence of this, being thrown into some confusion, Capt. Adair retired with his men and formed them in three divisions, just beyond the *shine of the fires*, on the side next the fort; and while the enemy were endeavoring to secure the horses and plunder the camp—which seemed to be their main object—they were in turn attacked by us, on their right, by the captain and his division; on the left by Lieut. George Madison, and in the centre by Lieut. Job Hale, with their respective divisions. The enemy, however, were sufficiently strong to detail a fighting party, double our numbers, to protect those plundering the camp and driving off the horses, and as we had left the side from the fort open to them, they soon began to move off, taking all with them.

"Close Fighting."—As soon as the day-dawn afforded light sufficient to distinguish a white man from an Indian, there ensued some pretty sharp fighting, so close in some instances as to bring in use the war-club and tomahawk. Here Lieut. Hale was killed and Lieut. Madison wounded. As soon as the Indians retreated the white men hung on their rear, but when we pressed them too close, they would turn and drive us back. In this way a kind of running fight was kept up until after sun-rising, when we lost sight of the enemy and nearly all our horses, somewhere about where the town of Eaton now stands. On returning from the pursuit our camp presented rather a discouraging appearance. Not more than six or eight horses were saved; some twenty or thirty lay dead on the ground. The loss of the enemy remains unknown; the bodies of two Indians were found among the dead horses. We gathered up our wounded, six in number, took them to the fort, where a room was assigned them as a hospital, and their wounds dressed by Surgeon

Boyd of the regular army. The wound of one man, John James, consisted of little more than the loss of his scalp. It appeared from his statement that in the heat of the action he received a blow on the side of his head with a war-club, which stunned so as to barely knock him down, when two or three Indians fell to skinning his head, and in a very short time took from him an unusually large scalp, and in the hurry of the operation a piece of one of his ears. He recovered, and I understood some years afterwards that he was then living. Another of the wounded, Luke Vores, was a few years since living in Preble county.

"Melancholy Duty."—By sunset on the day of the action we had some kind of rough coffins prepared for the slain. For the satisfaction of surviving friends I will name them, and state that in one grave, some fifty paces west of the site of Fort St. Clair, are the remains of Lieut. Job Hale; next to him, on his left, we laid our orderly sergeant, Matthew English; then followed the four privates, Robert Bowling, Joseph Clinton, Isaac Jett and John Williams. Dejection and even sorrow hung on the countenances of every member of the escort as we stood around or assisted in the interment of these, our fellow-comrades. Hale was a noble and brave man, fascinating in his appearance and deportment as an officer. It was dusk in the evening before we completed the performance of this melancholy duty. What a change! The evening before nothing within the encampment was to be seen or heard but life and animation. Of those not on duty, some were measuring their strength and dexterity at athletic exercises; some nursing, rubbing and feeding their horses; others cooking, etc. But look at us now, and behold the ways, chances and uncertainties of war. I saw and felt the contrast then, and feel it still, but am unable further to describe it here!"

Between the site of Fort St. Clair and Eaton is the village graveyard. This cemetery is adorned with several beautiful monuments. Among them is one to the memory of Fergus Holderman, who died in 1838. Upon it are some exquisitely beautiful devices, carved by "the lamented Clevenger," which are among his first attempts at sculpture. The principal object of attraction, however, is the monument to the memory of Lieut. Lowry and others who fell with him in an engagement with a party of Indians commanded by Little Turtle, at Ludlow's Spring, near the Forty-foot Pitch, in this county, on the 17th of October, 1793. This monument has recently been constructed by La Dow & Hamilton, of Dayton, at an expense of about \$300, contributed by public-spirited individuals of this vicinity. It is composed of the elegant Rutland marble, is about twelve feet in height, and stands upon one of those small artificial mounds common in this region. The view was taken from the east, beyond which, in the extreme distance, in the forest on the left, is the site of Fort St. Clair.

This Lieut. Lowry was a brave man. His last words were: "My brave boys, all you that can fight, now display your activity and let your balls fly!" The slain in the engagement were buried at the fort. On the 4th of July, 1822, the remains of Lowry were taken up and reinterred with the honors of war in this

graveyard, twelve military officers acting as pall-bearers, followed by the orator, chaplain and physicians, under whose direction the removal was made, with a large concourse of citizens and two military companies. The remains of the slain commander and soldiers have been recently removed to the mound, which, with the monument, will "mark their resting-place, and be a memento of their glory for ages to come."

E. D. Mansfield, in his *Personal Memoirs*, published by Robert Clarke & Co., in 1879, speaks of meeting Little Turtle at his father's house, then Ludlow's Station, now Cumminsville, Cincinnati.

One day a dark man, with swarthy countenance, riding a very fine horse, dismounted at our house and went into my father's office. I wanted to go in and see him, but for some reason or other was not allowed to. After some time—it was in the forenoon, I think—I saw him come out, mount his horse and ride rapidly away. I was struck by the man, and asked, "Who is that, Ma?" She said it was "LITTLE TURTLE," the great Indian chief.

The last Indian Confederacy had been founded by Brandt, but the figure which stands out on the historical canvas in bold relief is that of MECHE CUNNAQUA, the Little Turtle, chief of the Miamis. This most acute and sagacious of Indian statesmen,

was, it is said, even a polished gentleman. He had wit, humor and intelligence.

Thirty years after the treaty of Greenville he died at Fort Wayne, of the *gout* (!), which would seem a marvellous fact, did we not remember that the Turtle was a high liver and a gentleman; equally remarkable was it that his body was borne to the grave with the highest honors by his great enemy, the white man.

The muffled drum, the funeral salute, announced that a great soldier had fallen, and even enemies paid their mournful tribute to his memory. The sun of Indian glory set with him; and the clouds and shadows, which for two hundred years had gathered around their destiny, now closed in the starless night of death.

We give a letter narrating an account of this action, written by Gen. Wayne to the Secretary of War, and dated "Camp, southwest branch of the Miami, six miles advanced of Fort Jefferson, October 23, 1793."

The greatest difficulty which at present presents, is that of furnishing a sufficient escort to secure our convoy of provisions and other supplies from insult and disaster, and at the same time retain a sufficient force in camp to sustain and repel the attacks of the enemy, who appear desperate and determined. We have recently experienced a little cheek to our convoys, which may probably be exaggerated into something serious by the tongue of fame, before this reaches you. The following, however, is the fact, viz.: Lieut. Lowry, of the 2d sub-legion, and Ensign Boyd, of the 1st, with a command consisting of ninety non-commissioned officers and privates, having in charge twenty wagons belonging to the Quartermaster-General's de-

partment, loaded with grain, and one of the contractor's [wagons], loaded with stores, were attacked early on the morning of the 17th inst., about seven miles advanced of Fort St. Clair, by a party of Indians. Those gallant young gentlemen—who promised at a future day to be ornaments to their profession—together with thirteen non-commissioned officers and privates, bravely fell, after an obstinate resistance against superior numbers, being abandoned by the greater part of the escort upon the first discharge. The savages killed or carried off about seventy horses, leaving the wagons and stores standing in the road, which have all been brought to this camp without any other loss or damage, except some trifling articles.

LITTLE TURTLE, who name has been mentioned in the preceding pages, was a distinguished chief and counsellor of the Miamis, by whom he was called *Meshekenoghqua*. He commanded the Indians at St. Clair's defeat. We annex a sketch of him from *Drake's Indian Biography*.

A Chief who Never Sleeps.—It has been generally said, that had the advice of this chief been taken at the disastrous fight afterwards with General Wayne, there is but little doubt but he had met as ill-success as General St. Clair. He was not for fighting General Wayne at Presque Isle, and inclined rather to peace than fighting him at all. In a

council held the night before the battle, he argued as follows: "We have beaten the enemy twice, under separate commanders. We cannot expect the same good fortune always to attend us. The Americans are now led by a chief who never sleeps; the night and the day are alike to him. And during all the time that he has been marching upon

our villages, notwithstanding the watchfulness of our young men, we have never been able to surprise him. Think well of it. There is something whispers me, it would be prudent to listen to his offers of peace." For using this language he was reproached by another chief with cowardice, which put an end to all further discourse. Nothing wounds the feelings of a warrior like the reproach of cowardice, but he stifled his resentment, did his duty in the battle, and its issue proved him a truer prophet than his accuser believed.

A Wise and Humane Indian Chief.—Little Turtle lived some years after the war in great esteem among men of high standing. He was alike courageous and humane, possessing great wisdom. "And," says Schoolcraft, "there have been few individuals among aborigines who have done so much to abolish the rites of human sacrifice. The grave of this noted warrior is shown to visitors, near Fort Wayne. It is frequently visited by the Indians in that part of the country, by whom his memory is cherished with the greatest respect and veneration."

When the philosopher and famous traveler, Volney, was in America, in the winter of 1797, Little Turtle came to Philadelphia, where he then was, and he sought immediate acquaintance with the celebrated chief, for highly valuable purposes, which in some measure he effected. He made a vocabulary of his language, which he printed in the appendix to his travels. A copy in manuscript, more extensive than the printed one, is in the library of the Philosophical Society of Pennsylvania.

Having become convinced that all resistance to the whites was vain, he brought his nation to consent to peace and to adopt agricultural pursuits. And it was with the view of soliciting Congress and the benevolent Society of Friends for assistance to effect this latter purpose that he now visited Philadelphia. While here he was inoculated for the small pox, and was afflicted with the gout and rheumatism.

Indians Descendants of Tartars.—At the time of Mr. Volney's interview with him for

information, he took no notice of the conversation while the interpreter was communicating with Mr. Volney, for he did not understand English, but walked about, plucking out his beard and eye-brows. He was dressed now in English clothes. His skin, where not exposed, Mr. Volney says, was as white as his; and on speaking upon the subject, Little Turtle said: "I have seen Spaniards in Louisiana, and found no difference of color between them and me. And why should there be any? In them, as in us, it is the work of the *father of colors*, the *sun* that burns us. You white people compare the color of your face with that of your bodies." Mr. Volney explained to him the notion of many, that his race was descended from the Tartars, and by a map showed him the supposed communication between Asia and America. To this Little Turtle replied: "*Why should not these Tartars, who resemble us, have come from America? Are there any reasons to the contrary? Or why should we not both have been in our own country?*" It is a fact that the Indians give themselves a name which is equivalent to our word *indigine*, that is, *one sprung from the soil*, or natural to it.

An Indian out of Place.—When Mr. Volney asked Little Turtle what prevented him from living among the whites, and if he were not more comfortable in Philadelphia than upon the banks of the Wabash, he said: "Taking all things together you have the advantage over us; but here I am deaf and dumb. I do not talk your language; I can neither hear, nor make myself heard. When I walk through the streets I see every person in his shop employed about something: one makes shoes, another hats, a third sells cloth, and every one lives by his labor. I say to myself, Which of all these things can you do? Not one. I can make a bow or an arrow, catch fish, kill game, and go to war; but none of these is of any use here. To learn what is done here would require a long time. Old age comes on. I should be a useless piece of furniture, useless to my nation, useless to the whites, and useless to myself. I must return to my own country."

Col. John Johnston has given in his "Recollections," published in *Cist's Advertiser*, some anecdotes of Little Turtle.

A Companionable Indian.—Little Turtle was a man of great wit, humor and vivacity, fond of the company of gentlemen, and delighted in good eating. When I knew him he had two wives living with him under the same roof in the greatest harmony; one, an old woman, about his own age—fifty—the choice of his youth, who performed the drudgery of the house; the other, a young and beautiful creature of eighteen, who was his favorite; yet it was never discovered by any one that the least unkind feeling existed between them. This distinguished chief died at Fort Wayne, about twenty-five years ago,

of a confirmed case of the gout, brought on by high living, and was buried with military honors by the troops of the United States. The Little Turtle used to entertain us with many of his war adventures, and would laugh immoderately at the recital of the following:

A Tricky Prisoner.—A white man, a prisoner of many years in the tribe, had often solicited permission to go on a war party to Kentucky, and had been refused. It never was the practice with the Indians to ask or encourage white prisoners among them to go to war against their countrymen. This man,

however, had so far acquired the confidence of the Indians, and being very importunate to go to war, the Turtle at last consented, and took him on an expedition into Kentucky. As was their practice, they had reconnoitred during the day, and had fixed on a house, recently built and occupied, as the object to be attacked next morning a little before the dawn of day. The house was surrounded by a clearing, there being much brush and fallen timber on the ground. At the appointed time, the Indians, with the white man, began to move to the attack. At all such times no talking or noise is to be made. They crawl along the ground on hands and feet; all is done by signs from the leader. The white man all the time was striving to be foremost, the Indians beckoning him to keep back. In spite of all their efforts he would keep foremost, and having at length got within running distance of the house, he jumped to his feet and went with all his speed, shouting at the top of his voice, Indians! Indians! The Turtle and his party had to make a precipitate retreat, losing forever their white companion and disappointed in their fancied conquest of

the unsuspecting victims of the log cabin. From that day forth this chief would never trust a white man to accompany him again to war.

Kosciusko and Little Turtle.—During the presidency of Washington the Little Turtle visited that great and just man at Philadelphia, and during his whole life after often spoke of the pleasure which that visit afforded him. Kosciusko, the Polish chief, was at the time in Philadelphia confined by sickness to his lodgings, and hearing of the Indians being in the city, he sent for them, and after an interview of some length, he had his favorite brace of pistols brought forth, and addressing the chief, Turtle, said—I have carried and used these in many a hard-fought battle, in defence of the oppressed, the weak and the wronged of my own race, and I now present them to you with this injunction, that with them you shoot dead the first man that ever comes to subjugate you or despoil you of your country. These pistols were of the best quality and finest manufacture, silver mounted, with gold touch-holes.

FATHER FINLEY, THE ITINERANT.

On entering the Old Mound Cemetery, at Eaton, I was surprised to find there the monument to my old friend, Father Finley. I had not until then known the spot of his burial. To copy the inscription was a labor of love. On the north side it was: "Rev. Jas. B. Finley, died September 6, 1857, aged 76 years, 1 month and 20 days;" on the south side, "To the memory of Hannah, his wife, born in 1783; died in 1861." On the west side is an open Bible with the words: "There is rest in Heaven." The monument is a single shaft mounted on a pedestal and about twelve feet in height.

The young of this generation may ask, "Who was Father Finley?" We reply, "One of the greatest of the itinerant Methodist ministers." He began his itinerant ministry in 1809, when 28 years of age. The scene of his labors was the then wilderness of eastern and northern Ohio, western Pennsylvania and western New York, and during his over forty years of service he personally received 5,000 members into the service of the Methodist Episcopal church. Daniels, in his "History of Methodism," thus sums up his life-work:

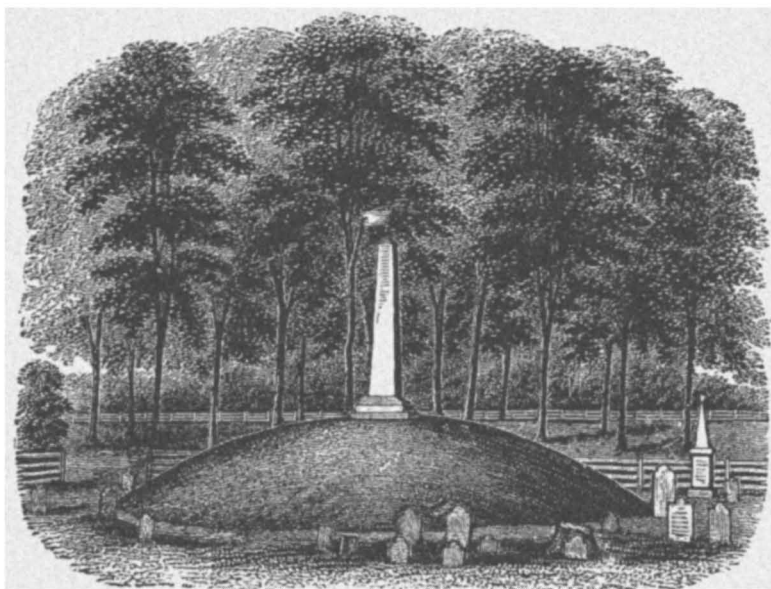
"Finley was eight times elected a member of the General Conference. He also served three years as chaplain of the Ohio Penitentiary. He was a man of great energy of character, of burning zeal, a powerful preacher, a popular manager of camp meetings and other great assemblies, at which, by the power of his eloquence as well as his tact and knowledge of human nature, he swayed the masses, and calmed the rage of mobs and ruffians.

"To his other labors he added, from his own experiences, those of an author—'An Account of the Wyandot Mission,' 'Sketches of Western Methodism,' 'Life Among the Indians,' 'Memorials of Prison Life,' and his own 'Biography,'—a book abounding in wild adventure, hair-breadth escapes, backwoods wanderings, and such other wild experiences as appertained to the Western itinerants of that day."

I said Father Finley was an old friend. Yes, I was in prison and he comforted me. In 1846 he was chaplain of the Ohio Penitentiary, when he took me under his wing. I had arrived with a severe cold, and he cured me after the manner of the Wyandots, those simple people of the woods, among whom he had lived, prayed and sung. He brought out a heavy buffalo robe, and spreading it



FATHER FINLEY.
Indian Missionary and Itinerant.



Drawn by Henry Hove in 1846
THE LOWRY MONUMENT.
In the Mound Cemetery, Eaton.

before the fire of his room, I laid on my back and toasted my feet for about two days; thus the cure was effected, and so well that scarcely a single other has since invaded my premises. Those two days with the hunter were a rare social treat.

Wrote Donn Piatt: "A mean sinner makes a mean saint;" this was more than forty years ago, but Donn never put in any claim for it as an original discovery. Father Finley was formed on a generous scale, and when he threw that strong, sympathetic spirit of his into the service of Christianity, there was enough of him to make one of the biggest sort of Christians. He was short, but strongly built, with a heavy, sonorous voice that went to the utmost verge of many a camp-meeting, stirring the emotions of multitudes to their inmost depths. He was frank, simple as a child, outspoken, fearless in denunciation of wrong, and when rowdies disturbed any meeting where he was, he was quick and effective in muscular demonstrations.

His autobiography is a valuable contribution to the knowledge of Western life in the beginning of this century, and gives an experience nowhere else so well told. From it we derive the following:

The Finleys were Presbyterians of Pennsylvania. James' father, Robert W. Finley, was graduated at Princeton, studied for the ministry, and then sent as a missionary into the settlements of North Carolina, South Carolina and Georgia, preaching and planting churches in destitute places. Here he married Miss Rebecca Bradley, whose father had lately removed from Pennsylvania to North Carolina, and the year after, in 1781, James was born at his father's home in North Carolina.

Horrors of Civil War.—James was cradled and reared in war until well advanced in life. At the time of his birth the horrors of civil war raged with great fury; neighbor was massacred by neighbor. The Tories, urged by the British, tried to exterminate the Whigs. All of his mother's brothers, says Finley, were killed in this deadly strife. One fell at Gates' defeat; another was murdered by four Tories near his own door—was shot with his own rifle; another died on a prison ship. His father and congregation were waylaid and shot at on their way to church; one member was killed by a shot through a window of his house while at prayer. His father received a ball through the clothes of his breast, just as he stepped out of his own door.

A Tory Major of the neighborhood by stratagem collected all the wives of the Whigs in one house, and hanged them by the neck until almost dead, in the vain attempt to extort from them the places of their husbands' concealment. At the close of the war he returned to the neighborhood, when their sons took him out one night to a swamp, and gave him twenty lashes for each of their mothers whom he had hanged. Then they tarred and feathered him, ducked him in the swamp, and threatened if he did not leave the country in a month they would draw every drop of Tory blood out of his body.

Kentucky Experiences.—In 1786 the Finley family removed to the Redstone country, near the headwaters of the Potomac, Virginia, where his father preached for two years; but Kentucky was the land of prom-

ise, and in the fall of 1788 they embarked with a party of others on the Ohio, and arrived at Maysville, when Mr. Finley removed his family to Washington, Ky., for the winter. James was then a lad of 7 years, and saw for the first time "that great adventurer, Simon Kenton, a child of Providence, raised for the protection of the scattered families in the wilderness."

That winter the Indians made great depredations and stole almost all the horses, so that the farmers were scarcely able to carry on their business. It was only a few years before that Kenton, going in pursuit with a party, was taken prisoner, and but for the intervention of Simon Girty, would have been burned at the stake.

The Finleys Help to Found Chillicothe.—The depredations of the Indians were so great that the family again removed, and to *Cane Ridge*, in Bourbon county. Mr. Finley bought part of an unbroken canebrake, cleared it, and opened up a farm, which he cultivated with the work of his slaves. He preached to two congregations—Cane Ridge and Concord—and started a high-school, the first of the kind in Kentucky, in which the dead languages were taught. Several of his pupils became Presbyterian ministers. In the spring of 1796 Mr. Finley emigrated with a large part of his two congregations to the Scioto valley, and was a great factor in laying the foundations of Chillicothe (see Ross County), and James was thenceforth "an Ohio boy." He says in his early days they had to depend for their daily living upon the hunters and what they could kill themselves of the wild game. This gave him an early love for the chase, so that before the age of 16 he had almost become an Indian in his habits and feelings.

In his father's academy he had studied the Greek, Latin and mathematics, and finally, by his request, studied medicine, and in the fall of 1800 took his degree, but with no design to practise it. "My recreations," said he, "were with the gun in the woods, and I passed several months in the forest

surveying Congress lands for Thomas Worthington, afterwards Governor of the State."

FINLEY ADOPTS THE PROFESSION OF A HUNTER, AND SEEKS FOR A WIFE A WOMAN ADAPTED TO THAT SITUATION.

Having passed the winter of 1800-1801 in hunting, he was so enamored with its peaceful enjoyments that he resolved on adopting a hunter's life, and by the advice of his mother chose a wife suited to that mode of living. The happy woman was Hannah Strane, and she proved a prize in that perilous venture which may ruin or save a man—marriage! "On the 3d day of March, 1801," he says, "I was accordingly married." How he got on he thus relates:

My father having bought land in what is now Highland county, I resolved to move and take possession. This section of the country was then a dense wilderness, with only here and there a human habitation. My father-in-law, being dissatisfied with his daughter's choice, did not even allow her to take her clothes, so we started out without any patrimony, on our simple matrimonial stock, to make our fortune in the woods.

Builds a Cabin.—With the aid of my brother John I built a cabin in the forest, my nearest neighbor being three miles off. Into this we moved without horse or cow, bed or bedding, bag or baggage. We gathered up leaves and dried them in the sun; then, picking out all the sticks, we put them into a bed-tick. For a bedstead, we drove forks into the ground, and laid sticks across, over which we placed elm bark. On this we placed our bed of leaves and had comfortable lodging.

The next thing was to procure something to eat. Of meat we had an abundance, supplied by my rifle, but we wanted some bread. I cut and split one hundred rails for a bushel of potatoes, which I carried home on my back, a distance of six miles. At the same place I worked a day for a hen and three chickens, which I put into my hunting shirt-bosom and carried home as a great prize. Our cabin was covered with bark, and lined and floored with the same material. One end of the cabin was left open for a fireplace. In this we lived comfortably all summer. Having no horse or plough, I went into a plum bottom near the house, and, with my axe, grubbed and cleared off an acre and a half, in which I dug holes with my hoe, and planted my corn without any fence around it.

I cultivated this patch as well as I could with my hoe, and Providence blessed my labor with a good crop of over one hundred bushels. Besides, during the summer, with the help of my wife, I put up a neat cabin, and finished it for our winter's lodgings. For the purpose of making the cabin warm, I put my corn in the loft, and now, if we could not get bread, we had always, as a good substitute, plenty of hominy. We had also plenty of bear meat and venison, and no couple on earth lived happier or more contented. Our

Indian friends often called and stayed all night, and I paid them, in return, occasional visits.

During the season several families settled in the neighborhood, and, when we were together, we enjoyed life without gossip and those often fatal bickerings and backbitings which destroy the peace of whole communities. Though we had but little, our wants were few, and we enjoyed our simple and homely possessions with a relish the purse-proud aristocrat never enjoyed. A generous hospitality characterized every neighbor, and what we had we divided to the last with each other. When any one wanted help all were ready to aid.

I spent the greater part of the winter in hunting and laying up a store of provisions for the summer, so that I might give my undivided attention to farming. As we had no stock to kill, and could not conveniently raise hogs, on account of the wild animals, which would carry them off, we were obliged to depend upon the product of the woods. As the bear was the most valuable, we always hunted for this animal. This fall there was a good mast, and bears were so plentiful that it was not necessary to go from home to hunt them. About Christmas we made our turkey-hunt. At that season of the year they are very fat, and we killed them in great abundance. To preserve them, we cleaned them, cut them in two, and after salting them in troughs, we hung them up to dry. They served a valuable purpose to cook, in the spring and summer, with our bear, bacon, and venison hams. Being dry, we would stew them in bear's oil, and they answered a good substitute for bread, which, in those days, was hard to be obtained, the nearest mill being thirty miles distant. Another great difficulty was to procure salt, which sold enormously high—at the rate of four dollars for fifty pounds. In backwoods currency, it would require four buckskins, or a large bear skin, or sixteen coon skins, to make the purchase. Often it could not be had at any price, and the only way we had to procure it was by packing a load of kettles on our horses to the Scioto salt lick, now the site of Jackson Court-house, and boiling the water ourselves. Otherwise we had to dispense with it entirely. I have known meat cured with strong hickory ashes.

Happy Times.—I imagine I hear the reader saying this was hard living and hard times. So they would have been to the present race of men; but those who lived at that time enjoyed life with a greater zest, and were more healthy and happy than the present race. We had not then sickly, hysterical wives, with poor, puny, sickly, dying children; and no dyspeptic men constantly swallowing the nostrums of quacks. When we became sick unto death we died at once, and did not keep the neighborhood in a constant state of alarm for several weeks by daily bulletins of our dying. Our young women were beautiful without rouge, color de rose, meen fun, or any other cosmetic, and blithesome

without wine and fruit-cake. There was then no curvature of the spine, but the lasses were straight and fine-looking, without corsets or whalebone. They were neat in their appearance and fresh as the morning.

When the spring opened I was better prepared to go to farming than I was the last season, having procured horses and plough. Instead of the laborious and tedious process of working the land with a hoe, I now commenced ploughing. Providence crowned my labors with abundant success, and we had plenty to eat and wear. Of course, our wants were few and exceedingly simple, and the products of the soil and hunting yielded a rich supply. Thus we lived within ourselves on our own industry, our only dependence being upon the favor of an over-ruling bountiful Benefactor. We spun and wove our own fabrics for clothing, and had no tax, no muster, no court, no justices, no lawyers, no constables, and no doctors, and, consequently, had no exorbitant fees to pay to professional gentlemen. The law of kindness governed our social walks; and if such a disastrous thing as a quarrel should break out, the only way to settle the difficulty was by a strong dish of fisticuffs. No man was permitted to insult another without resentment; and if an insult was permitted to pass unrevenged, the insulted party lost his standing and caste in society. Many a muss or spree was gotten up, in which the best of friends quarrelled and fought, through the sole influence of the brown jug.

It was seldom we had any preaching, but if a travelling minister should come along and make an appointment, all would go out to preaching. If the preaching was on a week day, the men would go in their hunting-shirts, with their guns. On Sabbath, the gun was left at home, but the belt and knife were never forgotten.

Misfortune Met Philosophically.—After two or three seasons had passed he met with a great misfortune; lost all his property, one hundred acres of good military land, with all the improvements, by going security for a man who had run away. He took it philosophically. "I consoled my wife," says he, "as well as I could, and told her we were

young, and had begun the world with nothing, and would do it again. I requested her to stay at home and keep house, and I would take to the woods and hunt." Bear-skins commanded a good price; from three to seven dollars, according to size and quality. I spent the winter mostly in the woods, and suffered much from lying out at night without bedclothes or bed, only as I could make one out of dry bark. I wrapped skins about me and laid by the fire. It was a prosperous winter, and success, the most sanguine, crowned my days and nights of toil and privation. From the proceeds of my winter campaign, I was enabled to purchase as good a home as that from which the law had ejected me.

Thus I passed seven years, farming in the summer and hunting in the winter, and adding to my resources till I had a comfortable home, with everything necessary to make the backwoodsman happy.

The Grand Old Woods.—But my neighbors became too numerous, and my hunting-grounds were broken in upon by the axe of civilization; game became scarce and hard to take; my ranges were broken up, and I had about come to the conclusion to go to a new country. It seemed as though my happiness depended upon a life in the woods, "the grand old woods," where Nature had erected her throne, and where she swayed her sceptre.

Alone in the deep solitude of the wilderness man can commune with himself and Nature and her God, and realize emotions and thoughts that the crowded city never can produce. To be sure, one has said, "A great city is a great desert," but it is a desert of depraved humanity, where every one is wrapped up in selfishness, and guards himself against his neighbor while his heart rankles with envy at his prosperity, or his wild, unbridled ambition urges him on the reckless course of outstripping all his competitors. Not so in the woods. There pride, envy, selfishness, and ambition have no abode. The only evil spirit that haunts the woods is Melancholy. This will often steal upon the heart of those who have not found the satisfying portion that religion imparts.

Mr. Finley's account of his conversion and final entrance into the ministry of the Methodist Church is vividly told. "He was," he says, "raised by Presbyterian parents, and taught the catechism." From this he learned that God from all eternity had elected some men and angels to everlasting life and passed by the remainder, ordaining them to eternal death. This doctrine seemed to him unjust. There was no use in prayer. That would not convert him unless he was one of the elect, and if so, he would be saved anyway. "This doctrine," he says, "well nigh ruined me. I thought if God had brought me into the world without my consent for his own purposes, it was no concern of mine, and all I had to do was to be honest, enjoy life, and perform the errand of my destiny." So he entered freely into pleasure, took a hand at cards, but never gambled; was passionately fond of dancing; sometimes went on a spree; would swear when angry, and fight when insulted. "Backwoods boys were brought up to the trade of knock down and drag out." The people called him the "New Market Devil," so wild was he.

In the midst of all this mirth and revelry he dare not think of death and eternity. About this time a great revival of religion broke out in Kentucky, accompanied by that alarming phenomena called the jerks. In August, 1801, learning there was to be a great meeting at Cane Ridge, Kentucky, in his father's old congregation, he left, with some companions, his woody retreat in Highland county, near what is now New Market, and went down to visit the scenes of his boyhood.

CAMP MEETING SCENES.

When he arrived on the camp-ground he found an awful scene. A vast crowd was collected, estimated at 25,000. The noise was like the roar of Niagara. The vast sea of human beings were agitated as if by a storm. He counted seven ministers all preaching at once from stumps, fallen trees, and wagons. Some were singing, others praying; some piteously crying for mercy, and others shouting most vociferously. He became weak as a kitten at the sight and fled to the woods.

"After some time," he says, "I returned to the scene of excitement, the waves of which, if possible, had risen still higher. The same awfulness of feeling came over me. I stepped up on to a log, where I could have a better view of the surging sea of humanity. The scene that presented itself to my mind was indescribable. At one time I saw at least five hundred swept down in a moment, as if a battery of a thousand guns had been opened upon them; and then immediately followed shrieks and shouts that rent the very heavens. My hair rose up on my head; my whole frame trembled; the blood ran cold in my veins; and I fled for the woods a second time, and wished I had stayed at home. While I remained here my feelings became intense and insupportable. A sense of suffocation and blindness seemed to come over me, and I thought I was going to die.

A Drunken Revelry.—There being a tavern about half a mile off, I concluded to go and get some brandy, and see if it would not strengthen my nerves. When I arrived there I was disgusted with the sight that met my eyes. Here I saw about one hundred men engaged in a drunken revelry, playing cards, trading horses, quarrelling, and fighting. After some time I got to the bar, and took a dram and left; feeling that I was as near hell as I wished to be, either in this or the world to come. The brandy had no effect in allaying my feelings, but, if anything, made me worse.

Convicted of Sin.—Night at length came on, and I was afraid to see any of my companions. I cautiously avoided them, fearing lest they should discover something the matter with me. In this state I wandered about from place to place, in and around the encampment. At times it seemed as if all the sins I had ever committed in my life were vividly brought up in array before my terrified imagination; and under their awful pressure I felt that I must die if I did not get re-

lief. Then it was that I saw clearly through the thin veil of Universalism, and this refuge of lies was swept away by the Spirit of God. Then fell the scales from my sin-blinded eyes, and I realized, in all its force and power, the awful truth; and that if I died in my sins, I was a lost man forever.

Notwithstanding all this, my heart was so proud and hard that I would not have fallen to the ground for the whole State of Kentucky. I felt that such an event would have been an everlasting disgrace, and put a final quietus on my boasted manhood and courage. At night I went to a barn in the neighborhood, and, creeping under the hay, spent a most dismal night. I resolved in the morning to start for home, for I felt that I was a ruined man. Finding one of the friends who came over with me, I said, "Captain, let us be off; I will stay no longer." He assented, and getting our horses we started for home.

A Struggle—Conversion—Joy.—The next night they reached the Blue Lick Knobs, when, says Finley, "I broke the silence which reigned mutually between us, and exclaimed to my companion, Captain, if you and I don't stop our wickedness, the devil will get us both." Then both commenced crying and weeping. The next morning he went into the woods to pray. His shouts attracted the neighbors, who gathered around, and among them a Swiss German who had experienced religion. He understood his case; had him carried to his house, and put on his bed. The old Dutch saint directed me to look right away to the Saviour. He then kneeled at the bedside, and prayed for my salvation most fervently in Dutch and broken English. He then rose and sung in the same manner, and continued singing and praying alternately till nine o'clock, when suddenly my load was gone, my guilt removed, and presently the direct witness from heaven shone full upon my soul. Then there flowed such copious streams of love into the hitherto waste and desolate places of my soul, that I thought I should die with excess of joy. I cried, I laughed, I shouted; and so strangely did I appear to all but my Dutch brother that they thought me deranged. After a time I returned to my companion, and we started on our journey. O what a day it was to my soul!

I told the captain how happy I was, and was often interrupted, in a recital of my experience, by involuntary shouts of praise. I felt a love for all mankind, and reproached myself for having been such a fool as to live so long in sin and misery when there was so much mercy for me.

Becomes a Circuit Rider.—Soon after his arrival at home, Finley joined the Methodists, developed extraordinary eloquence, and eventually was appointed to the Wills creek circuit. He sent for his family, put them into a cabin; their entire earthly possessions being nothing but a bed and some wearing apparel, and then, he says, "My funds being all exhausted, I sold my boots off my feet to pur-

chase provisions with." Then he started on his circuit, to be absent four weeks.

Wills Creek Circuit was computed to be 475 miles round. Its route was as follows: Beginning at Zanesville and running east, it embraced all the settlements on each side of the Wheeling road, on to Salt creek and the Buffalo fork of Wills creek; thence down to Cambridge and Leatherwood, on Stillwater; thence to Barnesville and Morristown; thence down Stillwater, including all the branches

on which there were settlements, to the mouth; thence up the Tuscarawas, through New Philadelphia, to One-leg Nimishilling; thence up Sandy to Canton, and on to Carter's; thence to Sugar creek, and down said creek to the mouth; thence down the Tuscarawas to William Butt's, and thence down to the mouth of Whitewoman; thence, after crossing the river, including all the settlements of the Wapatomica, down to Zanesville, the place of beginning.

Many were his difficulties and perils. The country was wild; the people generally ignorant and inexperienced. They often interrupted him in his preaching by mockings and curses and threats of punishment, and sometimes he felt it his duty to "go in" on his muscle; and he was strong as an ox. They used to tell a story of his thrashing a notorious bully, and then bringing him within the fold.

While on the Wills circuit one man, whose wife had been in great distress of mind from the sense of sin, declared Finley was a wizard and had bewitched her. He loaded his rifle with a charmed bullet, and went two miles into the woods to waylay him. Soon his mind was filled with dreadful thoughts; horrid visions floated in the air; demon faces gibbered before his vision, when he took to his heels for his home in as much distress as his poor wife. In the result both became converts.

As he journeyed his place of study was the forest and his text-books the Bible, Discipline, doctrinal tracts, and the works of Wesley and Fletcher. The influence of the circuit riders in that day in saving the people of the wilderness from degenerating into savagery was beyond all computation. Such a body of self-denying moral heroes as they were have seldom been known. Generally poverty loomed up to them drearily in the distance. They lived poor and died poor, and left their families in poverty. "Some I know," said Finley, "have spent a fortune for the privilege of travelling circuits, at a salary of twenty-five dollars a year, while their wives lived in log cabins and rocked their children in sugar-troughs."

Eventually Finley was put in charge of the "Ohio district," which included eight circuits, ten travelling preachers, and over 4,000 members. It embraced all Eastern and Northern Ohio, part of Western New York and all Western Pennsylvania; and he rode through the woods all around it four times a year, holding quarterly meetings. We close with an anecdote related by him as having occurred at St. Clairsville, wherein the later eminent Charles Hammond illustrated his muse:

"I was," writes Finley, "called on by brother Young to exhort. Being much blessed, I suppose I raised my voice to the highest pitch and struck the book-board with my hand. At this a young lawyer, Charles Hammond, who had a considerable reputation for talents, became alarmed, and, urging his way through the crowd to the door, fled for his life. On my next round, the sexton found in the pulpit a very neatly turned maul, with a slip of paper wrapped around the handle, which was directed to me. After meeting it was presented, and on the paper were the following verses:

" 'Thus saith the Lord, the preacher now
Must warn the people all,
And if you cannot make them hear,
I'd have you use this maul.

" 'Your hand, dear sir, is far too soft
To batter on the wood;
Just take this maul, it is but small,
And thunder on the board.

" 'Lift up your voice, and loudly call
On sinners all around,
And if you cannot make them hear,
Take up this maul and POUND!'"

CAMDEN is eight miles south of Eaton, on the C. R. & C. R. R. Newspapers:

Gazette, Independent, C. M. Hane, editor and publisher. Churches: 1 Methodist, 1 Presbyterian, and 1 Universalist. It is quite a purchasing and shipping-point for grain and stock. Population, 1880, 800. School census, 1888, 220.

- WEST ALEXANDRIA is six miles east of Eaton, on the C. J. & M. R. R., and in the heart of the beautiful Twin Valley. Newspaper: *Twin Valley Times*, Independent, Chas. J. Wilson, editor. Churches: 1 Episcopal Methodist, 1 Lutheran, 1 Reformed. This is said to be one of the wealthiest villages, per head of population, in this part of the State, and remarkable for its number of fine residences. The main industries are furniture, Coffman & Burtner; washing machines, Adolph Schlingman; woollen goods, as yarns and blankets, flour, saddlery, harness, wagons, etc. Population, 1880, 796. School census, 1888, 186. E. P. Vaughn, superintendent of schools.

WINCHESTER, P. O. Gratis, is nine miles southeast of Eaton. Population, 1880, 502. School census, 1888, 203.

WEST ELKTON is fourteen miles southeast of Eaton. Population, 1880, 247. School census, 1888, 115.

LEWISBURG is nine miles northeast of Eaton, on the C. J. & M. R. R. Population, 1880, 409. School census, 1888, 161.

NEW PARIS is twelve miles northwest of Eaton, on the P. C. & St. L. R. R., six miles east of New Richmond, Ind., on and in the valley of the Whitewater. Newspapers: *Mirror*, Independent, C. W. Bloom, editor and publisher. Churches: 1 Methodist Episcopal, 1 colored Methodist Episcopal, 1 Presbyterian, 1 Christian, 1 Universalist, 1 United Brethren, and 1 Catholic. Population, 1880, 835. School census, 1888, 300. F. S. Alley, superintendent of schools. New Paris is noted for its mineral springs, called Cedar Springs, which are quite a summer resort for invalids. The manufacture of linen is extensively carried on.

ELDORADO is twelve miles northwest of Eaton, on the P. C. & St. L. R. R. Population, 1880, 337. School census, 1888, 112.

PUTNAM.

PUTNAM COUNTY was formed from Old Indian Territory, April 1, 1820, and named from General Israel Putnam, who was born at Salem, Mass., January 7, 1718, and died at Brooklyn, Conn., May 29, 1790. In 1824, when Williams county was organized, Putnam, Henry and Paulding counties were attached to it for judicial purposes, and in 1834 Putnam was organized as a separate county. The surface is generally level and, much of the land being within the Black Swamp district, is wet but, when cleared and drained, very fertile. Area about 510 square miles. In 1887 the acres cultivated were 129,123: in pasture, 16,083; woodland, 66,297; lying waste, 3,053; produced in wheat, 484,800 bushels; rye, 29,446; buckwheat, 567; oats, 210,827; barley, 4,826; corn, 1,505,147; broom-corn, 1,315 lbs. brush; meadow hay, 16,597 tons; clover hay, 4,298; flax-seed, 90 bushels; potatoes, 64,466; tobacco, 350 lbs.; butter, 498,743; cheese, 4,440; sorghum, 7,408 gallons; maple syrup, 3,007; honey, 8,121 lbs.; eggs, 755,555 dozen; grapes, 1,784 lbs.; sweet potatoes, 375 bushels; apples, 6,511; peaches, 234; pears, 193; wool, 51,141 lbs.; milch cows owned, 7,289. Ohio Mining Statistics, 1888: Limestone: 1,055 cubic feet of dimension stone, 2,559 cubic yards of building stone, 1,125 square feet of flagging, 6,750 square feet paving, 3,498 lineal feet of curbing, 1,097 cubic yards of ballast or macadam.

School census, 1888, 9,893; teachers, 241; Miles of railroad track, 96.

TOWNSHIPS AND CENSUS.	1840.	1880.	TOWNSHIPS AND CENSUS.	1840.	1880.
Blanchard,	670	1,787	Palmer,		929
Greensburg,	275	940	Perry,	266	1,073
Jackson,		1,047	Pleasant,	325	3,013
Jennings,	350	1,443	Richland,	387	
Liberty,	125	1,536	Riley,	621	1,484
Monroe,	518	788	Sugar Creek,	405	1,300
Monterey,		1,354	Union,	400	1,398
Ottawa,	690	3,177	Van Buren,		2,444

Population of Putnam in 1830 was 230; 1840, 5,132; 1860, 12,808; 1880, 23,713; of whom 19,757 were born in Ohio; 777, Pennsylvania; 230, Virginia; 174, New York; 174, Indiana; 38, Kentucky; 1,264, German Empire; 218, England and Wales; 117, Ireland; 94, France; 52, British America; 11, Scotland, and 5 Norway and Sweden. Census, 1890, 30,188.

PUTNAM COUNTY IN 1846.

A large proportion of the population is from eastern Ohio, and of Pennsylvania extraction. In Ottawa, Greensburg, Riley and Jennings are many natives of Germany. The site of old Fort Jennings is in the southwest part. There were two Indian towns in the county of some note—the upper "Tawa town was on Blanchard's fork; two miles below, on the site of the present Ottawa village, was the lower "Tawa town.

Kalida, the [old] county-seat, is on Ottawa river, 114 miles northwest of Columbus. It was laid out in 1834 as the seat of justice, and named from a Greek word signifying "*beautiful*." It contains a Methodist church, four stores, a newspaper printing-office, and thirty-six dwellings.

In Riley is a settlement of 'Aymish or Omish," a sect of the "Mennonites or Harmless Christians." They derive their name from Aymen, their founder, and were originally known as Aymenites. This sect wear long beards, and reject all superfluities in dress, diet and property. They have ever been remarkable for

industry, frugality, temperance and simplicity. At an early day many of the Omish emigrated from Germany to Pennsylvania. When they first came to the country they had neither churches nor graveyards. "A church," said they, "we do not require, for in the depth of the thicket, in the forest, on the water, in the field and in the dwelling, God is always present." Many of their descendants, deviating from the practice of their forefathers, have churches and burial grounds.

The view, "A Home in the Wilderness," represents a log tavern in the western part of the county, on the road to Charloe. It was built about thirty years since by two men, assisted by a female. It has long been a favorite stopping-place for travellers, as many as twenty or thirty having, with their horses, frequently tarried here over night, when journeying through the wilderness. The situation is charming. It is on the banks of the Auglaize, which flows in a ravine some fifteen or twenty feet below. All around stand massive trees, with foliage luxuriantly developed by the virgin fertility of the soil, while numerous branches lave in the passing waters. We came suddenly upon the place on a pleasant day in June, 1846, and were so much pleased with its primitive simplicity and loveliness as to stop and make a more familiar acquaintance. We alighted from our faithful "Pomp," turned him loose among the fresh grass, drew our portfolio from our saddle-bags, and while he was rolling amid the clover in full liberty, and the ladies of the house were seated sewing in the open space between the parts of the cabin, fanned by a gentle breeze—we took a sketch as a memorial of a scene we shall never forget, and to present to our readers a view of "A Home in the Wilderness."

Gilboa, Pendleton, Ottawa, Columbus, Grove, Madeira and Glandorff are all small places in this county, the largest of which, Gilboa, contains about thirty-five dwellings.—*Old Edition.*

TRAVELLING NOTES.

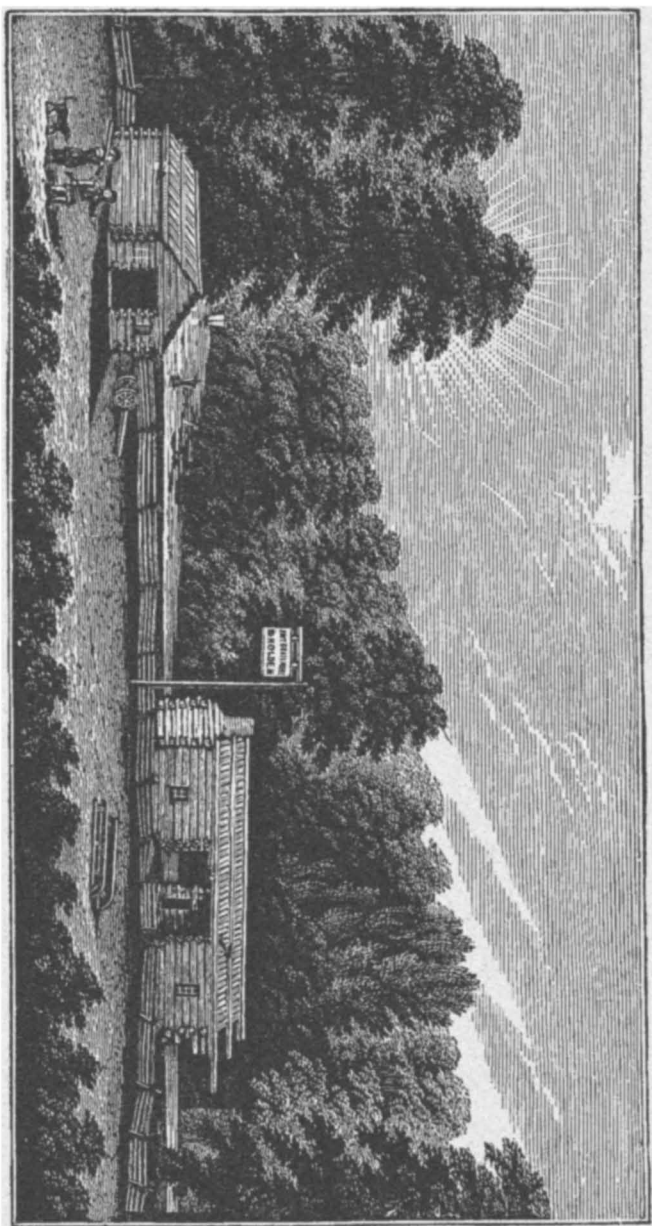
The foregoing comprises about all my old account of Putnam county. Indeed, the entire county then was largely forest and water. The most interesting point is my picture of the "Home in the Wilderness." That picture proved to be one of the most attractive things in my old book. It seemed to touch a chord in the hearts of multitudes who had begun life in the midst of such scenes. It is noteworthy that now, after the lapse of forty-three years, I should receive a letter from a stranger, a then boy, who sat by my side when I drew that picture, which tells me all the circumstances, but which I had long since forgotten. His letter is from Dawn, Darke county, Ohio, dated April 2, 1889, and signed S. S. Holden. It gives some interesting things about the old home, long since vanished. It was prompted partly by learning that the painter of an oil painting of it had put in the claim that his painting was an original design of his own. We quote :

"I am by profession a minister of the Gospel, of the 'United Brethren Church (in Christ).' I will be qualified that the picture on your letter-head is a picture of the man who drew the sketch of our home about the year 1846. I am a son of P. B. Holden, whose name appears on the sign as you drew it. I was then 14 years old, and recollect it about as vividly as if it had occurred but yesterday—your riding into the yard on horseback; getting off your horse; laying your paper, pencils, etc., about you on the old sled or *mud boat*, which lay in the yard at that time, and is shown in the picture, and watching you draw the scene. Such an occurrence was too rare not to make an impression on a boy like me. A man named Sebastian Sroufe built the house. He died and was

buried near there. Two of his sons were named George and Albert—the latter was a school teacher. His widow married Judge Perkins, and they moved to Williams county.

"While you were making the sketch, my mother and a lady school teacher sat in the open space between the two rooms, sewing. Before you had completed it, my brother and a Mr. Whiting came through the yard where we were sitting, having been to a *deer lick*. One of them carried his gun at 'trail arms' and the other carried his gun on his shoulder, and with them was our dog 'Tyler.'"

It was well the dog was along. His name marks the era of the event and helps to confirm the truth of Mr. Holden's statement. The hard-cider campaign had only passed a few years before, when the old Whigs had



Drawn by Henry Howe on a pleasant day in June, 1846.

SCENE ON THE AUGLAIZE—A HOME IN THE WILDERNESS.

sung "For Tippecanoe and Tyler too." Hence it was natural for them to thus name their dogs "Tip" for Tippecanoe and "Tyler" for Tyler too. Humor comes from incongruous associations, so Mark Twain named his jumping frog Daniel Webster—both were heavy-weights: one from brains and brawn, the other from shot.

The "Home" was on the main route from Kalida to Charloe, about five miles northwest from the former. The Samuel Holden, who lived there as stated, was an United Brethren clergyman. So the home seemed to have done service as both parsonage and tavern. Later, as I have been told, the Rev. Branson Good made it his home, and the building stood until about thirty years since.

Since receiving the letter from his son, I find in the Pioneer Reminiscences of the county a statement by Mr. George Skinner which leads me to believe that this was the first house built in Putnam county. He says: "The first building that could be designated a house was erected by two men and a woman on section 21, Perry township, by Sebastian Sroufe." He then states it was on the Auglaize, and that he was buried close by.

A Strange Animal.—After leaving this now *pet spot* in my memory, making my way westward, I discovered a strange animal running on the ground. I sprang from my horse and killed it with a club, it showing no fight. I then tied it on my horse, back of the saddle, thinking it might be some valuable game. I had no sooner got it on, than Pomp began to dance up and down, especially the back part of him; then, trotting off, I had great difficulty in catching him, and was fearful I should have to pass the night in these woods of the Black Swamp. Then I saw what was the matter. A quantity of pin-quills were sticking in his back, gathered from the ani-

mal. Every motion of his body drove them farther in. It was a hedgehog, or porcupine—the only specimen I ever saw. There are a variety of porcupines, and everywhere, we believe, it is deemed a harmless, sluggish animal. The American species live largely on insects, slugs and worms, and hibernate during cold weather in holes in the earth; but do not take part in the role of heavy sleepers, for on the first advent of warm days in spring they come out to bask in the sunshine and see what is "up." The porcupine has quills and hair, and the Indian women ornament mocassins with the quills. Indians have been known to convert their skins into whiskey jugs. The African porcupine has quills of an immense size, with a peacock-like display. The English porcupine is sometimes domesticated, is good for hunting cockroaches, and is said to be good to eat; unlike the American, when pursued he rolls himself into a ball shape as a defence, and woe to the mouth of the dog that tries to bite him. It must be a very spunky Scotch terrier that will persevere to a conquering end. None of these kinds of porcupines throw their quills; that is a popular delusion. The only species ugly enough to do that is the human.

After relieving Pomp of his burden and his back of the quills, I had a lonely ride through the woods and ended my day's journey at a miserable tavern near the line of the canal, at what I think was Charloe. The fare was hard, the night hot, and my bed cruel. I thought I was going to my slumbers alone; never was greater hallucination; they came upon me in a voracious multitude. Of all things I abhor crowds; so I sprang out as though I had been shot and passed the night on the bare boards of the floor. My travelling through Ohio in 1846 was not all "honey pie."

OTTAWA, county-seat of Putnam, is on the Blanchard fork of the Auglaize, about ninety miles northwest of Columbus, fifty-two miles southwest of Toledo, and on the C., H. & D. Railroad. In 1866, the court-house at Kalida having been destroyed by fire, Ottawa, by a majority vote of the people of 455, was made the county-seat. County officers, 1888: Auditor, W. W. Place; Clerk, H. W. Schmitschulte; Commissioners, Wm. Boehmer, James H. Smith, John T. Mallahan; Coroner, Jacob F. Leffler; Infirmary Directors, Jos. H. Miller, J. R. Rimer, R. E. Gilbert; Probate Judge, J. H. Uphaus; Prosecuting Attorney, John P. Bailey, Recorder, L. M. Ludwig; Sheriff, Peter Wannemacher; Surveyor, D. W. Seitz; Treasurer, Otho W. Crawfis. City officers, 1888: John Gordon, Mayor; August Sherlow, Clerk; L. B. Yountz, Treasurer; Schuyler Blakeman, Marshal. Newspapers: *Gazette*, Republican, C. L. H. Long, editor and publisher; *Putnam County Democrat*, German, Democratic, C. W. Bente, editor and publisher; *Putnam County Sentinel*, Democratic, George D. Kinder, editor and publisher. Churches: 1 Methodist Episcopal, 1 Catholic, 1 United Brethren, 1 Presbyterian. Banks: Ottawa Exchange; Slauson & DeFord; A. V. Rice & Co.

Manufactures and Employees.—Rice, Brown & Co., wheels, 39 hands; J. R. Smith, lumber, 7; Ottawa Gate Manufacturing Co., gates, sleds, etc., 15; Brinkman Bros., carriages, etc., 8; William Annesser, flour, etc., 4; Robeault & Ream, planing mill, etc., 6.—*State Report*, 1887.

Population, 1880, 1,293. School census, 1888, 540; C. C. Miller, school su-

perintendent. Capital invested in industrial establishments, \$75,500. Value of annual product, \$64,500.—*Ohio Labor Statistics, 1887.*

Census, 1890, 1,717.

PIONEER REMINISCENCES.

The pioneers organized at Kalida September 6, 1873, with George Skinner as chairman, who appointed as committee to draft a constitution and by-laws, Dr. Moses Lee, Henry M. Crawfis, and George Skinner.

The first article declared all persons resident in the county prior to 1840 eligible to membership. The society issued two pamphlets of Reminiscences—one in 1878 and one in 1886. We give items from these "talks" in abridged form.

GEORGE SKINNER, born in Hamilton county in 1816. Had his little stock of saddlery wagoned from Piqua to Kalida in 1839, and opened a shop. Nearest saddlery on the south was at Lima; Findlay, east; Defiance, north; Fort Wayne, west. Two stores then in Kalida, Sheldon Guthrie's and Moses Lee's; two taverns, Dr. Lee's and James Thatcher's; court-house then building. First courts were held in the cabin of Abraham Sarber. First court, May 5, 1834.

The first settler in the county was DAVID MURPHY. He came down the Blanchard from Fort Findlay in a canoe, in 1824, with his family; went up the Auglaize three miles and settled on the bayou. Erected a cabin of poles; ran out of provisions; none nearer than Fort Findlay; out also of rifle balls; recollected where he had shot a ball into a tree; hunted the tree, cut out the ball, recast it, and seeing a bear on the limb of a tree, took aim at the bear—a trying moment—killed the bear.

H. S. Knapp became at an early day editor of the *Kalida Venture*. Went one Sunday to a camp-meeting at Columbus Grove, in a wagon, with his wife. They were newly married. Started to return together on horse-back and got dumped into a mud-hole. Knapp tried to pull his wife out but failed. Backed his horse; wife caught horse's tail and was pulled out. The *Venture* appeared next morning with editorials short and crabbed. [The opposition papers denounced his newspaper as the "*Kalida Vulture*."] Knapp lived to write the history of the Maumee valley, and dedicated it to "Rutherford B. Hayes, late Governor of Ohio." The *Venture* was established in 1841 by James Mackenzie; in the course of years lost its unique, enterprising name, and is now the Putnam County *Sentinel*, with Geo. D. Kinder, editor "on guard."]

East from the barn of William Turner, in Pleasant township, is a low piece of bottom land some twenty rods wide. In 1845 there was an upheaval of the earth; a ridge formed across from bank to bank, some four feet high and about thirty wide, which dammed up a creek there; so that Mr. Turner was obliged to cut a channel through it to let off the accumulated waters. The cause of this no one knows.

For many years after the organization of the county a session of the court was deemed a fit time for a spree, a general good time; so it was common to hold court all day, and

have a jolly good time all night during the entire term of the court.

Wheat, corn, potatoes and pork were raised with very little trouble, and, when properly taken care of, want was never known. Game was plenty. Coon and deer-skins, with the money brought by emigrants, formed about all the currency. Hand-mills for grinding corn were almost a household necessity, and the meal from one ear, made into bread, was deemed ample for one meal for one person. On calling for a dinner, persons sometimes had to wait until the corn was shelled, ground and baked.

HIRAM SARBER, born in Franklin county in 1817, settled one mile below Kalida in 1833. When corn began to ear, along came the coons and squirrels, and it seemed as though they would get it all. Father said to me, "Hiram, there is the little gun and dog. I want you to watch the coons and squirrels out of the corn-field." I thought this would be fun, but I found out better in a few days. I shot squirrels by day and hunted coons by night. The dog would lay by daytime; when night came he was ready for a hunt, when I would open the door and say, "Go! hunt them," and wait until he barked. He would not kill them until I came. At last I got so tired of this that I tied him up to get some sleep. If I let him loose, he would soon find one, and then bark until father would call out, "Hiram! do you hear the dog?" and then I would have to get up and go; for I knew better than to disobey him.

The Indians were plenty here, and we had considerable sport with them shooting at a mark, hopping, and running foot-races. The first winter and spring, if we boys wanted young company we had to go twelve miles to a settlement, where there were about a dozen boys and girls that attended meeting, and a singing at a log school-house.

The First Road in the county was the one cut through from Fort Recovery to Defiance, by Anthony Wayne, in 1794. This passed

along the west side of the river, and has ever since, with few variations, been used as a public road. At the intersection of Jennings creek with the Auglaize, on this road, Col. Jennings erected, in 1812, a stockade for the protection of supplies between Fort Recovery and Fort Defiance; and on this road the first mail was established, and the mail carried between Piqua and Defiance, once a week, on horseback, supplying between the termini the offices of Hardin, Wapakonetta, and Sugar Grove (this was at the house of Sebastian Sroufe, near Hover's Mills), the only post-office in the county. The mail was carried by a boy, C. C. Marshall, from September, 1829, to December 31, 1831. This boy was afterward Mayor of Delphos, Superintendent of the Miami and Erie Canal, and a member of both houses of the legislature.

JOHN WILCOX, born in Madison county in 1825; his parents settled in Perry township in 1827. One night, when the father was absent and the pioneer wife alone with her two babes in the rude cabin, "the rains descended and the floods came;" the mother took her babes, her axe, and pot of fire (matches then being unknown), and started for higher ground, which she reached after wading through water for a quarter of a mile, and built a fire where the first orchard was planted in the subsequent year, the trees being purchased from John Chapman—"Johnny Appleseed"—who was peddling in a boat from his nursery near Fort Findlay. The rise of the waters again compelled her to seek higher ground; and here she was found later in the day by Demit Mackeral, who had come to her relief in a canoe.

The January Flood of 1830 was the highest ever known to white settlers. The river appeared to seek its level with the neighboring swamps as tributaries. Hog creek, on a "high," united its waters with the Blanchard at Prairie Run. When it was at its highest and the earth saturated with water, making it all slush and mud, the weather, being quite warm for the season, suddenly changed to extreme cold, and the almost boundless sea of water was frozen into a glare of ice to the depth of an inch and a half. Cattle lying down at night were frozen to the ground before morning, and the legs of some were frozen to the knees. On this glare of ice hundreds of deer were killed by wolves, they being headed off of the dry ridges upon which they had sought shelter; and once on the smooth ice they became an easy prey to the ravenous beasts.

WILLIAM GALBRAITH. Ottawa Indians were his only neighbors when he settled in Putnam county in 1834. Sycamore and his squaw, who had a pappoose, got into a quarrel, when he pulled out his knife and cut the child in two. Each one had half, and they settled the quarrel.

Indian Tom would steal, so the tribe concluded to put him out of the way. One evening, when the river was rising very fast, they took him down into a low bottom, and tied him to stakes driven in the ground, ex-

pecting the river to rise before morning and drown him. But there was a young squaw, who went down in the night and cut him loose. Tom finally went with the Ottawa tribe west.

STANSBURY SUTTON settled on Ottawa Green in 1833. *Indian Tom* was a bad Indian. In the spring of 1834 he stole a pony from some of his tribe. They tried him for stealing, found him guilty, took him from camp, divested him of his clothing, laid him on his back, tied him to a stake, and left him to remain all night, subject to the torture of the innumerable hosts of mosquitos and gnats. I saw Tom the next morning; he was a fearful looking object. He looked as though every pore of his skin had been penetrated by the insects. I sympathized with him, notwithstanding I knew he was a thief. After Tom was released they procured whiskey, and the whole tribe (except Pe Donquet, the chief) got drunk and had a general spree, lasting two days.

In the early settlement of a new country there is to be found a larger development of a true and genuine brotherly love and magnanimity than in any other place. In the fall of 1833 a Mr. Owens lost two cows. Thinking he would find them on Tawa Green, he pursued them to that place. Finding they had gone on, he borrowed some money of my father to pay his expenses, and pushed on after them. On the third day he returned with the cows, returned the same money, saying he could not get any one to take a cent of it.

J. Y. SACKETT settled in Riley township in 1833. *Devil Jim* and two others were claimants for the chieftainship of the Ottawa tribe of Indians. The tribe chose one of the other two, and Devil Jim, stepping up to his successful opponent, knife in hand, stabbed him in the abdomen, causing death. The tribe decided that the heir to the chieftainship should execute Jim. The executioner took the knife in hand, and commenced stabbing Jim, but without much effect. Jim damned him; told him he did not know how to kill a man, and, placing his hand on his left breast, told him to stab there. He obeyed; and Jim fell dead.

BROCKMAN BROWER settled in Greensburg township in 1833. We obtained our fruit trees from John Chapman ("Johnny Appleseed"). When I first saw him he was floating down the Blanchard river in a canoe, loaded with apple-trees, distributing them among the early settlers along the Blanchard, Auglaize, and Maumee rivers. He would supply trees to all, regardless of their ability to pay for them. His nursery was near the headwaters of the Blanchard. Loading a canoe, he would descend the river, supplying all who were in need of fruit-trees. He thus devoted his time and means for the benefit of his fellow-man. The year 1834 was noted for the July flood. It rained a large portion of the time, from the 20th of June until the 4th of July, at which time the river was at its highest. It was rising nearly two weeks,

and nearly as long going down. It will now rise to its highest point in three or four days, and recede in the same length of time.

Dr. R. W. Thrift, in an address before the Pioneer Association, said: "When I first came into the county the country appeared to be a dead level, densely and heavily wooded, with swales on every side that fed the streams, and kept them more or less swollen all the year round. The main roads had been recently cut out, and instead of there being any ditches as now to drain and dry them, they were walled up on either side by massive trees, that excluded from their surface the sunlight and the winds, and left them moist and muddy at all seasons when not actually frozen. So far as I know, there was not a bridge across the Auglaize, Hog creek, or the Blanchard, anywhere along their course through the county; and perhaps not from their common source in the great marsh in Hardin county to where they unitedly empty into the Maumee at Defiance. One of the best qualifications of the physician's

horse then was to be a safe, high swimmer; and among the first lessons the physician had to learn in manual labor was how to 'paddle his own canoe.'"

It is related of one of the old settlers, that being sick and in need of a medical man, his nearest source of supply was Defiance, possibly Dr. Colby or Evans, as they were among the first of that town; at all events a single visit was made, and the old settler was subsequently told that his bill was \$20. He was astonished, and protested that it was too much. "See here," said the doctor, "that bill is not high, considering the result of my visit. Here you are sound and well again; then you looked to me as though you were about to die. Of course, if you had died, I should not have charged you so much." "O my! O my!" said the old settler, "I wish I had died then, doctor." I suppose really that life on the Auglaize at that time had not as many charms as it might now have upon the banks of the Hudson.

THE BLACK SWAMP.

There is no other region of equal area within the State which presents such a monotonous surface as the eighteen counties included in the Maumee valley, in what is known as the "Black Swamp" region, although only a part of them properly include the "Black Swamp."

There is no portion of the entire valley which could with propriety be termed "hilly;" yet there are portions, such as the northern part of Williams, a portion of Allen, Auglaize and other counties, which are gently undulating, yet scarce sufficiently so to merit the term "rolling." Nowhere are hills to be found. A very remarkable feature of the surface of the valley is the distinct outline of ancient beaches, locally known as "Sand Ridge," "Oak Ridge," "Sugar Ridge," and perhaps by other cognomens, and found in nearly every county forming the valley.

A Level Road—The principal one of these enters Ohio near Fayette, and passes in a southwesterly direction to Fort Wayne, Ind., and from here it takes a southeasterly course to Van Wert, Ohio, from there to Delphos, Columbus Grove, Findlay, Tiffin, Milan, and thence east. From the western portion of Cuyahoga county one may travel this ancient beach—for it is a good road throughout almost its entire length—250 miles by way of Tiffin, Forts Finley and Wayne, and through the counties of Defiance, Williams and Fulton, to the State of Michigan, and not be subject to an extreme range of seventy-five feet of variation in elevation in the entire distance. Its average altitude above the lake is about 225 feet. A second ridge enters the State in Ridgefield township, Lucas county; passes southwesterly and crosses the Maumee about two miles east of Defiance; thence to Ayresville, where it branches into two separate ridges nearly parallel; the inner ridge passes through the southern part of Henry, northeasterly through Wood and into Ottawa county; the outer one of these branches passes through Putnam, northern part of Hancock, into the southern part of Wood, and east into Seneca

county, and from thence toward Fremont and Sandusky City.

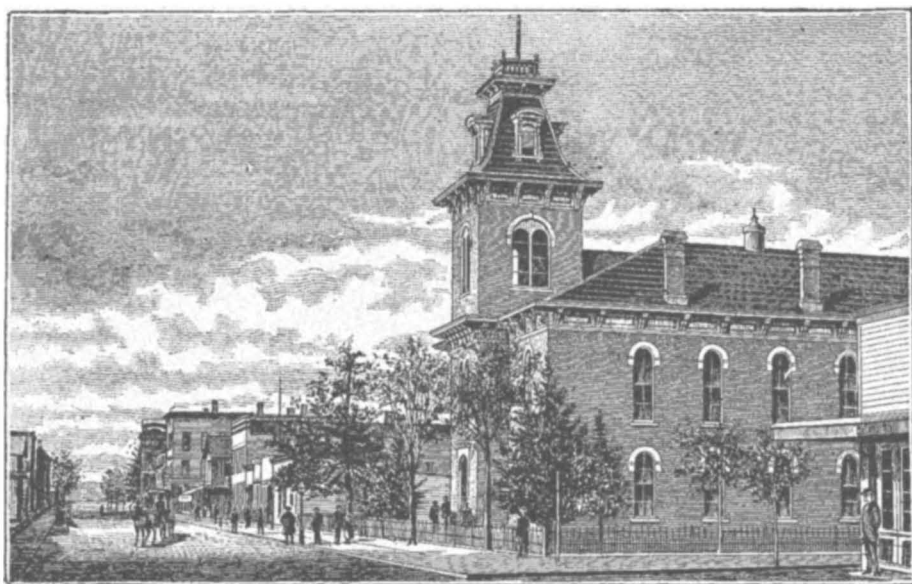
Ancient Beaches of the Lake.—These are the principal ridges, but there are many smaller and intermediate ridges. These sand ridges are usually very narrow, but in places spread out over a considerable area, sometimes one-half to three-fourths of a mile. Then, again, they form vast dunes, as in Washington township, Henry county. This entire township may be regarded as one vast sand dune.

These ridges were undoubtedly the ancient shores or beaches of the lake, formed by the action of the waves, just as beaches are now forming on the shores of Lake Michigan.

Drainage Obstructed.—The course or direction of the ridges is, as a rule, parallel to the shore of the lake; or, in other words, at right angles to the general direction of the most rapid drainage. In consequence of their direction, drainage has most certainly been obstructed. We do not infrequently find a marsh created by the ridge presenting a permanent barrier to the passage of the accumulated waters to a lower level beyond. In other instances we find a stream deflected



This map shows Maumee Valley and the other divisions of Ohio as arranged by the late Prof. Klippart, Ohio State University.



John H. Schell, Photo , Ottawa, 1887.

PUTNAM COUNTY COURT-HOUSE, ETC., OTTAWA.

from the direction of the shortest and most rapid drainage, as in the case of Blanchard's fork or Auglaize river, at Findlay, where it is deflected west, and finds an outlet at Defiance into the Maumee, when its natural drainage—and everything is favorable for this latter except the ridge—would be through the middle or east branch of Portage river, and its waters to enter the lake at Port Clinton, instead of Toledo, via Defiance. It is by no means improbable that these beaches or ridges gave direction to the headwaters of the St. Joseph and Tiffin rivers, in Williams and Fulton counties, and caused them to make vast detours before their waters mingled with those of the lake. Williams county, having a general elevation of 250 feet above the lake, the surface of the county, except for these beaches, would have directed the waters of the St. Joseph through Fulton county, and thus have reached the lake after a flow of fifty miles instead of 160. The fifty-mile route would have afforded a fall of five feet per mile, whilst the actual route, estimating the sinuosities of the stream, is really less than one foot per mile.

Deflection of Rivers.—The Maumee valley is watered by the Maumee, Portage and Sandusky rivers and their tributaries. Notwithstanding the fact that a well-defined ancient beach exists in Van Wert, Allen, Putnam, Hancock and Seneca counties, having an average elevation of about 225 feet above the present level of the lake, and rudely conforming in its course to the present shore, the general direction of the three rivers above named is that of almost a right angle from this ancient beach to the lake; yet many of the principal tributaries flow in a direction parallel to the ancient beach, rather than in the direction of the principal streams.

The St. Mary river at Bremen, in Auglaize county, is distant from the lake about 120 miles; yet it flows northwesterly to Fort Wayne, Ind., where it joins the St. Joseph and forms the Maumee, its waters flowing 160 miles from Bremen to Toledo.

Blanchard's fork, rising in Hardin county, flows north into Hancock county, where it assumes the name of Auglaize; thence flows nearly parallel to the ancient beach in an almost due west direction, to the eastern boundary of Paulding county, a distance of about fifty miles; thence it flows northward and enters the Maumee at Defiance, having a descent of about 100 feet in sixty-five miles, or about eighteen inches per mile; but if from Findlay it flowed north, it would reach the lake in less than fifty miles, and have a descent of 200 feet, or four feet per mile.

The foregoing account of the natural phenomena which produced the Black Swamp is abridged from the report of an agricultural survey of the State, made in 1870, by Prof. J. H. Klippart.

An anecdote illustrating the difficulties of travel through this region early in the history of the State, is related in Waggoner's "History of Toledo and Lucas Counties:—

A Mud-hole Franchise.—Among the cul-

tivated industries of that region at one time was the furnishing of relief to travellers, chiefly emigrants, whose teams were found to be incompetent for the condition of the road, the chief difficulty arising in their being stalled in the successive "mud-holes." So common had this become that some landlords provided themselves with extra yokes of oxen with which to extend the needed relief. This business came to be so far systematized that the rights of settlers to the "mud-hole" nearest them were mutually recognized. It was told that, on a time, a certain tavern-keeper, who had long held undisputed possession of a particularly fine "mud-hole," which he had cultivated with special care for the profit it brought him, sold his stand, preparatory to leaving the country. Regarding his interest in the "hole" as a franchise too valuable to be abandoned, he finally sold his quit-claim thereto to a neighbor for the sum of \$5, being probably the only case on record of the sale of a "mud-hole," for use as such.

Some years since an extended system of draining and ditching was inaugurated in this region. The following account of what was done in Wood county will give some idea of the extent and value of the work. It is extracted from a communication to the *Toledo Commercial* by a very respectable citizen of Perrysburg:

Increase in Value through Drainage.—The improvement already made in the surface of the county has exceeded all expectation. Lands in this county which but a few years since were covered with interminable swamps and forest, purchasable at from two to ten dollars per acre, have been converted into good farms, now commanding from twenty to fifty dollars per acre. This marked change is mainly attributable to the extensive and excellent system of drainage or ditching, so vigorously pushed forward in every portion of the county. It is a source of congratulation that this same system of drainage is not confined to this county. It is doing as much for the agricultural development of neighboring counties, and is being as thoroughly and vigorously prosecuted. The face of the Black Swamp region at this time presents a complete network of ditches, draining the land of surplus water and improving and developing the resources of northwestern Ohio.

Ditches in Wood County.—The petition for the construction of the first ditch in Wood county was filed in the Auditor's office April 28, 1859, and up to September, 1869, there were constructed and in process of construction 140 ditches, whose aggregate length is 495 miles. The respective length of the ditches is as follows:

16	ditches	are less than 1 mile in length.
95	"	" 1 mile and less than 6.
20	"	" 6 miles and less than 12.
1	ditch	is 37½ miles long.

The last mentioned is designated as Ditch No. 12, and is "one of the institutions" of Wood county—a fact to which taxpayers can readily

testify. When entirely completed it will drain and render fit for cultivation not less than 50,000 acres of wet and swamp land. It has a total fall of $67\frac{1}{2}$ feet. Its bottom width varies from ten to twenty feet, and its depth from one to eight feet. This one improvement alone might claim rank with ship canals without a very great degree of presumption. It is by this system of drainage that the entire area of country once known as the Black Swamp is being converted into a most fertile and productive region, and in a few years it will become one of the most valuable agricultural districts between the Alleghenies and the Mississippi.

Extensive Ditching.—Prof. Klippart reports that up to January, 1872, there had been constructed no less than 3,000 miles of main or county drains, and fully 2,000 miles of side or township drains; together with thousands of tile, plank and “sapling” under-drains. Putnam county alone had 604½ miles of main and 131 miles of side ditch, while Wood county came next with 371½ miles of main and 123½ miles of side ditch.

In an address to the pioneers of Wood county, delivered in September, 1890, Mr. N. H. Callard, of Perrysburg, summarizes the ditching of Wood county at that date as follows:

“The largest ditch, the Jackson cut-off, is nine miles long. Its construction cost \$110,000 and it drains near 30,000 acres of land. The Touissant ditch is twenty-two miles long, the Rocky Ford seventeen miles, and the work performed on the different branches of the Portage has been large and effective. It has been estimated that the whole drainage system of Wood county, as it now is, including railway ditches, those on each public highway, and such as have been constructed by the farmers on their private property, will present an aggregate of 16,000 miles in length, and their cost will reach into the millions. These improvements form the basis of prosperity to the Wood county farmers. Without them they could have made but little progress in the cultivation of their farms or in the development of their crops.”

LEIPSIC is eight miles north of Ottawa, at the crossing of the D. & M. and N. Y., C. & St. L. Railroads. Newspaper: *Free Press*, Independent, W. W. Smith, editor and publisher. Churches: 1 Lutheran, 2 Methodist Episcopal, 1 Presbyterian, 1 Disciples, 1 Catholic, 1 United Brethren. Bank: Bank of Leipsic, A. Rosecrans.

Manufactures and Employees.—O. E. Townsend & Co., doors, sash, etc., 6 hands; Buckeye Stave Co., 36; O. W. Irish & Co., butchers' skewers and flag-staffs, 33; J. H. Fisher, carriages, etc., 5; A. F. Easton, lumber, 5.—*State Report, 1887.*

Population, 1880, 681. School census, 1888, 409. Capital invested in manufacturing establishments, \$50,530. Value of annual product, \$63,300.—*Ohio Labor Statistics, 1888.*

COLUMBUS GROVE is seven miles south of Ottawa, on the D. & M. and C. W. Railroads. It has five churches. City officers, 1888; James Beford, Mayor; J. W. Morris, Clerk; John Keller, Treasurer; Jesse Fruchey, Marshal. Newspaper: *Putnam County Vidette*, Republican, W. C. Tingle, editor and publisher. Bank: Exchange, Simon Mapel, president, T. J. Mapel, cashier.

Manufactures and Employees.—J. F. McBride, jeans, blankets, etc., 8 hands; Buckeye Stave Co., 60; J. S. Lehman & Co., drain tile, 6; M. Pease, flour, etc., 5; Crawford & Co., lumber, 4; Perkins & Allen, doors, sash, etc., 10; J. F. Jones, axe-handles, 15; Henderson & Light, flour, etc., 5; W. R. Kaufman, drain tile, 6.—*State Report, 1887.*

Population, 1880, 1,392. School census, 1888, 509; E. Ward, superintendent. Capital invested in manufacturing establishments, \$45,000. Value of annual product, \$50,500.—*Ohio Labor Statistics, 1888.*

GILBOA is seven miles east of Ottawa. Population, 1880, 287. School census, 1888, 105.

KALIDA is nine miles southwest of Ottawa, on the Ottawa river. Population, 1880, 404. School census, 1888, 151.

BELMORE is eleven miles northeast of Ottawa, on the D. & M. Railroad. Population, 1880, 445. School census, 1888, 189.

DUPONT is sixteen miles west of Ottawa, on the Auglaize river and T., St. L. & K. C. Railroad. It has one Christian and one Methodist Episcopal church. School census, 1888, 150.

GLANDORF is two miles west of Ottawa. It has one church, Catholic. School census, 1888, 375.

FORT JENNINGS is so called from a stockade erected here by Col. Jennings in 1812. It is eighteen miles southwest of Ottawa, on the Auglaize river and on the T., St. L. & K. C. Railroad. It has two churches: one Catholic and one Lutheran. School census, 1888 295.

RICHLAND.

RICHLAND COUNTY was organized March 1, 1813, and named from the character of its soil. About one-half of the county is level, inclining to clay, and adapted to grass. The remainder is rolling, adapted to wheat, and some parts to corn, and well watered. Area, about 490 square miles. In 1887 the acres cultivated were 165,970; in pasture, 71,752; woodland, 63,143; lying waste, 4,986; produced in wheat, 520,776 bushels; rye, 6,699; buckwheat, 905; oats, 783,314; barley, 8,100; corn, 712,143; meadow hay, 30,636 tons; clover hay, 13,470; flax, 6,600 lbs. fibre; potatoes, 93,054 bushels; butter, 682,564 lbs.; cheese, 11,240; sorghum, 902 gallons; maple syrup, 27,577; honey, 6,332 lbs.; eggs, 503,168 dozen; grapes, 12,295 lbs.; apples, 14,257 bushels; peaches, 7,953; pears, 1,709; wool, 251,873 lbs.; milch cows owned, 7,289. School census, 1888, 11,189; teachers, 343. Miles of railroad track, 155.

TOWNSHIPS AND CENSUS.	1840.	1880.	TOWNSHIPS AND CENSUS.	1840.	1880.
Auburn,	1,020		Monroe,	1,627	1,888
Bloomfield,	1,294	1,181	Montgomery,	2,445	
Blooming Grove,	1,495		Orange,	1,840	
Butler,		789	Perry,	1,852	656
Cass,		1,614	Plymouth,	1,934	1,700
Clear Creek,	1,653		Sandusky,	1,465	723
Congress,	1,248		Sharon,	1,675	2,981
Franklin,	1,668	967	Springfield,	1,685	1,617
Green,	2,007		Troy,	1,939	1,424
Hanover,	1,485		Vermilion,	2,402	
Jackson,		977	Vernon,	1,040	
Jefferson,	2,325	2,449	Washington,	1,915	1,599
Madison,	3,206	11,675	Weller,		1,076
Mifflin,	1,800	930	Worthington,	1,942	2,060
Milton,	1,861				

Population of Richland in 1820 was 9,186; 1830, 24,007; 1840, 44,823; 1860, 31,158; 1880, 36,306; of whom 27,251 were born in Ohio; 3,931, Pennsylvania; 602, New York; 254, Virginia; 228, Indiana; 28, Kentucky; 1,563, German Empire; 446, Ireland; 387, England and Wales; 81, British America; 60, Scotland; 51, France, and 10, Sweden and Norway. Census, 1890, 38,072.

A large proportion of the early settlers of Richland emigrated from Pennsylvania, many of whom were of German origin, and many Scotch-Irish Presbyterians. It was first settled, about the year 1809, on branches of the Mohiccan. The names of the first settlers, as far as recollected, are Henry M'Cart, Andrew Craig, James Cunningham, Abm. Baughman, Henry Nail, Samuel Lewis, Peter

Kinney, Calvin Hill, John Murphy, Thomas Coulter, Melzer Tannehill, Isaac Martin, Stephen Van Schoick, Archibald Gardner and James M'Clure.

In September, 1812, shortly after the breaking out of the war with Great Britain, two block-houses were built in Mansfield. One stood about six rods west of the site of the court-house, and the other a rod or two north. The first was built by a company commanded by Capt. Shaeffer, from Fairfield county, and the other by the company of Col. Chas. Williams, of Coshocton. A garrison was stationed at the place, until after the battle of the Thames.

At the commencement of hostilities, there was a settlement of friendly Indians, of the Delaware tribe, at a place called Greentown, about 12 miles southeast of Mansfield, within the present township of Green, now in Ashland county. It was a village consisting of some 60 cabins, with a council-house about 60 feet long, 25 wide, one-story in height, and built of posts and clapboarded. The village contained several hundred persons. As a measure of safety, they were collected, in August, 1812, and sent to some place in the western part of the State, under protection of the government. They were first brought to Mansfield, and placed under guard, near where the tan-yard now is, on the run. While there, a young Indian and squaw came up to the block-house, with a request to the chaplain, Rev. James Smith, of Mount Vernon, to marry them after the manner of the whites. In the absence of the guard, who had come up to witness the ceremony, an old Indian and his daughter, aged about 12 years, who were from Indiana, took advantage of the circumstance and escaped. Two spies from Coshocton, named Morrison and M'Culloch, met them near the run, about a mile northwest of Mansfield, on what is now the farm of E. P. Sturges. As the commanding officer, Col. Kratzer, had given orders to shoot all Indians found out of the bounds of the place, under an impression that all such must be hostile, Morrison, on discovering them, shot the father through the breast. He fell mortally wounded, then springing up, ran about 200 yards, and fell to rise no more. The girl escaped. The men returned and gave the information. A party of 12 men were ordered out, half of whom were under Serjeant John C. Gilkison, now (1846) of Mansfield. The men flanked on each side of the run. As Gilkison came up, he found the fallen Indian on the north side of the run, and at every breath he drew, blood flowed through the bullet-hole in his chest. Morrison next came up, and called to M'Culloch to come and take revenge. Gilkison then asked the Indian who he was: he replied, "A friend." M'Culloch, who had by this time joined them, exclaimed as he drew his tomahawk, "D—n you! I'll make a friend of you!" and aimed a blow at his head; but it glanced, and was not mortal. At this he placed one foot on the neck of the prostrate Indian, and drawing out his tomahawk, with

another blow buried it in his brains. The poor fellow gave one quiver, and then all was over.

Gilkison had in vain endeavored to prevent this inhuman deed, and now requested M'Culloch to bury the Indian. "D—n him! no!" was the answer; "they killed two or three brothers of mine, and never buried them." The second day following, the Indian was buried, but it was so slightly done that his ribs were seen projecting above ground for two or three years after.

This M'Culloch continued an Indian fighter until his death. He made it a rule to kill every Indian he met, whether friend or foe. Mr. Gilkison saw him some time after, on his way to Sandusky, dressed as an Indian. To his question, "Where are you going?" he replied, "To get more revenge!"

Mr. Levi Jones was shot by some Greentown Indians in the northern part of Mansfield, early in the war, somewhere near the site of Riley's Mill. He kept a store in Mansfield, and when the Greentown Indians left, refused to give up some rifles they had left as security for debt. He was waylaid, and shot and scalped. The report of the rifles, being heard in town, a party went out and found his body much mutilated, and buried him in the old graveyard.

After the war, some of the Greentown Indians returned to the county to hunt, but their town having been destroyed, they had no fixed residence. Two of them, young men by the names of Seneca John and Quilipetoxe, came to Mansfield one noon, had a frolic in Williams' tavern, on the site of the North American hotel, and quarrelled with some whites. About four o'clock in the afternoon they left, partially intoxicated. The others, five in number, went in pursuit, vowing revenge. They overtook them about a mile east of town, shot them down, and buried them at the foot of a large maple on the edge of the swamp, by thrusting their bodies down deep in the mud. The place is known as "Spook Hollow."—*Old Edition.*

In the war of 1812 occurred two tragic events near the county line of Ashland. These were, the murder by the Indians of Martin Ruffner, Frederick Zimmer and family, on the Black Fork of the Mohican; and the tragedy at the cabin of James Copus. For details see Ashland County.

TRAVELLING NOTES.

The name MANSFIELD is with me a very old memory, that of a personal acquaintance with the eminent character, COL. JARED MANSFIELD, in whose honor the place was named. One incident is indelibly impressed in connection with his death, which occurred in his native place, New Haven, Connecticut, February 3, 1830, now more than sixty years since. On that occasion my father had involved upon him a delicate duty, to write to Mrs. Mansfield, then in Cincinnati, of the event. And as he walked the floor to and fro pondering, he turned to me and said he was troubled to think how he could the most appropriately and gently impart the sad tidings.

The Mansfields have been eminent people. The late Edward Deering Mansfield, "the Sage of Yamoyden," Ohio's statistician and journalist, was his only son: while General Joseph K. F. Mansfield, the old army officer, who fell at Antietam, was his nephew.

COL. JARED MANSFIELD was rising of 70 years of age, a tall venerable silver-haired old gentleman, and one of the great, useful characters of his day. It was under his teachings that our famed military school at West Point got its start, in the beginning years of this century.

In giving him the position of Surveyor-General of the Northwest Territory the good judgment of Thomas Jefferson was illustrated. In person and qualities he resembled his own son, Edward Deering; had the same strongly pronounced Roman nose, the same childlike simplicity of speech, and the same loud, guileless laugh. This last was one of the life troubles of Mrs. Mansfield; a somewhat proud, punctilious old lady, ever mindful of the proprieties. She "wished the Colonel"—she was always thus careful to give his title—she "wished the Colonel would not laugh so loud; it was so undignified."

Mrs. Mansfield herself was one of the strong-minded and most elegant of the pioneer women of Ohio and deserves a notice. She was a girl-mate and life-long friend of my mother, and so I have the facts. The family came out to Ohio in 1803, and settled in Cincinnati in 1805, when, as her son wrote, it was "a dirty little village." She was a society-leader, and introduced the custom of New Year calls; a queenly woman withal, of high Christian principles; a close thinker and great reader; suave and gracious in manner, but imperious in will. True to her sex, she looked for admiration and respect, and, as was her due, received them.

She had come from a commanding stock and inherited the qualities for leadership. Her father and family—the Phipps—had largely been shipmasters. Among them was Sir William Phipps, a shipmaster, an early governor of Massachusetts; a generous man, but imperious, "quick to go on his muscle." Another is remembered, not by his name, but for the usual manner of his "taking off." He was in command of a frigate. It had just arrived, and anchored in the harbor of Halifax. Date 1740, or thereabouts. He personally landed in a small boat, having left orders for his ship to fire the usual salute for such an event, and was walking on the dock, leading a boy by the hand. By an oversight in loading the guns for the salute, a previous load that was in one of them had not been withdrawn. It had been loaded with ball

while at sea. That ball went ashore and cut him in two; the lad was unharmed.

Mansfield, in his "Personal Memories," gives a handsome tribute to his father, in some very interesting and instructive paragraphs. He says: My father's family came from Exeter, in England, and were among the first settlers in New Haven, in 1639. My father, Jared Mansfield, was, all his life, a teacher, a professor, and a man of science. He began his life as a teacher in New Haven, where he taught a mathematical school, and afterward taught at the "Friends' Academy," in Philadelphia, where he was during the great yellow-fever season, and went from there to West Point, where he taught in the Military Academy, in 1802-3 and in 1814-28. In the meantime, however, he was nine years in the State of Ohio, holding the position of Surveyor-General of the United States. The manner of his appointment and the work he performed will illustrate his character, and introduce a small but interesting chapter of events.

While teaching at New Haven, he had several pupils who afterward became famous or rather distinguished men. Two of these were Abraham and Henry Baldwin. The first was afterward United States Senator from Georgia, and the second, Judge of the Supreme Court of the United States. These boys, as may be inferred, had decided talents, but were full of mischief. One day they played a bad trick upon my father, their

teacher, and he whipped them very severely. Their father complained, and the case came before a magistrate; but my father was acquitted. It may be thought that the boys would have become my father's enemies. Not so; they were of a generous temperament, and knew their conduct had been wrong; this they acknowledged, and they became my father's fast friends. Judge Henry Baldwin told me that nothing had ever done him so much good as that whipping; and the brothers were warm in their friendship to my father, both in word and act.

While teaching in New Haven he published a book entitled "Essays on Mathematics." It was an original work, and but a few copies were sold; for there were but few men in the country who could understand it. The book, however, established his reputation as a man of science, and greatly influenced his after life. Abraham Baldwin was at that time senator from Georgia, and brought this book to the notice of Mr. Jefferson, who was fond of science and scientific men. The consequence was that my father became a captain of engineers, appointed by Mr. Jefferson, with a view to his becoming one of the professors at the West Point Military Academy, then established by law. Accordingly, he and Captain Barron, also of the engineers, were ordered to West Point, and became the first teachers of the West Point cadets in 1802. He was there about a year, when he received a new appointment to a new and more arduous field in the West.

Mr. Jefferson had been but a short time in office, when he became annoyed by the fact that the public surveys were going wrong, for the want of establishing meridian lines, with

base lines at right angles to them. The surveyors at that time, including Gen. Rufus Putnam, then surveyor-general, could not do this. Mr. Jefferson wanted a man who could perform this work well; necessarily, therefore, a scientific man. This came to the ears of Mr. Baldwin, who strongly recommended my father as being, in fact, the most scientific man of the country. My father did not quite like the idea of such a work; for he was a scholar and mathematician, fond of a quiet and retired life.

He foresaw, clearly, that going to Ohio, then a frontier State, largely inhabited by Indians and wolves, to engage in public business involving large responsibilities, would necessarily give him more or less of trouble and vexation. He was, however, induced to go, under conditions which, I think, were never granted to any other officer. It was agreed that, while he was engaged in the public service in the West, his commission in the engineer corps should go on, and he be entitled to promotion, although he received but one salary, that of surveyor-general. In accordance with this agreement, he received two promotions while in Ohio; and his professorship at West Point was (on the recommendation of President Madison) subsequently, by law, conformed to the agreement, with the rank and emoluments of lieutenant-colonel.

My father, so far as I know, was the only man appointed to an important public office solely on the ground of his scientific attainments. This was due to Mr. Jefferson, who, if not himself a man of science, was really a friend of science.

Mansfield in 1846.—Mansfield, the county-seat, is sixty-eight miles northerly from Columbus, twenty-five from Mount Vernon, and about forty-five from Sandusky City. Its situation is beautiful, upon a commanding elevation, overlooking a country handsomely disposed in hills and valleys. The streets are narrow, and the town is compactly built, giving it a city-like appearance. The completion of the railroad through here to Sandusky City has added much to its business facilities, and it is now thriving and increasing rapidly.

It was laid out in 1808 by James Hedges, Jacob Newman, and Joseph H. Larwill. The last-named gentleman pitched his tent on the rise of ground above the Big Spring, and opened the first sale of lots on the 8th of October. The country all around was then a wilderness, with no roads through it. The first purchasers came in from the counties of Knox, Columbiana, Stark, etc. Among the first settlers were George Coffinberry, William Winship, Rollin Weldon, J. C. Gilkison, John Wallace, and Joseph Middleton. In 1817 about twenty dwellings were in the place—all cabins, except the frame tavern of Samuel Williams, which stood on the site of the *North American*, and is now the private residence of Joseph Hildreth, Esq. The only store at that time was that of E. P. Sturges, a small frame which stood on the northwest corner of the public square, on the spot where the annexed view was taken. The Methodists erected the first church.

Mansfield contains one Baptist, one Union, one Seceder, one Disciples', one Methodist, one Presbyterian, and one Congregational church—the last of which is one of the most substantial and elegant churches in Ohio; two newspaper printing-offices, two hardware, one book and twenty dry-goods stores, and had, in 1840, 1,328 inhabitants, and in 1846, 2,330.—*Old Edition.*



JOHN SHERMAN, U. S. SENATE.



HENRY B. PAYNE, U. S. SENATE.



Drawn by Henry Howe in 1846.

PUBLIC SQUARE. MANSFIELD.



W. B. Kimball, Photo., Columbus, 1890.

PUBLIC SQUARE, MANSFIELD.

MANSFIELD, county-seat of Richland, is about midway between Columbus and Cleveland, about sixty-three miles from each. It is a prosperous manufacturing and railroad centre; is on the P., Ft. W. & C., B. & O., L. E. & W., and N. W. O. Railroads. The Intermediate Penitentiary is now in course of erection there. County officers, 1888: Auditor, John U. Nunmaker; Clerk, John C. Burns; Commissioners, Christian Baer, David Boals, John Iler; Coroner, Eli Stofer; Infirmary Directors, George Becker, Edwin Payne, Joseph Fisher; Probate Judge, Andrew J. Mack; Prosecuting Attorney, Hubbert E. Bell; Recorder, William F. Voegele; Sheriff, Bartholomew Flannery; Surveyor, Orlando F. Stewart; Treasurer, Edward Remy. City officers, 1888: Mayor, R. B. McCrory; Clerk, John Y. Gessner; Marshal, H. W. Lemon; Civil Engineer, Jacob Laird; Chief of Fire Department, George Knofflock; Street Commissioner, A. C. Lewis; Solicitor, Marion Douglass. Newspapers: *Herald*, Republican, George U. and W. F. Harn, editors; *News*, Republican, Cappeller and Hiestand, editors; *Shield and Banner*, Democratic, Gaumer and Johnston, editors; *Courier*, German, L. S. Kuebler, editor and publisher; *Democrat*, Democratic, A. J. Baughman, editor and publisher; *Buckeye Farmer*, agricultural, W. N. Mason, editor and publisher. Churches: 1 Baptist, 1 Believers in Christ, 1 Catholic, 1 Christian, 1 Congregational, 1 Evangelical German, 3 Lutheran, 1 Episcopal Methodist, 1 African Methodist, 1 Presbyterian, 1 Reformed Presbyterian, 1 United Brethren, 1 Protestant Episcopal. Banks: Citizens' National, George F. Carpenter, president, S. A. Jennings, cashier; Farmers' National, J. S. Hedges, president; Mansfield Savings, M. D. Harter, president, R. Brinkerhoff, cashier; Sturges', W. M. Sturges, president, John Wood, cashier.

Manufactures and Employees.—Larabee Manufacturing Co., vehicle chafe irons, 12 hands; Bodine Roofing Co., 7; E. J. Forney & Co., linseed oil, 9; Jacob Cline, cooperage, 18; Bissman & Co., coffee, spices, etc., 16; Union Foundry and Machine Co., 12; Gilbert, Waugh & Co., flour, etc., 15; Hicks-Brown Co., flour, etc., 15; Mansfield Barrel Co., cooperage, 14; Barnett Brass Co., brass goods, 42; Aultman & Taylor Co., engines, etc., 330; Nail & Ford, planing mill, 25; Mansfield Plating Co., nickel-plating, 11; Buckeye Suspender Co., 84; Mansfield Steam Boiler Works, 42; Mansfield Carriage Hardware Co., 57; Humphrey Manufacturing Co., pumps, etc., 182; Mansfield Machine Works, 100; Mansfield Buggy Co., 97; Faust & Wappner, furniture, 4; S. N. Ford & Co., sash, doors and blinds, 70; Baxter Stove Co., 96; Mills, Ellsworth & Co., bending works, 25; R. Lean & Son, harrows, 12; Western Suspender Co., suspenders, 85; Crawford & Taylor, crackers, etc., 80; *Herald* Co., printing, 21; Hautzenroeder & Co., cigars, 285; Danforth & Proctor, sash, doors and blinds, 25; Ohio Suspender Co., 33; Mansfield Box Manufacturing Co., paper boxes, 15; *Shield and Banner* Co., printing, 19; *News* Printing Co., printing and binding, 22.—*State Report*, 1888.

Mansfield is a rich agricultural centre and heavy wood market. Great attention is given to the improvement of farm stock, as horses, cattle, swine, etc. Population, 1880, 9,859. School census, 1888, 3,589; John Simpson, school superintendent. Capital invested in industrial establishments, \$1,036,500. Value of annual product, \$2,592,000.—*Ohio Labor Statistics*, 1887.

Census, 1890, 13,473.

Mansfield, in 1846, was reached by a railroad from Sandusky, and I came here by it, though they were not then running regular trains. Everything about it was rough and crude. The track had thin, flat bars of iron spiked on wood, and our train consisted of a locomotive, tender, and a single car with a few rough seats, what they called in those days a "Jim Crow" car. In this car was a young man of great height; slender, pale, and then just 23 years of age. He was attired with studied neatness, and looked to me like a college student, pale and thoughtful. He sat in statue-like silence; not a word escaped his lips. But I noticed he had his eyes well open; nothing seemed to fail his observation. My saddle-

bags, containing valuable drawings and notes, had been taken in charge by the railroad man, and I knew not its whereabouts. In talking with him about it, I showed, as I felt, a nervous anxiety. The young man heard my every word, and the thought came over me, "You must think I am very fussy." He could not realize how important to me were those saddle-bags. Since that day our country has gone through much. We, of advanced years, who have lived through its periods of deadly peril, and suffered the agonies of its sore adversities, alone can realize how much. But I know not a living man who has done such a prolonged, united to such a great, service to the United States, as the silent, reflecting youth who sat by me on that day—JOHN SHERMAN.

Sunday morning, the first day of November, 1886, arrived, and I was again in Mansfield. The town is on a hill; on its summit is the public square, containing about three acres; around it are grouped the public buildings. On it is the soldiers' monument, a band-stand, a pyramid of cannon and a fountain, and these things appear under a canopy of overhanging trees.

After breakfast I walked thither and looked around. The day was one of the autumnal show-days; the sun bright, the air balmy, the foliage gay in softly blending hues. Standing there, enjoying the scene, a large, portly gentleman of about 60 years of age approached me. He had in his hand a book—was on his way to open Sunday-school. He was a stranger, and I stopped him to make inquiries about the surroundings. He seemed pleased, it being complimentary to his superior knowledge. A moment later I made myself known. I could not have met a better man for my queries. It was Mr. Henry C. Hedges; he was town-born and loved the spot; and when I remarked, "It is an honor to this town to possess such a citizen as John Sherman," it hit like a centre-shot. The remark was in innocence of the fact that he was the old law partner of Mr. Sherman, and his most intimate friend. "You had better go and see him?" said he. "Oh, no, it is Sunday, and it will be an intrusion." "The better the day, the better the deed. He has just ended a speaking campaign, and now is the very time. He will be glad to welcome you."

Mr. Sherman's was near the end of a fine avenue of homes, on the high ground, about a mile distant. I walked thither. The bells were ringing for church, and I met the people in loving family groups on their way to worship. The autumnal sun filled the air with balm and gladness, and the leaves glinted in its rays their hues of dying beauty. The home I found an ample brick mansion, with a mansard roof, on a summit, with a grand outlook to the north, east and west. It is on a lawn, about 200 feet from the avenue, in the midst of evergreens and other trees. The home place has about eight acres, with a large farm attached, on which are orchards abounding in choicest fruits.

The last distant tones of the bells had died on the air, and the leaves ceased rustling under my feet as I reached the door of the mansion. I found Mr. Sherman alone in his library; the ladies had gone to church. His greeting was with his characteristic calm cordiality. There is no gush about John Sherman. Simplicity, directness and integrity mark alike his intercourse and thought. These qualities are illustrated in those paragraphs forming the conclusion of a speech made in Congress, January 28, 1858:

"In conclusion, allow me to impress the South with two important warnings she has received in her struggle for Kansas. One is,

that though her able and disciplined leaders on this floor, aided by executive patronage, may give her the power to overthrow legislative compacts, yet, while the sturdy integrity of the Northern masses stands in her way, she can gain no practical advantage by her well-laid schemes. The other is, that while she may indulge with impunity the spirit of filibusterism, or lawless and violent adventure upon a feeble and distracted people in Mexico and Central America, she must not come in contact with that cool, determined courage and resolution which forms the striking characteristic of the Anglo-Saxon race. In such a contest, her hasty and impetuous violence may succeed for a time, but the victory will be short-lived and leave nothing but bitterness behind.

"Let us not war with each other; but, with the grasp of fellowship and friendship, regard to the full each other's rights, and let us be kind to each other's faults; let us go hand-in-hand in securing to every portion of our people their constitutional rights."

I had never met Mr. Sherman to speak with him until ten days before, and then, but for a moment, and now I had called upon his then-given invitation. He was at leisure for conversation, and passing me a cigar we talked for a while and then he took me on a short walk around the place. The outlook



MICHAEL D. HARTER.



COL. JARED MANSFIELD.



GEN. ROLIFF BRINKERHOFF.

was magnificent—the town in the distance; the valley through which runs the Mohican, and the distant gently sloping hills. The place is 700 feet above Lake Erie, distant in a direct line about 40 miles.

Everything about it and the mansion within is on the expansive, generous scale, substantial and comfortable. Chesterfield once took Dr. Johnson over his place, and as the doctor concluded his rounds, he turned to Chesterfield and said, with a sigh, "Ah! my lord, it is the possession of such things that must make it so hard to die."

The mansion is spacious in its varied apartments, and the walls are filled with books, and by the thousands, and they are there in great variety, and in many lines of human interest. The history of our country is all told, the utterances of her most eloquent sons; the deeds of her heroes; the acts of her statesmen. Many of the works are of elegance, many out of print, and of priceless value. He took me to the large rooms under the roof, where is his working library, consisting largely of books appertaining to American legislation and to law. In this great collection it is said, there is not one official act of Government since its foundation that is not recorded, nor a report or utterance by an official, Congressman or Senator of any moment, that is not given.

On the opposite side of the avenue from Mr. Sherman's are the homes of two other gentlemen, bright lights in Ohio, upon whom he thought I ought to call. GENERAL ROELIFF BRINKERHOFF and M. D. HARTER. I took his advice. The first I had met, the other I had not, but, when I did, he pleased me by saying that he remembered "when a very little boy, lying on the floor looking at the pictures in Mr. Howe's Historical Collections of Ohio." It seems to be the custom now-a-days to write of lights while yet shining, and call it "contemporaneous biography." Our ancestors waited until their lights were glimmered and then on their tombstones told how bright had been their scintillations.

GENERAL ROELIFF BRINKERHOFF had for his remote ancestor Joris Derickson Brinkerhoff, who came in 1638, from Holland to Brooklyn, N. Y., and "bringing with him his wife, Susannah;" certainly pleasing in name and we opine pleasing in person. Providence seems to have blessed the twain, inasmuch as they were the originals of all the Brinkerhoffs in America. Roeliff is of the seventh generation, and had among his ancestors some French Huguenots. He was born in Owasco, N. Y., in 1828. At 16 he began teaching school in his native town; at 19, was private tutor in the family of Andrew Jackson, Jr., at the Hermitage, Tennessee: this was two years after the death of the General. At the age of 22, he came north and acquired the profession of the law, in the office of his kinsman, Hon. Jacob Brinkerhoff, in Mansfield: and when the war broke out, was one of the proprietors and editors of the Mansfield *Herald*. Going into the Union army in 1861, he was soon assigned to the position of Regimental Quartermaster of the 64th Ohio, and rose very high in that department, first in the

Such are the equipments of a Statesman who has made a life-study of, and had a life-experience in behalf of a righteous government for this American people. I don't say *great* American people: every reader feels the adjective.

In Mr. Sherman's safe are over 40,000 letters: largely from noted characters, but so carefully classified, that any one can be found in a twinkling. Among them is the famous letter from his brother, the General, giving the first authentic intelligence of the discovery of gold in California.

The greatest curiosity he produced were two large volumes containing perhaps a thousand letters, written by the General to him, from the year 1862 to, 1867, embracing the period of the civil war.

From youth they had begun a correspondence. The General, during his most arduous military duties—in the midst of his famous march to the sea—took time to write long letters to his brother, and he in like manner to him. What a mine they will be to the future historian, as revealing the workings of the minds of the famous brothers, in the light of the events in the passing panorama of that stupendous era. The lifelong affection between them has no other, nor to our knowledge a like example in the history of our eminent public men.

west and then in the east. At one time was Post Quartermaster at Washington City; in 1865, Colonel and Inspector of the Quartermaster's Department; he was then retained on duty at the War Office, with Secretary Stanton; later was Chief Quartermaster at Cincinnati, and in 1866, after five years' continuous service, retired with the commission of, Brigadier-General.

General Brinkerhoff is the author of "The Volunteer Quartermaster," which is still the standard guide for the Quartermaster's Department. As a member of the Board of State Charities, and as President of the National Board of Charities, he has won by his executive capacity high honor and wide recognition.

He has given for years much study on the subject of prison reform. Largely through his efforts, Mansfield was selected as the site for the State Intermediate Penitentiary. The site is about a mile north of the town, and the corner-stone was laid November 5, 1886.

MICHAEL D. HARTER is the head in Mansfield of that great manufacturing concern.

"The Aultman & Taylor Co." He was born in Canton, in 1846; the son of a merchant and banker. He is a highly respected and genial gentleman, patriotic and public-spirited; the gift of the handsome soldiers' monument in the public square at Mansfield is one of the many illustrations of these qualities. His religious attachment is Lutheran and his politics Democratic, believing in the axiom, "That government is best, which governs the least." He is prominent as the champion in Ohio of the policy of FREE TRADE and Civil Service Reform.

One of the most hale and vigorous old gentlemen I met on my tour was DR. WILLIAM BUSHNELL, of Mansfield. He was born about the year 1800. After the surrender of Hull, he, being then in his twelfth year, went with his father with the troops from Trumbull County, to the camp near Cleveland. A battle being imminent with the Indians, his father told him he must go back home. He obeyed reluctantly, for he so wanted to take

part in a fight and pop over an Indian or two. He retraced his steps alone through the dense wilderness, guided only by the trail left by the regiment. He said to me, "When I got into Wayne township, Ashtabula county, I came to a cabin, was worn out and half starved, and there I found the biggest people I had ever seen; and it appears to me now, as I think of it, I have scarcely seen any since so big. They took me in and almost overwhelmed me with kindness. They were the parents of Joshua R. Giddings, who was then a seventeen-year-old boy about the place, swinging his axe into the tall timber. In 1878, Dr. Bushnell was the delegate from Ohio to the International Prison Reform Congress, called by the Swedish Government, and held at Stockholm. The portrait of a solid strong white-bearded patriarch forms the frontispiece to Graham's History of Richland Co., and in fac-simile under it is the signature of Wm. Bushnell, M. D.

JOHNNY APPLESEED.

At an early day, there was a very eccentric character who frequently was in this region, well remembered by the early settlers. His name was John Chapman, but he was usually known as *Johnny Appleseed*. He came originally from New England.



JOHNNY APPLESEED.

He had imbibed a remarkable passion for the rearing and cultivation of apple trees from the seed. He first made his appearance in western Pennsylvania, and from thence made his way into Ohio, keeping on the outskirts of the settlements, and following his favorite pursuit. He was accustomed to clear spots in the loamy lands on the banks of the streams, plant his seeds, enclose the ground, and then leave the place until the trees had in a measure grown. When the settlers began to flock in and open their "clearings," Johnny was ready for them with his young trees, which he either gave away or sold for some trifle, as an old coat, or any article of which he could make use. Thus he proceeded for many years, until the whole country was in a measure settled and supplied with apple trees, deriving self-satisfaction amounting to almost delight, in the indulgence of his engrossing passion. About 20 years since he removed to the far west, there to enact over again

the same career of humble usefulness which had been his occupation here.

His personal appearance was as singular as his character. He was quick and restless in his motions and conversation; his beard and hair were long and dark,

and his eye black and sparkling. He lived the roughest life, and often slept in the woods. His clothing was mostly old, being generally given to him in exchange for apple trees. He went bare-footed, and often travelled miles through the snow in that way. In doctrine he was a follower of Swedenborg, leading a moral, blameless life, likening himself to the primitive Christians, literally taking no thought for the morrow. Wherever he went he circulated Swedenborgian works, and if short of them would tear a book in two and give each part to different persons. He was careful not to injure any animal, and thought hunting morally wrong. He was welcome everywhere among the settlers, and was treated with great kindness even by the Indians. We give a few anecdotes, illustrative of his character and eccentricities.

On one cool autumnal night, while lying by his camp-fire in the woods, he observed that the mosquitoes flew in the blaze and were burnt. Johnny, who wore on his head a tin utensil which answered both as a cap and a mush pot, filled it with water and quenched the fire, and afterwards remarked, "God forbid that I should build a fire for my comfort, that should be the means of destroying any of His creatures." Another time he made his camp-fire at the end of a hollow log in which he intended to pass the night, but finding it occupied by a bear and cubs, he removed his fire to the other end, and slept on the snow in the open air, rather than disturb the bear. He was one morning on a prairie, and was bitten by a rattlesnake. Some time after, a friend inquired of him about the matter. He drew a long sigh and replied, "Poor fellow! he only just touched me, when I, in an ungodly passion, put the heel of my scythe on him and went home. Some time after I went there for my scythe, and there lay the poor fellow dead." He bought a coffee bag, made a hole in the bottom, through which he thrust his head and wore it as a cloak, saying it was as good as anything. An itinerant preacher was holding forth on the public square in Mansfield, and exclaimed, "Where is the bare-footed Christian, travelling to heaven!" Johnny, who was lying on his back on some timber, taking the question in its literal sense, raised his bare feet in the air, and vociferated "*Here he is!*"

The foregoing account of this philanthropic oddity is from our original edition. In the appendix to the novel, by Rev. James McGaw, entitled "Philip Seymour; or, Pioneer Life in Richland County," is a full sketch of Johnny, by Miss Rosella Price, who knew him well. When the Copus monument was erected, she had his name carved upon it in honor of his memory. We annex her sketch of him in an abridged form. The portrait was drawn by an artist from her personal recollection, and published in A. A. Graham's "History of Richland County:"

Johnny Appleseed's Relatives.—John Chapman was born at or near Springfield, Mass., in the year 1775. About the year 1801 he came with his half-brother to Ohio, and a year or two later his father's family removed to Marietta, Ohio. Soon after Johnny located in Pennsylvania, near Pittsburg, and began the nursery business and continued it on west. Johnny's father, Nathaniel, senior, moved from Marietta to Duck creek, where he died. The Chapman family was a large one, and many of Johnny's relatives were scattered throughout Ohio and Indiana.

Johnny was famous throughout Ohio as early as 1811. A pioneer of Jefferson county said the first time he ever saw Johnny he was going down the river, in 1806, with two canoes lashed together, and well laden with apple-seeds, which he had obtained at the cider presses of Western Pennsylvania. Sometimes he carried a bag or two of seeds on an

old horse; but more frequently he bore them on his back, going from place to place on the wild frontier; clearing a little patch, surrounding it with a rude enclosure, and planting seeds therein. He had little nurseries all through Ohio, Pennsylvania and Indiana.

How Regarded by the Early Settlers.—I can remember how Johnny looked in his queer clothing-combination suit, as the girls of now-a-days would call it. He was such a good, kind, generous man, that he thought it was wrong to expend money on clothes to be worn just for the fine appearance; he thought if he was comfortably clad, and in attire that suited the weather, it was sufficient. His head-covering was often a pasteboard hat of his own making, with one broad side to it, that he wore next the sunshine to protect his face. It was a very unsightly object, to be sure, and yet never one of us children ventured to laugh at it. We held Johnny in

tender regard. His pantaloons were old, and scant and short, with some sort of a substitute for "gallows" or suspenders. He never wore a coat except in the winter-time; and his feet were knobby and horny and frequently bare. Sometimes he wore old shoes; but if he had none, and the rough roads hurt his feet, he substituted sandals—rude soles, with thong fastenings. The bosom of his shirt was always pulled out loosely, so as to make a kind of pocket or pouch, in which he carried his books.

Johnny's Nurseries.—All the orchards in the white settlements came from the nurseries of Johnny's planting. Even now, after all these years, and though this region of country is densely populated, I can count from my window no less than five orchards, or remains of orchards, that were once trees taken from his nurseries.

Long ago, if he was going a great distance, and carrying a sack of seeds on his back, he had to provide himself with a leather sack; for the dense underbrush, brambles and thorny thickets would have made it unsafe for a coffee-sack.

In 1806 he planted sixteen bushels of seeds on an old farm on the Walhonding river, and he planted nurseries in Licking county, Ohio, and Richland county, and had other nurseries farther west. One of his nurseries is near us, and I often go to the secluded spot, on the quiet banks of the creek, never broken since the poor old man did it, and say, in a reverent whisper, "Oh, the angels did commune with the good old man, whose loving heart prompted him to go about doing good!"

Matrimonial Disappointment.—On one occasion Miss Price's mother asked Johnny if he would not be a happier man, if he were settled in a home of his own, and had a family to love him. He opened his eyes very wide—they were remarkably keen, penetrating grey eyes, almost black—and replied that all women were not what they professed to be; that some of them were deceivers; and a man might not marry the amiable woman that he thought he was getting, after all. Now we had always heard that Johnny had loved once upon a time, and that his lady love had proven false to him. Then he said one time he saw a poor, friendless little girl, who had no one to care for her, and sent her to school, and meant to bring her up to suit himself, and when she was old enough he intended to marry her. He clothed her and watched over her; but when she was fifteen years old, he called to see her once unexpectedly, and found her sitting beside a young man, with her hand in his, listening to his silly twaddle. I peeped over at Johnny while he was telling this, and, young as I was, I saw his eyes grow dark as violets, and the pupils enlarge, and his voice rise up in denunciation, while his nostrils dilated and his thin lips worked with emotion. How angry he grew! He thought the girl was basely ungrateful. After that time she was no protégé of his.

His Power of Oratory.—On the subject of

apples he was very charmingly enthusiastic. One would be astonished at his beautiful description of excellent fruit. I saw him once at the table, when I was very small, telling about some apples that were new to us. His description was poetical, the language remarkably well-chosen; it could have been no finer had the whole of Webster's "Unabridged," with all its royal vocabulary, been fresh upon his ready tongue. I stood back of my mother's chair, amazed, delighted, bewildered, and vaguely realizing the wonderful powers of true oratory. I felt more than I understood.

His Sense of Justice.—He was scrupulously honest. I recall the last time we ever saw his sister, a very ordinary woman, the wife of an easy old gentleman, and the mother of a family of handsome girls. They had started to move West in the winter season, but could move no farther after they reached our house. To help them along and to get rid of them, my father made a queer little one-horse vehicle on runners, hitched their poor little caricature of a beast to it; helped them to pack and stow therein their bedding and few movables; gave them a stock of provisions and five dollars, and sent the whole kit on their way rejoicing; and that was the last we ever saw of our poor neighbors. The next time Johnny came to our house he very promptly laid a five-dollar bill on my father's knee, and shook his head very decidedly when it was handed back; neither could he be prevailed upon to take it again.

He was never known to hurt any animal or to give any living thing pain—not even a snake. The Indians all liked him and treated him very kindly. They regarded him, from his habits, as a man above his fellows. He could endure pain like an Indian warrior; could thrust pins into his flesh without a tremor. Indeed so insensible was he to acute pain, that his treatment of a wound or sore was to sear it with a hot iron, and then treat it as a burn.

Mistaken Philanthropy.—He ascribed great medicinal virtue to the fennel, which he found, probably, in Pennsylvania. The overwhelming desire to do good and benefit and bless others induced him to carry a quantity of the seed, which he carried in his pockets, and occasionally scattered along his path in his journeys, especially at the wayside near dwellings. Poor old man! he inflicted upon the farming population a positive evil, when he sought to do good; for the rank fennel, with its pretty but pungent blossoms, lines our roadsides and borders our lanes, and steals into our door-yards, and is a pest only second to the daisy.

Leaves His Old Haunts.—In 1838 he resolved to go farther on. Civilization was making the wilderness to blossom like the rose; villages were springing up; stage-coaches laden with travellers were common; schools were everywhere; mail facilities were very good; frame and brick houses were taking the places of the humble cabins; and so poor Johnny went around among his friends

and bade them farewell. The little girls he had dandled upon his knees and presented with beads and gay ribbons, were now mothers and the heads of families. This must have been a sad task for the old man, who was then well stricken in years, and one would have thought that he would have preferred to die among his friends.

He came back two or three times to see us all, in the intervening years that he lived ;

the last time was in the year that he died, 1845.

His bruised and bleeding feet now walk the gold-paved streets of the New Jerusalem, while we so brokenly and crudely narrate the sketch of his life—a life full of labor and pain and unselfishness ; humble unto self-abnegation ; his memory glowing in our hearts, while his deeds live anew every springtime in the fragrance of the apple-blossoms he loved so well.

An account of the death and burial of this simple-hearted, virtuous, self-sacrificing man, whose name deserves enrolment in the calendar of the saints, is given on page 260, Vol. I.

The following extract from a poem, by Mrs. E. S. Dill, of Wyoming, Hamilton county, Ohio, written for the *Christian Standard*, is a pleasing tribute to the memory of Johnny Applesseed :

Grandpa stopped, and from the grass at our feet,
Picked up an apple, large, juicy, and sweet ;
Then took out his jack-knife, and, cutting a slice,
Said, as we ate it, " Isn't it nice
To have such apples to eat and enjoy ?
Well, there weren't very many when I was a boy,
For the country was new—e'en food was scant ;
We had hardly enough to keep us from want,
And this good man, as he rode around,
Oft eating and sleeping upon the ground,
Always carried and planted applesseeds—
Not for himself, but for others' needs.
The applesseeds grew, and we, to-day,
Eat of the fruit planted by the way.
While Johnny—bless him—is under the sod—
His body is—ah ! he is with God ;
For, child, though it seemed a trifling deed,
For a man just to plant an applesseed,
The apple-tree's shade, the flowers, the fruit,
Have proved a blessing to man and to brute.
Look at the orchards throughout the land,
All of them planted by old Johnny's hand.
He will forever remembered be ;
I would wish to have all so think of me."

BIOGRAPHY.

JOHN SHERMAN was born in Lancaster, Ohio, May 10, 1823. His parents were natives of Norfolk, Conn., and a few months after their marriage removed to Ohio. Charles Robert Sherman (the father of John Sherman) was a man of eminent legal abilities, a Judge of the Supreme Court of Ohio ; he died very suddenly, leaving his widow with eleven children and but meagre means of support. John Sherman, the eighth child, was in the spring of 1831 taken to the home of his cousin, John Sherman, a merchant of Mount Vernon, Ohio, and placed at school. It is said that he was rather a wild and reckless boy, and that in their boyhood there seemed greater likelihood of John becoming a warrior and his brother William T. a statesman, than that they should occupy their present positions in life.

An Early Start in Life—In the spring of 1837, although but 14 years of age, John, anxious to become self-supporting, obtained a position as junior rodsman on the Muskingum river improvement. He was soon advanced to a position of much responsibility

at Beverly, requiring diligence and care in the performance of his duties ; and when, in 1839, he was removed because he was a Whig, he felt that the two years spent in this work, with its necessary study for accuracy in details, the close attention to business

required, and the self-confidence inspired, had given him a better education than could have been obtained elsewhere in the same time.

As a Lawyer.—At 21 years of age (May 11, 1844), he was admitted to the bar, having studied law with his brother Charles, of Mansfield, Ohio, who admitted him to partnership. The salient and conquering trait in his mind and character, together with an excellent knowledge of men and familiarity with the ways of the world, enabled him at once to secure a fine practice. Keeping his expenditures well within his earnings, he acquired the means of investing, a few years later, in a manufacturing enterprise, then new to that part of Ohio (flooring, sash, door and blind factory), that yielded him a handsome profit for a number of years, and formed the nucleus of the comfortable property he has since acquired. (Notwithstanding the common impression, Senator Sherman is not what is called a rich man.)

Secretary of a Whig Convention.—In 1848 he was elected a delegate to the Whig Convention, held at Philadelphia. When organized, he was made secretary of the convention on the motion of Col. Collyer, who said: "There is a young man here from Ohio, who lives in a district so strongly Democratic that he could never get an office unless this convention gave him one." Schuyler Colfax, being similarly situated in Indiana, was made assistant secretary. The convention nominated Zachary Taylor, and Mr. Sherman canvassed part of Ohio for him.

In August, 1848, Mr. Sherman was married with Miss Cecilia Stewart, only child of Judge Stewart, of Mansfield.

A Congressman.—In 1855 he was elected to Congress. His thorough acquaintance with public affairs; his power as a ready, clear and forcible speaker; his firm position on the questions then before the people, so soon made him a recognized leader. The great questions then were the Missouri Compromise, the Dred Scott decision, slavery in Kansas, the fugitive slave law, and the national finances.

Mr. Sherman held clearly to the doctrines of the Republican party on the slavery question. He was appointed by N. P. Banks, then Speaker of the House, one of a committee of three to investigate and report on the border-ruffian troubles in Kansas. The committee visited Kansas and took testimony. They encountered rough treatment, and on one occasion all that saved the lives of the committee was the presence of United States troops at Fort Leavenworth. One day sixty armed men, dressed in the border style with red shirts and trousers, with bowie-knives and pistols in their boots, marched into the committee room for the purpose of intimidating the committee. It was necessary that Mrs. Robinson, the wife of one of the members of the committee, should secretly convey the testimony to Speaker Banks.

Mr. Howard, chairman of the committee, being unable through sickness to prepare the

report, it was prepared by Mr. Sherman, and when presented to the house created a great deal of feeling and intensified antagonisms; it was made the basis of the campaign of 1856.

Opposition to Monopoly—An Authority on Finance.—During his first session in Congress Mr. Sherman showed the opposition to monopolists that he has since consistently maintained, by saying in the debate on the submarine telegraph, "I cannot agree that our government should be bound by any contract with any private incorporated company for fifty years; and the amendment I desire to offer will reserve the power to Congress to determine the proposed contract after ten years."

He was soon a recognized authority on finance, and watched all expenditures very closely; the then prevalent system of making contracts in advance of appropriations was sternly denounced by him as illegal.

A Senator.—Mr. Sherman was re-elected to the Thirty-sixth Congress. In 1859 he was the Republican candidate for Speaker, and came within three votes of an election. In 1860 he was again elected to Congress, and on the resignation of Salmon P. Chase he was elected to his place in the Senate, taking his seat March 23, 1861. He was re-elected senator in 1867 and in 1873. In the Senate Senator Sherman was at the head of the Finance Committee, and served also on committees on agriculture, Pacific Railroad, the judiciary, and the patent office.

Mr. Sherman's greatest services to the country were during the war period, when his great financial genius was demonstrated in the system of finances adopted by our government, and of which he was chief in devising and advocating.

In 1862 he was the only member of the Senate to make a speech in favor of the National Bank bill, its final passage only being secured by the personal appeal of Secretary Chase to members opposed to it. In the same year, on a question of taxation, Senator Sherman said, "Taxes are more cheerfully paid now, in view of the mountain of calamity that would overwhelm us if the rebellion should succeed; but when we have reached the haven of peace, when the danger is past, you must expect discontent and complaint. The grim spectre of repudiation can never disturb us if we do our duty of taxpaying as well as our soldiers do theirs of fighting. And if, senators, you have thought me hard and close as to salaries and expenditures, I trust you will do me the justice to believe that it is not from any doubt of the ability of our country to pay, or from a base and selfish desire for cheap reputation, or from a disinclination to pay my share; but because *I see in the dim future of our country the same uneasy struggle between capital and labor—between the rich and the poor, between fund-holders and property-holders—that has marked the history of Great Britain for the last fifty years.* I do not wish the public debt to be increased one dollar beyond the

necessities of the present war; and the only way to prevent this increase is to restrict our expenditures to the lowest amount consistent with the public service, and to increase our taxes to the highest aggregate our industry will bear."

In Army Service.—In 1861, during the recess of Congress, Mr. Sherman joined the Ohio regiments, then in Philadelphia, and was appointed aide-de-camp to Gen. Robert Patterson. He remained with them until the meeting of Congress in July. At the close of the extra session of the Senate he returned to Ohio and applied himself diligently to the raising of a brigade, which served during the whole war under the name of the "Sherman Brigade."

He was intending to resign his seat as senator and enter the army, but was persuaded not to do so by President Lincoln and Secretary Chase, who felt that by remaining in the Senate his watchful care of public finances, his labors to provide for the support of the armies in the field and maintain and strengthen public credit, would be of greater public service than any that could be rendered in the army.

Resumption of Specie Payments.—In 1867 he introduced a refunding act, which was adopted in 1870, but without the resumption clause. From that time onward he was the conspicuous and chief figure in financial legislation consequent upon the war. In 1877 he was appointed Secretary of the Treasury by President Hayes. The crowning triumph of Mr. Sherman's policy was realized on Jan. 1, 1879, when specie payments were successfully resumed, despite the most dismal forebodings of many prominent financiers.

In 1880 Mr. Sherman was a candidate for the Presidential nomination, his name being presented to the National Convention by Jas. A. Garfield, who subsequently received the nomination. In 1881 Mr. Sherman was again elected to the Senate and re-elected in 1887. In 1885 he was chosen President of the Senate *pro tem.* In 1884, and again in 1888, he was a prominent candidate for the Presidency; being the leading candidate in the convention of 1888 until Benjamin Harrison was nominated.

A Pure Statesman.—Mr. Sherman's career has been remarkably free from imputation upon his integrity, but at the time of the Credit Mobilier investigation a charge was made by political opponents that he had amassed great wealth out of the war. These charges were speedily squelched.

"No man can say that Mr. Sherman ever, in the slightest degree, received any benefit from the government in any business operation connected with the government, except the salary given him by law. It is a matter of public notoriety that no one could have been more stringent in severing his connection with any transaction which by possibility could affect the government, or could be affected by pending legislation of Congress. He even carried this position to an extreme, and never bought, or sold, or dealt in any

stock, bond, or security, or business which could be affected by his action in Congress."

The period is probably coming when no memory will hold the long list of Presidents of these United States, while the name of John Sherman will be known in the memory of all generations: a statement we give in the hopeful view that the increased intelligence of the voting population will make their judgment of public men, and what constitutes character and patriotic service, more discriminating than in our day. Mr. Sherman has published "Selected Speeches and Reports on Finance and Taxation, 1859-1878."

Judge JACOB BRINKERHOFF was born in 1810, in Niles, New York; was educated to the law; served as a Democratic member of Congress, from 1843 to 1847. He then became affiliated with the Free Soil party, and drew up the famous resolution introduced by David Wilmot, of Pennsylvania, and since known as the WILMOT PROVISIO; the original draft of which he retained until his death in 1880. He distributed several copies of this to the Free Soil members, with the understanding that the one who first could catch the Speaker's eye should introduce it. Mr. Wilmot succeeded and received the historical honor by the attachment of his name, when it should have been the BRINKERHOFF PROVISIO. Mr. Brinkerhoff served fifteen years on the Supreme Bench of Ohio, and would have given more service but for failing health and advancing years. He stood high as a jurist.

MORDECAI BARTLEY, the thirteenth governor of Ohio, was born in Fayette county, Pa., in 1783. In 1809 settled as a farmer in Jefferson county, Ohio, near the mouth of Cross creek. In the war of 1812 raised a company of volunteers under Harrison. After it, opened up a farm in the wilderness of Richland; then from his savings engaged in merchandizing in Mansfield. From 1823 on served four terms in Congress, where he was the first to propose the conversion of the land grants of Ohio into a permanent fund for the support of common schools. In 1844 was elected Governor of Ohio on the Whig ticket, and showed in his State papers marked ability. Declining a second nomination, he passed the remainder of his days in the practice of law and in farming near the city. He died Oct. 10, 1870, aged eighty-three years.

WILLIAM LOGAN HARRIS, Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church, deceased in New York city about the year 1888, was born near Mansfield, Nov. 4, 1817. "He was educated at Norwalk Seminary, and entered the ministry September 7, 1837. In 1848 he became principal of Baldwin Institute, at Berea, Ohio. In 1851 he went to Delaware and took charge of the Academic Department of the Ohio Wesleyan University, and in 1852 was elected to its chair of chemistry and natural history, which position he held for eight years. In 1860 he was elected assistant Corresponding Secretary of the Missionary Society, and was re-elected in 1864 and 1868.

He was elected Bishop in 1872, at Brooklyn, and soon after went on a tour around the world, occupying eighteen months, in which he visited nearly every Methodist missionary station. He was a member of every quadrennial General Conference from 1856 to 1872, and was Secretary of each session. In 1874 he was sent as delegate to the British Wesleyan Conference. He received his degree

of D.D. from Allegheny College in 1856, and his LL.D. from Baldwin University in 1870. He again went abroad several times, visiting missionary stations. From 1874 to 1880 resided in Chicago and last in New York. He contributed largely to the periodical denominational literature, and was the author of a small but very useful work on "The Legal Power of the General Conference."

BELLVILLE is ten miles south of Mansfield, on the L. E. Div. of the B. & O. R. R. The principal industries are the making of rattan baskets and carriages. It is a remarkably clean and neat village, the consequence of a fire which occurred Sept. 22, 1882. Gold is found in the neighborhood. Newspapers: *Independent*, Independent, J. W. Dowling, Jr., editor; *Star*, Independent, E. A. Brown & Co., editors and publishers. Churches: 1 Episcopal Methodist, 1 Presbyterian, 1 Disciples, 1 Lutheran, 1 Universalist, 1 Seventh-day Baptist. Bank: Commercial, R. W. Bell, president; J. B. Lewis, cashier. Population, 1880, 971. School census, 1888, 308.

INDEPENDENCE, Post-office Butler, is thirteen miles southeast of Mansfield, on the L. E. Div. of the B. & O. R. R. It has one Methodist Episcopal and one Evangelical church. Population, 1880, 394. School census, 1888, 190. L. L. Ford, superintendent of schools.

LEXINGTON is eight miles southwest of Mansfield, on the L. E. Div. of the B. & O. R. R. Population, 1880, 508. School census, 1888, 159. John Miller, superintendent of schools.

LUCAS is seven miles southeast of Mansfield, on the P., Ft. W. & C. R. R. It has one Congregational and one Lutheran church. Population, 1880, 381. School census, 1888, 203. D. K. Andrews, superintendent of schools.

PLYMOUTH is seventeen miles northwest of Mansfield, on the B. & O. R. R., and line of Huron county.

City officers, 1888: A. O. Jump, Mayor; W. F. Beekman, Clerk; S. M. Robinson, Treasurer; William McClinchey, Street Commissioner; B. F. Tubbs, Marshal. Newspaper: *Advertiser*, Independent, J. F. Beelman, editor and publisher. Churches: 1 Methodist Episcopal, 1 Catholic, 1 Lutheran and 1 Presbyterian. Bank: First National, J. Brinkerhoff, president; William Monteith, cashier. Population, 1880, 1,145. School census, 1888, 208.

SHELBY is twelve miles northwest of Mansfield, at the junction of the C. C. C. & I. and B. & O. Railroads.

City officers, 1888: Edwin Mansfield, Mayor; J. W. Williams, Clerk; T. H. Wiggins, Solicitor; J. L. Pittinger, Treasurer; S. C. Gates, Marshal. Newspapers: *Free Press*, Independent, M. E. Dickerson, editor and publisher; *Independent News*, Independent, C. E. Pettit, editor and publisher; *Times*, Republican, J. G. Hill, editor and publisher. Churches: 1 United Brethren, 1 Catholic, 1 Lutheran, 1 Methodist, 1 Reformed, 1 Disciples, and 1 other. Bank: First National, W. R. Bricker, president; B. J. Williams, cashier.

Manufactures and Employees.—F. Brucker, planing-mill, 6 hands; Shelby Carriage Works, carriages, 8; Sutter, Barkdull & Co., furniture, 23; the Shelby Mill Company, flour, etc., 41; Heath Brothers, flour, etc., 4.—*State Report, 1888.*

Population, 1880, 1,871. School census, 1888, 601. J. Myers, superintendent. Capital invested in industrial establishments, \$100,000. Value of annual product, \$108,000.—*Ohio Labor Statistics, 1888.*

SHILOH is fourteen miles northwest of Mansfield, on the C. C. C. & I. R. R. Newspapers: *Gleaner*, Independent, E. L. Benton, editor and publisher; *Review*, Independent, Pettit & Frazier, editors and publishers. Churches: 1 Lutheran, 1 United Brethren, 1 Episcopal Methodist. Bank: Exchange, Smith & Ozier.

Industries.—Tile and brick, grain and seed-mills, flour, egg storage.

Population, 1880, 661. School census, 1888, 269. C. H. Handley, superintendent of schools.

ROSS.

ROSS COUNTY was formed by proclamation of Gov. St. Clair, August 20, 1798, being the sixth county formed in the Northwestern Territory. Its original limits were very extensive. It was named from the Hon. James Ross, of Allegheny county, Pa., who at that time was the unsuccessful candidate of the Federalists for the office of governor of that State. Much of the surface off from the valleys is hilly; the land is generally good, and on the streams extremely fertile. The bottoms of the Scioto and Paint creek are famous for their abundant crops of corn. Much water-power is furnished by the various streams. The principal crops are corn, wheat and oats. It is also famed for its fine breeds of cattle, and has many swine.

Area about 650 square miles. In 1887 the acres cultivated were 119,709; in pasture, 107,699; woodland, 68,852; lying waste, 10,534; produced in wheat, 571,366 bushels; rye, 5,266; buckwheat, 90; oats, 98,214; barley, 7,420; corn, 1,671,704; broom corn, 11,500 lbs. brush; meadow hay, 11,079 tons; clover hay, 12,077; potatoes, 62,302 bushels; tobacco, 246 lbs.; butter, 480,662; cheese, 8,100; sorghum, 5,650 gallons; maple syrup, 14,413; honey, 5,228 lbs.; eggs, 417,948 dozen; grapes, 49,330 lbs.; wine, 1,615 gallons; sweet potatoes, 953 bushels; apples, 20,074; peaches, 6,003; pears, 641; wool, 43,326 lbs.; milch cows owned, 5,481.

School census, 1888, 13,105; teachers, 279. Miles of railroad track, 166.

TOWNSHIPS AND CENSUS.	1840.	1880.	TOWNSHIPS AND CENSUS.	1840.	1880.
Buckskin,	1,729	2,311	Jefferson,	871	1,060
Colerain,	1,281	1,946	Liberty,	1,256	1,575
Concord,	2,548	2,801	Paint,	1,380	1,153
Deerfield,	1,235	1,475	Paxton,	1,226	2,119
Eagle,	411		Scioto,	5,354	12,689
Franklin,	582	1,233	Springfield,	1,062	1,287
Green,	1,820	2,058	Twin,	2,195	2,447
Harrison,	631	1,226	Union,	2,631	2,527
Huntington,	1,159	2,400			

Population of Ross in 1820 was 20,610; 1830, 25,150; 1840, 27,460; 1860, 35,071; 1880, 40,307: of whom 33,914 were born in Ohio; 1,479, Virginia; 619, Pennsylvania; 294, Kentucky; 213, New York; 177, Indiana; 1,685, German Empire; 514, Ireland; 138, England and Wales; 49, Scotland; 40, British America, and 30 France. Census, 1890, 39,454.

Although there is considerable hilly land in the county, it is estimated nearly half of the surface is alluvium. The cultivation of wheat is increasing in the bottoms; that of corn on the uplands, and the farmers are diversifying their crops. The county is famed for its fine cattle. Some of these were sent in 1885, to the Kentucky State Fair, and took the prize over the luscious-fleshed animals raised in the famed blue grass region of that State.

EARLY SETTLEMENTS.

Such glowing descriptions of the beauty of the scenery and the fertility of the soil in the Scioto country, having been circulated through Kentucky, by Massie and others, who had explored it in 1792, portions of the Presbyterian congregations of Cane Ridge and Concord, in Bourbon, under Rev. Robert W. Finley, determined to emigrate thither in a body. They were in a measure induced to this step by their dislike of slavery, and the uncertainty that existed in regard to the validity of the land titles in that State. The Rev. Mr. Finley, as a preliminary step, liberated his slaves, and addressed a letter of inquiry to Col. Nathaniel Massie, in December, 1794.

That letter induced Col. Massie, who was a large landholder, to visit Mr. Finley in the succeeding March. A large concourse of people who wished to engage in the enterprise, assembled on the occasion, and fixed on a day to meet at the Three Islands in Manchester, and proceed on an exploring expedition. Mr. Finley also wrote to his friends in western Pennsylvania informing them of the time and place of rendezvous.

Pioneer Exploring Party.—About sixty men met according to appointment, who were divided into three companies, under Massie, Finley and Falenash. They proceeded on their route without interruption, until they struck the falls of Paint creek and proceeded a short distance down that stream, when they found themselves in the vicinity of some Indians who had encamped at Reeves' crossing, near Bainbridge. The Indians were of those who had refused to attend Wayne's treaty, and it was determined to give them battle, it being too late to retreat with safety. The Indians on being attacked soon fled, with the loss of two killed and several wounded. One of the whites only, Joshua Robinson, was mortally wounded, and during the action a Mr. Armstrong, a prisoner with the Indians, escaped to his own people. The party gathered up all the plunder and retreated as far as Scioto Brush creek, where they were, according to expectation, attacked early the next morning. Only one man of the whites was wounded, Allen Gilfillan, and the party the next day reached Manchester and separated for their several homes.

After Wayne's Treaty, Col. Massie and several of the old explorers again met at the house of Rev. Mr. Finley, formed a company and agreed to form a settlement in the ensuing spring (1796), and raise a crop of corn at the mouth of Paint creek. According to agreement, they met at Manchester about the first of April, to the number of forty and upwards, from Mason and Bourbon. Among them were Joseph M'Coy, Benj. and Wm. Rodgers, David Shelby, James Harrod, Henry, Bazil and Reuben Abrams, Wm. Jamison, Jas. Crawford, Samuel, Anthony and Robert Smith, Thos. Dick, Wm. and Jas. Kerr, Geo. and James Kilgore, John Brown, Samuel and Robert Templeton, Ferguson Moore, Wm. Nicholson and J. B. Finley, now a Methodist clergyman. They divided into two companies, one of which struck across the country and the other came on in pirogues. The first arrived the earliest on the spot of their intended settlement, and had

commenced erecting log huts above the mouth of Paint, at "the Prairie station," before the others had come on by water. About 300 acres of the prairie were cultivated in corn that season.

Chillicothe was laid out in August of this year, 1796, by Col. Nathaniel Massie, in a dense forest. He gave a lot gratis to each of the first settlers, and by the last of autumn about twenty cabins were erected. Not long after, a ferry was established across the Scioto at the north end of Walnut street. The opening of Zane's trace, very soon afterwards, produced a great change in the course of travel west, it having previously been along the Ohio in keel boats or canoes, or by land over the Cumberland mountains, through Crab Orchard, in Kentucky.

The emigrants brought up some corn-meal in their pirogues, and after that was gone, their principal meal, until the next summer, was that pounded in hominy mortars, which when made into bread and anointed with bear's oil, was quite palatable.

When the settlers first came, whiskey was \$4.50 per gallon; but in the spring of 1797, when the keel boats began to run, the Monongahela whiskey makers, having found a good market for their fire-water, rushed it in, in such quantities, that the cabins were crowded with it, and it soon fell to 50 cents. Men, women and children, with some exceptions, drank it freely, and many who had been respectable and temperate became inebriates. Many of Wayne's soldiers and camp-women settled in the town, so that it for a time became a town of drunkards and a sink of corruption. There was a little leaven, which in a few months began to develope itself.

In the spring of '97, one Brannon stole a great-coat, handkerchief and shirt. He and his wife absconded, were pursued, brought back, and a formal trial had. Samuel Smith was appointed judge, a jury empanelled, one attorney appointed by the judge to manage the prosecution and another the defence, witnesses were examined, the cause argued and

the evidence summed up by the judge. The jury having retired a few minutes, returned with a verdict of guilty, and that the culprit be sentenced according to the discretion of the judge; who soon announced that he should have ten lashes on his naked back, or that he should sit on a bare pack-saddle on his pony, and that his wife—who was supposed to have had some agency in the theft—should lead the pony to every house in the village, and proclaim, "this is Brannon, who stole the great-coat, handkerchief and shirt," and that James B. Finley—now the Rev. J. B. Finley, chaplain of the Ohio penitentiary—should see the sentence faithfully executed. Brannon chose the latter, and the ceremony, "This is Brannon who stole the great-coat, handkerchief and shirt," was at the door of every cabin in the village, in due form, proclaimed by his wife, he sitting on a bare pack-saddle on his pony. It was performed in the presence of Mr. Finley, and when it was over, Brannon and his wife made off.

Dr. Edw. Tiffin and Mr. Thomas Worthington of Berkeley county, Va., were brothers-in-law, and being moved by abolition principles liberated their slaves, intending to remove into the Territory. For the purpose of making preparations for their removal in the spring, Mr. Worthington, in 1797, visited Chillicothe and purchased several of the in and out lots of the town, and on one of the former he erected a two-story frame house, the same in which Mr. Campbell now resides on Second street, which was the first frame house erected in Chillicothe. On his return to Virginia, having purchased a part of the farm on which his widow now resides, and another at the north fork of Paint, he contracted with a Mr. Joseph Yates, a millwright, and a Mr. Geo. Haines, a blacksmith, to come out with him in the following winter or spring, and erect for him a grist and a saw-mill on his north fork tract. The summer, fall and following winter of that year, was marked with a rush of emigration, which spread over the high bank prairie, Pea-pea, Westfall, and a few miles up Paint and Deer creeks.

Nearly all the first settlers were either regular members, or had been raised in the Presbyterian church. Towards the fall of 1797, the leaven of piety retained by a portion of the first settlers began to diffuse itself through the mass, and a large log meeting-house was erected near the old grave-yard on this side of the bridge, and the Rev. Wm. Speer, a Presbyterian clergyman from Pennsylvania, took charge. The sleep erserved as seats for the hearers, and a split log table was used as a pulpit. Mr. Speer was a gentlemanly, moral man, tall and cadaverous in person, and wore the cocked hat of the revolutionary era.

Thomas James arrived in February, 1798, bringing with him the first load of bar-iron in the Scioto valley, and about the same time arrived Maj. Elias Langham, an officer of the Revolution. Dr. Tiffin and his brother Joseph arrived the same month from Vir-

ginia, and opened a store not far from the log meeting-house. A store was also opened previously by John M'Dougal. On the 17th of April, the families of Col. Worthington and Dr. Tiffin arrived, at which time the first marriage in the Scioto valley was celebrating; the parties were George Kilgore and Elizabeth Cochran. The ponies of the attendants of the wedding were hitched to the trees along the streets, which then were not cleared out, nearly the whole town being a wilderness. Mr. Joseph Yates, Mr. George Haines, and two or three others also arrived with the families of Tiffin and Worthington.

Col. Worthington was appointed by Gen. Rufus Putnam, surveyor-general of the Northwestern Territory, surveyor of a large district of Congress lands, then to be surveyed on the east side of the Scioto; and Major Langham and a Mr. Matthews were appointed to survey the residue of the lands, which afterwards composed the Chillicothe land district.

On their arrival there were but four shingle-roof houses in town, on one of which the shingles were fastened with pegs. Col. Worthington's was then the only house in town with glass windows. The sash of the hotel was filled with greased paper.

The same season settlements were made about the Walnut Plains by Samuel McCulloch and others; Springer, Osbourn, Thomas and Elijah Chenowith, and Dyer settled on Darby creek; Lamberts and others on Sippo; on Foster's bottom by Samuel Davis, the Fosters and others. The following families also settled in and about Chillicothe: John Crouse, William Keys, William Lamb, John Carlisle, John McLanberg, William Candles, the Stocktons, the Greggs, the Bateses and others.

Dr. Tiffin and his wife were the first Methodists that resided in the Scioto valley. He was a local preacher. In the fall Worthington's grist and saw-mills, on the north fork of the Paint, were finished—the first mills worthy of the name in the valley.

Chillicothe was the point from which the settlements in the valley diverged. In May, 1799, a post-office was established at Chillicothe, and Joseph Tiffin appointed post-master. Mr. Tiffin and Thomas Gregg opened taverns; the first, under the sign of "Gen. Anthony Wayne," was at the corner of Water and Walnut streets; and the last, under the sign of the "Green Tree," was on the corner of Paint and Water streets. In 1801 Nathaniel Willis moved in and established the Scioto *Gazette*.

In 1801 the settlers along the west side of the Scioto, from Chillicothe to its mouth, were Joseph Kerr, Hugh Cochran, Joseph Campbell, the Johnsons, James Crawford, the Kirkpatrickes, the Chandlers, Beshongs, Montgomeries, Mountzes, Fosters, Pancakes, Davises, Chenowiths, Sargents, Downings, Combeses, Barneses, Uttses, Noels, Lucases, Swaynes, Williams and Collins, at Alexandria. On the east side of the Scioto, the Noels, Thompson, Marshall, McQuart, the

Millers, Boylston, Talbot, Mustard, Clark, and many others whose names cannot now be recollected.

EARLY EXPERIENCES IN THE SCIOTO VALLEY.

The Rev. J. B. Finley, who came with his father to Chillicothe in the year 1796, in his very interesting and instructive autobiography, writes of "the richness of the country, the beauty of its birds and flowers, the softness of the climate, the fragrance of the atmosphere, redolent as Eden." He then goes on to describe the sufferings through the prevalence of bilious fevers, the symptoms of which often resembled those of yellow-fever. "Often there was not one member of the family able to help the others; and instances occurred in which the dead lay unburied for days because no one could report. The extensive prevalence of sickness, however, did not deter immigration. A desire to possess the rich lands overcame all fear of sickness, and the living tide rolled on, heedless of death."

In the summer of 1798 the bloody flux raged as an epidemic with great violence, and for a time threatened to depopulate the whole town of Chillicothe and its vicinity. Medical skill was exerted to its utmost, but all to no purpose, as but few who were attacked recovered. From eight to ten were buried per day. At length a French trader by the name of Drouillard [Peter Druyer, or Drouillard, who interceded with the Indians to save the life of Simon Kenton], came and administered to the sick with great success, giving relief in a few hours, and in almost every case effecting a permanent cure.

The first Legislature met on the bank of the Scioto river, near the foot of Mulberry street, under a large sycamore tree. This was entirely democratic, as the people represented themselves. The principal matter which occupied the attention of this Legislature was the enactment of a law for the suppression of drunkenness.

In the fall of 1796 my father set all his slaves free. He had been for years convinced that it was wrong to hold his fellow-men in bondage. Preparations being made for their removal from their Kentucky home to Ohio, about the 1st of December, twelve of the emancipated negroes were mounted on pack-horses and started for Ohio. My father placed me in charge of the company, though I was but 16 years of age. We were accompanied with parts of three families, with a great drove of hogs, cows and sheep. We carried with us clothes, bed-clothes, provisions and cooking utensils.

After we crossed the Ohio river it became intensely cold, and it was with difficulty some of the colored people were kept from freezing. Some days we were under the necessity of lying by, it was so intensely cold. After sixteen days of toil and hardship we reached our place of destination on the banks of the Scioto below Chillicothe. Here we built our winter camps, making them as warm as we could. Our bread was made of pounded hominy and corn-meal, and we lived on this, together with what we could find in the woods. Fortunately for us, game was plenty, and we caught opossums by the score. The colored people lived

well on this food, and were as sleek and black as ravens. In the spring my father and the rest of the family moved out, and as soon as we could erect a cabin all hands went to work to put in a crop of corn.

It was necessary to fence in the prairie, and every one had to enclose with a fence as much ground as he had planted. The work of fencing fell to my lot. Myself and another lad built a camp, in which we lodged at night and cooked our provisions. We frequently killed turkeys and wild ducks, with which we supplied our larder, and with our johnny-cake, baked on a board before the fire, we had a good supply for a vigorous appetite. After our corn was gathered and laid by the immigrants came pouring into the country. From that time to the beginning of March I travelled over the trace from Chillicothe to Manchester sixteen times. On one of these visits my brother John accompanied me, father having sent us by that route to Kentucky for seed-wheat. The wheat which we brought back was, I believe, the first sown in the Scioto valley.

This year our horses ran away, and my father sent me, in company with an Indian, whom he had employed for that purpose, to go and hunt them. We had not gone four miles from the settlement before the Indian was bitten by a rattlesnake on the ankle, between his leggin and moccasin. It was one of the large yellowkind, full of poison. As soon as the Indian had killed his enemy, he took his knife, went a few paces, and dug up a root, the stalk of which resembled very much the stalk of flax, about nine inches long. The root was yellow and very slender, being no thicker than a knitting-needle. This root he chewed and swallowed. He then put more in his mouth, and after chewing it, put it upon the wound. Soon after he became deathly sick and vomited. He repeated the dose three times with the same result, and then, putting some fresh root on the bite, we travelled on. The place where he was bitten after a while became swollen, but it did not extend far and soon subsided. This root is undoubtedly the most effectual cure for poison in the world—a specific antidote.

I frequently hunted with John Cushon, an Indian of the Tuscarora tribe, and had good living and much fine sport. I became so passionately fond of the gun and the woods, and Indian life, that my parents feared I would go off with the Indians and become connected with them. They were as fondly attached to me as I to them; and notwithstanding I had heard so much of their treachery and savage barbarity, I felt that I could repose the most implicit confidence in them. The mode of living and manner of life, which consisted in hunting the buffalo, bear and deer in the wild woods and glens, free from care and the restraints of civilization, made Indian life to me most desirable; and so powerfully had these things taken hold of my youthful mind, that the advice and entreaties of my beloved parents could scarcely restrain me from following it. Let it not be supposed that, though I was a backwoods boy, I had not tasted the sweets of classical literature. In my father's academy I enjoyed the advantages of a thorough drilling in Latin and Greek, and even now I can repeat whole books of the "Æneid" of Virgil and the "Iliad" of Homer. I could scan Latin or Greek verse with as much fluency as I can now sing a Methodist hymn; and I could find the square root of a given number with as much precision in my youthful days as I could drive a centre with my rifle.

THE MURDER OF WAW-WIL-A-WAY.

In the spring of 1803 Captain Herrod, a prominent and influential settler residing a few miles west of Chillicothe, was found murdered in the woods near his home. The body had been scalped and tomahawked, supposedly by Indians, although many of the settlers believed it to have been the deed of a personal enemy. The circumstances are thus told in Finley's autobiography:

The murder created considerable excitement in the settlements, and many predicted a general slaughter of whites by Indians.

Several days after the finding of Captain Herrod's body, David Wolfe, accompanied by two other men named Williams and Ferguson, met on the prairie the Shawnee Chief Waw-wil-a-way, the old and faithful hunter of Gen. Massie, and an unwavering friend to the whites. He was a noble, brave and intelligent Indian, known and beloved by all the settlers. Wolfe engaged him in conversation and made a proposition to exchange guns, and, while examining the chief's gun, unobserved by him emptied the priming from the pan, and then handed the gun back, remarking that he had concluded not to trade.

After some further conversation and a friendly parting, Waw-wil-a-way continued on his way. As soon as his back was turned, Wolfe raised his gun and shot him through the body. Although mortally wounded, the Indian turned on his enemies, shot and killed Williams, rushed upon Wolfe, stabbed him with his knife in the thigh, and when Ferguson came to Wolfe's assistance, the chief felled him with Wolfe's gun. The two surviving white men were now lying at the Indian's feet, but his strength was fast failing him through loss of blood; his sight became dim; he staggered forward a few steps, fell to the ground and expired. Wolfe and Ferguson survived their wounds.

The murder of Waw-wil-a-way created great alarm among both Indians and whites. The scattered whites fled to the settlements, and the neighboring Indians to the heart of the Indian country, near Fort Greenville. Fearing a general uprising of the Indians, Gen. McArthur, with a large body of men, met the Indians near Fort Greenville, and a council was held, at which the Indians declared their purpose to abide by the treaty made eight years before. After the council had closed, Tecumseh accompanied Gen. McArthur to Chillicothe and made an eloquent speech in favor of peace; the settlers then returned to their homes their fears and alarm allayed.

Chillicothe appears to have been a favorite name with the Indians for their towns, there having been several of that name, viz., one on the site of Frankfort in this county; one on the site of Westfall in Pickaway; one three miles north of Xenia in Greene; one on the site of Piqua, Miami county, and one on the Maumee.

Col. John Johnston says: "Chillicothe is the name of one of the principal tribes of the Shawanese. The Shawanese would say, *Chillicothe otany*, i. e., Chillicothe town. The Wyandots would say for Chillicothe town, *Tat,a,ra,ra-Do,tia*, or town at the leaning bank."

Chillicothe in 1846.—Chillicothe, the seat of justice for Ross county, is situated on the west bank of the Scioto and on the line of the Ohio canal, forty-five miles south of Columbus, ninety-three from Cincinnati, seventy-three from Zanesville, and forty-five from the Ohio river at Portsmouth. The site is a level plain, elevated about thirty feet above the river. The Scioto curves around it on the north, and Paint creek flows on the south. The plan and situation of Chillicothe have been described as nearly resembling that of Philadelphia, the Scioto river and Paint creek representing in this case the Delaware and Schuylkill rivers, and both

towns being level and regularly laid out into squares. But here the comparison terminates. The scenery around Philadelphia is dissimilar and far inferior, as the view shown in the annexed engraving testifies. In truth, there are but few places in the country where the scenery partakes so much of the beautiful and magnificent as in this vicinity.

In 1800 the seat of government of the Northwest Territory was removed by law of Congress from Cincinnati to Chillicothe. The sessions of the territorial legislature in that year and in 1801 were held in a small two-story hewed log-house, which stood on the corner of Second and Walnut streets, and was erected in 1798 by Mr. Basil Abrams. To the main building, extending along Walnut street towards the Scioto, was attached a hewed-log wing of two stories in height. In the lower room of the wing, Col. Thos. Gibson, then auditor for the territory, kept his office, and in the upper lived a small family. In the upper room of the main building was a billiard table and a place of resort for gamblers; the lower room was used by the legislature, and as a court-room, as a church, and a singing-school. In the war of 1812 the building was a rendezvous and barracks for soldiers, and in 1840 was pulled down.

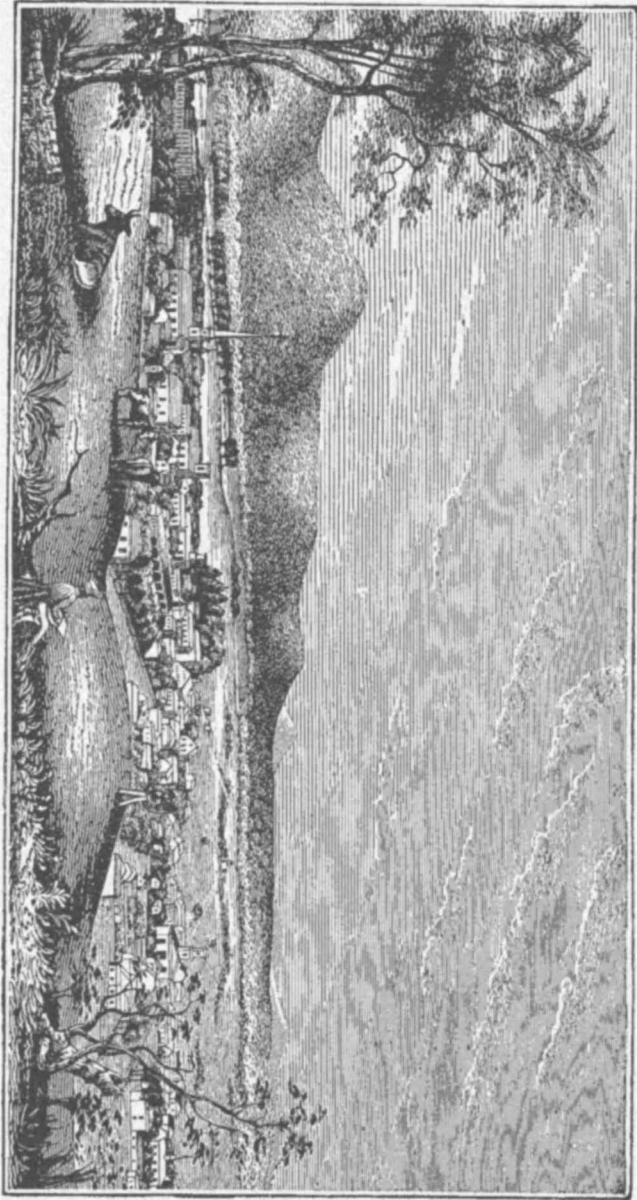
In 1800 the old state-house was commenced and finished the next year, for the accommodation of the legislature and courts. It is believed that it was the first public stone edifice erected in the Territory. The mason work was done by Major William Rutledge, a soldier of the revolution, and the carpentering by William Guthrie. The territorial legislature held their session in it for the first time in 1801. The convention that framed the constitution of Ohio was held in it, the session commencing on the first Monday in November, 1802. In April, 1803, the first State legislature met in the house, and held their sessions until 1810. The sessions of 1810-11 and 1811-12 were held at Zanesville, and from there removed back to Chillicothe and held in this house until 1816, when Columbus became the permanent capital of the State. This time-honored edifice is yet standing in the central part of the town, and is used as a court-house for the county.—*American Pioneer*.

Chillicothe was incorporated January 4, 1802, and the following officers appointed: Samuel Finley, Ed. Tiffin, James Ferguson, Alexander McLaughlin, Arthur Stewart, John Carlisle and Reuben Adams, members of the select council; Everard Harr, assessor; Isaac Brink, supervisor; William Wallace, collector; Joseph Tiffin, town marshal.

In 1807 Chillicothe had 14 stores, 6 hotels, 2 newspaper printing-offices, a Presbyterian and a Methodist church, both brick buildings, on Main street, and 202 dwelling-houses.

Chillicothe contains 2 Presbyterian, 1 Associate Reformed Presbyterian, 2 Methodist, 1 Methodist Reformed, 1 Episcopal, 1 Catholic, 1 Baptist, 1 German Lutheran, 1 German Methodist, 1 colored Baptist and 1 colored Methodist church, 1 male academy and 1 female seminary, 38 retail and 2 wholesale dry goods, 4 wholesale grocery, 3 hardware, and 2 book stores, 8 forwarding houses, 5 weekly newspapers, 1 bank, 4 merchant mills, making 10,000 bbls. of flour annually, and 4 establishments which pack annually about 45,000 bbls. of pork. It is the centre of trade in the Scioto valley, and is connected with the river by the Ohio canal, which is rarely closed by ice. It has hydraulic works built at an expense of \$75,000, which furnish water-power in addition to that afforded by the canal. It lies on the route of the contemplated railroad from Cumberland to Cincinnati, and is at present progressing with a healthful and steady pace. On the hill west of the town is a mineral spring, said to possess fine medicinal properties. A beautiful cemetery, containing 14 acres, has recently been laid out, and it is contemplated to supply the city with water from Paint creek by hydraulic power. Its population in 1807 was about 1,200; in 1820, 2,416; in 1830, 2,840; in 1840, 3,977; and in 1847 about 6,220.—*Old Edition*.

CHILICOTHE, county-seat of Ross, is on the west bank of the Scioto, 47 miles



Drawn by Henry Howe in 1846.

CHILICOTHE.

The view is from the hill west and shows the principal part of the town. The tall spire is that of the Presbyterian church, beside which appears the cupola of the first Ohio State House. To the left is the Madeira House, Scioto River and bridge, and in the distance Mount Logan, rising to the height of about 600 feet.

south of Columbus, 97 miles northeast from Cincinnati, on the C. W. & B. S. V., D., Ft. W. & C. Railroads and the Ohio Canal. Chillicothe is the centre of a large and rich agricultural region.

County officers, 1888: Auditor, John A. Somers; Clerk, Charles Reed; Commissioners, Simon R. Dixon, John W. Jenkins, Conrad H. Reutinger; Coroner, Valentine Kramer; Infirmary Directors, Edwin B. Dolohan, Isaac Lutz, Herman Schiller; Probate Judge, George B. Bitzer; Prosecuting Attorney, Marcus G. Evans; Recorder, John F. Brown; Sheriff, Joshua R. Wisheart; Surveyor, Philip J. Laessle; Treasurer, Nelson Purdum. City Officers, 1888: David Smart, Mayor; Andrew J. DeCamp, Marshal; George L. Dawley, Civil Engineer; Philip H. Griesheimer, Commissioner; Daniel Hammel, Chief Fire Department; A. B. Cole, Solicitor; Charles A. Malone, Clerk; Nelson Purdum, Treasurer; Dennis Rigney, Chief of Police. Newspapers: *Ross County Register*, Independent, R. Putnam, editor and publisher; *Scioto Gazette*, Republican, A. W. Search, editor and publisher; *Advertiser*, Democratic, Harper & Hunter, editors and publishers; *Leader*, Republican, Tyler & Carrigan, editors and publishers; *Ohio Soldier*, G. A. R., John T. Raper, editor and publisher; *Unsere Zeit*, German Independent, J. B. & Chas. Fromm, editors and publishers. Churches: 2 Presbyterian, 2 German Evangelical, 1 African Methodist Episcopal, 1 Episcopal, 1 Methodist, 2 Catholic, 2 Methodist Episcopal, 1 Baptist. Banks: Central National, Thomas G. McKell, president, T. Spetnagel, cashier; First National, Amos Smith, president, Edward R. McKee, cashier; Ross County National, A. P. Story, president, John Tomlinson, cashier.

Manufactures and Employees.—Otto Wisslem & Co., beer, 6 hands; Jacob Knecht, beer, 6; A. Miller, mineral water, 4; Marfield & Co., flour, etc., 30; Geo. J. Herrnstein & Bros., doors, sash, etc., 24; Union Shoe Co., ladies' and misses' shoes, 108; Duncan Steam Laundry, laundrying, 12; August Schneider, wagons, etc., 5; William Miller, flour and feed, 6; Ingham & Co., book and newspaper, 75; Armstrong & Story, oak harness leather, 16; Valley Manufacturing Co., spokes and rough gearing, 22; Junemann Electric Light Co., electric light, 4; Chas. Olmstead & Son, meal and feed, 3; Elsass & Wilson, oak harness leather, 14; A. G. Yeo, spokes and handles, 8; Smith & Ryan, engines, boilers, etc., 30; Chillicothe *Leader*, printing, 8; *Daily News and Register*, printing, etc, 22; Marfield & Co., grain elevator, 6; August Deschler, iron fencing, etc., 3; Thomas J. Guin, cut and sawed stone, 8; Wm. H. Reed & Co., doors, sash, etc., 25; Ewing & Studer, machinery, 5; C. W. & B. R. R. Shops, railroad repairs, 200; J. H. S. Furguson, ironing boards, etc., 6.—*State Report*, 1888. Population, 1880, 10,938. School census, 1888, 3,837; John Hancock, school superintendent. Capital invested in industrial establishments, \$640,300. Value of annual product, \$1,035,300.—*Ohio Labor Statistics*, 1887. Census, 1890, 11,288.

The business of Chillicothe is much scattered. The grain business alone is larger than the entire business of some other Ohio towns of more than half its population. On April 1, 1852, a great fire swept away a large part of the main business street, and a better class of structures succeeded.

The St. Paul's, the first Episcopal church (the first Episcopal west of the Alleghenies), is still standing in Chillicothe, on the east side of Walnut street, near Main. It was built of stone on a brick foundation, and cost \$924. On September 21, 1821, it was dedicated by Bishop Philander Chase, assisted by Rev. Intrepid Morse and Rev. Ezra B. Kellogg, the latter of whom became its first pastor.

In 1834, the church was sold to Archbishop Purcell, and used as a Catholic church until 1852; later by the priests as a residence. It was again sold in 1865 and is now occupied as a private residence.

In the War of 1812, Chillicothe was a rendezvous for United States troops. They were stationed at Camp Bull, a stockade one mile north of the town, on the west bank of the Scioto. A large number of British prisoners, amounting to several hundred, were at one time confined at the camp. On one occasion, a conspiracy

was formed between the soldiers and their officers who were confined in jail. The plan was for the privates in camp to disarm their guard, proceed to the jail, release the officers, burn the town and escape to Canada. The conspiracy was disclosed by two senior British officers, upon which, as a measure of security, the officers were sent to the penitentiary in Frankfort, Ky.

Four Deserters were Shot at Camp at One Time.—The ceremony was impressive and horrible. The soldiers were all marched out under arms with music playing, to witness the death of their comrades, and arranged in one long extended line in front of the camp, facing the river. Close by the river bank at considerable distances apart, the deserters were placed, dressed in full uniform, with their coats buttoned up and caps drawn over their faces. They were confined to stakes in a kneeling position behind their coffins, painted black, which came up to their waists, exposing the upper part of their persons to the fire of their fellow-soldiers. Two sections of six men each were marched before each of the doomed. Signals were given by an officer instead of words of command, so that the unhappy men should not be apprised of the moment of their death. At a given signal, the first sections raised their muskets and poured the fatal volleys into the breasts of their comrades. Three of the four dropped dead in an instant; but the fourth sprang up with great force and gave a scream of agony. The reserve section stationed before him were ordered to their places, and another volley completely riddled his bosom. Even then the thread of life seemed hard to sunder.

On another occasion, an execution took place at the same spot, under most melancholy circumstances. It was that of a mere youth of nineteen, the son of a widow. In a frolic he had wandered several miles from camp, and was on his return when he stopped at an inn by the way-side. The landlord, a fiend in human shape, apprised of the reward of \$50 offered for the apprehension of deserters, persuaded him to remain over night, with the offer of taking him into camp in the morning, at which he stated he had business. The youth, unsuspecting of anything wrong, accepted the offer made with so much apparent kindness, when lo! on his arrival the next day with the landlord he surrendered him as a deserter, swore falsely as to the facts, claimed and obtained the reward. The court-martial, ignorant of the circumstances, condemned him to death, and it was not until he was no more, that his innocence was known.

The corpses of the deserters were placed in rough coffins made of poplar, and stained with lamp-black, and buried on the river margin. After a lapse of years the freshets, washing away the earth, exposed their remains, and they were subsequently re-interred in a mound in the vicinity.

In this war, the Scioto Valley at one time was largely depopulated of its able-bodied men, who on the opening of hostilities rushed to the defence of the northern frontier. The ladies as usual took part in their especial lines; so when Major Croghan, the youthful hero of Fort Stephenson, had made his gallant defence "under the influence of Divine Providence," as they wrote to him, August 13, 1813, they sent him a sword. On its receipt he handsomely responded. Thirty-seven ladies contributed in the patriotic purchase and signed their names to the letter of presentation. They are annexed for the gratification of their descendants:

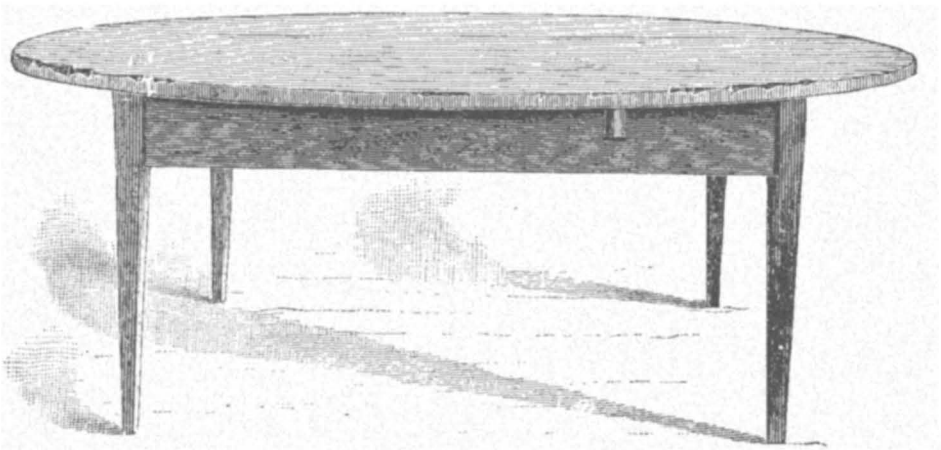
Mary Finley, Rebecca M. Orr, Elizabeth Creighton, Eleanor Lamb, Nancy Waddle, Eliza Carlisle, Mary A. Southard, Ruhamah Irwin, Jane M. Evans, Mary Curtis, Nancy McArthur, Nancy Kerr, Sally McLane, Catharine Fullerton, Ann Creighton, Ann M. Dunn, Margaret Keys, Charlotte James, Esther Doolittle, Susan D. Wheaton, Deborah Ferree, Frances Brush, Elizabeth Martin, Jane Heylan, Lavinia Fulton, Mary Sterret, Susan Walke, Margaret McLandburgh, Margaret McFarland, Eleanor Buchanan, Eleanor Worthington, Catharine Hough, Judith Delano, Margaret Miller, Mary P. Brown, Jane McCoy, Martha Scott.

BIOGRAPHY.

EDWARD TIFFIN, the first governor of Ohio, was born in Carlisle, England, June 19, 1766. He received a good English education and began the study of medicine, which he continued on his emigration—at 18 years of age—to Berkeley county, Va. In 1789 he graduated from the University of Pennsylvania. In the same year he married Mary, sister of Thomas Worthington, of Charleston,



DR. EDWARD TIFFIN, OHIO'S FIRST GOVERNOR.



Nugent, Photo.

THE OLD CONSTITUTION TABLE.

The table on which the first Constitution of Ohio was signed, and it is still in use in the Court House at Chillicothe.

W. Va. (afterward governor of Ohio). In 1790 Dr. Tiffin united with the Methodist church, was ordained deacon by Bishop Asbury, and all throughout his subsequent career continued to preach with much fervor and power.

In 1796 he manumitted his slaves, and, accompanied by his brother-in-law and Robert Lucas (all three subsequently became governors of Ohio), removed to Chillicothe. Dr. Tiffin was of genial temperament, of high professional and general culture, and above all, of high moral purpose and character. It is small wonder that such a man became immensely popular. Gen. Washington, in a letter to Gov. St. Clair, speaks of "Dr. Tiffin's fairness of character in private and public life, together with knowledge of law, resulting from close application for a considerable time." In 1799 he was chosen to the Territorial Legislature and unanimously elected Speaker, which position he held until Ohio became a State.

In 1802 he was chosen president of the first Constitutional Convention, and his superior ability and acquirements so impressed his fellow-delegates that at its conclusion the convention made him its candidate for governor, to which office he was elected in January, 1803, without opposition. Two years later he was re-elected, again without opposition, and the office was tendered him a third time, but he declined.

The new State of Ohio was fortunate in having as its first chief executive a man of such extraordinary and versatile talents and acquirements. The formative condition of affairs gave opportunity for the display of Gov. Tiffin's genius, and his able administration was of inestimable value in developing and advancing the interests of the young Commonwealth. The most notable incident of his administration was the suppression of the Burr-Blennerhassett expedition. In his message of January 22, 1807, President Jef-

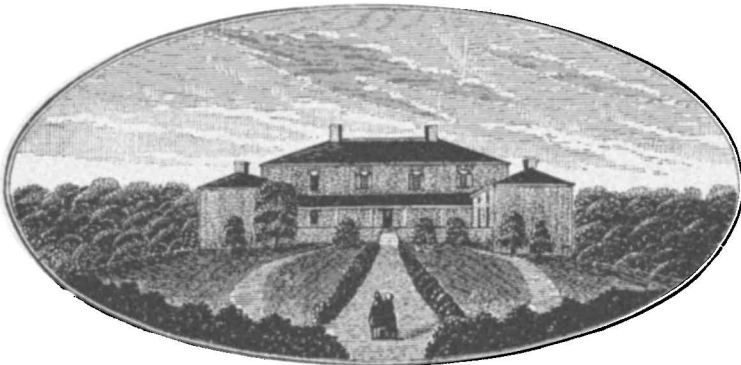
erson highly compliments Gov. Tiffin for his prompt and efficient action in this affair.

At the close of his second term Gov. Tiffin was elected to the United States Senate, and performed valuable services for Ohio by securing appropriations for the improvement of the Ohio river, the mail service, and the survey of public lands.

In 1809 the death of his much-beloved wife was a serious blow to Senator Tiffin; he resigned his seat in the Senate, and determined to retire from public life; but in the following year he was elected to the State legislature, and was made Speaker of the house, serving for several terms.

He married a second wife, Miss Mary Porter, of Delaware. Like his first wife, she was a woman of much beauty of person and character.

Upon Madison's election to the Presidency he appointed Senator Tiffin to organize the land office. When Washington was burned by the British, in 1814, Dr. Tiffin was so prompt and expeditious in removing the records of his office to a place of safety, that his was the only department whose books and papers were unharmed. Wishing to return to Ohio, he, with the consent of the President and Senate, exchanged offices with Josiah Meigs, Surveyor-General of the West. He held this latter office until within a few months of his death, when he was removed by President Jackson. Dr. Tiffin died August 9, 1829; his widow survived him until 1837; three of their daughters were living in 1889. Their only son, who had studied his father's profession, was killed in a railroad accident, while returning home from Paris, where he had been attending medical lectures.



Drawn by Henry Howe in 1846.

ADENA.

Two or three miles northwest of Chillicothe, on a beautiful elevation commanding a magnificent view of the fertile valley of the Scioto and its bounding hills,

is Adena, the seat of the late Gov. Worthington. The mansion itself is of stone, is embosomed in shrubbery, and has attached a fine garden. It was erected in 1806, at which time it was the most elegant mansion in this part of the West, and crowds came to view it, in whose estimation the name of the place, "Adena," which signifies "Paradise," did not perhaps appear hyperbolic. The large panes of glass and the novelty of papered walls appeared especially to attract attention. Its architect was the elder Latrobe, of Washington city, from which place the workmen also were. Nearly all the manufactured articles used in its construction, as the nails, door-knobs, hinges, glass, etc., were from east of the mountains. The glass was made at the works of Albert Gallatin and Mr. Nicholson, at Geneva, Pa. The fire-place fronts were of Philadelphia marble, which cost \$7 per hundred for transportation. The whole edifice probably cost double what it would have done if erected at the present day. It is now the residence of the widow of the late governor, of whom we annex a brief notice.—*Old Edition.*

THOMAS WORTHINGTON, one of the earliest and most distinguished pioneers of Ohio, was born in Jefferson county, Va., about the year 1769, and settled in Ross county in 1798. He brought from Virginia a large number of slaves, whom he emancipated, and some of their descendants yet remain in Chillicothe. A man of ardent temperament, of energy of mind and correct habits of life, he soon became distinguished both in business and in political stations. He was a member of the convention of 1803, to form a State constitution, in which he was both able and active. Soon after that he became a senator in Congress from the new State, and was a participant in

the most important measures of the administrations of Jefferson and Madison. At the close of his career in Congress, he was elected governor of the State, in which capacity he was the friend and aid of all the liberal and wise measures of policy which were the foundation of the great prosperity of Ohio. After his retirement from the gubernatorial chair he was appointed a member of the first board of canal commissioners, in which capacity he served till his death. A large landholder, engaged in various and extensive business, and for thirty years in public stations, no man in Ohio did more to form its character and promote its prosperity. He died in 1827.

The pioneer author of the Scioto valley, Col. JOHN McDONALD, should be gratefully remembered. He was of Scotch (Highland) stock; was born in Northumberland county, Pa., January 28, 1775. In the spring of 1792 he joined Gen. Massie's settlement at Manchester. He was a boatman, hunter, surveyor, Indian fighter, and, under Massie, took a prominent part in all the expeditions leading to the settlement of the Scioto valley. He was a colonel in the war of 1812, and held various civil offices. He died on his farm at Poplar Ridge, Ross county, September 11, 1853. He was a modest, valuable man. His little book, now out of print, "McDonald's Sketches," details the woful experiences of the early explorers of the valley with lifelike truthfulness and simplicity. The sketches of Worthington, Massie, and McArthur, herein given, are abridged mainly from his "Sketches."

NATHANIEL MASSIE was born in Goochland county, Virginia, Dec. 28, 1763. His father, a farmer in easy circumstances, and of plain good sense, educated his sons for the practical business of life. In 1780 Nathaniel, then being seventeen years of age, was for a short time in the revolutionary army. After his return he studied surveying, and in 1783 left to seek his fortunes in Kentucky. He first acted as a surveyor, but soon joined with it the locating of lands.

His Characteristics.—"Young Massie soon became an expert surveyor, and it was a matter of astonishment (as he was raised in the dense population east of the mountains) how soon he acquired the science and habits of the backwoodsmen. Although he never practised the art of hunting, he was admitted by all who knew his qualifications as a woods-

man, to be of the first order. He could steer his course truly in clear or cloudy weather, and compute distances more correctly than most of the old hunters. He could endure fatigue and hunger with more composure than the most of those persons who were injured to want on the frontier. He could live upon meat without bread, and bread without meat, and was perfectly cheerful and contented with his fare. In all the perilous situations in which he was placed, he was always conspicuous for his good feeling and the happy temperament of his mind. His courage was of a cool and dispassionate character, which, added to great circumspection in times of danger, gave him a complete ascendancy over his companions, who were always willing to follow when Massie led the way."

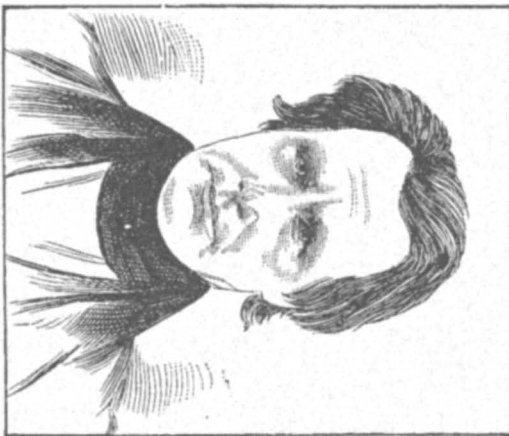
Survey's Land.—He also soon became in-



GEN. DUNCAN MCARTHUR,
Governor of Ohio, 1830-1832.



THOMAS WORTHINGTON,
Governor of Ohio, 1814-1818.



WILLIAM ALLEN,
Governor of Ohio, 1874-1876.

terested with Gen. James Wilkinson in speculations in salt, then an article of great scarcity in the West—with what pecuniary success, however, is unknown. He was employed as a surveyor by Col. R. C. Anderson, principal surveyor of the Virginia military lands, and for a time was engaged in writing in the office of Col. Anderson, who had the control of the land warrants, placed in his hands by his brother officers and soldiers.

"A very large amount of these, so soon as the act of Congress of August, 1790, removed all further obstruction, he placed in the hands of Massie, to enter and survey on such terms as he could obtain from the holders of them. As the risk of making entries was great, and as it was desirable to possess the best land, the owners of warrants, in most cases, made liberal contracts with the surveyors. One-fourth, one-third, and sometimes as much as one-half acquired by the entry of good lands, were given by the proprietors to the surveyors. If the owners preferred paying money, the usual terms were ten pounds, Virginia currency, for each thousand acres entered and surveyed, exclusive of chainmen's expenses. These terms cannot appear extravagant, when we consider that at that time the danger encountered was great, the exposure during the winter severe, and that the price of first-rate land in the West was low, and an immense quantity in market.

"The locations of land-warrants in the Virginia military district between the Scioto and the Little Miami, prior to 1790, were made by stealth. Every creek which was explored, every line that was run, was at the risk of life from the savage Indians, whose courage and perseverance was only equalled by the perseverance of the whites to push forward their settlements."

Founds Manchester.—In 1791 Massie made the first settlement within the Virginia military district at Manchester. During the winter of '92-'93, he continued to locate and survey the best land within a reasonable distance of the station of Manchester. "In the fall of the year 1793 Massie determined to attempt a surveying tour on the Scioto river. This, at this time, was a very dangerous undertaking; yet no danger, unless very imminent, could deter him from making the attempt. For that purpose he employed about thirty men, of whom he chose three as assistant surveyors. These were John Beasley, Nathaniel Beasley, and Peter Lee. It was in this expedition Massie employed, for the first time, Duncan McArthur as a chainman or marker."

Explores the Scioto Valley.—"In the month of October some canoes were procured, and Massie and his party set off by water. They proceeded up the Ohio to the mouth of the Scioto, thence up the Scioto to the mouth of Paint creek. While meandering the Scioto, they made some surveys on the bottoms. After reaching the mouth of Paint creek, the surveyors went to work. Many surveys were made on the Scioto, as far up as Westfall. Some were made on

Main, and others on the north fork of Paint creek, and the greatest parts of Ross and Pickaway counties in the district were well explored and partly surveyed. Massie finished his intended work without meeting with any disturbance from the Indians. But one Indian was seen during the excursion, and to him they gave a hard chase. He, however, escaped. The party returned home delighted with the rich country of the Scioto valley which they had explored.

"During the winter of 1793-4 Massie, in the midst of the most appalling dangers, explored the different branches to their sources, which run into the Little Miami river, and thence passed in a northeastern direction to the heads of Paint and Clear creeks, and the branches that form those streams. By these expeditions he had formed, from personal observation, a correct knowledge of the geographical situation of the country composing the Virginia military district."

Hardships.—"During the winter of 1794-5 Massie prepared a party to enter largely into the surveying business. Nathaniel Beasley, John Beasley, and Peter Lee were again employed as the assistant surveyors. The party set off from Manchester, well equipped, to prosecute their business, or, should occasion offer, give battle to the Indians. They took the route of Logan's trace, and proceeded to a place called the deserted camp, on Tod's fork of the Little Miami. At this point they commenced surveying, and surveyed large portions of land on Tod's fork, and up the Miami to the Chillicothe town (now in Clark county), thence up Massie's creek and Caesar's creek nearly to their heads. By the time the party had progressed thus far winter had set in. The ground was covered with a sheet of snow from six to ten inches deep. During the tour, which continued upwards of thirty days, the party had no bread. For the first two weeks a pint of flour was distributed to each mess once a day, to mix with the soup in which meat had been boiled. When night came, four fires were made for cooking, that is, one for each mess. Around these fires, till sleeping-time arrived, the company spent their time in the most social glee, singing songs and telling stories. When danger was not apparent or immediate, they were as merry a set of men as ever assembled. Resting-time arriving, Massie always gave the signal, and the whole party would then leave their comfortable fires, carrying with them their blankets, their firearms, and their little baggage, walking in perfect silence two or three hundred yards from their fires. They would then scrape away the snow and huddle down together for the night. Each mess formed one bed; they would spread down on the ground one-half of the blankets, reserving the other half for covering. The covering blankets were fastened together by skewers, to prevent them from slipping apart. Thus prepared, the whole party crouched down together with their rifles in their arms, and their pouches under their heads for pillows! lying spoon-fashion, with three heads

one way and four the other, their feet extending to about the middle of their bodies. When one turned the whole mass turned, or else the close range would be broken and the cold let in. In this way they lay till broad daylight, no noise and scarce a whisper being uttered during the night. When it was perfectly light, Massie would call up two of the men in whom he had most confidence, and send them to reconnoitre and make a circuit around the fires, lest an ambuscade might be formed by the Indians to destroy the party as they returned to the fires. This was an invariable custom in every variety of weather. Self-preservation required this circumspection." Some time after this, while surveying on Caesar's creek, his men attacked a party of Indians, and they broke and fled.

After the defeat of the Indians by Wayne, the surveyors were not interrupted by the Indians; but on one of their excursions, still remembered as "the starving tour," the whole party, consisting of twenty-eight men, suffered extremely in a driving snow-storm for about four days. They were in a wilderness, exposed to this severe storm, without hut, tent, or covering, and what was still more appalling, without provision and without any road or even track to retreat on, and were nearly 100 miles from any place of shelter. On the third day of the storm, they luckily killed two wild turkeys, which were boiled and divided into twenty-eight parts, and devoured with great avidity, heads, feet, entrails and all.

Founds Chillicothe.—In 1796 Massie laid the foundation of the settlement of the Scioto valley, by laying out on his own land the now large and beautiful town of Chillicothe. The progress of the settlements brought large quantities of his land into market.

Massie was high in the confidence of St. Clair; and having received the appointment of colonel, it was through him that the militia

of this region were first organized. Colonel Massie was an efficient member of the convention which formed the State constitution. He was afterwards elected senator from Ross, and at the first session of the State legislature was chosen speaker. He was elected the first major-general of the second division of the Ohio militia under the new constitution.

Elected Governor and Refuses the Office.

—Gen. Massie was at this time one of the largest landholders in Ohio, and selected a residence at the falls of Paint creek, in this county, where he had a large body of excellent land. "In the year 1807 Gen. Massie and Col. Return J. Meigs were competitors for the office of governor of Ohio. They were the most popular men in the State. Col. Meigs received a small majority of votes. The election was contested by Massie on the ground that Col. Meigs was ineligible by the constitution, in consequence of his absence from the State, and had not since his return lived in the State a sufficient length of time to regain his citizenship. The contest was carried to the General Assembly, who, after hearing the testimony, decided that 'Col. Meigs was ineligible to the office, and that Gen. Massie was duly elected governor of the State of Ohio.' Massie, however desirous he might have been to hold the office, was too magnanimous to accept it when his competitor had a majority of votes. After the decision in his favor he immediately resigned."

After this, he, as often as his leisure would permit, represented Ross county in the legislature. He died Nov. 3, 1813, and was buried on his farm. "His character was well suited for the settlement of a new country, distinguished as it was by an uncommon degree of energy and activity in the business in which he was engaged. His disposition was ever marked with liberality and kindness."

DUNCAN M'ARTHUR, who was of Scotch parentage, was born in Dutchess county, New York, in 1772, and when eight years of age, his father removed to the frontiers of Pennsylvania. His father was in indigent circumstances, and Duncan, when of sufficient age, hired out as a laborer. At the age of eighteen years, he was a volunteer in Harmar's campaign. In 1792, he was a private in the company of Capt. Wm. Enoch, and acted with so much intrepidity in the battle of Captina, as to render him very popular with the frontier men. After this, he was for a while a laborer at some salt-works near Maysville, Ky., and in the spring of 1793, engaged as a chain-bearer to Gen. Nathaniel Massie, and penetrated with him and others into the Scioto Valley to make surveys, at a time when such an enterprise was full of danger from the Indians. He was afterwards employed as a spy against the Indians on the Ohio, and had some adventures with them, elsewhere detailed in this volume. He was again in the employment of Gen. Massie; and after the treaty of Greenville, studied surveying, became an assistant surveyor to Gen. Massie, and aided him to lay out Chillicothe. He, in the course of this business, became engaged in the purchase and sale of lands, by which he acquired great landed wealth.

In 1805 he was a member of the Legislature from Ross; in 1806 elected colonel, and

in 1808, major-general of the State militia. In May, 1812, he was commissioned colonel

in the Ohio volunteers, afterwards marched to Detroit, and himself and regiment were included in Hull's surrender. He was second in command on this unfortunate expedition; but such was the energy he displayed, that, notwithstanding, after his return as a prisoner of war on parole, the Democratic party, in the fall of 1812, elected him to Congress by an overwhelming majority. In March, 1813, he was commissioned a brigadier-general in the army, and having been regularly exchanged as prisoner of war, soon after resigned his seat in Congress to engage in active service.

Military Services.—About the time the enemy were preparing to attack Fort Stephenson, the frontiers were in great danger, and Harrison sent an express to M'Arthur to hurry on to the scene of action with all the force he could muster. Upon this, he ordered the second division to march in mass. "This march of the militia was named the 'general call.' As soon as Governor Meigs was advised of the call made by General M'Arthur, he went forward and assumed in person the command of the militia now under arms. General M'Arthur went forward to the scene of action, and the militia followed in thousands. So promptly were his orders obeyed, that in a few days the Sandusky plains were covered with nearly eight thousand men, mostly from Scioto valley. This rush of militia to defend the exposed frontier of our country, bore honorable testimony that the patriotism of the Scioto valley did not consist of noisy professions, but of practical service in defence of their country. This general turn-out of the militia proves that General Massie, and the few pioneers who followed him into the wilderness, and assisted him in making the first settlements in the fertile valley of the Scioto river, had infused their own daring and enterprising spirit into the mass of the community. Among these eight thousand militia were found in the ranks as private soldiers, judges, merchants, lawyers, preachers, doctors, mechanics, farmers and laborers of every description; all anxious to repulse the ruthless invaders of our soil. Indeed, the Scioto country was so stripped of its male population on this occasion, that the women in their absence were compelled to carry their grain to mill, or let their children suffer for want." These troops having arrived at Upper Sandusky, formed what was called the 'grand camp of Ohio militia.' Gen. M'Arthur was detailed to the command of Fort Meigs. The victory of Perry, on the 10th of September, gave a fresh impetus to the army, and Harrison concentrated his troops at Portage river, where, on the 20th, the brigade of M'Arthur, from Fort Meigs, joined him. On the 27th, the army embarked in boats and crossed over to Malden, and a few days after, Gen. M'Arthur, with the greater part of the troops, was charged with the defence of Detroit.

After the resignation of Harrison, in the spring of 1814, M'Arthur, being the senior brigadier-general, the command of the N. W.

army devolved on him. As the enemy had retired discomfited from the upper end of Lake Erie, and most of the Indians were suing for peace, the greater part of the regular troops under his command were ordered to the Niagara frontier. M'Arthur had a number of small forts to garrison along the frontier, while he kept his main force at Detroit and Malden, to overawe the Canadians and the scattering Indians still in the British interest. The dull monotony of going from post to post was not the most agreeable service to his energetic mind. He projected an expedition into Canada, on which he was absent about a fortnight from Detroit, with 650 troops and 70 Indians. At or near Malcolm's mill, the detachment had an action with the force of about 500 Canadian militia, in which they defeated them with a loss of 27 killed and wounded, and made 111 prisoners; while the American loss was only 1 killed and 6 wounded. In this excursion, the valuable mills of the enemy in the vicinity of Grand river were destroyed, and their resources in that quarter essentially impaired. After returning from this successful expedition, the war languished in the northwest. General M'Arthur continued in service and was at Detroit when peace was declared.

The U. S. Bank Contest.—In the fall of 1815 he was again elected to the Legislature. In 1816 he was appointed commissioner to negotiate a treaty with the Indians at Springwell, near Detroit; he acted in the same capacity at the treaty of Fort Meigs, in September, 1817, and also at the treaty at St. Mary's in the succeeding year. In 1817, upon being elected to the Legislature, he was a competitor with the late Charles Hammond, Esq., for the Speaker's chair, and triumphed by a small majority. The next summer, the party strife on the United States bank question, which had commenced the previous session, was violent. M'Arthur defended the right of that institution to place branches wherever it chose in the State, and on this issue was again a candidate for the Legislature and was defeated. "A considerable majority of members elected this year were opposed to the United States bank. Mr. Hammond was again elected a member of the assembly, and by his talents and readiness in wielding his pen, together with his strong and confident manner of speaking, was able to dictate law to this assembly. A law was passed at this session of the Legislature, taxing each branch of the United States bank, located in the State of Ohio, fifty thousand dollars. When the time arrived for collecting this tax, the branch banks refused to pay. Mr. Hammond had provided in the law for a case of this kind: the collector was authorized, in case the bank refused to pay the tax, to employ armed force and enter the banking house and seize on the money, and this was actually done; the collector, with an armed force, entered the branch bank in the town of Chillicothe and took what money he thought proper.

"The bank brought suit in the United States circuit court against all the State officers concerned in this forcible collection. Mr. Hammond, a distinguished lawyer, with other eminent counsel, was employed by the State of Ohio to defend this important cause. The district court decided the law of Ohio, levying the tax, unconstitutional, and, of course null and void; and made a decree, directing the State to refund to the bank the money thus forcibly taken. The cause was appealed to the Supreme Court of the United States. Mr. Hammond defended the suit in all its stages. The Supreme Court decided this cause against the State of Ohio. Thus was settled this knotty and vexatious question, which, for a time, threatened the peace of the Union."

Political Honor.—In 1819 M'Arthur was again elected to the Legislature. In 1822 he was again chosen to Congress, and became an undeviating supporter of what is called the American system. "While General M'Arthur remained a member of Congress, he had considerable influence in that body. His persevering industry, his energetic mind, his

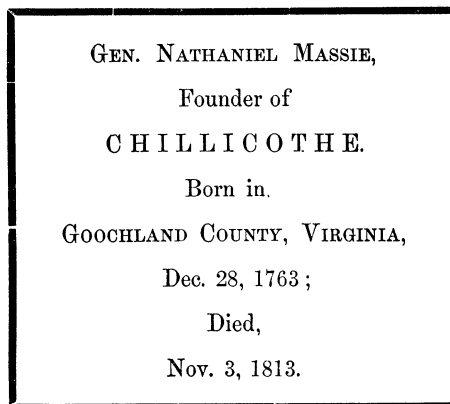
sound judgment, and practical business habits, rendered him a very efficient member. He would sometimes make short, pithy remarks on the business before the house, but made no attempts at those flourishes of eloquence which tickle the fancy and please the ear. After having served two sessions in Congress, he declined a re-election, being determined to devote all his efforts to arrange his domestic concerns. He left the field of politics to others, and engaged with an unremitted attention to settle his land business." In 1830, M'Arthur was elected governor of Ohio by the anti-Jackson party, and on the expiration of his term of office was a candidate for Congress, and lost his election, which terminated his political career. By an unfortunate accident in June, 1830, M'Arthur was horribly bruised and maimed. From this severe misfortune his bodily and mental powers constantly declined, until death, several years after, closed his career.

Duncan M'Arthur was a strong-minded, energetic man and possessed an iron will. He was hospitable, close in business, and had many bitter and severe enemies.

TRAVELLING NOTES.

Upland Cemetery, at Chillicothe, is an especially interesting spot, both historically and pictorially. In it lie the remains of four governors of the State: Edward Tiffin, the first governor, 1803–1807; Thomas Worthington, 1814–1818; Duncan McArthur, 1830–1832, and William Allen, 1874–1876. The cemetery contains about 100 acres of woodland, partly old forest trees; largely intermingled are evergreens, as Irish juniper, Norway spruce, white and Austin pine. Among the interesting monuments is that to the memory of Gen. Joshua W. Sill, a very promising young officer, one of the earliest of the sacrifices of the war. He was a graduate of West Point, but at the outbreak of hostilities was in civil life. He fell at Stone river, December 31, 1862, universally lamented.

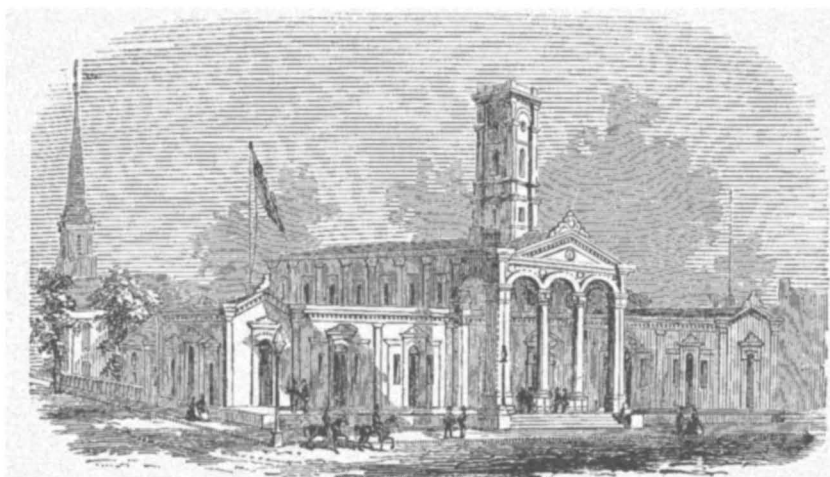
The cemetery is about a mile south of the city, on the western hills. There, on the most northerly point, at an elevation of 170 feet, overlooking the beautiful city which he founded, is the monument and tomb of Nathaniel Massie. The view is singularly beautiful and commanding, embracing the city, the windings of the Scioto, with Mount Logan in the distance. The shaft of the monument is of Scotch granite, about thirty feet high, and on its face is this inscription:





Drawn by Henry Howe in 1846.

THE FIRST OHIO STATE-HOUSE.



THE COUNTY BUILDINGS, CHILLICOTHE.

These occupy the site of the old State-House.

Mr. Massie was originally buried on his farm. In June, 1870, the remains, with those of his wife, were removed here. Near the Massie monument is the Soldiers' monument, an imposing structure. It is of marble, about twenty-five feet high; consists of two cubes on a pedestal; on them are bronze tablets, with inscriptions, and figures in *basso-rilievo*. The whole is surmounted by the figure of a soldier in bronze, at rest, in graceful attitude, leaning on his musket.

The Old State Capitol, shown in the engraving, was destroyed in 1852. The old building stood on the site of the present court-house, exactly where is now the courtroom of the latter. The small building on the right was used by the treasurer and auditor. The building partly shown in the rear was the stone jail. The church in the rear is yet standing. In the year 1 made the sketch, March 6, 1846, a noted burglar and murderer, Henry Thomas, was hanged on a gallows erected before the front door. It was the second criminal execution in the county since its organization. He was hanged for the murder of Fred. Edwards, storekeeper at Bourneville. Thomas sold his body to Dr. Hull, of that place, who preserved the skeleton.

The Ohio Eagle.—The Chillicothe Library has about 9,000 volumes. I went in to see the "Ohio Eagle," the identical eagle that for nearly half a century had stood perched on the summit of the cupola of the Old State House and glinted in the first rays of the morning sun as it came up from behind Mount Logan. It had been placed there as a relic. It was made of four pieces of sheet-brass, riveted, two feet and six inches high, two feet broad, and black as a stove—its gilt long since gone. It never was much of an eagle, but served for the beginning of Ohio, and should be duly honored.

The Old Librarian.—About as great a curiosity as the eagle was the librarian himself, Mr. Henry Watterson, who was within two years as old as that bird. He thus gave me his record, extraordinary for the *genus homo*: Was born in Albany, N. Y., March 25, 1804; therefore, then 82 years old. Came to Chillicothe in 1841; is an omnivorous reader, but reads no fiction except Scott's novels; walks six miles daily; height, 5 feet, 9¾ inches; chest measurement, 32 inches; weight, *one hundred and four pounds*; had one leg broken; one arm broken once and another broken three times, and the last time it was broken it was broken in three places; had six attacks of fever—in one of them was so far gone that his mother made his shroud; recovering, she changed it into a shirt; it went on duty as a shirt until it was worn out as a shirt. To have eighty-two years of history thus personified, and so much broken, too, and once so near dead, withal, and yet nimbly mount a step-ladder and bring down from a top shelf some of the gathered wisdom of the ages for one's edification, was a marvel indeed.

The Old Constitution Table.—In the recorder's office stands the table on which was signed the old constitution of Ohio, adopted

November 29, 1802; and that table has been in constant use from that day to this. It stands on its old legs, save one. The top is of black walnut and the legs cherry; its height, 2 feet 4 inches; its form, oval, 6 feet long and 3 feet 8 inches wide. On this table once stood Hon. Thomas Scott and made a speech to his fellow-citizens, congratulating them on the adoption of the constitution. He had been secretary of the convention. In 1846 he was one of its five surviving members, two of whom were Joseph Darlington and Israel Donalson of Adams county; the other two names not recollected by me, if then known. It was from the manuscript of Judge Scott that I obtained the items respecting the first settlement of the county.

Chillicothe has changed but little since that olden time of 1846. The best residences are scattered. The houses, with rare exceptions, are the old-style square houses, sometimes called "box-houses." They are largely of brick, with large rooms, some two and a few only one-story high, with ample yards and gardens. No fanciful architecture, with ostentatious, sky-climbing towers, no pepper-box-shaped pinnacles greet the eye. Money was largely put inside for comfort and convenience and having "a good time generally all around," and the old-style people got it.

The town was great in character, having had so many strong first-class men as its leading citizens. It was the admiration of strangers in its halcyon days, and among these was Daniel Webster. He went into the country and I believe ascended Mount Logan, and had an eye-feast as he looked over the valleys of the Scioto and Paintcreek. The beauty and fertility, the immense fields of corn and wheat, the fat luscious cattle and the vast domains of single owners, filled him with the sense of agricultural magnificence new in his experience. Ever after, when any Scioto valley people called upon him, he was strong in his praises, which made them feel good, though on one or two occasions this was marred by his blunder, when alluding to the beauty of Paintcreek, by his calling it *Pain* creek.

A most useful and valued acquaintance made in my first sojourn in the "Ancient Metropolis" in 1846, was Seneca W. Ely, probably the oldest editor and printer now in the harness in Ohio. He had then been editor and principal proprietor of the *Scioto Gazette*—a leading Whig journal, founded in 1800, and still in existence—since 1835, and was known and respected throughout the State as an influential writer and politician. Mr. Ely was born in eastern Pennsylvania, learned the trade of a printer at Rochester among the

New York "Yankees," perfecting his knowledge of "the art preservative of all arts" in Philadelphia. He was an active participator with the older politicians, Ewing, Bond, Stanbery, Creighton, Thrall and a host of others, in forwarding the principles and fortunes of the "grandest old party ever formed," as he used to express it—the party of Clay, Webster and compatriots.

In the 1840's Mr. Ely was one of the first subscribers to the construction fund of a railroad—the third in the State—from Marietta to the Little Miami at Loveland. He was made one of the officers of the road, but the



SENECA W. ELY.

enterprise exhausted the comfortable little fortune he had acquired, and he accepted the treasurership of the first street railroad in Cincinnati. During the civil war he was employed in sanitary services, especially at St. Louis. From 1870 to 1874 he edited the leading Republican paper of Miami county, and for eighteen months a paper in Circleville, and then returned to Cincinnati as one of the editorial staff of the *Gazette*. When the *Gazette* and *Commercial* coalesced his services were accepted on the joint enterprise, and he continues yet an active member of the editorial corps of that leading journal. Like Greeley, he has passed a "busy life," and though, like the same renowned editor, he may not have

"Gathered gear from every wile,
That's justified by honor,"

We believe it may truly be said for him—

In my last visit to Chillicothe I had the pleasure of meeting Col. WILLIAM E. GILMORE, one of the city's venerables and its postmaster, holding over from Mr. Arthur's administration. A military man, were he a Boston instead of a Scioto valley production, he doubtless to-day would be enrolled in its "Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company," a high private, marching in its ranks, touching elbows with Gen. Banks.

He has a higher honor. He delivered the last speech uttered by mortal man

"Although your way of life
Is fallen into the sere, the yellow leaf,
You've that which should accompany old age,
As honor, love, obedience, troops of friends."

EPHRAIM GEORGE SQUIER and Dr. EDWIN HAMILTON DAVIS, the archæologist, in 1846 were engaged in making their explorations and surveys, and Mr. Ely introduced me to them. Mr. Davis was a native of Chillicothe, and was then about 35 years of age. He was a reserved and somewhat diffident gentleman, and of the highest character. The latter part of his life was passed in New York, pursuing archæological studies. Mr. Squier was an entirely different man. He had come from the East to assist in editing the *Scioto Gazette*. He was then about 26 years of age, blonde, small and boyish in figure, but one of the most audacious, incisive spirits I have known. In coming to Columbus with Mr. Ely, just prior to the opening of the legislature, Squier said to him that he was going to get the clerkship of the house. Surprised, the other replied, "Why, Squier, you can't do that; you've just come to the State; you are not even a citizen." "I don't care, I shall do it." And he did. He had a talent for management, and notwithstanding his insignificant presence could make his way everywhere, with no fear of power, station, nor weight of intellect and character.

One day he was riding out with Ely, when they came in sight of some ancient earthworks. He thereupon inquired about them. The latter told him, upon which he became greatly interested, and said that would be his field of work—he did not care about politics. In the course of conversation Squier asked if there was anybody in Chillicothe interested in archæology. "Yes, there is Mr. Davis, who ten years ago assisted Charles Whittlesey in his explorations and surveys of the Newark antiquities, and is still gathering relics." The result was, he united with Davis, who furnished the funds, and they worked together.

The publication of their work by the Smithsonian Institution set Squier upon a pedestal. John L. Stephens' work upon the "Antiquities of Central America," issued in 1841, created a great sensation, showing that that country was a rich field for archæological research. Squier, on the publication of their work, applied for and obtained the position of special *chargé d'affaires* to Central America, his object being to investigate archæology and kindred topics. Both he and Mr. Davis died in 1887.

in the old State capitol. This was in 1852; a sort of wind-up blast in behalf of Winfield Scott for President, pungent and humorous.

The Colonel has had an interesting and lively career, as he tells us in his rich and racy autobiography in the County History. He was born in Chillicothe, Nov. 3, 1824, and of excellent parents: his father a purely good, honest gentleman, who promptly discharged every duty as husband, tailor, citizen and public man. Then, with a heart-tribute to the memory of his mother, he opens his heart about himself. "Of course," writes he, "as brat, boy and youth—as somebody has divided male infancy—I had lots of fun. I was instructed a little, studied some, and was thrashed *much*!"

"By Mrs. Wade and Miss Jane Luckett, with a *slipper*;

"Hiram McNemar, *boxing my ears*;

"Roswell Hill, with a *flat ruler*;

"Daniel Hearn, with a *hickory switch*;

"John Garret, with a *cowhide*;

"John Graham, with *his tongue*; and

"Wm. B. Franklin, with a *sole leather strap*;

"All in the order named; and was so prepared for Athens College, which I entered in 1839."

A cruel memory of his childhood had made him hate slavery. This was the sight at Portsmouth of a long coffer of negro slaves, men and women chained, two by two, with children of all ages of infancy following the gang, driven by ruffianly, brutal-looking white men. They were on their way from Virginia to the auction-blocks in Kentucky and Tennessee.

On entering college and avowing his sentiments, the Southern students called him "a d—d Abolitionist;" and he had to "eat dirt or fight." "I didn't," he says, "eat dirt, and consequently had a large number of battles forced upon me with the Virginia and Kentucky students." In one of these his arm was broken, from which he suffers to this day. Being full of life and animal spirits, he entered into all the practical jokes and "devilments" of the students, but doing nothing malicious. Finally he played a trick upon Professor Dan Reid, and then, to avoid the danger of being shot out, wisely withdrew from the classic halls. This was in 1841.

He then studied law, became converted in a religious revival, studied at Lane Seminary, was for a time in the ministry of the Presbyterian Church, but when the war ensued was practising the law. He enlisted the first company raised in Chillicothe, and served as a colonel. Since the war he has pursued the law and politics; first in Missouri and last in Ohio, and with force and telling vigor. He is a large man, with a somewhat massive

countenance, especially useful for the display of the emotions of a social, kindly and humorous spirit. He is an adept alike with tongue and pen. His paper upon the "Bench and Bar," in the County History, is a unique specimen of character-drawing, with unique characters as models such as no other bar in Ohio could supply.

His criticism, published Oct. 14, 1888, in the Cincinnati *Commercial-Gazette*, upon Hinsdale's recently issued work, "The Old Northwest," is in a kindly spirit. While bearing testimony to its scholarship, he very properly points to its omissions in regard to the great work of the Virginia pioneers in the Scioto valley; and combats the allegation that they tried to fasten slavery upon the State Constitution, and would probably have succeeded but for the single saving vote in the committee of Judge Ephraim Cutler, of Marietta. Gilmore winds up his dissection of the evidence by the true allegation, that "this was the first time the world had ever heard one word of a struggle to fasten the institution of negro slavery upon Ohio by that convention. For one humble Buckeye," he says, "I resent the imputation upon my ancestry and State involved in the charge that such an effort was ever made. The Virginians who settled this portion of the territory northwest of the Ohio river never desired to continue negro slavery. Tiffin, Worthington, and many more of them left Old Virginia, and made homes for themselves and their descendants, *because* they condemned and abhorred the system. They liberated the slaves they owned in Virginia. Tiffin and Worthington—it is a matter of record—each refused \$5,000 for the slaves they manumitted voluntarily and from convictions of duty, and came to the Scioto valley with less than half the money they declined to receive for their slaves.

"Profoundly honoring the memories of these grand and good men, I cannot silently permit them to stand falsely charged in history with having been participators in and advocates of that institution—now happily passed away—which John Wesley epitomized as 'the sum of all villainies'."

The citizens of Chillicothe, with commendable pride, rejoice in the fact that their town was the birthplace of LUCY WEBB HAYES, and where she passed her youth. Her childhood home, is or was lately, standing on a street corner, a plain two-story square structure, with about eight rooms, with a hall running through the centre. Memories of her winsome ways when a child are cherished by the elder people.

THE CATTLE BUSINESS.

The stock business of the West had its origin and rise in Ross county and the Scioto valley, and the first imported stock seen in the Northwest Territory was

brought at an early date to Chillicothe. The following facts in regard to it are from a correspondent of the Cincinnati *Commercial-Gazette*:

Cattle raising was an industry of great importance in Ohio prior to 1850. The remoteness of the settlements from markets in the early days of the century made the price of grain so low that the most profitable disposition that could be made of it was to feed it to cattle. So, on the rich bottom lands of the Scioto, the business of raising cattle for the Eastern markets commenced nearly eighty-five years ago.

In the early days cattle were not sheltered, but were kept in open lots of eight or ten acres each, and fed twice a day with unhusked corn and the fodder. The waste was picked up by hogs. This practice, introduced in Ross county, is still in vogue throughout much of the West. The method of securing corn after maturity by cutting off the stalks near the ground and stacking them in shocks in the field where it was grown, also originated with the raisers of cattle in the Scioto valley.

The first English cattle that came to Ohio or to the West were from Patton's herd, and were driven from Kentucky to Chillicothe.

In 1804 the first herd of cattle ever taken to an Eastern market was driven over the mountains to Baltimore by George Renick, of Ross county. The business thus commenced soon grew to large proportions. The old Ohio drovers who visited New York stayed as a rule at the Bull's Head Tavern, which was kept by Daniel Drew, and stands on the site of the Bowery Theatre.

The man who gave standing and system to the raising of stock was FELIX RENICK. He was in many ways a remarkable man, and he filled a great many positions of usefulness and responsibility. The family is of German origin. Felix Renick was born in 1771, and first came to Ross county in 1798. He was a fluent and instructive writer, a man fond of books, and was President of the Logan Historical Association, and one of the first Associate Judges of Ross county; and to his other accomplishments added a knowledge of surveying. He made the historical map of the Indian towns on the Pickaway plains shown in Pickaway county in this work.

The first regular stock sale in Ohio was held October 26, 1835, at Felix Renick's farm. In 1834 Mr. Renick, after much labor, organ-

ized the Ohio Company for the purpose of bringing thoroughbred cattle from England.

The stock of the company proved to be excellent property. He, in company with two others, went to England in 1834 and purchased a number of thoroughbred cattle.

His home at High Rock farm, in Liberty township, at an early day, was the scene of many a festivity. Dinner parties, dances and fox hunts were of frequent occurrence. His favorite authors were Shakspeare and Addison, from whom he quoted not infrequently.

He was killed in 1848 by a falling timber, and his death was widely and heartily lamented.

Mr. Renick was slender, of medium height, low-voiced, gentle in manner, but with great energy and determined will.

The *Madeira Hotel*, in its palmy days, was one of the most famous hotels in the West, and exceeding rich in its historic associations. It was two stories in height, but covered a large space of ground; was on the corner of Paint and Second streets, and was destroyed in the great fire of 1852.

The original building was a residence. About the year 1816 the Branch Bank of the United States was first located in a portion of it. The property eventually fell into the hands of Col. John Madeira, who in 1832 enlarged it, and made it famous. Chillicothe at that time was on the regular line of travel between the East and Southwest. It gained a national reputation and numbered among its guests some of the most distinguished men of the time, as Henry Clay, Daniel Webster, Wm. H. Harrison, De Witt Clinton, Lafayette, and the Mexican general, Santa Anna, on his way to Washington after his capture.

"Mine host" Col. JOHN MADEIRA, a man of splendid physique and great business capacity, was born in Woodstock, Culpeper county, Va., April 14, 1798. When fourteen years of age he came to Ohio with his father,

and before he was twenty-one kept a hotel in Chillicothe. He was a leading spirit in the development of the city and county; country turnpikes, the Ohio canal, railroads, banking and education received the benefit of his ser-



GENERAL NATHANIEL MASSIE.

FOUNDER OF CHILLICOTHE.



THE CHILLICOTHE ELM.

vices. He married a daughter of Felix Renick, and died in 1873.

Judge FREDERICK GRIMKÉ was the most noted of the characters that for years made the Madeira House their home. He was born in Charleston, S. C., Sept. 1, 1791, of Huguenot stock. His father was a jurist of eminence, an officer of the Revolution, and a member of the convention which adopted the Federal Constitution. His brother, Thomas Smith, was a reformer, with advanced ideas upon temperance, non-resistance, and education: he was much respected and beloved. His two sisters were driven from South Carolina on account of their Abolition views. One of them, Angelica, went to Cincinnati during the anti-slavery trouble at Walnut Hills, and soon married the brilliant Abolition lecturer, Theodore D. Weld. The judge was educated at Yale, came to Ohio in 1818,

and from 1836-42 was a Judge of the State Supreme Court, and then resigned, to devote himself to philosophical studies. He published an "Essay on Ancient and Modern Literature," and a work on the "Nature and Tendencies of Free Constitutions." When he died the nation was in the midst of the civil war, and, believing the Confederacy would be established, he left directions that one copy of his work should be deposited with the Government at Washington, and a second copy with the Confederate Government at Richmond. He was a slender, delicate man, neatly attired, and, with the often shy habits of scholars, made scarcely any acquaintances. He never married, and, what was sad, when he was buried, and from the Madeira House, not a woman followed his remains to their last resting-place.

THE CHILLICOTHE ELM.

In the rear of the parsonage of the Walnut Street M. E. Church in Chillicothe, stands an ancient elm of huge dimensions. By my measurement I found its girth, one foot above its base, to be 28 feet 6 inches, and three above its base, 22 feet 7 inches. Learning that Dr. W. F. Hughey, of Bainbridge, years ago lived in the parsonage and knew more of its history than any one living, I wrote for and obtained these details under date of April 9, 1886. "I was sent to Chillicothe in the autumn of 1871, as pastor of the Walnut Street M. E. Church. Soon after I took a measurement of the 'Big Elm' one foot above the ground and found it 27 feet 8 inches. I also took two measurements of the spread of its top; one from north to south and the other from east to west. The first was 140 feet, the second 135 feet; covering an area of about 55 square rods."

"It is a historic tree, under which tradition says Logan, the Mingo Chief, generally held his council. I was informed by Dr. McAdow, a local preacher of the M. P. Church, since dead, that the early settlers of Chillicothe found the remains of human bones among the coals and ashes beneath the tree, when they first came to the place. I credit this report, for he was the oldest native-born Chillicothean living at the time he told me.

I cannot remember the names of the parties who were married in the shade of the elm, nor the minister who married them. I did not have a study in the "Big Elm," but my boys and those of Mr. D. Pinto, Mr. W. Reed and Dr. S. Dunlap built a platform up in the tree in the summer of 1872, large enough for half a dozen chairs, where they used to study during the hot summer days. I sometimes took my books up there during the afternoons, in order to enjoy the breeze which could not be felt in the yard below. This platform was reached by two ladders, one from the ground to the forks of the tree, and the other from there to a door in the platform."

This must be the largest elm in girth in Ohio. Some years ago I investigated the subject of the more famous New England elms, and obtained data of their age and size and could not learn of one known to have ex-

ceeded two centuries. The Chillicothe elm is on a moist spot of ground, and I am told is "the white or swamp elm, which in exceedingly tough, almost impossible to split," and perhaps far slower in growth than other kinds. Among the New England elms the famous elm is on *Boston Common*, said to have been planted about the year 1670, by Capt. Daniel Henchman. On a map of Boston published in 1720, it is shown as a large tree. It is now gone, but in 1844, five feet from the ground its girth was 16 feet. In 1837, Oliver Wendell Holmes measured the *Northampton elm* five feet from the ground and made it 24 feet 5 inches in circumference. In 1846, Ralph Waldo Emerson and Horace Mann measured the *Johnston elm*, which at the smallest place was 22 feet, and threw up a prodigious weight of branches, twelve in number and each equal to a tree.

The *Cambridge elm*, under which Whitfield preached and under which Washington is said to have first drawn his sword on taking command of his army, is still standing. It is less in girth and must be about 200 years old. Not one of the famous New Haven elms has yet reached 16 feet in girth by my measurement, and the oldest is only about a century from its planting.

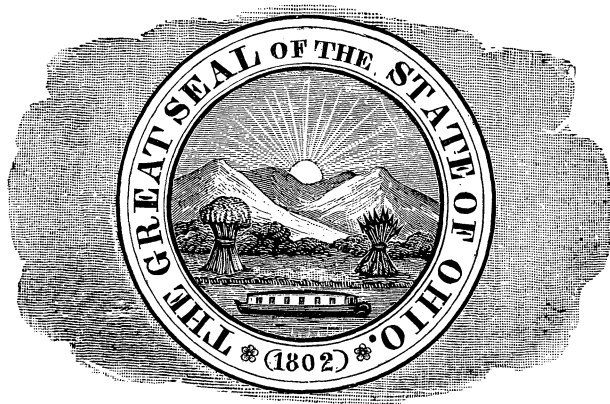
The living giant of the New England elms is the *great elm* in *Broad street*,

Wethersfield. James T. Smith, before whose house it stands, under date *October 10, 1883*, sent to me its then dimensions, "Girth at 3 feet 3 inches above the ground, 22 feet 5 inches; girth of its four branches, 16 ft. 8 in.; 11 ft. 6 in.; 10 ft. 3 in.; 8 ft. 7 in. Diameter of spread of branches north to south, 150 feet, and east to west 152 feet. Circumference of branches 429 feet. It is about 135 years old and was set out by John Smith of Withersfield. I measured it and found it 96 feet in height. A limb had been broken out in the middle that was several feet higher. Yours truly, *James T. Smith.*"

A Stable in a Hollow Tree—Dr. Toland Jones, of London, writes to me, that when he was a lad he heard his father state "that just after the war of 1812, a friend of his, named Timmons, I think, used the hollow stump of a sycamore as a stable for two horses. It was near the mouth of Deer creek in Ross county. He had cut down the tree some ten feet."

Monster Grape Vine.—Up to about the year 1853, when it was cut down by a careless woodman, there stood about one and a quarter miles west of Frankfort, on land belonging to the McNeil family, near the north fork of Paint creek, one of the largest, if not the largest grape vine on record. It was destroyed by cutting down two trees to which it was attached. In 1842 it measured 16 feet in circumference, 10 feet from the ground; 20 feet up it divided into three branches, each of about 8 feet in girth. The height was about 75 feet and the greatest breadth, 150 feet, by actual measurement. The grapes were the small hill variety, and yielded annually several bushels. It was growing very rapidly when destroyed: it then yielded by estimate about 8 cords of wood. These data are on the authority of Rev. L. C. Brooks of West Rushville, Fairfield county.

STATE SEAL.



"In the acts of the first session of the first General Assembly, held under the first constitution of Ohio, in 1803, which were printed by Nathaniel Willis, grandfather of the poet, a description of the State Seal is found in a law prescribing the duties of the Secretary of State, who was, at that time, William Creighton. The act says: 'The Secretary of State shall procure a seal, one inch and a half in diameter, for the use of each and every county now or hereafter to be created, on which seal shall be engraved the following device: On the right side, near the bottom, a sheaf of wheat and on the left a bundle of seventeen arrows, both standing erect in the background, and rising above the sheaf and arrows a mountain, over which shall appear a rising sun. The State seal to be surrounded by these words: The great seal of the State of Ohio.'"

The seal was then made. The picture of the seal as it was used by the State in 1846 and as it appeared in our first edition is shown above. The canal boat could not have been on the seal as originally made; but the date 1802 undoubtedly was.

The date 1802 was that on which the people formed and adopted a State Constitution, and they thought they had put on the robes

of sisterhood. The sister States in Congress assembled did not learn of this officially until early the next year, when they gave it their

official recognition. On this ground a scholarly claim was put forth a few years since, that Ohio was not a State by the date of a year, when she thought she was. Sundry aged persons for the first time were told they were born in the Northwest Territory. It was a very disturbing, unhappy element : it was discussed by the Ohio Society of New York an entire winter and finally exhausted by about a tie opinion, deciding nothing. No date now appears on the State seal : gone also is the canal boat, perhaps it was scuttled by some designing enemy of the canals. Gone also is the water. Not a drop anywhere for navigation, nor for thirst, but the mountains are still there ; the morning sun still peeps over the land, and under its pres-

ent light the children for the first time read in their school histories, that Ohio was not a State of the Union *until* 1803. According to this, what a delusion their fathers lived under.

It is claimed that the mountains on the seal were copied from the Mount Logan range. This range is shown on our view of Chillicothe, with which the reader can compare and correctly decide.

According to tradition Logan had a cabin on Mount Logan and was murdered there ; but this last statement—as to the place of his death—is rendered extremely doubtful by the evidence from Henry Brisch (see Pick-away and Seneca Counties).

BIOGRAPHY.

ALLEN G. THURMAN's early days were spent in Chillicothe, his parents settling there six years after his birth, in Lynchburg, Va.

We have given an outline of Judge Thurman's career in our Franklin county chapter, but some allusion to his early life is here in place. His father was an itinerant Methodist minister, who had to give up preaching on account of poor health. In 1825 he built the house on the north side of Main street, still standing, in which Allen spent his younger days. Judge Thurman's mother was a remarkable woman, with many fine qualities of both intellect and heart. Upon her devolved the training of two of Ohio's statesmen, her brother, Gov. William Allen, and her son Allen G. She had received a liberal education, was of studious habits and well fitted to perform the task which fell to her lot. It is said that her son resembles her in personal appearance and qualities ; he has borne testimony to the value of her instructions in saying, that "I owe more to my mother than to any other instructor in the world."

Judge Alfred Yapple has given the following instructive account of Judge Thurman's youth.

"He was then a small boy with what poets in pantaloons would denominate flaxen hair, and versifiers in crinoline golden locks, but what Governor Allen and common people call a towhead. His mother was drilling him in his French lessons. She continued to superintend his education, directing his reading of authors even after he left the old Chillicothe Academy, a private institution, and the highest and only one he ever attended until his admission to the bar. While attending this academy Thurman's classmates and intimates were sent away to college. He could not go, for not only did his parents find themselves without the means to send him, but even required his exertions for their own support and the support of his sisters, a duty which he cheerfully and efficiently rendered, remaining single and at home for more than nine years after his admission to the bar, giving a large part of his earnings toward the support of his parents and sisters.

The day his school companions mounted the stage and went away to college he was seized with temporary despair. Sick at heart he sought the old Presbyterian burying-ground, and lay down upon a flat tomb

and wept. The thought that his tears were vain and idle came to him with force. He told his sorrows to a friend who chanced to be wandering among the graves, and closed his recital with the significant remark, "If my school-fellows come home and have learned more than I have, they must work for it."

"Old citizens still remember that a light, during this time, was often seen in young Thurman's room until four o'clock in the morning. He would never quit anything until he had mastered it and made it his own. This particular trait he has possessed ever since.

In the acquisition of solid learning his academy fellows never got in advance of him, and he kept studying long after they had graduated. He taught school, studied and practised surveying, prepared himself for and was admitted to the bar in 1835, and practised his profession until he was elected a judge of the Supreme Court of Ohio in 1851.

WILLIAM ALLEN was born in Edenton, N. C., in 1807. His parents dying during his infancy, his sister, the mother of Allen G. Thurman, took charge of his rearing and education. In 1821 Mrs. Thurman removed

to Chillicothe, leaving her brother in an academy at Lynchburg, Va. Two years later he followed her and completed his education in Chillicothe. He commenced the study of law in the office of Judge Scott, and completed it with Col. Edward King, with whom he was associated in a partnership after his admission to practice, when not yet 21 years of age. He was tall and impressive in appearance, with a powerful voice so penetrating that he was given the soubriquet of "Ohio gong." In 1832 he was elected to Congress by the Democrats by a majority of one. He was the youngest man in the Twenty-third Congress, but was recognized as a leading orator and made a strong impression in a speech on the Ohio boundary-line question.

In August, 1837, he made a strong speech at a banquet in Columbus, which unexpectedly led to his nomination to the Senate, to succeed Hon. Thomas Ewing. Before the close of his first term he was re-elected to the Senate.

In 1845 he married Mrs. Effie McArthur Coons, a daughter of ex-Gov. McArthur, notwithstanding a strong personal dislike to the senator on the part of McArthur. Mrs. Allen inherited from her father the old homestead, "Fruit Hill." Governor and Mrs. Allen had but one child, Mrs. Scott.

In August, 1873, Senator Allen was elected Governor of Ohio, being the only candidate on his ticket not defeated. In 1875 he was renominated by the Democrats, but was defeated on the "greenback" issue by R. B. Hayes.

Gov. Allen died at Fruit Hill in 1879. He was said to have originated the political catch-word of 1844, "Fifty-four forty or fight," referring to the Oregon boundary question.

An interesting anecdote is told of Gov. Allen by Mr. F. B. Loomis in the Cincinnati *Commercial-Gazette*: "An old friend of Gov. Allen has just told me an anecdote which is worth repeating. The Governor was very fond of his residence, Fruit Hill, and had caused a very spacious covered veranda to be built around it in order that he might have a sheltered place for walking when he chose to take it in that way. This veranda was uncommonly wide and often attracted attention by reason of its great dimensions. One morning a Yankee book agent trudged out to Fruit Hill to sell a copy of some subscription book of little value to the old Governor. The agent was not greeted very cordially, as Mr. Allen was not in the best of spirits, and as he turned to depart without having made a sale, he remarked: 'Governor, it appears to me you've got a mighty sight of shed-room around this house.' The allusion to the porches touched the old man's fancy, and he called the dejected agent back, purchased a book and invited him to dine with him."

Among the interesting relics in Chillicothe is a large, fine, one-story, stucco house, covering much ground, on the southeast corner of Water and High streets. The builder and

owner was WILLIAM CREIGHTON, JR., the first Secretary of State Ohio ever had, and who was twice a member of Congress. He came to Chillicothe from Virginia in 1799, and practised law here fifty years. He was large in person, clear-headed, social, a great admirer of Henry Clay, and with a boyish humor that sometimes found vent in practical jokes.

THOMAS SCOTT was born October 31, 1772, at Old Town, or Skipton, Va., at the junction of the North and South branches of the Potomac river. When 17 years of age he was licensed by Bishop Asbury to preach in the Methodist church. He learned the tailor's trade; was married to Catharine Wood in 1796, and while working at his bench she read "Blackstone" to him, and he thus studied law. Early in 1801 he came to Chillicothe and commenced the practice of law. In 1802 he was secretary of the Constitutional Convention. He was the first justice of the peace in Ross county; was clerk of the Ohio Senate from 1804 to 1809, when he was elected Judge of the Supreme Court of Ohio. During his long career he occupied many public offices, performing his duties with conscientious, painstaking care, and always finding time to act as "supply" in the pulpit of the Methodist church. He had a wide reputation for learning and legal ability, and was retained in many important cases, receiving large fees for his services. He died in February, 1856; his worthy wife died some two years later.

MICHAEL BALDWIN was contemporary with Creighton, and was admitted to the bar in 1799. He was from that strong New Haven (Conn.) family of Baldwins, so prolific and talented in lawyers and judges. One brother was the eminent Judge Henry Baldwin, of the United States Supreme Court. "Mike," as he was commonly called, was a brilliant man of varied attainments, and soon was known throughout the Territory. For a time he did a large legal business, but it was an era when whiskey flowed like water, habits of drinking and gambling were almost universal, and he became a confirmed sot. Gilmore, in his sketches of the bar, gives this: "He was a member of the first Constitutional Convention, and it is a common tradition that he wrote almost the whole of our first constitution in the bar-room of William Keys' tavern, using a wine keg for his seat and the head of a whiskey barrel for a writing table. If this tale is true, and it is by no means improbable, the instrument that was the fundamental law of this State for about half a century had a queer origin."

"When the Burr expedition failed, Aaron Burr advised Blennerhassett to retain for their counsel in their trial for high treason, which they both expected, Judge Jacob Burnet of Cincinnati, and Michael Baldwin, of Chillicothe. The trial did not take place, but Blennerhassett wrote his wife in December, 1807: "I have retained Burnet and Baldwin. The former will be a host with the decent part of the citizens of Ohio, and the

latter a giant of influence with the rabble, whom he very properly styles his 'blood-hounds.'"

At almost every term of his practice at court would be entered upon the journal, "Ordered that Michael Baldwin, one of the attorneys of this court, be fined ten dollars for contempt of court, and be committed to jail until the fine be paid." He was Speaker of the House of Representatives for its first three years, 1803-1804 and 1805. Fond of gambling, it is told that he opened a game of "vingt et un" for the benefit of his brother members. Upon one occasion, being banker and broker, he won all their money and most of their watches. When the party broke up it was near morning, and they retired to their several rooms, most of them drunk. Used to such a life, Mike was next morning promptly in the speaker's chair; but there was no quorum. He dispatched the sergeant-at-arms for the absentees, and, after an hour of delay, they filed into the hall and in front of the speaker's chair—some dozen or more of them half asleep and only partially sobered gamesters of the night before. Thereupon Baldwin rose and with dignified severity reprimanded them for their neglect of duty to their constituents, until one of the culprits, unable any longer to stand his tongue-lashing, broke forth with, "Hold on, now, Mr. Speaker! how the — can we know what the time is when you have got all our watches?"

In the June term of court, 1804, the tavern-keeper, William Keys, sued Baldwin upon an account of .£25 13s. 10d. These were mostly put down as "drinks for the club," Mike's treats to the bloodhounds—an organization of the roughs and fighting men, which he had gotten up and controlled, who did the electioneering and fighting for him, and when he was put in jail for debt more than once broke in the door or tore out an end of that structure and set him at liberty. Twice his brothers sent on from Connecticut bags of coin to relieve him from debt. On these occasions, it is said, he hired a negro for porter of the money, and went around in turn to each of his creditors, allowing each one, irrespective of the amount of his account, to have one grab in the open-mouthed bag until all was gone. "Poor, brilliant, boisterous, drunken, rollicking Mike" died young. It was about the year 1811 and at about the age of 35 years.

RICHARD DOUGLASS was born in New London, Conn., in 1875; came to Ohio in 1809, and in the same year commenced the practice of law in Chillicothe. Mr. Douglass was a man of great talents, and impressed his associates as one who seemed to know everything. Short in stature, with a large body and thin legs; small, keen, twinkling eyes; he was an oddity in appearance, and said to resemble the traditional "Santa Claus." Many anecdotes are told of his ready wit and retentive memory. We quote the following from the "Ross County History: "

"In a suit for damages for malicious arrest

and prosecution, Gustavus Scott, for defendant, had quoted in Latin the maxim that 'No man shall be held responsible in damages for the use of the king's writ.' Douglass replied, 'Very true, Brother Scott, that such was the *very* ancient maxim. But you ought to know, sir, that the great Lord Mansfield, seeing the injustice of such a rule of law, *reversed* it 200 years ago, and from his day to the present the maxim stands '*Canis Kinkaidius cum ambobus ærus assoribus*;' or, freely translated, 'No man shall take shelter from the responsibilities of his wrong acts, under the king's name.' Days after the case had been won, Scott took Douglass to task for misquotation or mistranslation. Douglass denied that he had so translated it, and insisted that he had only informed the court of the very peculiar metallic formation of the tails of Kincaid's dogs."

Withal, Mr. Douglass was a man of fine attainments, and a lifelong member of the Episcopal church. He died in 1852.

JOHN PORTER BROWN was born in Chillicothe, August 17, 1814. He served several years as a midshipman in the navy. In 1832 he accompanied his uncle David Porter to Constantinople, the latter having been appointed first American minister to the Porte. Brown gave much study to oriental languages and literature. Nine times he represented the United States as *chargé d'affaires*. While acting in this capacity, Martin Koszta, the Hungarian patriot, who had declared to the American Consul his intention to become an American citizen, was seized by the Austrian authorities and held on one of their frigates. Koszta appealed to the American legation, upon which Mr. Brown sent to Capt. Ingraham of the U. S. corvette "Dale" the laconic message, "Take him." Capt. Ingraham gave the Austrians three hours in which to deliver Koszta, and in the meanwhile prepared his vessel for action. Within half an hour of the expiration of the stipulated time the prisoner was delivered to the French consul and by him to the Americans. A service of plate in recognition of his conduct was presented to Mr. Brown by American admirers. Mr. Brown died at Constantinople April 28, 1872. He had a wide reputation as an oriental scholar, wrote "Derivishes, or Oriental Spiritualism," and translated other valuable works.

JOHN HANCOCK, who was for four years superintendent of the public schools of Chillicothe, is regarded as one of the foremost educators in Ohio. He was born in Clermont county, began his career by teaching in the country schools. Through Dr. Ray, the distinguished mathematician, he was called to Cincinnati, where he served twelve years as principal, and in 1867 was elected superintendent of the public schools, a position he held for seven years. He held a similar position in Dayton's schools for ten years, and in Chillicothe's for four years. On the death of State School Commissioner Dr. E. T. Tappan in October, 1888, Mr. Hancock was appointed by Governor Foraker to fill

the unexpired term, and in 1889 was elected by the people for the full term of three years.

Mr. Hancock has been an important factor in the advancement of education, not only in the State, but throughout the nation. He has been president of the Ohio Teachers Association and of the National Education Association; has received honorary degrees from Kenyon College and from Wooster University. He has also been an active worker in teacher's institutes for more than twenty-five years and has contributed to various educational journals.

WILLIAM H. SAFFORD was born at Parkersburg, W. Va., February 19, 1821. He received a common-school education and became a school teacher, later studied law and was admitted to the bar in 1842. In 1848 he removed to Chillicothe. In 1857 was elected to the State Senate and in 1868 Judge of the Court of Common Pleas. Judge Safford spent his boyhood days in the vicinity of Blennerhassett Island, was attracted by the sad and romantic history of its owner and devoted much study and research to the career of Blennerhassett, which he embodied in a biography published in 1861, and later enlarged into the "Blennerhassett Papers," an important work of much historic value. Judge Safford is now engaged on a series of papers on the domestic life of Aaron Burr.

WILLIAM SOOY SMITH was born in Tarleton, Pickaway county, July 22, 1830, a few miles north of the line of Ross county. His grandfather was a revolutionary soldier, his father a captain in the war of 1812. Both belonged to the Society of Friends, but severed their relations with their sect to fight for their country. Wm. Sooy Smith worked and paid his own way through Ohio Univer-

sity at Athens, graduating in 1849; attended West Point, and served in the army but one year, resigning in 1853. He then engaged in civil engineering, made the first surveys for the international bridge across the Niagara river. In 1857 he was elected chief engineer and secretary of the Trenton (N. J.) locomotives, then the chief iron-bridge manufacturing company in this country. He introduced important improvements in bridge building.

At the outbreak of the war, he entered the volunteer service as assistant adjutant-general at Camp Dennison, with the rank of lieutenant-colonel. He was soon made colonel of the Thirteenth Ohio Volunteer Infantry, and participated in the West Virginia campaigns. April 7, 1862 he was commissioned brigadier-general for gallant and meritorious service. He participated in the battles of Shiloh and Perryville. Subsequently was made chief of cavalry of the Department of the Tennessee and as such attached to the staffs of General Grant and General Sherman, but owing to an attack of inflammatory rheumatism, brought on through exposure in a Mississippi raid, for six weeks he was unable to move even a finger; he was obliged to resign in July, 1864. His military career was able, efficient and valuable.

Returning to his profession, in 1867 he sank the first pneumatic caisson in building the Waugoshancee light house at the Straits of Mackinaw. He built the first all-steel bridge in the world, across the Missouri river at Glasgow, Mo.

General Smith has been concerned in many other important engineering enterprises, has served on numerous commissions; in 1880 was president of the Civil Engineers Club of the Northwest, and is a member of the American Society of Civil Engineers.

KINGSTON is ten miles north of Chillicothe, on the S. V. and C. H. V. & H. Railroads. Newspaper: *Blade*, Independent, Arthur Jack, editor and publisher. Churches: 1 Methodist Episcopal and 1 Presbyterian. Bank: Scioto Valley, James May, president, H. F. Moore, cashier.

Manufactures and Employees.—C. Boice & Co., flour and feed, 3 hands; Jesse Brundidge, flooring, etc., 3; Halderman & Boggs, grain elevator, 3; May, Raub & Co., drain tile, 10.—*State Report, 1888.*

Population 1880, 442. School census, 1888, 207. A. L. Ellis, superintendent of schools. Capital invested in manufacturing establishments, \$10,000. Value of annual product, \$10,000.—*Ohio Labor Statistics, 1888.*

ADELPHI is eighteen miles northeast of Chillicothe, on the C. H. V. & H. R. R. Newspapers: *Border News*, Neutral, Hugh F. Eagan, editor and publisher. Population, 1880, 469. School census, 1888, 165. G. W. Fry, superintendent of schools.

BAINBRIDGE is on Paint creek and the O. S. R. R., nineteen miles southwest of Chillicothe.

"It was laid out in 1805 by Nathaniel Massie and will become the seat of justice for the projected county of Massie, in case it is established. It is surrounded by a beautiful country and contains two churches, a forge, one newspaper printing office, eight stores and about eighty dwellings. About a mile northwest of the

town is a small, natural tunnel, about one hundred and fifty feet in length, through which courses a little sparkling rill."—*Old Edition*.

Newspaper: *Paint Valley Echo*, Independent, J. M. Miller, editor and publisher. Banks: Rockhold, Cook & Co., E. C. Rockhold, president, W. P. Sheible, cashier; Spargur, Hulitt & Co., J. B. W. Spargur, president, H. E. McCoy, cashier. Population, 1880, 825. School census, 1888, 295. J. A. Wilcox, superintendent of schools.

FRANKFORT is eleven miles northwest of Chillicothe, on the C. B. & W. and D. & I. Railroads and north fork of Paint creek. Newspaper: *Sun*, Independent, H. C. Painter, editor and publisher. Bank: Merchants' and Farmers', D. C. Anderson, president, D. L. Sutherland, cashier. Population, 1880, 548. School census, 1888, 199.

CLARKSBURGH is sixteen miles northwest of Chillicothe. Newspaper: *Telegraph*, Independent, D. F. Shriner, editor. Churches: 1 Methodist Episcopal and 1 Christian. Population, 1880, 348.

SOUTH SALEM is seventeen miles west of Chillicothe. Population, 1880, 299.

SANDUSKY.

SANDUSKY COUNTY was formed from old an Indian territory, April 1, 1820. The soil is fertile, and the surface is generally level. The Black Swamp tract covers the western part. Its first settlers were principally of New England origin, since which many have moved in from Pennsylvania and Germany. The principal productions are Indian corn, wheat, oats, potatoes and pork. Area about 440 square miles. In 1887 the acres cultivated were 143,122; in pasture, 19,884; woodland, 37,797; lying waste, 3,917; produced in wheat, 732,798 bushels; rye, 20,464; buckwheat, 981; oats, 552,467; barley, 11,756; corn, 1,184,723; broom corn, 300 lbs. brush; meadow hay, 18,445 tons; clover hay, 12,077; potatoes, 120,055 bushels; butter, 710,754 lbs.; cheese, 53,200; sorghum, 1,878 gallons; maple syrup, 3,105 gallons; honey, 4,296 lbs.; eggs, 508,110 dozen; grapes, 37,540 lbs.; wine, 593 gallons; sweet potatoes, 655 bushels; apples, 52,203; peaches, 6,146; pears, 1,507; wool, 148,219 lbs.; milch cows owned, 5,481. Ohio Mining Statistics, 1888.—Limestone, 18,600 tons burned for lime, 8,250 cubic feet of dimension stone, 3,526 cubic yards of building stone, 6,353 cubic yards of ballast or macadam. School census, 1888, 9,446; teachers, 287. Miles of railroad track, 141.

TOWNSHIPS AND CENSUS.	1840.	1880.	TOWNSHIPS AND CENSUS.	1840.	1880.
Ballville,	1,007	1,652	Sandusky,	1,696	1,785
Fremont (City),		8,456	Scott,	684	1,452
Green Creek,	1,186	4,495	Townsend,	692	1,697
Jackson,	929	1,485	Washington,	1,074	2,608
Madison,	316	1,886	Woodville,	486	1,662
Rice,	385	949	York,	1,301	2,319
Riley,	426	1,621			

Population of Sandusky in 1830, 2,851; 1840, 10,184; 1860, 21,429; 1880, 32,057; of whom 22,312 were born in Ohio; 2,247 Pennsylvania; 1,474 New York; 181 Indiana; 140 Virginia; 42 Kentucky; 2,653 German Empire; 569 Ireland; 373 England and Wales; 207 British America; 197 France; 34 Scotland, and 5 Norway and Sweden. Census, 1890, 30,617.

The signification of the name of this county has frequently been a matter of dispute. John H. James, Esq., the American Pioneer, truly says:

I have a note of a conversation with William Walker at Columbus, in 1835-6, at which time he was principal chief of the Wyandots at Upper Sandusky, in which I asked the meaning of the word Sandusky. He said it meant "at the cold water," and should be sounded San-doo-tee. He said it "carried with it the force of a preposition." The Upper Cold Water and the Lower Cold Water, then, were descriptive Indian names,

given long before the presence of the trader Sowdowsky. In the vocabulary of Wyandott words, given by John Johnston, Esq., formerly Indian agent in Ohio, as printed in *Archæologia Americana*, vol. i., page 295, the word water is given *Sa, un-dus-tee*, and in page 297 he gives the name of Sandusky river as *Sa, undustee*, or *water within water pools*.

This region of country was once a favorite residence of the Indians. Hon. Lewis Cass, in his discourse before the Historical Society of Michigan, delivered September 18, 1829, gives some interesting statements respecting a tribe called "the Neutral Nation."

Upon the Sandusky river, and near where the town of Lower Sandusky now stands, lived a band of Wyandots, called the Neutral

Nation. They occupied two villages, which were cities of refuge, where those who sought safety never failed to find it. During the

long and disastrous contests which preceded and followed the arrival of the Europeans, in which the Iroquois contended for victory, and their enemies for existence, this little band preserved the integrity of their territories and the sacred character of peace-makers.

The annexed is a note from the above.

This Neutral Nation, so-called by Father Seguard, was still in existence two centuries ago, when the French missionaries first reached the upper lakes. The details of their history, and of their character and privileges, are meagre and unsatisfactory; and this is the more to be regretted, as such a sanctuary among the barbarous tribes is not only a singular institution, but altogether at variance with that reckless spirit of cruelty with which their wars are usually prosecuted. The Wyandott tradition represents them as having separated from the parent stock during the bloody wars between their own tribe and the Iroquois, and having fled to the Sandusky river for safety. That they here erected two forts, within a short distance of each other, and assigned one to the Iroquois and the other to the Wyandotts and their allies, where their war parties might find security and hospitality, whenever they entered their country. Why so unusual a proposition was made and acceded to, tradition does not tell. It is probable, however, that superstition lent its aid to the institution, and that it may have been indebted for its origin to the feasts and dreams and juggling ceremonies which constituted the religion of the aborigines. No other motive was sufficiently powerful to restrain the hand of violence and to counteract the threat of vengeance.

An intestine feud finally arose in this Neutral Nation, one party espousing the cause of the Iroquois and the other of their enemies; and like most civil wars, this was prosecuted with relentless fury. Our informant says that, since his recollection, the remains of a red cedar post were yet to be seen, where the prisoners were tied previously to being burned.

The informant above alluded to by Gov. Cass we have reason to believe was Major B.

All who met upon their threshold met as friends, for the ground on which they stood was holy. It was a beautiful institution, a calm and peaceful island looking out upon a world of waves and tempests.

F. Stickney, of Toledo, long an Indian agent in this region. That there may have been such a tradition among the Indians we are unable to gainsay, but of its truth we have doubts. Major Stickney, in a lecture (as yet unpublished), delivered Feb. 28, 1845, before the Young Men's Association, of Toledo, says:

"The remains of extensive works of defence are now to be seen near Lower Sandusky. The Wyandotts have given me this account of them. At a period of two centuries and a half since, or more, all the Indians west of this point were at war with all the Indians east. Two walled towns were built near each other, and each was inhabited by those of Wyandott origin. They assumed a neutral character, and the Indians at war recognized that character. They might be called two neutral cities. All of the west might enter the western city, and all of the east the eastern. The inhabitants of one city might inform those of the other that war parties were there or had been there; but who they were, or whence they came, or any thing more, must not be mentioned. The war parties might remain there in security, taking their own time for departure. At the western town they suffered the warriors to burn their prisoners near it; but the eastern would not. (An old Wyandott informed me that he recollected seeing, when a boy, the remains of a cedar-post or stake, at which they used to burn prisoners.) The French historians tell us that these neutral cities were inhabited, and their neutral character respected, when they first came here. At length a quarrel arose between the two cities, and one destroyed the inhabitants of the other. This put an end to all neutrality."

Fremont in 1846.—Lower Sandusky [now Fremont], the county-seat, is twenty-four miles southwesterly from Sandusky city, and 105 west of north from Columbus. The annexed engraving shows the town as it appears from a hill northeast of it, on the opposite side of the river, near the residence of Mr. Jasper Smith, seen in front. On the left the bridge across the Sandusky river partially appears, and a little to the right of it Whyler's hotel. On the hill are shown the court-house, and the Episcopal, Presbyterian and Catholic churches.

The town stands at the head of navigation on the Sandusky, at the lower rapids, where the Indians had a reservation of two miles square, granted to them by the treaty of Greenville. It is said that at an early day the French had a trading-station at this point. Lower Sandusky contains 1 Episcopal, 1 Presbyterian, 1 Baptist, 1 Methodist and 1 Catholic church, 2 newspaper printing-offices, 8 grocery and 11 dry goods stores, 1 woollen factory, 1 foundry, and had, in 1840, 1,117 inhabitants, and now has near 2,000. It is a thriving town, and consider-

able business is carried on. Its commerce is increasing. Small steamers and sail vessels constantly ply from here. The principal articles of export in 1846 were of wheat 90,000 bushels; pork, 560 barrels; ashes, 558 casks; flour, 1,010 barrels; corn, 18,400 bushels; staves, 1,100,000; imports, 1,480 barrels of salt and 250 tons of merchandize. Immediately opposite Lower Sandusky, on the east bank of the river, is the small village of Croghansville, laid out in 1817, which in a general description would be included in the former.—*Old Edition.*

A REMINISCENCE.

A young man said to me on my original tour, in one of the interior towns, "There is an odd character here you ought to see. He writes humorous verses, is much of a wit, and is deserving of a place in your book." I replied, "Ohio has a good many odd people, and I have not time to give them all a call." The young man eventually moved to Cincinnati, became a member of its literary club, and I was associated with him for years, and learned to love and respect him. He was one of its most popular members, overflowing with good fellowship, cheery, fond of the humorous, and never known to get angry except in indignation at some vile project in view, or some oppressive act committed upon the weak and helpless. In those days there was nobody around to tell him that he was to become three times Governor of Ohio and then President of the United States—RUTHERFORD B. HAYES.

I now regret I did not see that shrewd character, Judge Elisha W. Howland, that he wanted me to call upon; but I here, at this late day, pay my respects to his memory.

Two or three years after my visit the name of the town was changed from Lower Sandusky to Fremont, in honor not of a then political character, but of the great Path Finder over "the Rockies." Mr. Hayes, as the lawyer for the petition, presented it to court, and finished by offering the only remonstrance against the change. This was in the form of humorous versification, consisting of seven verses from Judge Howland, which Mr. Hayes read to the court, and I have no doubt with a gusto.

A REMONSTRANCE *against a Petition to the County Court of Sandusky to alter the name of Lower Sandusky to that of Fremont, as read to the Court by MR. R. B. HAYES, Attorney for the Petition.*

There is a prayer now going round
Which I dislike to hear,
To change the name of this old town
I hold so very dear.

They pray the court to alter it,
I pray to God they wont;
And let it stand Sandusky yet
And *not* John C. Fremont.

Sandusky is a pleasant name;
'Tis short and easy spoken;
Descending to us by a chain
That never should be broken.

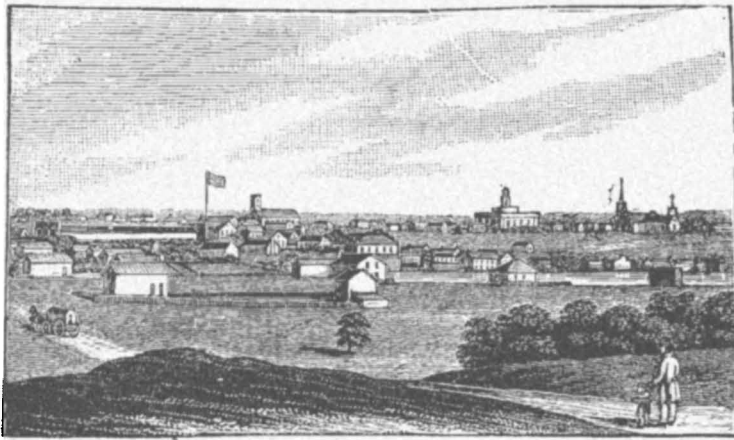
Then let us hand it down the stream
Of Time to after ages,
And Sandusky be the theme
Of future bards and sages.

Wont the old honest SAGUMS' rise,
And say to us *pale* faces,
"Do you our ancient name despise,
And change our resting-places?"

"Our fathers slumbered here;
Their spirits cry, '*Oh, don't*
Alter the name to us so dear
And substitute *Fremont!*'"

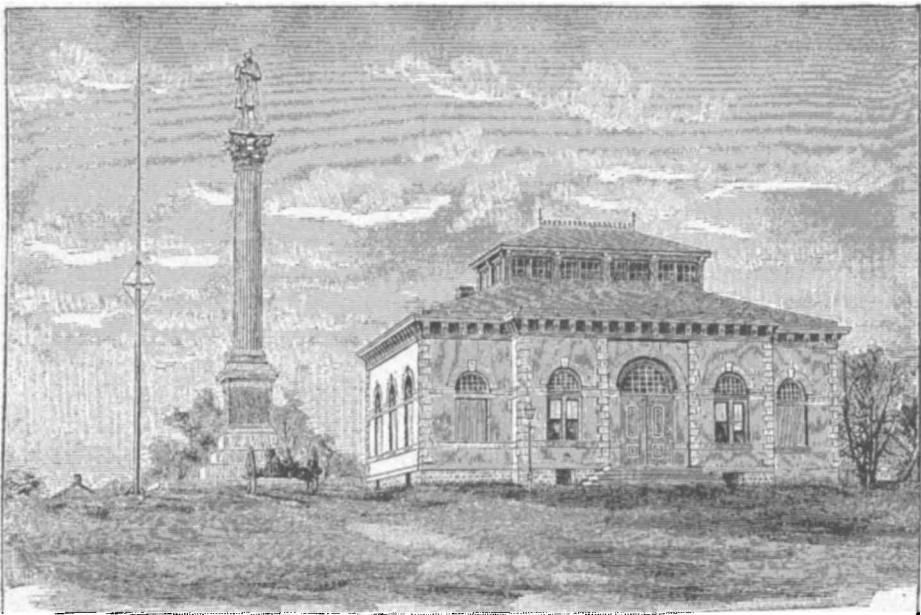
Therefore my prayer shall still remain,
Until my voice grows husky:
Oh, change the PEOPLE, not the name
Of my old home, *Sandusky!*

Fort Stephenson or Sandusky, so gallantly defended by Col. Croghan, on the 2d of August, 1813, against an overwhelming force of British and Indians, was within the present limits of the place. Its site is indicated by the flag on the left



Drawn by Henry Howe in 1846.

LOWER SANDUSKY (NOW FREMONT) IN 1846.
The site of Fort Stephenson is shown by the flag.



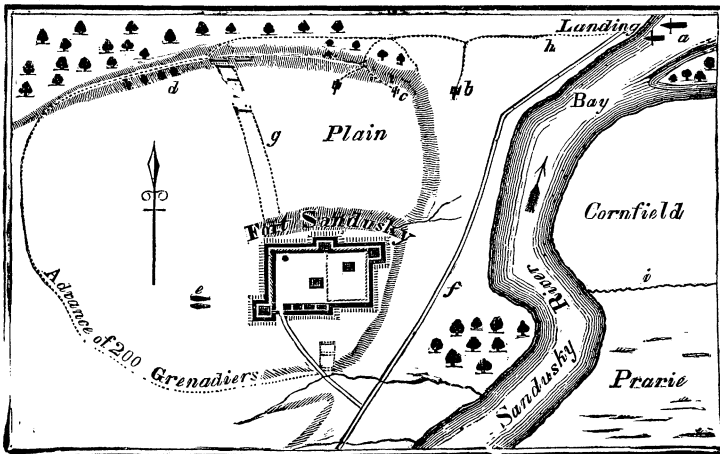
BIRCHARD LIBRARY AND SOLDIERS' MONUMENT.

On the site of Fort Stephenson, Fremont.

in the engraving, which is about thirty rods southeast of the court-house, on high ground, much elevated above the river. The fort enclosed about an acre of ground, and the picketing was in good preservation as late as 1834. We annex a narration of the assault on the fort from a published source.

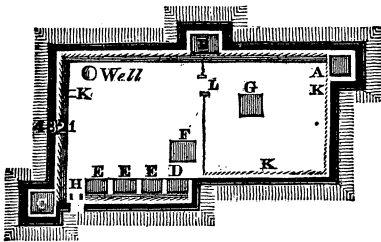
British Manœuvres.—Having raised the siege of Camp Meigs, the British sailed round into Sandusky bay, while a competent number of their savage allies marched across through the swamps of Portage river, to co-operate in a combined attack on Lower Sandusky, expecting, no doubt, that Gen. Harrison's attention would be chiefly directed to Forts Winchester and Meigs. The general, however, had calculated on their taking this course, and had been careful to keep patrols down the bay, opposite the mouth of Portage, where he supposed their forces would debark.

Retreat Ordered.—Several days before the British had invested Fort Meigs, Gen. Harrison, with Major Croghan and some other officers, had examined the heights which surround Fort Stephenson; and as the hill on the opposite or southeast side of the river was found to be the most commanding eminence, the general had some thoughts of removing the fort to that place, and Major Croghan declared his readiness to undertake the work. But the general did not authorize him to do it, as he believed that if the enemy intended to invade our territory again, they would do it before the removal could be com-



FORT SANDUSKY AND ENVIRONS: SCALE, 200 YARDS TO THE INCH.

[References to the Environs.—a—British gun-boats at their place of landing. b—Cannon, a six-pounder. c—Mortar. d—Batteries. e—Graves of Lieut.-Col. Short and Lieut. Gordon, who fell in the ditch. f—Road to Upper Sandusky. g—Advance of the enemy to the fatal ditch. i—Head of navigation.]



FORT SANDUSKY.

References to the Fort.—Line 1—Pickets. Line 2—Embankments from the ditch to and against the picket. Line 3—Dry ditch, nine feet wide by six deep. Line 4—Outward embankment or glacis. A—Block-house first attacked by cannon. b. B—Bastion from which the ditch was raked by Croghan's artillery. C—Guard block-house, in the lower left corner. D—Hospital during the attack. E E E—Military store-houses. F—Commissary's store-house. G—Magazine.

H—Fort gate. K K K—Wicker gates. L—Partition gate.

pleted. It was then finally concluded that the fort, which was calculated for a garrison of only 200 men, could not be defended against the heavy artillery of the enemy; and that if the British should approach it by water, which would cause a presumption that they had brought their heavy artillery, the fort must be abandoned and burnt, provided a retreat could be effected with safety. In the orders left with Major Croghan it was stated, "Should the British troops approach you in force with cannon, and you can discover them in time to effect a retreat, you will do so immediately, destroying all the public stores."

"You must be aware that the attempt to retreat in the face of an Indian force would be vain. Against such an enemy your garri-

son would be safe, however great the number."

A Council of War.—On the evening of the 29th Gen. Harrison received intelligence, by express, from Gen. Clay, that the enemy had abandoned the siege of Fort Meigs; and as the Indians on that day had swarmed in the woods round his camp, he entertained no doubt but that an immediate attack was intended either on Sandusky or Seneca. He therefore immediately called a council of war, consisting of McArthur, Cass, Ball, Paul, Wood, Hukill, Holmes and Graham, who were unanimously of the opinion that Fort Stephenson was untenable against heavy artillery, and that as the enemy could bring with facility any quantity of battering cannon against it, by which it must inevitably fall, and as it was an unimportant post, containing nothing the loss of which would be felt by us, that the garrison should therefore not be reinforced but withdrawn, and the place destroyed.

A Retreat Unsafe.—In pursuance of this decision the general immediately despatched the order to Major Croghan, directing him immediately to abandon Fort Stephenson, to set it on fire and repair with his command to headquarters—cross the river and come up on the opposite side, and if he should find it impracticable to reach the general's quarters, to take the road to Huron, and pursue it with the utmost circumspection and despatch. This order was sent by Mr. Conner and two Indians, who lost their way in the dark, and did not reach Fort Stephenson till eleven o'clock the next day. When Major Croghan received it, he was of opinion that he could not then retreat with safety, as the Indians were hovering round the fort in considerable force. He called a council of his officers, a majority of whom coincided with him in opinion that a retreat would be unsafe, and that the post could be maintained against the enemy, at least till further instructions could be received from headquarters. The major therefore immediately returned the following answer: "*Sir, I have just received yours of yesterday, 10 o'clock P.M., ordering me to destroy this place and make good my retreat, which was received too late to be carried into execution. We have determined to maintain this place, and by heavens we can.*"

In writing this note, Major Croghan had a view to the probability of its falling into the hands of the enemy, and on that account made use of stronger language than would otherwise have been consistent with propriety. It reached the general on the same day, who did not fully understand the circumstances and motives under which it had been dictated. The following order was therefore immediately prepared, and sent with Col. Wells in the morning, escorted by Col. Ball, with his corps of dragoons:

"July 30, 1813.

"SIR—The general has just received your letter of this date, informing him that you had thought proper to disobey the order

issued from this office, and delivered to you this morning. It appears that the information which dictated the order was incorrect; and as you did not receive it in the night, as was expected, it might have been proper that you should have reported the circumstance and your situation, before you proceeded to its execution. This might have been passed over; but I am directed to say to you, that an officer who presumes to aver that he has made his resolution, and that he will act in direct opposition to the orders of his general, can no longer be entrusted with a separate command. Colonel Wells is sent to relieve you. You will deliver the command to him, and repair with Colonel Ball's squadron to this place. By command, &c.

"A. H. HOLMES,
"Assistant Adjutant General."

Colonel Wells being left in the command of Fort Stephenson, Major Croghan returned with the squadron to headquarters. He there explained his motives for writing such a note, which were deemed satisfactory; and having remained all night with the general, who treated him politely, he was permitted to return to his command in the morning, with written orders similar to those he had received before.

Refusal to Surrender.—A reconnoitering party which had been sent from headquarters to the shore of the lake, about twenty miles distant from Fort Stephenson, discovered the approach of the enemy, by water, on the evening of the 31st of July. They returned by the fort after 12 o'clock the next day, and had passed it but a few hours when the enemy made their appearance before it. The Indians showed themselves first on the hill over the river, and were saluted by a six-pounder, the only piece of artillery in the fort, which soon caused them to retire. In half an hour the British gun-boats came in sight, and the Indian forces displayed themselves in every direction, with a view to intercept the garrison, should a retreat be attempted. The six-pounder was fired a few times at the gun-boats, which was returned by the artillery of the enemy. A landing of their troops with a five-and-a-half-inch howitzer was effected about a mile below the fort; and Major Chambers, accompanied by Dickson, was dispatched towards the fort with a flag, and was met on the part of Major Croghan by Ensign Shipp, of the 17th regiment. After the usual ceremonies, Major Chambers observed to Ensign Shipp, that he was instructed by General Proctor to demand the surrender of the fort, as he was anxious to spare the effusion of human blood, which he could not do, should he be under the necessity of reducing it, by the powerful force of artillery, regulars and Indians under his command. Shipp replied, that the commandant of the fort and its garrison were determined to defend it to the last extremity; that no force however great could induce them to surrender, as they were resolved to maintain their post, or to bury themselves in its ruins. Dickson then

said that their immense body of Indians could not be restrained from murdering the whole garrison in case of success, of which we have do doubt, rejoined Chambers, as we are amply prepared. Dickson then proceeded to remark that it was a great pity so fine a young man should fall into the hands of the savages—Sir, for God's sake, surrender, and prevent the dreadful massacre that will be caused by your resistance. Mr. Shipp replied, that when the fort was taken, there would be none to massacre. It will not be given up while a man is able to resist. An Indian at this moment came out of an adjoining ravine, and advancing to the ensign, took hold of his sword and attempted to wrest it from him. Dickson interfered, and having restrained the Indian, affected great anxiety to get him safe into the fort.

The Enemy Open Fire.—The enemy now opened their fire from their six-pounders in the gun-boats and the howitzer on shore, which they continued through the night with but little intermission and with very little effect. The forces of the enemy consisted of 500 regulars, and about 800 Indians, commanded by Dickson, the whole being commanded by General Proctor in person. Tecumseh was stationed on the road to Fort Meigs with a body of 2000 Indians, expecting to intercept a reinforcement on that route.

Major Croghan through the evening occasionally fired his six-pounder, at the same time changing its place occasionally to induce a belief that he had more than one piece. As it produced very little execution on the enemy, and he was desirous of saving his ammunition, he soon discontinued his fire. The enemy had directed their fire against the northwestern angle of the fort which induced the commander to believe that an attempt to storm his works would be made at that point. In the night, Captain Hunter was directed to remove the six-pounder to a block-house, from which it would rake that angle. By great industry and personal exertion, Captain Hunter soon accomplished this object in secrecy. The embrasure was masked, and the piece loaded with a half-charge of powder, and double charge of slugs and grape-shot. Early in the morning of the 2d, the enemy opened their fire from their howitzer and three six-pounders, which they had landed in the night, and planted in a point of woods, about 250 yards from the fort. In the evening, about 4 o'clock, they concentrated the fire of all their guns on their north-west angle, which convinced Major Croghan that they would endeavor to make a breach and storm the works at that point; he therefore immediately had that place strengthened as much as possible with bags of flour and sand, which were so effectual that the picketing in that place sustained no material injury. Sergeant Weaver, with five or six gentlemen

of the Petersburg volunteers and Pittsburgh blues, who happened to be in the fort, was intrusted with the management of the six-pounder.

Assault and Repulse of the British.—Late in the evening, when the smoke of the firing had completely enveloped the fort, the enemy proceeded to make the assault. Two feints were made towards the southern angle, where Captain Hunter's lines were formed; and at the same time a column of 350 men was discovered advancing through the smoke, within twenty paces of the northwestern angle. A heavy galling fire of musketry was now opened upon them from the fort, which threw them into some confusion. Colonel Short, who headed the principal column, soon rallied his men, and led them with great bravery to the brink of the ditch. After a momentary pause he leaped into the ditch, calling to his men to follow him, and in a few minutes it was full. The masked port-hole was now opened, and the six-pounder, at the distance of thirty feet, poured such destruction among them that but few who had entered the ditch were fortunate enough to escape. A precipitate and confused retreat was the immediate consequence, although some of the offices attempted to rally their men. The other column, which was led by Colonel Warburton and Major Chambers, was also routed in confusion by a destructive fire from the line commanded by Captain Hunter. The whole of them fled into the adjoining wood, beyond the reach of our fire-arms. During the assault, which lasted half an hour, the enemy kept up an incessant fire from their howitzer and five six-pounders. They left Colonel Short,* a lieutenant and twenty five privates dead in the ditch; and the total number of prisoners taken was twenty-six, most of them badly wounded. Major Muir was knocked down in the ditch, and lay among the dead, till the darkness of the night enabled him to escape in safety. The loss of the garrison was one killed and seven slightly wounded. The total loss of the enemy could not be less than 150 killed and wounded.

Retreat of the British.—When night came on, which was soon after the assault, the wounded in the ditch were in a desperate situation. Complete relief could not be brought to them by either side with any degree of safety. Major Croghan, however, relieved them as much as possible—he contrived to convey them water over the picketing in buckets, and a ditch was opened under the pickets, through which those who were able and willing, were encouraged to crawl into the fort. All who were able, preferred, of course, to follow their defeated comrades, and many others were carried from the vicinity of the fort by the Indians, particularly their own killed and wounded; and in the night, about three o'clock, the whole British and Indian

* "Col. Short, who commanded the regulars composing the forlorn hope, was ordering his men to leap the ditch, cut down the pickets, and give the Americans no quarter, when he fell mortally wounded into the ditch, hoisted his white handkerchief on the end of his sword, and begged for that mercy which he had a moment before ordered to be denied to his enemy."

force commenced a disorderly retreat. So great was their precipitation that they left a sail-boat containing some clothing and a considerable quantity of military stores : and on the next day, seventy stand of arms and some braces of pistols were picked up around the fort. Their hurry and confusion were caused by the apprehension of an attack from Gen. Harrison, of whose position and force they had probably received an exaggerated account.

Gen. Harrison's Movements.—It was the intention of General Harrison, should the enemy succeed against Fort Stephenson, or should they endeavor to turn his left and fall on Upper Sandusky, to leave his camp at Seneca and fall back for the protection of that place. But he discovered by the firing on the evening of the 1st, that the enemy had nothing but light artillery, which could make no impression on the fort; and he knew that an attempt to storm it without making a breach, could be successfully repelled by the garrison; he therefore determined to wait for the arrival of 250 mounted volunteers under Colonel Rennick, being the advance of 700 who were approaching by the way of the Upper Sandusky, and then to march against the enemy and raise the siege, if their force was not still too great for his. On the 2d, he sent several scouts to ascertain their situation and force; but the woods were so infested with Indians, that none of them could proceed sufficiently near the fort to make the necessary discoveries. In the night the messenger arrived at headquarters with intelligence that the enemy were preparing to retreat. About 9 o'clock, Major Croghan had ascertained from their collecting about their boats, that they were preparing to embark, and had immediately sent an express to the commander-in-chief with this information. The General now determined to wait no longer for the reinforcements, and immediately set out with the dragoons, with which he reached the fort early in the morning, having ordered Generals

M'Arthur and Cass, who had arrived at Seneca several days before, to follow him with all the disposable infantry at that place, and which at this time was about 700 men, after the numerous sick, and the force necessary to maintain the position, were left behind. Finding that the enemy had fled entirely from the fort, so as not to be reached by him, and learning that Tecumseh was somewhere in the direction of Fort Meigs, with 2,000 warriors, he immediately ordered the infantry to fall back to Seneca, lest Tecumseh should make an attack on that place, or intercept the small reinforcements advancing from Ohio.

Gallant Soldiers.—In his official report of this affair, General Harrison observes that—“It will not be among the least of General Proctor's mortifications that he has been baffled by a youth, who had just passed his twenty-first year. He is, however, a hero worthy of his gallant uncle, Gen. George R. Clarke.”

Captain Hunter, of the 17th regiment, the second in command, conducted himself with great propriety : and never was there a set of finer young fellows than the subalterns, viz. : Lieutenants Johnson and Baylor of the 17th, Meeks of the 7th, and Ensigns Shipp and Duncan of the 17th.

Lieutenant Anderson of the 24th, was also noticed for his good conduct. Being without a command, he solicited Major Croghan for a musket and a post to fight at, which he did with the greatest bravery.

“Too much praise,” says Major Croghan, “cannot be bestowed on the officers, non-commissioned officers and privates under my command, for their gallantry and good conduct during the siege.”

The brevet rank of lieutenant-colonel was immediately conferred on Major Croghan, by the president of the United States, for his gallant conduct on this occasion. The ladies of Chillicothe also presented him an elegant sword, accompanied by a suitable address.

We take the above from Dawson's “Life of Harrison,” where it is quoted from some other source. In defending Gen. Harrison from the charges of cowardice and incompetency in not marching to the aid of the garrison previous to the attack, Dawson says ;

Unjust Criticism of Gen. Harrison.—The conduct of the gallant Croghan and his garrison received from every quarter the plaudits of their countrymen. This was what they most richly deserved. There was, however, some jealous spirits who took it into their heads to be dissatisfied with the course pursued by the commanding general. The order which was given to Colonel Croghan to evacuate and destroy the garrison previous to the attack, was loudly condemned, as well as the decision of the council of war, to fall back with the troops then at Seneca, to a position twelve miles in the rear. Both these measures, it has been said, were determined on by the unanimous advice of the council of war.

It is not to be presumed that such men as composed that board, would have given advice which was in any way derogatory to the honor of the American arms. Every individual among them either had, before or afterwards, distinguished himself by acts of daring courage and intrepidity. We do not profess to be much acquainted with military matters, but the subject appears to us so plain as only to require a small portion of common sense perfectly to comprehend it. At the time that the determination was made to withdraw the garrison from Sandusky, it must be recollected that the general had only with him at Seneca about 400 infantry and 130 or 140 dragoons. The enemy, as he was informed by General

Clay in the letter brought by Captain M'Cune, amounted to at least 5,000. With such a disparity of force, would it have been proper to have risked an action to preserve the post of Lower Sandusky, which of itself was of little or no importance, and which, the garrison being withdrawn, contained nothing of any value?

Important Posts.—The posts of Fort Meigs and Upper Sandusky were of the utmost importance; the former was amply provided with the means of defence, and was in no danger; but the latter, weak in its defences, and with a feeble garrison, containing many thousands of barrels of flour and other provisions, the sole resource of the army for the ensuing campaign, was to be preserved at any risk. The position at Seneca, was not in the direct line from Fort Meigs to Upper Sandusky. The enemy, by taking the direct route, would certainly reach it before General Harrison, as several hours must have elapsed before he could have been informed of their movement, even if it had been discovered the moment it had been commenced, a circumstance not very likely to happen. It therefore became necessary for the security of Upper Sandusky, that a position better adapted to that purpose should be assumed. There was another and most important reason for this movement: twelve miles in the rear of Seneca, towards Upper Sandusky, the prairie or open country commences. The infantry which the commander-in-chief had with him were raw recruits; on the contrary, the squadron of dragoons were well disciplined, and had seen much service. In the country about Seneca, this important corps could have been of little service: in the open country to the rear, they would have defeated five times their number of Indians. It was for these reasons that it was determined by the council of war, to change the position of the troops at Seneca. If this movement did take place, the propriety of withdrawing the garrison of Lower Sandusky was obvious. The place was extremely weak, and in a bad position. It was not intended originally for a fort. Before the war it was used as the United States' Indian factory, and had a small stockade around it, merely for the purpose of keeping out drunken Indians. It was, moreover, commanded by a hill, within point blank shot, on the opposite side of the river.

"The School of Experience."—To those who

suppose that Gen. Harrison should have advanced upon the enemy the moment he discovered that Sandusky was attacked, we must, in the language of the general and field officers who were present on the occasion, "leave them to correct their opinions in the school of experience." Gen. Harrison had been reinforced a day or two before the siege of Sandusky, by the 28th regiment, raised in Kentucky. After having received this corps he could not have marched more than 800 effective men without risking his stores, and, what was still of more consequence, 150 sick at Seneca, to be taken by the smallest party of Indians. The scouts of the army brought information that the Indians were very numerous in the direction of Fort Meigs. The general conjectured that a large portion of the Indians were then ready to fall on his flank or rear, or the defenceless camp at Seneca, should he advance. The information he received from the British prisoners confirmed this opinion; a body of 2,000 being there under the command of Tecumseh. At the moment of which we are speaking the volunteers of Ohio were rapidly approaching.

Wise Course of Gen. Harrison.—Now, under these circumstances, does any reasonable man believe that Gen. Harrison should have advanced with his 800 raw recruits against a force in front which he knew to be so much superior in numbers, and with the probability of having one equally large hanging on his flank? What would have been thought of his abilities as a general, even if he had been successful against Gen. Proctor (of which, with his small force, there was little probability), if in his absence Tecumseh, with his 2,000 warriors, had rushed upon Camp Seneca, destroyed his stores, tomahawked his sick soldiers, and pursuing his route towards Upper Sandusky, defeated the Ohio volunteers, scattered as they were in small bodies, and finally ending his career with the destruction of the grand magazine of his army, upon the preservation of which all his hopes of future success depended? In all human probability this would have been the result had Gen. Harrison advanced to the relief of Fort Stephenson sooner than he did. It was certainly better to risk for a while the defence of that fort to the talents and valor of Croghan, and the gallant spirits who were with him, than to jeopardize the whole prospects of the campaign.

About one and a half miles above Lower Sandusky, at the falls of the river, in the manufacturing village of Ballsville, containing one cotton and one woollen factory, two flouring mills, and about thirty dwellings. It was about half a mile southwest of this village, that Col. Ball had a skirmish with the Indians a day or two previous to the assault of Fort Stephenson. There is, or was a few years since, an oak tree on the site of the action, on the road to Columbus, with seventeen hacks in it to indicate the number of Indians killed on the occasion. We have an account of this affair derived from one of the dragoons present.—*Old Edition.*

The squadron were moving towards the fort when they were suddenly fired upon by

the Indians from the west side of the road, whereupon Col. Ball ordered a charge, and he

and suite and the right flank being in advance, first came into action. The colonel struck the first blow. He dashed in between two savages and cut down the one on the right; the other being slightly in the rear, made a blow with a tomahawk at his back, when, by a sudden spring of his horse, it fell short, and was buried deep in the cantel and pad of his saddle. Before the savage could repeat the blow he was shot by Corpl. Ryan. Lieut. Hedges (now Gen. Hedges of Mansfield) following in the rear, mounted on a small horse, pursued a big Indian, and just as he had come up to him his stirrup broke, and he fell head first off his horse, knocking the Indian down. Both sprang to their feet, when Hedges struck the Indian across his head, and as he was falling buried his sword up to its hilt in

his body. At this time Capt. Hopkins was seen on the left side in pursuit of a powerful savage, when the latter turned and made a blow at the captain with a tomahawk, at which the horse sprang to one side. Cornet Hayes then came up and the Indian struck at him, his horse in like manner evading the blow. Serjt. Anderson now arriving, the Indian was soon dispatched. By this time the skirmish was over, the Indians, who were only about 20 in number, being nearly all cut down; and orders were given to retreat to the main squadron. Col. Ball dressed his men ready for a charge, should the Indians appear in force, and moved down without further molestation to the fort, where they arrived at about 4 P. M.

FREMONT, county-seat of Sandusky, about ninety-five miles north of Columbus, and eighty-three miles southwest of Cleveland, on the Sandusky river, at the head of navigation. Its railroads are the L. S. & M. S.; L. E. & W. and W. & L. E.

County Officers, 1888: Auditor, A. V. Bauman; Clerk, John W. Worst; Commissioners, James E. Wickert, Joseph Geschwindt, George F. Wilt; Coroner, Edward Schwartz; Infirmary Directors, Isaac Strohl, Nehemiah Engler, Andrew Kline; Probate Judge, E. F. Dickenson; Prosecuting Attorney, F. R. Fronizer; Recorder, H. J. Kramb; Sheriff, R. W. Sandwich; Surveyor, George W. Lesher; Treasurer, William E. Lang. City Officers, 1888: Heman B. Smith, Mayor; A. V. Bauman, Clerk; Henry Hunsinger, Marshall; Lester Wilson, Solicitor; William E. Lang, Treasurer; Joseph Rawson, Civil Engineer; M. A. Fitzmaurice, Street Commissioner; C. F. Reiff, Chief Fire Department. Newspapers: *News*, Independent, H. E. Woods, editor and publisher; *Courier*, German Democrat, Joseph Zimmermann, editor and publisher; *Journal*, Republican, Isaac McKeeler & Son, editors and publishers; *Scientific Weekly*, literary, J. C. Wheeler, editor and publisher; *Journal of Dietetics*, Medical, Caldwell and Gessner, editors. Churches: 1 Presbyterian, 2 Catholic, 1 African Methodist Episcopal, 1 Lutheran, 1 Methodist Episcopal, 1 Evangelical. Banks: Farmers', O. A. Roberts, president, D. A. Ranck, cashier; First National, James W. Wilson, president, A. H. Miller, cashier; Fremont Savings, James W. Wilson, president, A. E. Rice, cashier.

Manufactures and Employes.—C. W. Tschumy, furniture, 7; Blue & Halter, sulky cultivators, 10; Lehr Brothers, agricultural implements, 32; Edgerton & Sheldon, sash, doors and blinds, 18; The Clous Shear Co., shears and scissors, 94; The Herbrand Co., gear irons, 12; D. June & Co., engines, etc., 56; Koons Brothers, flour, etc., 4; Van Epps & Cox, flour, etc., 9; McLean R. R. Spike Co., railroad spikes, 75; Thomson-Houston Carbon Co., carbon, 79; Fremont Drop Forge Co., carriage hardware, 20; Fremont Canning Co., canned corn, etc., 85; Fremont Electric Light and Power Co., electric light, 4; A. H. Jackson, bustles and hose, 190.—*State Report, 1888.*

Population, 1880, 8,456. School census, 1888, 1,957; W. W. Ross, school superintendent. Capital invested in industrial establishments, \$715,800. Value of annual product, \$718,300.—*Ohio Labor Statistics, 1887.* Census, 1890, 7,140.

Heckewelder, the missionary, in his "History of the Indian Nations," describes a scene he witnessed at the Indian village at this place, near the close of the American Revolution, which is regarded as the best description extant of the ordeal of *Running the Gauntlet*. He precedes his special description with these remarks:

Much depends on the courage and presence of mind of the prisoner. On enter-

ing the village, he is shown a painted post at the distance of from twenty to forty yards, and told to run to it and catch hold of it as quickly as he can. On each side of him stand men, women and children, with axes, sticks and other offensive weapons, ready to strike him as he runs, in the same manner as is done in the European armies when soldiers, as it is called, run the gauntlet. If he should be so unlucky as to fall in the way, he will probably be immediately despatched by some person longing to avenge the death of some relation or friend slain in battle; but the moment he reaches the goal, he is safe and protected from further insult until his fate is determined.

In the month of April, 1782, when I was myself a prisoner at Lower Sandusky, waiting for an opportunity to proceed with a trader to Detroit, I witnessed a scene of this description which fully exemplified what I have above stated. Three American prisoners were brought in by fourteen warriors from the garrison of Fort McIntosh.

As soon as they had crossed the Sandusky river, to which the village lay adjacent, they were told by the captain of the party to run as hard as they could to a painted post which was shown to them.

The youngest of the three, without a moment's hesitation, immediately started for it, and reached it fortunately without receiving a single blow; the second hesitated for a moment, but recollecting himself, he also ran as fast as he could, and likewise reached the post unhurt.

The third, frightened at seeing so many men, women and children with weapons in their hands, ready to strike him, kept begging the captain to spare him, saying he was a mason, and he would build him a fine large stone house, or do any work for him that he would please.

"Run for your life," cried the chief to him, "and don't talk now of building houses!" But the poor fellow still insisted, begging and praying to the captain, who at last finding his exhortations vain, and fearing the consequences, turned his back upon him, and would not hear him any longer.

Our mason now began to run, but received many a hard blow, one of which nearly brought him to the ground, which, if he had fallen, would have decided his fate. He, however, reached the goal, not without being sadly bruised, and he was, besides, bitterly reproached and scoffed at all round as a vile coward, while the others were hailed as brave men, and received tokens of universal approbation.

TRAVELLING NOTES.

A DAY AT SPIEGEL GROVE.

On my original visit to Fremont, then known as Lower Sandusky, I made the acquaintance of a young man several years younger than myself, which has been lifelong and I feel mutually respectful, Mr. R. B. Hayes, a young attorney then just beginning to practice the law. Associated afterward for years in the Cincinnati Literary Club, we learned to know each other well, living our lives in the same great current of events and thoughts that have marked this century's march in the ever-broadening, brightening line of humanizing intelligence and action.

Naturally such a visit as mine interested a young man born when Ohio was largely a wilderness, and living on the very spot that had signalized a great victory by its pioneers over British redcoats and their yelling, scalp-hunting, red-skinned *confreres*. Connecticut, my State, long before had sent out her sons, largely farmers' sons, to perambulate the "new countries" on trading ventures. That was before the ingress of any of the youthful isaacs and Jacobs and Abrams of Judea on the same ventures.

Those Connecticut young men each bore, suspended by a wooden yoke from their shoulders, huge square tin-boxes, containing their stock in trade, when they made their way from house to house among "the heathen of the South and West," disposing of their varied notions, such as kerchiefs, laces, finger and ear-rings,

blue, crimson, and yellow beads, gilt-washed for necklaces; fancy-colored silks and blazoning calicoes, printed in what they called thunder-and-lightning colors; ribbons, tapes, thimbles, silver-washed and shining; hair-combs and brushes; hair-pins and pins not hair; needles warranted not at all and needles "warranted not to cut in the eye;" buckles, buttons and bodkins. And when there was a pressing demand, nutmegs, neatly turned in wood; hence the expression as of yore applied to Connecticut, "the Nutmeg State." These, when used, must have been as necklaces, after having been drilled and strung for "the heathen" aforesaid. Now and then, too, Connecticut sent out a schoolmaster in advance of a home-grown supply of that useful article. Such, on their arrival in the woodsy wilds, found no lack of material for the enforcement of knowledge at their very foundations, according to the precept of the ancient sage, Solomon.

It was true I had come from Connecticut, but it was on another mission the like of which had not there been seen. It had touched the imagination of the young man. In after years he said he felt I was a second Heroditus, travelling the land to gather its history. The feeling might have had its uncomplimentary drawback, inasmuch as the great Heroditus had been charged with having been the most unwholesome, prolific *pater familias* known—the "Great Father of Lies." Still, I think not; for, since the day of publication of "Howe's Ohio," he has always had a copy within easy reach of his writing-desk, and I verily believe in his often reaches he has felt, as he grasped it, that he held Truth herself, mirror and all.

Ere coming to Ohio a second time I was invited by Mr. Hayes to pause at Spiegel Grove before starting over the now largely wood-shorn steel-ribbed land. My arrival was Nov. 21, 1885, at this writing over five years gone.

The homestead at Spiegel Grove was built by his uncle, Sardis Birchard, in 1860, to which additions have since been made by Mr. Hayes. The name given by Mr. Birchard is peculiarly adapted to its inhabitants—the "Grove of Good Spirits." It is about half a mile inland from the town in a level country, in the midst of a forest of some thirty acres. Around the mansion, which is at the rear and approached by a long, winding walk and drive, are some of the noblest of forest trees. The soil is of the richest and some of the trees immense, the growth of centuries, and still vigorous; others are in decay, with their trunks only standing, yet interest from the clustering leaves of the vines which, planted by loving hands, at their base wind around their scraggly forms, and flutter in the passing wind like youth dancing around hoary old age, and trying to make old bones feel young again.

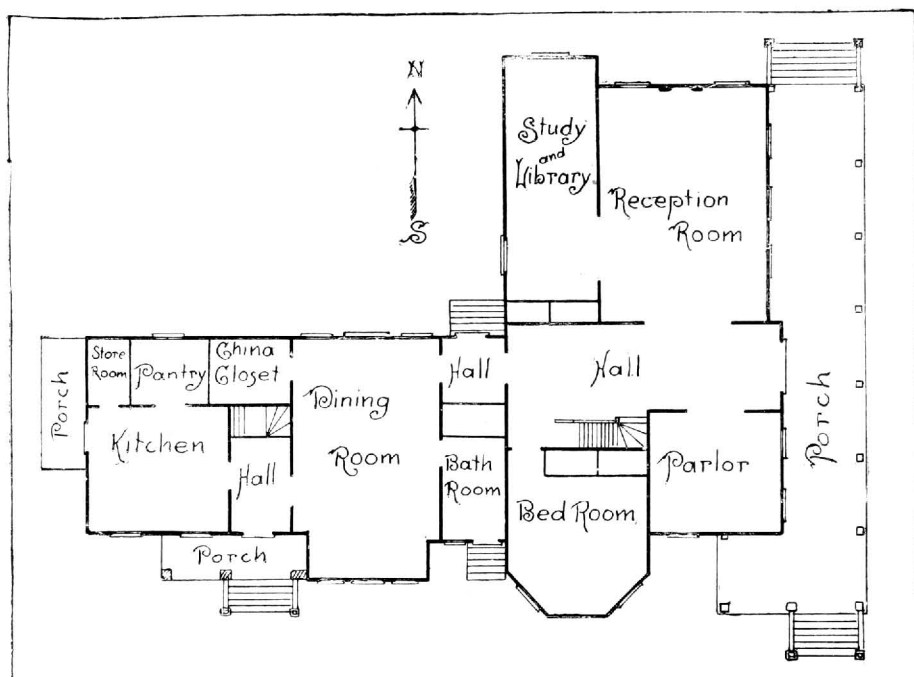
The mansion is a spot of public interest. To learn how and where the family live of one who has been at the head of this great nation is a wise curiosity. We are marvelously alike, sparks from the one great benignant source, and our conditions here but mere temporary arrangements, I verily believe, for something higher which, when attained, we indeed may feel this truly is life; the other was "a make believe," but good as far as it went.

On another page is a general view of the home, with a ground-plan showing the inter-

nal arrangements of the lower story. The house is of brick, ceilings of ample height, and the rooms spacious. It is well lighted everywhere; the furniture being largely of oak and other light-hued wood helps to render all within bright and cheery. Not the least attraction is the long spacious veranda, over 80 feet long, where, on summer evenings, the family and friends were wont to gather for social intercourse; or, on mornings after breakfast, for the ladies and gentlemen, arm-in-arm, to take a few turns up and down, and then part for the various duties of the day. And the days were filled with them, and largely by Mr. and Mrs. Hayes with matters of public welfare; and so their days were days of calm and peace.

The chief rooms are the reception-room and the study, which both go under the general name of the library. In effect they are one room, no door separating, only an arch near the hall-end some 12 feet wide and 15 feet high. The reception-room is a place of elegance; pictures on the walls; marble busts, life-size; portraits of notables on easels; large, beautifully illustrated works on the tables, with here and there a dainty booklet that is a charm to hold, and whose leaves, as you turn page after page, may sparkle with gems of fancy and the heart. These, as they catch your eye, may lift you out, as I once heard a broad-brogued pious Scotch Presbyterian pronounce it, "Lift you out of a vain and desateful world."

The general's study is in reality the library. All the walls to the ceiling are filled with books. He has some 11,000 under his roof, and half of them are there. As illustrating his intense regard for his country and people some 6,000 of them are upon American



PLAN OF HOUSE.



R. Grob, Photo.

SPIEGEL GROVE.

history and biography. His study is his place of work. His desk is at the extreme north and where the light comes, for his writing and reading, over his left shoulder and down from the skylight above, and there is nothing to prevent the spirit of Spiegel Grove from watching and ministering to him in his labors.

My arrival was in the mid forenoon. Neither Mr. nor Mrs. Hayes were in. The latter was absent in the village but was the first to arrive and with a friendly greeting took me into the study, and was about to drive off a pair of greyhounds that lay stretched on the rug before the blazing grate-fire, thinking they might annoy me, when I begged her not to disturb them in their comfort, and she did not, so when an hour later she took my arm for the dining-room and with the others following, those animals brought up the rear, but where the luxurious creatures went I knew not.

No one could be in the house long without feeling that it was a place where love and cheerfulness reigned supreme. Both Mr. and Mrs. Hayes seemed as an elder brother and sister to their children, and each to the other were only Rutherford and Lucy. Each possessed the same characteristics, a love of the humorous, their minds receptive and looking for the pleasant things that each new-born morning may bring on its bright white wings.

Such natures run to reminiscence and anecdote. In one instance, when at the social board, Mrs. Hayes arose from her seat at its head and acted out an incident in a sort of pantomime to impress the point of an amusing story. Her voice was low and musical, and her flow of good spirits as from an exhaustless rippling reservoir. One incident she gave to illustrate the reputation at an early date of the lower Scioto Valley for malaria, that when the first railroad trains passed through Chillicothe, the conductors were accustomed to stop and call out to the passengers, "Twenty minutes for quinine."

Mr. Hayes brought to the table one of my books wherein was an extract from Victor Hugo's "*Les Misérables*," which led him to say, when they first got hold of that work they were in Virginia idling their time in a winter camp. Not knowing with certainty the pronunciation of its title, some of the officers around termed it "*LEE'S MISÉRABLES*."

He also read from its pages an incident of my personal history, the scene of which occurred when I was a young man, travelling on foot over the State of New York in 1840 for my book on that State. This I repeat here as printed:

"I was footing it with my knapsack on my back over the hills near the headwaters of the Susquehanna when I was overtaken by an elderly grave-visaged man in a grey suit riding on horseback. 'Good morning,' said he, and then in solemn tones added 'are you a professor, sir?'"

"Thinks I, 'this man sees something un-

common about me, and I rather think his head his level—he probably imagines I am one of the sage Pundits of Yale or Harvard on a scientific tour of exploration,' and thereupon in pleased tones I replied 'Professor of what, sir?' Judge of my surprise when he answered, 'Professor of *religion*.'"

At this unexpected finale Mrs. Hayes gave one of her low full-toned merry laughs.

I have said the study was a place of work, it was also a favorite gathering spot on evenings where the family gathered before the grate to talk down the hours and Mrs. Hayes was ever there joining in with pleasing words and merry laugh. On the evening of my arrival Mr. Hayes varied the entertainment, taking from a basket varied kinds of apples one after another, peeling and quartering each and passing them round to sample and obtain judgment as to their respective qualities. And as the evening progressed we talked our recollections of the old Cincinnati Club, before the war, and of the good times we had when at our monthly socials where we usually closed by some forty or more joining hands all round and singing "*Auld Lang Syne*."

The next morning after breakfast I was standing before the grate cogitating when Mrs. Hayes came in and said, "Mr. Howe, I don't know but what I may be rather hard on you, but I want you to go out and see my cows; they are beauties." So she put on her shawl and rubbers and picked up somewhere an ear of corn. As we stepped out of the hall door into the yard she sent forth a loud, trumpet-like call that went forth like the call of an Alpine shepherdess. Instantly every feathered thing about the place gave an answering cry, and it seemed to me as though they must have numbered hundreds, so strongly did the varied orchestra of mingled sounds fill the air; some from far and some from near, almost under our feet. The guinea hens and pea-hens screamed and came running up with their speckled backs, and the pigeons and turkeys sent forth their varied airs and clustering around her followed to the barn while she wrenched the corn from the ear and cast it to the right and left as we rapidly proceeded.

This habit of calling up the feathered tribe was common with her. At times the doves came from the cotes quite a distance away when they fluttered over her head and alighted upon her person. Even the wild birds of the grove received her attention, for she was wont to minister to them in their timidity by placing food in covert places where they could eat and be not afraid.

On our arrival at the barn, lo! the Jerseys were gone. They had been taken off to nibble awhile in the yet green pasture. Mrs. Hayes, however, showed some snow white goats from the mountains of Cashmere, and what the children would call a "cunning" little calf.

We returned to the house, and when in the middle of the great hall, happening to cast her eyes down she exclaimed, "How neglectful I have been not to have had your shoes

blackened, please take them off," and then opening a closet door brought out a pair of slippers and dropping them at my feet, bore away my shoes for their blackening.

Some few minutes elapsed and I was standing alone in the study musing, when its hall door opened and in tripped an old aunty with a turban on her head bearing my shoes nicely polished. She was slender and neither black nor white; but there was no mistaking, she was "Ole Virginny" all over, and an "Aunty." She came in tripping, a lively old creature, a-grinning and with a quick jerky courtesy dropped the shoes at my feet; then started for the hall door. I called her back, and placing a coin in her hand, she again grinned and repeated her jerk, with a "Thank you, sah," darted off, she richer by a piece of silver and I by a nicely polished pair of shoes.

As the door closed I again fell to musing, thinking of the good woman whose qualities had just been illustrated to my experience. The secret of her character was her ineffable spirit of love. It went everywhere; to the wee little flower at her feet, the birds, the animals, and especially to human beings. She yearned to do them good, saw brothers and sisters in them all, wanted to fill them with the joy she felt, and sympathized with their wants with a spirit that was divine. Had she been with Christ when he wept over Jerusalem she would have wept with him.

Old men who knew her when she was a child in the town of Chillicothe, when her name was spoken, smiled as with a beautiful memory and followed with words of praise. One incident which I know to be true of the many of her blessing career, I here relate as written by Mr. Henry L. Detwiler, from El Paso, Texas, and published in the *St. Louis Globe-Democrat*.

I wish to relate a little circumstance which came under my own observation more than twenty-four years ago, while Mr. Hayes was Governor of my native State, Ohio. One day while passing up State street in Columbus, I saw a woman sitting on the curbstone, and a dozen or more small boys were teasing her. She was very drunk, apparently. About the time that I reached the spot a carriage drove up and stopped near the scene. A lady looked out of the window, and, taking in the situation at a glance, opened the carriage door, got out, walked up to the drunken woman, and, speaking kindly to her, asked her to take a

drive with her. The drunken woman, in a maundering way, complied, and was assisted to the carriage and driven away. After they had gone I asked of a bystander who the lady in the carriage was, and he told me it was the wife of Gov. Hayes."

My day at Spiegel Grove ended. Mr. Hayes first took me in his buggy to show me around the town that I might see what a place of thrift and comfort it had become. I could but admire its broad streets, its neat cleanly homes, the graceful spire of the Catholic church, modelled after one on the Cathedral at Milan, 240 feet in height, the Birchard library and its patriotic relics, the calm flowing river, with its embosoming island, etc., but all this took time, so when we neared the depot the express was starting out, and had got some 200 feet away when he arose and signaling they paused for me, and I was borne on my way with new pictures to hang on "memory's walls." And more new ones came quick, for going westerly through the Black Swamp Forest Region I could but be astonished to see what an Eden it had become since when in 1846 I had threaded its mazes on the back of "Old Pomp."

"Into every heart some rainy days must fall."—*Longfellow*.

June 25, 1889, was a sad day at Spiegel Grove. The beautiful mother and universal friend, whose living presence had been a light and a love was no more. The Nation sorrowed.

Human annals fail to present the record of a single other of her sex, so widely beloved, so widely mourned. Had she been the mother in an humble laborers cabin she would have been the same good woman alike loved of God and the angels. Her lot was to become the first lady in the land; all eyes rested upon her, all hearts paid her reverence. None other in such a position had illustrated such love and sympathy for the humble, the weak, and the suffering. She gathered the richest of harvests, the harvests of the heart.

Though her spirit has gone her memory remains, an unending benediction. Children yet to be as they enter upon this mysterious existence will learn of her and be blessed, and old age hopeful as it nears its end may look beyond and as her image arises to their vision feel "of such is the Kingdom of Heaven."

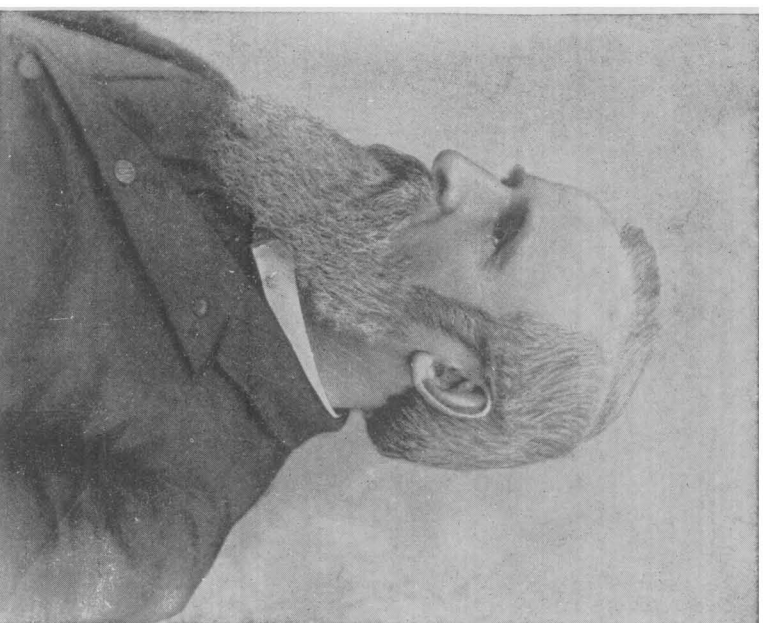
BIOGRAPHY.

RUTHERFORD B. HAYES, Ex-President of the United States and General in Union Army, was born in Delaware, O., October 4, 1822. His parents, Rutherford and Sophia Hayes (Sophia Birchard) came to Ohio in 1817, from Windham county, Vermont.

He received his early education in the common schools, attended an academy at Norwalk, O., and in 1837 went to Isaac Webb's school at Middletown, Ct., to prepare for college. In 1842, he graduated at Kenyon college, valedictorian of his class. He studied law with Thomas Sparrow, of Columbus, O., was graduated at the Law School of Harvard University in 1845.



LUCY WEBB HAYES.



RUTHERFORD B. HAYES.

On May 10, 1845, he was admitted to the bar at Marietta, O., and began practice at Lower Sandusky (now Fremont), where in April, 1846, he formed a partnership with Hon. Ralph P. Buckland.

In 1849 he began to practice law at Cincinnati, where he soon attracted attention through his ability and acquirements. On December 30, 1852, he married Lucy W. Webb, daughter of Dr. James Webb, a physician of high standing in Chillicothe. In 1858 he was appointed city solicitor of Cincinnati, and served until April, 1861. On the organization of the Republican party, he at once became one of its active supporters, being attracted thereto by his strong anti-slavery sentiments.

At the outbreak of the war, he was elected captain of the military company formed from the celebrated Cincinnati Literary club. In June, 1861, he was appointed major of the 23d O. V. I., and in July his regiment was ordered to West Virginia.

Gen. Hayes' very gallant and meritorious military career has been overlooked in the prominence given to his political life; an examination of his record in the army shows that such brave, gallant and able service has rarely been equalled, even in the annals of the late war.

The following is from the Military History of Gen. Grant, by Gen. Badeau, 3d volume, page 101.

In all the important battles of Sheridan's campaign Colonel Rutherford B. Hayes, afterwards nineteenth President of the United States, had borne an honorable part. Entering the service early in 1861, as major of the 23d Ohio Volunteers, he was ordered at once to West Virginia, and remained there till the summer of 1862, when his command was transferred to the Potomac, and participated in the battle of South Mountain. In this action Hayes was severely wounded in the arm. He was immediately commended for conspicuous gallantry, and in December of the same year received the colonelcy of his regiment, which had returned to West Virginia. He served under Crook, in the movement against the Tennessee railroad in the spring of 1864, and led a brigade with marked success in the battle of Cloyd's Mountain. Afterwards, still in Crook's command, he joined Hunter's army in the march against Lynchburg; was present at the operations in front of that place, and covered the retreat in the difficult and dangerous passage of the Alleghanies.

He was next ordered to the mouth of the Shenandoah Valley, and took part in several engagements between Early and Sheridan's troops, prior to the battle of Winchester. In that important encounter, he had the right of Crook's command, and it was therefore his troops which, in conjunction with the cavalry, executed the turning manoeuvre that decided the fate of the day. Here he displayed higher qualities than personal gallantry. At one point in the advance, his command came upon a deep slough, fifty yards wide, and stretching across the whole front of his brigade. Beyond was a rebel battery. If the brigade endeavored to move around the obstruction, it would be exposed to a severe enfilading fire; while it discomfited, the line of advance would be broken in a vital part. Hayes, with the instinct of a soldier, at once

gave the word "Forward," and spurred his horse into the swamp. Horse and rider plunged at first nearly out of sight, but Hayes struggled on till the beast sank hopelessly into the mire. Then dismounting, he waded to the further bank, climbed to the top, and beckoned with his cap to the men to follow. In the attempt to obey many were shot or drowned, but a sufficient number crossed the ditch to form a nucleus for the brigade; and Hayes still leading, they climbed the bank and charged the battery. The enemy fled in great disorder, and Hayes reformed his men and resumed the advance. The passage of the slough was at the crisis of the fight and the rebels broke on every side in confusion.

At Fisher's Hill Hayes led a division in the turning movement assigned to Crook's command. Clambering up the steep sides of North Mountain, which was covered with an almost impenetrable entanglement of trees and underbrush, the division gained, unperceived, a position in rear of the enemy's line, and then charged with so much fury that the rebels hardly attempted to resist, but fled in utter rout and dismay. Hayes was at the head of his column throughout this brilliant charge.

A month later, at Cedar Creek, he was again engaged. His command was a reserve, and therefore did not share in the disaster of the main line at daybreak; but when the broken regiments at the front were swept hurriedly to the rear, Hayes's division flew to arms, and changing front, advanced in the direction from which the enemy was coming. Successful resistance, however, was impossible. Hayes had not fifteen hundred effective men, and two divisions of the rebels were pouring through the woods to close around him in flank and rear. There was no alternative but retreat or capture. He withdrew, nevertheless, with steadiness, and maintained his organization unbroken throughout

the battle, leading his men from hill-top to hill-top in face of the enemy. While riding at full speed, his horse was shot under him; he was flung violently out of the saddle and his foot and ankle badly wrenched by the fall. Stunned and bruised, he lay for a moment, exposed to a storm of bullets, but soon recovering sprang to his feet, and limped to his command.

"For gallant and meritorious service in the battles of Winchester, Fisher's Hill and Cedar Creek," Col. Hayes was promoted to the rank of Brigadier-General of Volunteers, and brevetted Major-General for "gallant and distinguished service during the campaign of 1864, in West Virginia, and particularly in the battles of Fisher's Hill and Cedar Creek." He had commanded a brigade for more than two years, and at the time of these promotions was in command of the Kanawha division. In the course of his service in the army he was four times wounded, and had four horses shot under him.

The second volume of Gen. Grant's

Memoirs, written when he was in great suffering and near his end, is in some respects more interesting even than the first volume. In it he gives very freely and in a most entertaining way, his opinion of his military friends and associates. For example, on page 340 he says of Gen. Hayes:

"On more than one occasion in these engagements, Gen. R. B. Hayes, who succeeded me as President of the United States, bore a very honorable part. His conduct on the field was marked by conspicuous gallantry as well as the display of qualities of a higher order than that of mere personal daring. This might well have been expected of one who could write at the time he has said to have done so: 'Any officer fit for duty who at this crisis would abandon his post to electioneer for a seat in Congress, ought to be scalped.' Having entered the army as a major of volunteers at the beginning of the war, Gen. Hayes attained by meritorious service the rank of brevet major-general before its close."

In August, 1864, while Gen. Hayes was in the field, he was nominated by a Republican district convention in Cincinnati as a candidate for Congress. He was elected by a majority of 2,400.

Gen. Hayes took his seat in Congress December 4, 1865, and was appointed chairman of the library committee. In 1866 he was re-elected to Congress.

In the House of Representatives he was prominent in the counsels of his party. In 1867 he was the Republican candidate for Governor of Ohio, and elected over Judge Thurman. In 1869 he was re-elected Governor of Ohio over George H. Pendleton.

In 1872, despite his frequently expressed desire to retire from public life, Gen. Hayes was again nominated for Congress by the Republicans of Cincinnati, but was defeated.

In 1873 he returned to Fremont, and the next year inherited the considerable estate of his uncle, Sardis Birchard. In 1875, notwithstanding his well known desire not to re-enter public life, he was again nominated for Governor of Ohio, and although he at first declined the honor, he was subsequently induced to accept the nomination, and after a hard fought canvas was elected over William Allen by a majority of 5,500. This contest, by reason of the financial issue involved, became a national one, and was watched with interest throughout the country, and as a result he was nominated for the Presidency on the 7th ballot of the National Republican convention, which met at Cincinnati, June 14, 1876.

In accepting this nomination Mr. Hayes pledged himself, from patriotic motives, to the one-term principle, and in these words:

"Believing that the restoration of the civil service to the system established by Washington and followed by the early Presidents can be best accomplished by an Executive who is under no temptation to use the patronage of his office to promote his own re-election, I desire to perform what I regard as a duty in now stating my inflexible purpose, if elected, not to be a candidate for election to a second term.

"In furtherance of the reform we seek, and in other important respects, a change of great importance, I recommend an amendment to the Constitution prescribing a term of six years for the Presidential office, and forbidding a re-election."

In the complications that arose as a result of the Presidential election of 1876, his attitude was patriotic and judicious, and is outlined in a letter addressed to John Sherman from Columbus, O., dated November 27, 1876. He says:

"You feel, I am sure, as I do about this whole business. A fair election

would have given us about forty electoral votes—at least that many. But we are not to allow our friends to defeat one outrage and fraud by another. There must be nothing crooked on our part. Let Mr. Tilden have the place by violence, intimidation and fraud, rather than undertake to prevent it by means that will not bear the severest scrutiny.”

The canvassing boards of Louisiana, Florida and South Carolina declared Republican electors chosen, and certificates of these results were sent by the Governors of those States to Washington. Gov. Hayes had a majority of one in the electoral college. But the Democrats charged fraud, and certificates declaring the Democratic electors elected were sent to Washington. The House (Democratic) and the Senate (Republican) then concurred in an Act providing for a commission composed of five representatives, five senators and five judges of the Supreme Court, to have final jurisdiction. The commission refused to go behind the certificates of the Governors, and by a vote of eight to seven declared in favor of the Republican electors, and President Hayes was inaugurated March 5, 1877.

The administration of President Hayes, although unsatisfactory to machine politicians, was a wise and conservative one, meeting with the approval of the people at large. By the withdrawal of Federal troops and restoration of self-government to the Southern States, it prepared the way for a revival of patriotism and the remarkable material development that has since ensued. The administration began during a period of business depression, but the able management of the finances of the government and the resumption of specie payments restored commercial activity. This administration laid the foundations for a permanent and thorough civil service reform, notwithstanding strong and influential opposition, including that of a majority of the members of Congress.

Throughout, his administration was intelligently and consistently conducted with but one motive in view, the greatest good to the country, regardless of party affiliations. That he was eminently successful in this, and was as wise, patriotic, progressive and beneficial in its effects as any the country has enjoyed, is the judgment of every intelligent person who gives it an unbiased study.

“The tree is judged by its fruit.” When Mr. Blaine made his Presidential tour in Ohio in 1884, in several of his speeches he spoke of the Hayes’ administration as unique in this: It was one of the few and rare cases in our history in which the President entered upon his office with the country depressed and discontented and left it prosperous and happy. In which he found his party broken, divided and on the verge of defeat, and left it strong, united and vigorous. This, he said, was the peculiar felicity of Gen. Hayes’ public career.

On the expiration of his term, ex-President Hayes retired to his home in Fremont, O. He has been the recipient of the degree of LL.D. from Kenyon, 1868; Harvard, 1877; Yale, 1880, and Johns Hopkins University, 1881.

Is commander of the Order of Loyal Legion, was also commander of the Ohio Commandery, was first president of the Society of the Army of West Virginia. He is president of the John F. Slater Education Fund, and one of the trustees of the Peabody Fund (both for education in the South). He is also president of the National Prison Reform Association, and a trustee of a large number of charitable and educational institutions.

His “Life, Public Services, and Select Speeches,” by James Q. Howard, were published in Cincinnati in 1876.

It is well known that Gen. Hayes does not favor life senatorships for ex-Presidents. In the sketch of his life in “Biographical Cyclopedia of Ohio,” vol. ii., page 309, we find the following.

“On retiring from public life and returning to his home President Hayes was welcomed at Fremont in the heartiest way. In his speech in the assemblage he said: ‘This

hearty welcome to my home is, I assure you, very gratifying. During the last five or six years I have been absent in the public service.
* * * My family and I have none but the

friendliest words and sentiments for the cities of our late official residence—Columbus and Washington; but with local attachments, perhaps unusually strong, it is quite safe to say that never for one moment have any of us wavered in our desire and purpose to return and make our permanent residence in the pleasant old place in Spiegel Grove in this good old town of Fremont. The question is often heard, 'what is to become of the man—what is he to do—who, having been Chief Magistrate of the Republic retires at the end of his official term to private life?'

It seems to me the reply is near at hand and sufficient: Let him, like any other good American citizen, be willing and prompt to bear his part in every useful work that will promote the welfare and the happiness of his family, his town, his State, and his country. With this disposition he will have work enough to do, and that sort of work that yields more individual contentment and gratification than belong to the more conspicuous employments of the life from which he has retired."

Years have elapsed since these wise words were uttered and Mr. Hayes became a private citizen. But his life has been a beautiful and a very busy one because, filled with useful work for the "welfare and happiness of his family, his town, his State and his country."

Since leaving the Presidency, Mr. Hayes has been actively engaged in educational, reformatory and benevolent work: President of the John F. Slater Education Fund; Member of the Peabody Education Fund; President of the National Prison Association; President of the Mohonk Conference on the Negro Question; President of the Maumee Valley Historical and Monumental Society; Commander-in-chief of the Military Order of the Loyal Legion of the United States; President of the Society of the Army of West Virginia; President of the Society of the Twenty-third Regiment O. V. V. I.; Member of the Board of Trustees of Western Reserve University, Ohio Wesleyan University and Ohio State University.

SAYINGS FROM SPEECHES AND WRITINGS OF EX-PRESIDENT HAYES.

"We have a fair fighting chance to win."

"I would rather go to the war, if I knew I was to lose my life, than to live through and after it without taking part in it."

"To perpetuate the Union and to abolish slavery were the work of the war. To educate the uneducated is the appropriate work of peace. . . . The soldier of the Union has done his work, and has done it well. The work of the schoolmaster is now in order."

"We must get rid of fixed sentences against hardened criminals. They should remain in prison until they are cured."

"Whenever prisons are managed under the spoils system it injures the political party that does it, and the prison in which it is done."

"There is no agreement between prisons and politics."

"It must be regarded as a stain on any man who does not do all he can for the welfare of the men whose labor has made his wealth."

Asked if he would be a candidate by an importunate friend, he replied, "George E. Pugh said there is no political hereafter: content with the past, I am not in a state of mind about the future. It is for us to act well in the present."

"God loves Ohio or he would not have given her such a galaxy of heroes to defend the nation in its hour of trial."

"We must believe that Cain was wrong and that we *are* our brothers' keepers."

"Our flag should wave over States, not over conquered provinces."

"Universal suffrage should rest upon universal education. To this end liberal permanent provision should be made for the support of free schools by the State governments, and, if need be, supplemented by legitimate aid from national authority."

"It is my earnest purpose to put forth my best efforts in behalf of a civil policy which will forever wipe out in our political affairs the color line, and the distinction between North and South, that we may have not merely a united North or a united South but a united Country."

"We should be always mindful of the fact that he serves his party best who serves his country best."

"The love of flowers and the love of animals go together."

"Touching temperance, there is in this country, at least, no half-way house between total abstinence and the wrong side of the question."

"In any community crimes increase as education, opportunity and property decrease. Whatever spreads ignorance and poverty spreads discontent and causes crime."

"I never sought promotion in the army. I preferred to be one of the good colonels rather than one of the poor generals."

The following Sketch of MRS. HAYES, with the Tributes to her Memory, was prepared for this work by MISS LUCY ELIOT KEELER, of Fremont, with whom it has been a labor of love.

LUCY WARE WEBB HAYES was born August 28, 1831, in Chillicothe, Ohio, at that time the capital of the State. She was of good patriotic pioneer stock.

Her father was Dr. James Webb, a native of Kentucky, and son of Isaac Webb, a Revolutionary soldier of Virginia, who settled in Kentucky about 1790. On her mother's side she was of Puritan ancestry. Her mother, Maria Cook, was the daughter of Isaac Cook, a Revolutionary soldier of Connecticut, who emigrated to the old Northwest Territory about ten years before Ohio became a State. A native of Ohio herself, both of her parents were born in the West. All four of her great-grandfathers served in the Revolutionary war, in regiments of the Connecticut or Virginia lines of the Continental army. Awards of land, made to them in return for military service rendered as officers in these regiments, led to the ultimate transfer of the family residence to Kentucky and Ohio.

Her father, Dr. James Webb, when quite young, served in the war of 1812 as a member of the Kentucky mounted riflemen. When she, his only daughter, was but two years old, he died in Lexington, Ky., whither he had gone from his Ohio home to arrange for manumitting slaves of his inheritance, with the intention of sending them to Liberia. This visit took place during the terrible year of the cholera scourge, and being a physician, he lingered among his old-time friends with a loyalty unto death—giving them care and medical attendance until himself stricken fatally by the disease.

Her mother was a woman of unusual strength of character and of deep religious convictions. After the death of her husband she removed to Delaware, in order to be near the Wesleyan University, where her two sons, Joseph and James, were educated. Her fortune was sufficient to give her children a careful education. Lucy studied with her brothers and recited to the college professors. When her brothers began their studies in the medical college, she entered Wesleyan Female College at Cincinnati, the first chartered college for young women in America, in 1847, and graduated in 1850. While in attendance at this institution she joined the Methodist Episcopal Church, of which she ever remained a faithful and devoted member.

Before she had finished her school-life in Cincinnati, her mother removed to the city, and occupied a home on Sixth street, near Race, where the family resided while her two brothers were completing their medical studies. Here she was wedded to Rutherford B. Hayes, a young lawyer of the city, December 30, 1852. The marriage ceremony was performed by her old instructor, Rev. L. D. McCabe, D.D., of the Ohio Wesleyan University, who also attended the twenty-fifth anniversary of the wedding while Mrs. Hayes was mistress of the Presidential mansion in Washington.

When the war broke out her husband and both of her brothers immediately entered the army, and from that time until the close of the war her home was a refuge for wounded, sick and furloughed soldiers, going to or returning from the front. She spent two winters in camp with her husband in Virginia, and after the battle at South Mountain, where he was badly wounded, she hastened East and joined him at Middletown, Md., and later spent much time in the hospitals near the battlefields of South Mountain and Antietam.

It is no marvel that the soldiers of her husband's regiment revered her, and that she was made a member of the Army of West Virginia, the badge of which society she always prized very highly. The Twenty-third Regiment of Ohio Volunteer Infantry presented her, on the occasion of her silver wedding, with a silver plate, on which is engraved the following lines:

To thee our "Mother," on thy silver troth,
We bring this token of our love—thy "boys"

Give greeting unto thee with brimming hearts.
Take it, for it is made of beaten coin,
Drawn from the hoarded treasures of thy speech:
Kind words and gentle, when a gentle word
Was worth the surgery of an hundred schools,
To heal sick thought and make our bruises whole.
Take it, our "Mother," 'tis but some small part
Of thy rare bounty we give back to thee,
And while love speaks in silver from our hearts,
We'll bribe old Father Time to spare his gift.

Below the inscription is a sketch of the log hut erected as Col. Hayes' headquarters during the winter of 1862-63.

Mrs. Hayes' regard for the soldiers of the Union was as enduring as intense. How often has she said, "We must go to that funeral, he was a soldier;" and the widows and orphans of the soldier never appealed to her in vain. Describing the great procession in New York, in April, 1889, her eyes glowed as she said: "But the veterans ought not to have been at the rear—they earned it all." After the close of the war Mr. Hayes was elected to the thirty-ninth and fortieth Congresses and held his seat until nominated for governor. Three terms he filled the latter office, and during all those years Mrs. Hayes enjoyed an experience and exerted an influence which with her natural abilities wonderfully fitted her for the position of lady of the White House.

She had the conscience and the courage of her convictions. While presiding over the White House she kept strictly to her temperance principles, and, with the co-operation of President Hayes, banished wine and other liquors entirely from their state dinners, as she had always done from her private table. Derided by the frivolous, and slightly spoken of by small-minded politicians, she let them talk, but maintained her loyalty to herself and her God. Her example has since been an encouragement and an inspiration to all temperance workers. No woman of this century will have a more glorious name in the list of human benefactors and staunch adherents to principle, than she, when their history is hereafter written.

Speaking of her life at the White House, "*The Evening Star*" of Washington, says: "Few women would have attempted what she did successfully, to entertain entirely without the use of wines at the table. The persons connected with the official household of the President during the four years of the Hayes administration were all devoted to Mrs. Hayes. Several of the present officials were at the White House at that time and their recollection of her is coupled with a warm personal regard. Senators—Democrats and Republicans—were often heard to give expression to most extravagant compliments of her grace as a hostess. Among her warmest friends and most ardent admirers were such extreme southern men as the late Alexander H. Stephens, Gen. John B. Gordon and Gen. Wade Hampton.

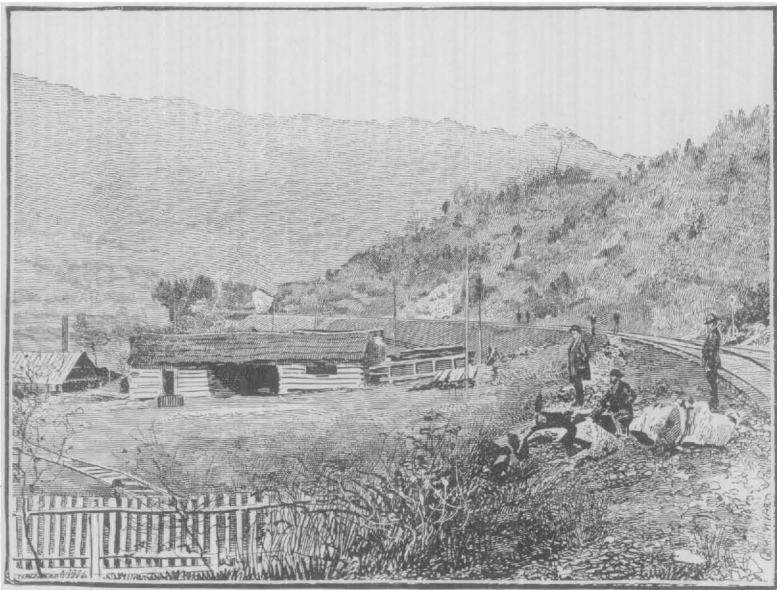
Mrs. Hayes was scarcely above the medium height though she gave the impression of being tall. There was in her person that majesty, sprightliness and grace which correspond to the qualities of conscience, energy and love in her nature. Her features were regular, the mouth a little large, but possessing a very charming mobility of expression. Her abundant and beautiful black hair was worn after the fashion of her girlhood time. Her complexion was rose-brunette and her fine eyes, very bright and gentle in expression, were that species of dark hazel which is often mistaken for black.

Her beauty was very lasting. Time dealt gently with her. The favorite portrait of her was taken in 1877, after she was mother of eight children, two of whom had grown to manhood, and were voters. One of the best pictures of her was taken after she was a grandmother.

In matters of personal attire she had exquisite taste, and did not follow the



MRS. HAYES IN THE SOLDIER'S HOSPITAL.



WINTER QUARTERS.

Built by Col. R. B. Hayes in the Valley of the Kanawha, and occupied by himself and family in the winter of 1862-63.

fashions blindly. She was modest and unobtrusive in her demeanor; yet when circumstances placed her in prominent positions, she knew how to carry herself with dignity and grace. She was always equal to the situation; and when she became the first lady in the land she was still simple, hearty, true, and unspoiled. Her home life was a happy one. She looked after her husband's interests with wifely constancy, and cared for her children with motherly affection and tenderness.

Leaving the White House in 1881, the family went to Fremont, and settled down at Spiegel Grove, the beautiful place bequeathed to General Hayes by his uncle, Sardis Birchard. Mrs. Hayes' first attention was always given to her home and her family; but in church work she was no laggard. She gave of her time and her means as she was able. In the Woman's Home Missionary Society she was specially interested, was its president almost from its organization, and spoke and acted in its public meetings with efficiency and success. She sympathized with the suffering and the oppressed everywhere. When her husband was governor of the State, she took an active interest in all of its organized charities, and was a leader among the originators of the Soldiers' and Sailors' Orphans' Home. She was also a member of the Woman's Relief Corps of the State of Ohio. To her husband and herself, the Methodist Episcopal Church in Fremont is largely indebted for its beautiful church edifice.

Eight years of beautiful private life were granted to her, years which were filled to the brim with joy and occupation. On the 21st of June, 1889, as she sat by her bed-room window sewing, she was stricken with apoplexy, resulting in paralysis. For four days she lay unconscious; then came the announcement of her death. Upon the 28th, a vast multitude came to look on her dear face for the last time. She was borne out of the doors of her beautiful home by her four sons and by four of her nephews and cousins. The surviving soldiers of her husband's old regiment, the 23d O. V. V. I., marched as her guard of honor, followed by a great procession of the Comrades of the G. A. R., of friends and of neighbors, to the quiet, final resting-place in Oakwood Cemetery, near her home at Fremont.

Probably no woman ever lived who was more widely known and who knew more persons in all walks of life than Mrs. Hayes. Certainly no one was ever more widely mourned. Tributes to her worth came by the thousand to her family, in the press, in letters, and in other forms.

THANKSGIVING AT THE WHITE HOUSE.

Under this title a recent number of that delightful paper, the *Wide Awake*, gives a sketch of the four Thanksgiving Days which General and Mrs. Hayes and their family spent at the White House. We remember that Mrs. Hayes looked back upon those occasions as among the happiest of the many happy ones in which she participated. We reprint the article by special permission of the publishers, D. Lothrop & Co., of Boston.—Ed.

Four Thanksgiving dinners have been given in the White House which will never be forgotten by those who were bidden.

President and Mrs. Hayes made it their home for four years, and they always invited their executive family to join them in a genuine, joyful Thanksgiving dinner; the secretaries and the clerks, with their entire families, including the little ones above three years old. Mr. Hendly tells me that "during his twelve years of official life, there was never anything more charming and homelike than these Thanksgiving dinners, when Mr.

and Mrs. Hayes drew together their personal and official families."

Mrs. Pruden, whose husband has been private secretary to the Presidents during four administrations, says: "There could be nothing more beautiful, thoughtful and tender than Mrs. Hayes' home gatherings in the White House on Thanksgiving Days. She sent us invitations only the day before, that they might be without ceremony, and met us in the upper rooms—with the familiar friendship of home people—seldom asking the maid to wait upon us, but herself saying, 'Just step into my chamber and lay off your wraps.' She knew our little ones well by name and face; she would stoop over to unfasten the little cloaks and caps, just as our own families would do in our own homes."

The first dinner was given in the large state dining-room, which is forty feet long, thirty wide, and "high as a two-story house." Long windows open into the conservatory, a wonderful garden of beautiful flowers, where bananas grow, palm-trees

wave, orchids hang from the high ceilings, and "birds of Paradise" lean their golden heads out from their sheaths of loveliest green—the flower of "the Holy Ghost"—and all the lilies of the world seem to bloom against the banks of smilax and roses. As you sit at the table, you see this bewildering fairy land of color and fragrance.

Toward the south, you look across the wide lawn with the little green knolls, the large evergreens, and below them the silver thread of river as it runs toward the sea from our Capital, and the historic Long-bridge, with the old Virginia hills in the distance. Dinner was always at two o'clock. The table was laid with all the elegance of the grand state dinners, and served in as many courses, lasting until five or six o'clock. "Isaac," the head waiter, often declared to "the Madam" that "they were the best times of all the year."

After the first Thanksgiving Mrs. Hayes used the family dining-room. She said to Mrs. Pruden, "It isn't so large and stately; this looks more home-like." This family dining-room opens from the long corridor, where palms and azaleas nod as you pass them in the niches by the heavy oaken doors; and the faces of all the Presidents gaze at you from the walls. The furniture is carved mahogany, and on the handsome buffet is kept the old solid silver of the "Monroes and the Van Burens," and the gold spoons and forks marked simply, "President's House." You have read, no doubt, of the beautiful china service made to order for Mrs. Hayes. One can read a story from each plate; "the fishes and birds," some one said, "deserved frames."

In the centre of the table was laid a long mirror, like a little lake, on which sat a silver boat, with silver sails, filled with maiden-hair ferns and roses; sometimes lilies of the valley, and scarlet carnations. One of the tiny children said, "Oh, see, mamma! there are two boats!" In this make-believe pond you see the sweet buds and leaves upside down, and trembling with every motion. Beside each plate was laid a small menu card with one's name, and a lovely *boutonnière* tied with pretty ribbon; sometimes the *boutonnière* was only an old-fashioned sweet pink, "just like mother's garden." High chairs were close beside mamma's for the little ones.

The first in official rank was the secretary, Mr. Pruden, who had the honor of a seat beside the President's wife; while Mr. Hayes led the way to the dining-room with Mrs. Pruden on his arm. The executive clerks and their families passed in next. There were some twelve or fifteen children. I said, one day, "But don't they get very tired with a three-hour dinner?"

"Oh, no," the mother replied; "Mrs. Hayes entertains them with such wonderful tact and humor they never ask to move."

Little Eva Pruden was a very lovely child, only three years old. Her wonderful hair almost touched the hem of her little gown, and fell in natural waves, just the color of

gold in the sun. She was a great pet of Mrs. Hayes, and sat next to her at the table.

At one of these dinners, on a handsome glass dish, sat a beautiful white swan. Tall, long, graceful and perfect, she sat in the midst of her rainbow-hued family. Little swans, with throats of impossible beauty, sat all around her—green, blue, red, violet, white and brown.

Isaac was about to dish up a little swan to each little child, when Mrs. Hayes spoke quickly and merrily, "Oh, stop a minute, Isaac! let's see which they like the best."

Turning to the youngest, she said, "Eva, which do you choose for your own?" Eva timidly and modestly dropped her head to one side and answered, "I like de deen one, please." So the beautiful green swan sailed across in a pretty dish to little Eva's plate, while the others soon "choosed" their favorite color.

The elder children chatted and felt perfectly at home with their charming hostess, who told stories, explained the odd customs of the White House, told them all about the wonderful flowers, and the way the gardeners made them into hundreds of bouquets every day, and talked about the good Thanksgivings when she was a little girl, until the three or four hours had passed like magic.

Everybody's health was proposed; toasts drank, and bright, witty speeches made, not with wine, but with the clearest of sparkling water; for you know Mrs. Hayes, in her quiet, gentle way, refused to put wine on her own table, even as the wife of the President, and said, "I have young sons who have never tasted liquor; they shall never receive it from my hand; what I wish for my own dear sons, I must do for the sons of other mothers."

It was always a beautiful sight to see that mother with her children. They treated her like an elder sister. Up and down the halls and reception-rooms of the old mansion, with their arms about her waist, her hands over their childish shoulders, talking, visiting and laughing, they could be seen marching any day. An English gentleman met them once in the East Room, quite early in the morning, and said to the minister, Mr. Thornton, afterward, "I shall take home to England with me a charming picture of the President's family."

At last the feast was over; the philopenas eaten with the laughing children; the creamy swans and the purple grapes, lobsters of fiery redness and icy coldness, fruits, and vegetables looking natural as life, but melting away in delicious ices, all coming and going in most mysterious ways. Even watermelons, growing like grandfather's melons in the old grandfather's garden, turning out to be "nothing but cream, after all."

With Mrs. Hayes to lead the way, the children went through the long corridor, the doors of Oriental glass, under the tall palms and jars of flowers, to the big East Room, for a game of "hide and seek" and "pussy wants a corner."

"Now, mamma," screamed the President's little son, "you catch!" and in and out the Blue and Red Rooms, the halls and stairways, Mrs. Hayes would run, hide and catch, while the whole house echoed to the shouts and laughter of the delighted children.

Then at the piano they would sing, and march, laugh and play to their heart's content.

One day a big black pin dropped out of Mrs. Hayes' handsome heavy hair, and it fell over her shoulders like a mantle of black ;

with no annoyance, she picked up the pin, went on with the game, twisting the coil simply and plainly as she ran. She always wore a simple dress ; usually at these home dinners some black stuff, of soft, clinging material, trimmed with surah, as a "vest," or "panels"—creamy, rich lace in the throat and at the wrists.

"The secret of Mrs. Hayes' remarkable tact and genius, as hostess and friend, was the *mother* part of her," was once said of her. M. S.

MRS. HAYES' FRIENDSHIP.

HOW A POOR WASHINGTON LUNCH GIRL EARNED IT.

There was a time when the "treasury girls" in Washington had a grievance and were not backward in airing it. Said one of them :

"So Uncle Sam has had an economical fit ; can't let us have our noonday tea ; 'takes too long!'"

"Well, Sarah, it isn't Uncle Sam's time ; still Secretary McCullough says 'teapots must be banished from the Treasury of the nation ! Every window-ledge in the building has one!'"

But this grumbling was long ago. It had become almost forgotten when Mrs. Hayes was installed mistress of the White House.

Rachel Myers, a pretty girl, daughter of a soldier, kept a small lunch-room not far from the Treasury for the accommodation of the Treasury clerks, and in plain sight from Mrs. Hayes' windows.

Rachel had so generous a face, ways so modest, and eyes so earnest that Mrs. Hayes watched her a good deal, and one day went in for lunch after the noonday tea had been served to the crowd of clerks.

Taking her seat, asking for a cup of tea and a biscuit, she said, "Miss Rachel, don't you sometimes find this dull and tiresome?"

"Oh, yes'm!" Rachel replied, "but of course I must work, and the ladies are very kind in the Departments ; they hate to come out of the building for lunch, and the half-hour is so short ; but nobody is allowed to have a corner inside any more."

"Why not?"

"The Secretary turned out the tea-pots long ago, and won't take 'em back."

Rachel tossed her head as she added, "I'd rather be a poor girl selling cakes, than to be as mean as the big people over there," pointing towards the White House.

"Are they mean, Rachel? What makes you think so?" Mrs. Hayes sipped her tea, and tried not to smile.

"Well, everything in this whole city has to be just as they say! They don't help the poor, but only give big dinners, and ride out in their fine carriages and enjoy themselves ! If they wanted to, there are so many ways of helping poor people."

"What could they do for you?" Mrs. Hayes said, as she laid down her ten cents.

"I should think it would be a great pleasure to do something for girls like you."

"Oh! Mr. Secretary can't turn around without asking the President, you know, and the President don't trouble himself about the poor, hard-working women and girls," Rachel said spitefully.

"Have you ever seen the President's wife? I think she is fond of young girls, and I wouldn't be surprised if she could get you a little room for lunch in the Treasury building. Suppose you go over to-morrow morning about 10. She is always at home then."

Rachel's eyes danced. "Oh! how kind that would be ; but—I—don't think—I shouldn't know how to meet the President's wife, you know," and Rachel laid her hand impulsively on the dark brown silk sleeve, and the soft, warm, ungloved hand of Mrs. Hayes kindly folded itself over Rachel's.

Promptly at 10 the doorkeeper led Rachel to the private sitting-room of the "Mrs. President."

Mrs. Hayes met her with smiles and pleasure.

"Good morning, my dear," she said.

"Good morning, ma'am ; you see I've come as you told me, but I do wish you'd do the talking for me when she comes in. I feel afraid of the 'great people,' but I love you."

"The 'great people,' child, are no greater than you, in spirit ; and I hope you won't despise us any more. I am the wife of the President! Do you feel afraid now?"

Poor Rachel! she laughed and cried, begged pardons, stammered and hesitated ; but the two were ever more firm friends.

"Somehow" a nice corner in the big gray stone Treasury became a cheery, cosy lunch-stand. Everybody knew the tall, fine-eyed girl who made the tea. Many a basket of fruit, many a tempting plate of cakes found their way to the little table, from the "Mistress of the White House," and the dainty doilies, marked R. M., from Mrs. Hayes, were of greater value than gold ; but more than "trade," or gifts, or "the honor," was the sweet sympathy of Rachel's beautiful friend.—*Cleveland Leader*, December 14, 1890.

CHARITIES AT THE WHITE HOUSE.

From the Oration of Hon. J. D. Taylor, M. C., delivered at the Memorial Service in Honor of Mrs. Lucy Webb Hayes, in Wesleyan Memorial Hall, Cincinnati, December 30th, 1889.

"No family ever occupied the White House that dispensed such generous hospitality, or who were so charitable to the poor as the family of President Hayes. During the four years that Mrs. Hayes was its honored mistress, the hearts of hundreds of poor people were gladdened by her kindness and benevolence, but the greatest care was taken that these acts of charity should not be made public. The widow and the orphan, the soldier and the sailor, the sick and the afflicted, never asked in vain, or were turned empty-handed away, but soldiers and the families of soldiers, and those who were rendered helpless by the war, were the special objects of her charity and care.

"A few days since I had the pleasure of meeting, in Washington, Mr. W. T. Crump, who was with Gen. Hayes in the army, and who was also his steward in the White House. Associated with the family in this way during such a long period, he is able to give an inside history which has never reached the public. He said to me that it was no unusual thing for him to take wagon-loads of provisions to the poor in all parts of Washington during the four years of President Hayes' administration; that whenever Mrs. Hayes would hear of a poor soldier who was ill, she would send him to investigate and report. 'I would tell her,' said he, 'how many there were in the family, and she herself would go to the store-room, and would give me groceries—tea, coffee, sugar, flour, meat, eggs—a little of everything, and she would then say to me, 'Now, William, take these things to these poor people,' and at the same time she would give me money to buy coal or anything the family might need.'

"He cited the case of Major Bailey, who came from North Carolina where he settled after the war and remained until he was driven out, sick, discouraged and impoverished. He and his family came to Washington and were found by Mrs. Hayes in the northern part of the city, in want and distress, in a house destitute of furniture and food. The major was suffering so from disease that he was entirely helpless. His wife was worn out with watching, and they and their three children were without fire, food, or sufficient clothing. 'Mrs. Hayes,' says Mr. Crump, 'sent my boy to Major Bailey's with some money and a wagon-load of food and supplies of various kinds, and sent me down to buy bedsteads, chairs, tables, stoves, carpets, dishes, in fact, everything necessary to fur-

nish two rooms, and to make this family comfortable. When I carried these things into that desolate home, Major Bailey and his family cried and laughed by turns, and when the major learned at last by whom these things had been sent, he exclaimed, 'God bless her! God bless her!'

"The next day there was a Cabinet meeting, and as soon as it was over Mrs. Hayes called on the members of the Cabinet, for a collection for the benefit of Major Bailey's family and raised \$125.

"At the Cabinet table sat Secretary Schurz, who was the colonel of Major Bailey's regiment, and Secretary Evarts, who had a son in the same regiment. Their attention having thus been called to the major's needs, he was cared for until he recovered and obtained a position in one of the Departments.

"Hundreds of such instances could be given. The steward showed me entries made by himself for his own purposes, and not intended for the public eye, showing that the President and Mrs. Hayes, during the four years they occupied the White House, gave away thousands of dollars for benevolent purposes, of which the public has no knowledge whatever.

"The memoranda runs thus:

Jan. 12th. Sent provisions to poor families, and \$70 in cash.	
" 13th. Paid for medicine	\$145.00
" 19th. The President gave an old man	50.00
" 26th. Mrs. Hayes—Charities . .	425.00
" 31st. Charities	300.00

And so on during all the months of their stay in the Executive Mansion. The charity of Mrs. Hayes was not the mere 'giving of alms.'

"'Not what we give but what we share, for the gift without the giver is bare.'

"Only a few days since, an army officer, now stationed in Washington, said he should never forget a visit made by Mrs. Hayes to the home of Captain Corbin in the suburbs of Washington at the time his little boy died. A carriage was driven to the door, Mrs. Hayes alighted and quietly entered the home. Inquiring for Mrs. Corbin she was at once shown to her room and soon after was seen with her arm about the grief-stricken mother, mingling her own tears of sorrow, and whispering words of comfort and consolation."

TRIBUTES TO THE MEMORY OF MRS. HAYES.

No woman that has lived has brought forth such a multitude of expressions of admiration of her life and character, and from the very highest sources in the land. We here annex some of these:

Rev. Dr. L. D. McCabe.—How well do I remember my first acquaintance with the illustrious woman whose departure has called together weeping multitudes to-day all over the land. Forty-four years since we entered the town of Delaware in a stage coach together. Her esteemed and widowed mother was then returning with her and her two brothers to that city to enjoy its educational advantages. The child's sweet and most natural happy ways drew me to her. I became her preceptor, and more than by any lesson or any learning, she refreshed my weariness, with her always kind, but bright and overflowing spirits. Under the moulding hand of a rare Christian mother, she developed into womanhood and responsibility, and added a sincere religious experience to her always attractive character. She finished her studies in her school life in Cincinnati Wesleyan Female Seminary, winning the special regard of all her companions and forming the most ennobling friendships, which have continued through her life. At the age of twenty-one she gave her heart and her hand to that honored one, who has led her from height to height of all that this world has to give. In all these various and testing positions, instead of relaxing the firmness of her principles, or in the least departing from the spirit and practice of piety, she shed a new charm upon them all and truly made them more illustrious by her unostentatious virtues.

The contact with the world did not spoil that loving kindness of nature. She was always finding some human heart which needed binding up. Much of her divine Lord's spirit she had in a tender regard for humanity, which could brook no unkind word, indeed could brook nothing that could wound a fellow-being, however lowly. She was one bright example before the world of the union of charm of manner with a kindness so genuine that it failed under no combination of circumstances. Would that the fair picture could be for ever kept before the young womanhood of the world. One who saw her much and studied her most attentively, said: "She is the humblest and yet she is the wisest of us all."

Mrs. Allen G. Thurman, in speaking of Mrs. Hayes, said: "I have known Mrs. Hayes—I always called her Lucy—from childhood, in fact, since she was scarcely able to run alone. * * * We lived in the same neighborhood. From childhood Lucy was the sweetest girl I ever saw. She was pretty, but that was not her chief attraction. It was her lovable nature that won all hearts, and her friendship, once secured, knew no change."

From Miss Frances E. Willard.—No woman ever lived who did so much to discountenance the social use of intoxicants as the royal and lamented Christian matron, Mrs. ex-President Hayes. She struck a keynote that rings to-day in ten thousand homes of wealth and fashion, and re-echoes in the grateful memory of millions who, against a

desperate appetite, have formed a holy resolution. For such a woman and patriot, for such a wife and mother, we cannot do too much to manifest our reverence. America had not her peer, and never suffered sadder loss than in losing Lucy Webb Hayes.

Mrs. General Grant, in a conversation with Nelly Bly—who in turn told the writer—said that she had never seen anyone so radiantly lovely as Mrs. Hayes. "She was dressed in white silk," Mrs. Grant said, "and her dark hair was combed smoothly over her ears. Her soft black eyes shone like diamonds and her cheeks were as red as roses."

Mary Clemmer.—Meanwhile, on this man of whom every one in the nation is thinking, a fair woman between two little children looks down. She has a singularly gentle and winning face. It looks out from the bands of smooth dark hair with that tender light in the eyes which we have come to associate always with the Madonna. I have never seen such a face reign in the White House. I wonder what the world of Vanity Fair will do with it? Will it friz that hair? powder that face? draw those sweet, fine lines awry with pride? bare those shoulders? shorten those sleeves? hide John Wesley's discipline out of sight, as it poses and minces before the first lady of the land? what will she do with it, this woman of the hearth and home? strong as she is fair, will she have the grace to use it as not abusing it; to be in it; yet not of it; priestess of a religion pure and undefiled, holding the white lamp of her womanhood unshaken and unsullied, high above the heated crowd that fawns, flatters and soils? The Lord in heaven knows. All that I know is that Mr. and Mrs. Hayes are the finest looking type of man and woman that I have seen take up their abode in the White House.

Gen. W. T. Sherman writes as follows: "Were it not for the fact that I long since committed myself to Denver for the Fourth of July, I should come to Fremont to demonstrate my great respect for you and love for her memory; but as it is I can only trace on paper a few words of sorrow and ask a place in that vast procession of mourners, who would, if possible, share with you that burden of grief. Her sudden and totally unexpected death leaves a great blank in the good and cheerful in this world. How vividly come back to me the memories of her hearty greetings, her beaming face and unavoidable good nature, more especially during that long and eventful trip to the Pacific and back by Arizona, when at times heat, dust, and the untimely intrusion of rough miners would have ruffled the most angelic temper. Never once do I recall an instance when she ever manifested the least displeasure."

Fred. Douglas.—"Highest, who stoops to lift the low." The fragrance of her goodness

will linger for ever about the executive mansion.

Ex-Senator Bruce, of Mississippi.—There never was a woman who graced the White House with greater dignity. It might, perhaps, be said that my wife and myself called at the White House during that administration under somewhat exceptional circumstances. We always found her pleasant, kindly, genial.

Senator Allison, of Iowa, writes as follows: "I trust that my long personal acquaintance with Mrs. Hayes, and my appreciation of her gentle and noble qualities of heart and mind will be sufficient excuse for me to express to you my deep sympathy with you in your great loss; and what is yours is, in a less degree, that of the whole country, as I know of none more beloved than she was by all good people in every part of the land."

President Angell, of the University of Michigan, writes: "The moral sentiment of the nation deplores the loss of your estimable wife. Her exemplary life in the White House, as well as in private life, will shine in history like the stars in the heavens."

The *Rev. T. Devitt Talmage* characteristically telegraphs: "Be comforted with a nation's sympathies. What a gracious and splendid woman she was!"

Francis Murphy said he had just returned from attending the funeral services of Mrs. Hayes, who he characterized as the noblest woman in the land, and in speaking of her said: "Her virtues of mind and heart one scarcely needs to be told. The sweetness of her nature matched the beauty of her person and the charm of her manners. In her elevated position which she has occupied she never lost the simplicity of character of her private life and girlhood. She was a woman of high and lofty ideas of the purest and best type. Over her whole career, both public and private, lingered an air of gentleness, with malice towards none and charity for all." Mr. Murphy said he had travelled 1,000 miles, to show his respect to the memory of Mrs. Hayes.

New York Independent.—Mrs. Hayes seemed delighted to welcome every one to the White House, whether friend or stranger, whether poor or rich. That was the secret of her success as hostess—that she was really glad to see every one whose hand she grasped; her warm heart shone in her warm greeting. She retired from the White House amid universal regret. She was a woman of ceaseless activity in all good work. Those who mourn her loss in Fremont are numbered by the thousand; but those who mourn her loss throughout the country must be numbered by the million. She was a woman that the country may always be proud of. Her

charm, her grace, her dignity of manner and her force of character will not be forgotten.

New York Herald.—Memories of a noble life hover about the death-bed of Mrs. Ruth-erford B. Hayes. This spotless woman deserves the love and respect of the whole country. Whether nursing the dying soldiers of the Union army or banishing the wine cup from the White House, she displayed the courage and devotion that are born of inner purity. All honor to the blameless wife and mother, the uncompromising champion of temperance, the friend of unfashionable virtues.

Washington Post, June 24, 1889.—Wherever her name is known will the news of her mortal illness carry a sense of regret and loss. Certainly no American woman in the past or present has created for herself, under all public and trying conditions, so little criticism and so much admiration, respect and affection as the wife of ex-President Hayes. . . . The lustre of her public life, the loveliness of her home life and family relations, were the reflex of an uncompromising conscience, a broad charity and an unquestioning reliance and submission to the law that is more just and wiser than man's.

Gracious as a woman, sincere as a Christian, herself the friend of many, she goes down into the valley, covered and crowned with the love of an entire people. The sympathy which goes out to those who are nearest and have watched over her with unspeakable sorrow, is as complete and sincere as the reverence with which the people will hereafter utter her name.

Brooklyn Eagle.—She was a woman of the purest and best type; a woman whose instincts were those of supreme refinement and benevolence. Her life was controlled by a sovereign purpose, and that purpose to do good. She believed that a woman's sphere was limited only by her opportunities for making her life a benediction. She felt that she had a mission in the world, and acting upon that confidence she was able to bequeath a memory of noble deeds that no perishable monument can rival.

Dayton Journal.—It is not disputable that Mrs. Lucy Webb Hayes was the most notable woman of her day, as the peculiar and singular representative of the dignified, graceful and lovable woman of general cultivated home society of this nation. No woman who ever occupied the White House commanded the exclusive character of profound respect, associated with affection, that was the distinction of Mrs. Lucy Webb Hayes. . . . When the historian of our war times records the noble women who were distinguished for their virtues, the name of Lucy Webb Hayes will glitter in the shining galaxy as a model American woman.

New York Tribune.— . . . She lived upon

a high plane all her life, and her influence was everywhere beneficent. . . . She knew how to make all visitors feel perfectly at home when within her doors. She was devoted to her domestic duties, and romped with her children in the nursery with all the freedom of a loving mother; and all her social duties at Fremont, Columbus and Washington were performed with dignity and grace.

Toledo Commercial.—The lesson of her life should not be lost upon the young. If they would be held in high esteem, they must be true to the right—true to themselves, to their families and to their convictions of duty. These are the elements of character which have drawn forth the admiration of all. This is a simple, but it is an all-important lesson.

Look in our eyes; your welcome waits you there,
North, South, East, West, from all and everywhere.

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

Her presence lends its warmth and health to
all who come before it;
If woman lost us Eden, then such as she
alone restore it.

Whittier.

The woman who, standing in the chief
home, stood bravely for the sake of every
home in the land.—*Adeline T. D. Whitney.*

SARDIS BIRCHARD was born in Wilmington, Vt., January 15, 1801. He lost both parents while yet a child, and was taken into the family of his sister Sophia, who had married Rutherford Hayes. In 1817 he accompanied them to Delaware, Ohio. In 1822 his brother-in-law, Mr. Hayes, died, leaving a widow and three young children. Mr. Birchard at once devoted himself to his sister and her family. He never married, but through life regarded his sister's family as his own. He was a handsome, jovial young man and an universal favorite.

In the winter of 1824-5, with Stephen R. Bennett as a partner, he bought and drove a large drove of fat hogs from Delaware to Baltimore. "Two incidents of this trip," says Knapp, in his 'History of the Maumee Valley,' "are well remembered. The young men had to swim their hogs across the Ohio river at Wheeling, and came near losing them all by the swift current. In the meantime they were overtaken by a tall, fine-looking gentleman on horseback, who had also a carriage drawn by four horses with attendants.

In 1827 Mr. Birchard removed to Fremont, then Lower Sandusky, and engaged in selling general merchandise. He was largely patronized by Indians, because he refused to sell them liquor. Mr. Birchard found the Indians very honest in their business transactions, and when any of them died with debts unpaid they were settled by Tall Chief, their leader. Mr. Birchard was very successful in his business ventures. He was connected with the first enterprise that opened river and lake commerce between Fremont and Buffalo; was instrumental in securing legislation for the construction of wagon roads, and later, largely in-

Whene'er a noble deed is wrought,
Whene'er is spoke a noble thought,
Our hearts in glad surprise
To higher levels rise.

Longfellow.

To perform one's functions with fidelity
and simplicity is to be both hero and saint.—
Edward Eggleston.

Her country also and it praiseth her.—
Louise Chandler Moulton.

When high moral worth and courage combine
with gentleness, matronly dignity, graciousness
and sweetest charity, the charm is complete.

D. Huntington,
Pres. National Academy of Design.

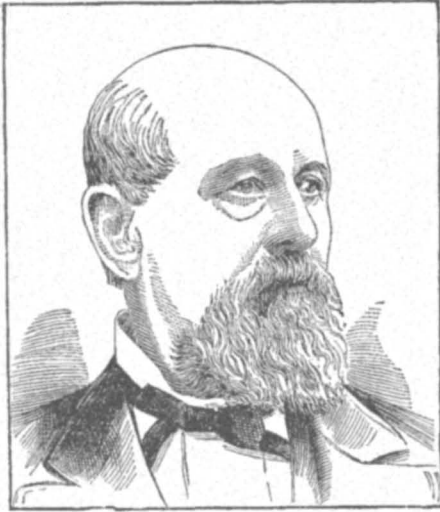
Few like thee have stood
Upon the people's threshold where
The heralds of all nations go
And come as sea tides ebb and flow,
With graceful bravery have stood
In grand and sterling womanhood.
Unflinching in thy high estate,
The sunshine flashing from the dome,
Where prince and people stand and wait,
There thou didst bring the charm of home,
A chieftain's valor and a woman's grace,
All lily white to that exalted place.
Lives nobly ended make the twilights long
And keep in heart God's nightingales of song.

Benj. F. Taylor.

He helped Mr. Birchard to get the hogs out of the way, chatted with him, and advised him to dispose of them at Baltimore as the best market. This gentleman, as they soon ascertained, was none other than Gen. Jackson, then on his way to Washington after the Presidential election of 1824, in which he was the highest in the popular vote, but not the successful candidate, for the election being thrown into the house John Quincy Adams was chosen."

terested in the construction of the first railroads of the Maumee valley. He contributed largely to benevolent objects. The Birchard Library is a gift from him to the city of Fremont. He died in 1874, bequeathing his estate to his nephew, ex-President Hayes.

RALPH POMEROY BUCKLAND was born in Leyden, Mass., January 20, 1812. When but a few months old his father removed to Ohio and settled in Portage county.



GEN. R. P. BUCKLAND.

He was educated at Kenyon College, studied law, was admitted to the bar at Canfield in 1837, and the same year removed to Fremont. He was married to Charlotte Broughton, of Canfield, in 1838; was a delegate to the Whig National Convention in 1848; elected to the Ohio Senate in 1855, serving four years, during which time his bill for the adoption of children became a law.

In 1861 he was appointed colonel of the Seventy-second Ohio Volunteer Infantry, which afterwards, with other regiments, became noted as "Buckland's Brigade." He commanded the Fourth Brigade of Sherman's Division at the battle of Shiloh, and was made brigadier-general November 29, 1862. He commanded a brigade of the Fifteenth Army Corps at Vicksburg and the District of Memphis for two years, resign-

ing from the army, January 9, 1865, to take his seat in Congress, to which he had been elected while on duty in the field. March 13, 1865, he was brevetted major-general of volunteers. He served two terms in Congress and has held many important offices of trust; was a delegate to the Republican National Convention of 1876. From 1867 till 1873 was president of the managers of the Ohio Soldiers' and Sailors' Orphans' Home, and government director of the Pacific Railroad, 1877-80. He has done much for the improvement of the city of Fremont and is one of its most respected and beloved citizens. For two years ex-President Hayes was associated with Gen. Buckland as his law partner.

A REMINISCENCE,

With some Poetry from "The World's Wonder."

When on my original visit to Fremont, I called on an elderly gentleman, Mr. Thomas L. Hawkins, who was the keeper of the magazine in Fort Meigs at the time of the siege. I found him at his home. It was in the gloom of the evening; no light in the room where he gave me his recollections of its events. My mind being in an unusually receptive condition, and having no use for my eyes in the darkness, my ears did double duty; so I remembered every word. The incidents I thus gathered will be found under the head of the history of the siege of Fort Meigs in Wood county.

I was not then aware that Mr. Hawkins was a cabinetmaker, a local preacher in the Methodist church, and, greater than all, *a poet!* This discovery was reserved for my last visit, and it came from Mr. Hayes' library, wherein is a copy of a small volume entitled "*The Poetic Miscellany and World's Wonder*;" by Thomas L. Hawkins. Columbus: Scott & Bascom, printers, 1853.

Our poet allowed his muse to help him in his business, and so he brought her to his aid in advertising his stock in trade—washboards and mops.

These verses have the charm of old-time rusticity; carries back my mind to the days of the fathers, even before the arrival of the cook stove. I remember when they were unknown, and the people largely farmers, there being but few cities. Often have I seen, when a youth, on wash-days, huge kettles hanging by cranes over great kitchen fires, filled with snow to melt for soft water; a dinner-pot over the fire for a boiled dinner, the usual *menu* for wash-days; and while the women of the family were bending over the wash-tub, some young girl or boy would be standing by a pounding-barrel, pounding the clothes prior to the rubbing process. Pounding the clothes seemed to have been a common duty of the children of the family, who stood on stools to get the proper height. The pounder was a round block of wood, perhaps eight inches long and weighing perhaps five to ten pounds, into which was inserted a long handle, as in a broom, for a lifter, which both hands grasped during the pounding operation. With every washboard and mop sold by the poet was attached a card, with its poetic advertisement.

THE WASHBOARD.

[Advertisement.]

Take notice, that I, Thomas Hawkins, the
younger,
Than old Tom, my father, more active and
stronger,
In my journey through life, have found in
my way
What some call Ash Wednesday, men's wives
call wash-day.

However enduring the conjugal life,
This day brings a cloud on the husband from
wife;
The dogs and the cats must stand out the way,
And all about the house dread the coming
wash-day.

To make the day pleasant, I've long studied
how
To bring back the smile on the dog and the
cow;
To cheer the poor husband, the clouds blow
away,
And smiles light the wife on that gloomy
dark day.

The machinist for this has exhausted his
skill,
In inventing machines poor woman to kill;
No valued relief, I'll venture to say,
Has loomed up as yet to dispel the dark
day.

The washboard alone must end all the
strife,
With a love-helping husband to cheer up the
wife,
To straighten his rib, and show well he
may
With a few hearty rubs on that dark steamy
day.

We have boards of this kind for both hus-
band and wife,
We'll venture the price, 'twill end all the
strife,
Which are fluted both sides; then come,
come away,
And buy of our sunshine to dispel the dark
day.

THE M O P.

[Advertisement.]

'The wife that scrubs without a mop
Must bend her back full low,
And on her knees mop up the slop
And little comfort know.

And he who loves a cleanly wife,
And wants to keep her clean,
Would make her smile and end all strife
By buying this machine.

And can you thus your wife displease,
With her sweet smiles dispense,
And make her scrub upon her knees,
To save some twenty cents?
[Which is the price of the mop.]

You hardened wretch! pull out y'r cash,
Untie your money-stockings,
And don't neglect to buy this trash
From your old friend, Tom Hawkins.

JAMES BIRDSEYE MCPHERSON, General in the Union Army, was born in Clyde, O., November 14, 1828. His father worked at blacksmithing while clearing his farm of one hundred and sixty acres of woodland. The boy grew up in the hardy laborious backwoods life of the time. When he was thirteen years of age, the oldest of four children, his father died, leaving the widow to struggle against adverse circumstances, to provide for her little family. James was a helpful son, and to aid his mother secured employment in a store at Green

Spring. He was a cheerful, upright youth, and was highly esteemed by all who knew him. During his leisure hours he employed himself in study ; later he was enabled to spend two years in the Norwalk Academy. He received an appointment to West Point and graduated in 1853, first in a class of fifty-two members among whom were Philip H. Sheridan, John M. Schofield and John B. Hood. He taught for a year in West Point. For three years he was engaged in engineering duty on the Atlantic coast—most of the time in New York harbor. At the beginning of the war he was a lieutenant of engineers stationed in California, where for three years and a half he was in charge of the fortifications in the harbor of San Francisco.

He applied for active duty with the army in the field, where his promotion was very rapid. He became lieutenant-colonel November 21, 1861 ; colonel, May 1, 1862 ; brigadier-general of volunteers, May 15, 1862. Gen. Hellock placed him on his staff, but in the spring of 1862 he was transferred to the staff of Gen. Grant and served as chief engineer at Fort Henry, Fort Donelson, Shiloh, the siege of Corinth and Iuka. In the reorganization of Grant's army in 1863, he was appointed to the command of the 17th army corps. In the section campaign against Vicksburg, McPherson's corps bore a prominent part. When the army settled down to the regular siege of Vicksburg McPherson's command had the centre. A year had rolled by since he was doing duty on Grant's staff, a newly-fledged officer of volunteers. Now he was firm in his high position, was the compeer of Sherman, and a lieutenant trusted and honored by the general-in-chief. When Vicksburg was surrendered he became one of the commissioners to arrange the terms, and as a recognition of his skill and personal daring throughout the campaign, from Port Gibson to the bloody salients of the enemy's massive earthworks, which withstood assault after assault, he was made full brigadier-general in the regular army. From captain to brigadier-general in a year and a half!

When Grant at last turned over his command in the west to Sherman, and assumed the control of all the armies, McPherson succeeded the latter at the head of the Army of the Tennessee, then over 60,000 strong, and when Sherman set out on his campaign to Atlanta, followed him in person with about 25,000 of his troops, the 15th corps under Gen. John A. Logan, and the 16th under Gen. G. M. Dodge.

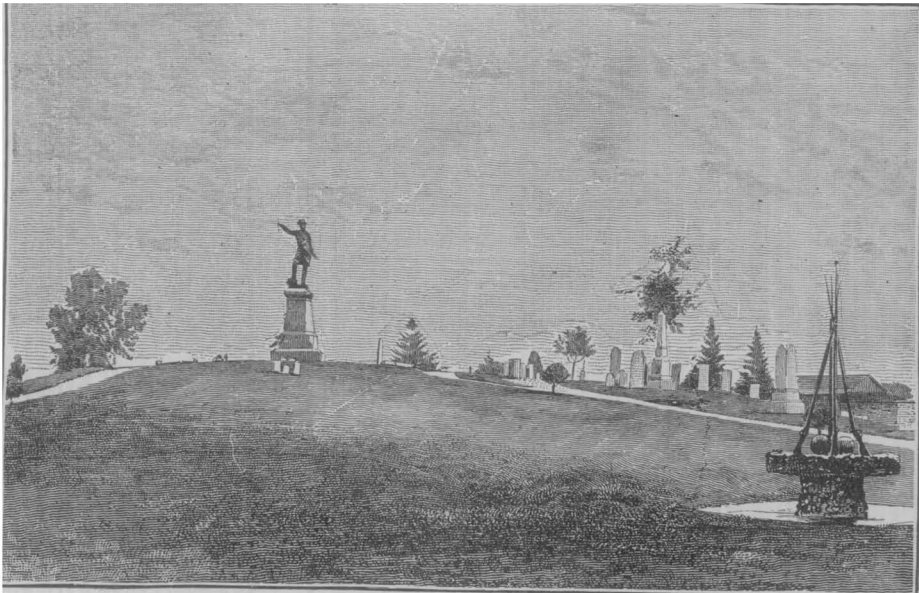
In the battles before Atlanta the new commander of the Army of the Tennessee proved his fitness for the role and displayed the highest and best quality of a soldier—capacity for leadership.

When Sherman's army was before Atlanta and he was extending his left flank to envelop the city, Hood opened the movement with a series of engagements from July 19 to July 21. On July 22, 1864, Hood withdrew from the trenches in front of Thomas and Schofield, and made a furious attack on Sherman's left flank, aiming at the destruction of McPherson's command. At the time the onslaught was made McPherson was in consultation with Sherman. He immediately issued an order for the closing of a gap between two corps, and then rode rapidly toward the threatened point, and while engaged in personally superintending the disposition of the troops, and passing from one column to another, he came suddenly upon a skirmish line of Confederates. They called "Halt!" whereupon he endeavored to turn into the woods and escape, but a volley was fired after him. A musket ball passed through his right lung, and shattered his spine, but he clung to his saddle until his horse had carried him further into the woods and then fell to the ground. His orderly was captured.

About an hour after this had occurred a private of the 15th Iowa, George Reynolds, who had been wounded and was making his way back into the Union lines, came across the body of his general. Life was not yet extinct, but he could not speak. Reynolds moistened his lips with water from his canteen, remained until he had expired and then went to seek assistance.



GENERAL JAMES B. MCPHERSON.



R. Grob, Photo., 1887.

MONUMENT TO GEN. JAMES B. MCPHERSON, CLYDE.

The body was brought and laid out in the headquarters of Gen. Sherman, who, as he paced back and forth issuing orders for the battle still going on, shed bitter tears over the death of his favorite general. In communicating the news of his death to the War Department, Gen. Sherman wrote: "Not his the loss; but the country and the army will mourn his death and cherish his memory as that of one who, though comparatively young, had risen by his merit and ability to the command of one of the best armies the nation had called into existence to vindicate its honor and integrity."

McPherson was greatly beloved by the army, and when the news reached them that he had either fallen or been taken captive, a wild cry rose from the whole army, "McPherson or revenge," and the assault of the enemy was beaten back with great slaughter.

Gen. McPherson's body was taken north and buried at Clyde, O., and an imposing monument now marks the place of his interment. He was but thirty-five years of age at the time of his death, beloved by all who came in contact with him for his noble traits of character, and in the full tide of a brilliant career which promised the highest attainments. Gen. Grant placed a high estimate on his genius, and always spoke of him in words of praise. In March, 1864, he wrote to Sherman, "I want to express my thanks to you and McPherson, as the men to whom, above all others, I feel indebted for whatever I have had of success."

Gen. McPherson's personal appearance was very prepossessing. Over six feet tall, well developed, graceful and winning in manner. He was cheerful, genial, devoid of jealousy and had a keen sense of honor. At the time of his death he was betrothed to an estimable young lady of Baltimore and expected soon to be married. His affection for his family was unusually strong, and they were rarely absent from his thoughts. When the news of his death reached Clyde the following touching correspondence ensued:

"CLYDE, O., Aug. 5, 1864.

"TO GENERAL GRANT:

"DEAR SIR,—I hope you will pardon me for troubling you with the perusal of these few lines from the trembling hand of the aged grandma of our beloved General James B. McPherson, who fell in battle. When it was announced at his funeral, from the public print, that when General Grant heard of his death, he went into his tent and wept like a child, my heart went out in thanks to you for the interest you manifested in him while he was with you. I have watched his progress from infancy up. In childhood he was obedient and kind; in manhood, interesting, noble and persevering, looking to the wants of others. Since he entered the war, others can appreciate his worth more than I can. When it was announced to us by telegraph that our loved one had fallen, our hearts were almost rent asunder; but when we heard the Commander-in-Chief could weep with us too, we felt, sir, that you had been as a father to him, and this whole nation is mourning his early death. I wish to inform you that his remains were conducted by a kind guard to the very parlor where he spent a cheerful evening in 1861, with his widowed mother, two brothers and only sister, and his aged grandmother, who is now trying to write. In the morning he took his leave at six o'clock, little dreaming he should fall by a ball from the enemy. His funeral services were attended in his mother's orchard, where his youthful feet had often pressed the soil to gather the falling fruit; and his remains are resting in the silent grave scarce half a mile from the place of his birth. His grave is on an eminence but a few rods from where the funeral services were attended, and near the grave of his father.

"The grave, no doubt, will be marked, so that passers-by will often stop and drop a tear over the dear departed. And now, dear friend, a few lines from you would be gratefully received by the afflicted friends. I pray that the God of battles may be with you and go forth with your arms till rebellion shall cease, the Union be restored, and the old flag wave over the entire land.

"With much respect, I remain your friend,

"LYDIA SLOCUM,

"Aged eighty-seven years and four months."

"HEADQUARTERS ARMIES OF THE UNITED STATES,

"CITY POINT, VIRGINIA, Aug. 10, 1864.

"MRS. LYDIA SLOCUM:

"MY DEAR MADAM,—Your very welcome letter of the 3rd instant has reached me. I am

glad to know that the relatives of the lamented Major-General McPherson are aware of the more than friendship that existed between him and myself. A Nation grieves at the loss of one so dear to our nation's cause. It is a selfish grief, because the Nation had more to expect from him than from almost anyone living. I join in this selfish grief, and add the grief of personal love for the departed. He formed, for some time, one of my military family. I knew him well; to know him was to love. It may be some consolation to you, his aged grandmother, to know that every officer and every soldier who served under your grandson felt the highest reverence for his patriotism, his zeal, his great, almost unequalled ability, his amiability and all the manly virtues that can adorn a commander. Your bereavment is great, but cannot exceed mine.

"Yours truly,
U. S. GRANT."

CLYDE is eight miles southeast of Fremont at the crossing of the L. S. & M. S., I. B. & W. and W. & L. E. Railroads.

City Officers, 1888: Mayor, H. F. Paden; Clerk, Chas. H. Eaton; Treasurer, E. D. Harkness; Marshall, John C. Letson; Chief Fire Department, N. T. Wilder. Newspapers: *Enterprise*, Independent, B. F. Jackson & Co., editors and publishers; *Farmer's Reporter*, Neutral, Reporter Co., editors and publishers. Churches: 1 Baptist, 1 Episcopal, 1 Presbyterian, 1 Methodist, 1 Universal, 1 Catholic, 1 United Brethren, and 1 Advent. Banks: Farmers' & Traders', S. M. Terry, cashier; Peoples' Banking Co., C. G. Sanford, president, John C. Bolinger, cashier. Population, 1880, 2,380. School census, 1888, 760; Frank M. Ginn, Superintendent of Schools.

Clyde is a wholesome, cleanly appearing little town. It has an enduring memory in having given to the nation, in the person of JAS. B. MCPHERSON, a great soldier and the best type of a gentleman. The sites of the log-house in which he was born and the blacksmith shop where his father labored are both within the cemetery where to-day stands his monument and rests his mortal remains.

Clyde also was the birth-place of JAMES ALBERT WALES, caricaturist. He was born there in 1852, died in 1886, and lies buried in the McPherson Cemetery. He was a highly valued artist. On the occasion of his funeral A. B. French, an old resident of Clyde, delivered a touching eulogy upon his boyhood, and Rev. O. Badgley preached the funeral sermon. "Appleton's Cyclopædia of American Biography" says of him: "He learned wood-engraving in Toledo and Cincinnati, thence going to Cleveland, drew cartoons for the *Leader* during the Presidential canvas of 1872. Later he went to New York and engaged to illustrate *Puck*. He eventually became one of the founders of *The Judge*, and was for some time its chief cartoonist. Wales was the only caricaturist of the newer school who was a native American. He was also clever at portraiture and his cartoons excellent."

WOODVILLE is fourteen miles northwest of Fremont on the Portage River and on the N. W. O. R. R. It was laid out in 1838 by Hon. A. E. Wood on what was known on the Western Reserve and Maumee turnpike, being on the great travelled route between Cleveland to Toledo. School census, 1888, 232.

GIBSONBURG is eleven miles northwest of Fremont on the N. W. O. R. R. Population, 1880, 589. School census, 1888, 217; J. L. Hart, Superintendent of Schools.

LINDSEY is seven miles northwest of Fremont on the L. S. & M. S. R. R. Population, 1880, 409. School census, 1888, 152.

TOWNSEND is five miles northeast of Clyde, on the I. B. & W. R. R. Census, 1890, 1,358.

GREEN SPRING VILLAGE.

SCIOTO.

SCIOTO COUNTY was formed May 1, 1803. The name Scioto was originally applied by the Wyandots to the river; they, however, called it *Sci, on, to*; its signification is unknown. The surface is generally hilly, and some of the hills are several hundred feet in height. The river bottoms are well adapted to corn, and on a great part of the hill land small grain and grass can be produced. Iron ore, coal, and excellent freestone are the principal mineral productions of value. The manufacture of iron is extensively carried on in the eastern part of the county. The principal agricultural products are corn, wheat and oats.

Area about 640 square miles. In 1887 the acres cultivated were 52,195; in pasture, 31,961; woodland, 64,518; lying waste, 8,359; produced in wheat, 109,946 bushels; rye, 88; buckwheat, 173; oats, 104,516; barley, 3,375; corn, 619,367; broom-corn, 16 pounds brush; meadow hay, 9,552 tons; clover hay, 445; potatoes, 52,127 bushels; tobacco, 22,500 pounds; butter, 246,756; cheese, 2,181; sorghum, 16,506 gallons; maple syrup, 223; honey, 3,514 pounds; eggs, 221,085 dozen; grapes, 2,010 pounds; wine, 181 gallons; sweet potatoes, 1,902 bushels; apples, 18,887; peaches, 3,719; pears, 237; wool, 10,185 pounds; milch cows owned, 3,498. Ohio Mining Statistics, 1888: Iron ore mined, 11,816 tons; fire clay, 39,290; limestone, 1,000 tons burned for fluxing; 10,070 cubic feet of dimension stone. School census, 1888, 12,454; teachers, 189. Miles of railroad track, 94.

TOWNSHIPS AND CENSUS.	1840.	1880.	TOWNSHIPS AND CENSUS.	1840.	1880.
Bloom,	913	2,211	Porter,	1,014	2,274
Brush Creek,	401	2,093	Rush,		778
Clay,	696	1,148	Union,	570	1,168
Green,	973	1,935	Valley,		951
Harrison,	686	1,325	Vernon,	902	1,481
Jefferson,	578	919	Washington,	653	1,131
Madison,	830	1,852	Wayne Tsp and Ports-		
Morgan,	265	1,019	mouth City, co-ex-		
Nile,	860	1,905	tensive,	1,853	11,321

Population of Scioto in 1820 was 5,750; 1830, 8,730; 1840, 11,194; 1860, 24,297; 1880, 33,511; of whom 25,493 were born in Ohio; 1,569, Kentucky; 1,125, Pennsylvania; 967, Virginia; 276, New York; 153, Indiana; 1,815, German Empire; 400, Ireland; 309, England and Wales; 256, France; 33, British America, and 28, Scotland. Census, 1890, 35,377.

The mouth of the Scioto river at Portsmouth is ninety feet below Lake Erie, and 474 feet above the sea. The Scioto falls, from Columbus to Portsmouth, 302 feet, as given by Col. Ellet; distance in a direct line, about ninety miles, or a trifle over three feet of fall to the mile. The Kentucky hills opposite rise abruptly to the height of 633 feet above low-water mark in the river.

CÉLORON DE BIENVILLE'S EXPEDITION.

Céloron De Bienville, the French explorer, in 1749, in his expedition down the Ohio to take possession of the Ohio country for France, landed at the mouth of the Scioto. They remained from the 22d to the 26th of August. There had been here for years a Shawanese village, and living with them a party of English traders. Céloron warned them off, and although he had over 200 men, he refrained from force.

"Capt. Céloron, knight of the military order of St. Louis, was acting under

the orders of the Marquis de la Gallissonnière, Governor-in-Chief of New France, to drive back intruders and vindicate French rights in the valley of the Ohio." He had under him a chaplain, eight subaltern officers, six cadets, twenty soldiers, 180 Canadians and thirty Indians, Iroquois and Abinakis. This expedition crossed over from Canada, and embarking on the headwaters of the Allegheny, floated into the Ohio and down it to the mouth of the Great Miami. Thence, making his way up that stream as far as Piqua, in what is now Miami county, he burned his canoes, crossed over on ponies to a French fort on the site of the city of Fort Wayne, and thence returned to Montreal, where he arrived on the 10th of November.

Céloron planted six leaden plates at the mouths of various streams, as at that of the Kanawha, Muskingum, the Great Miami, etc., signifying a renewal of possession of the country. This was done with ceremony. "His men were drawn up in order; Louis XV. was proclaimed lord of all that region; the arms were stamped on a sheet of tin, nailed to a tree; a plate of lead was buried at the foot, and the notary of the expedition drew up a formal act of the whole proceeding."

The plate at Marietta was found in 1798 by some boys on the west bank of the Muskingum, and that on the Kanawha in 1846, by a boy playing on the margin of the river.

Céloron planted no plate at the mouth of the Scioto. One of his plates, as he was on his way to the Ohio, was stolen from him by a Seneca Indian and after his return, in the winter of 1749-1750, fell into the hands of Gov. Geo. Clinton; a liberal translation of which here follows:

"In the year 1749—the reign of Louis XV., King of France, we, Céloron, commandant of a detachment sent by Monsieur the Marquis of Gallissonnière, Commander in Chief of New France, to establish tranquillity in certain Indian villages of these Cantons, have buried this plate at the confluence of the Ohio and of TO-RA-DA-KOIN, this 29th July—near the river Ohio, otherwise Beautiful River, as a monument of renewal of possession, which we have taken of the said river, and of all its tributaries and of all the land on both sides, as far as to the sources of said rivers,

—inasmuch as the preceding Kings of France have enjoyed [this possession] and have maintained it by their arms and by treaties, especially by those of Ryswick, Utrecht and Aix-la-Chapelle.

Christopher Gist in 1751 on his journey to the Indians of Ohio, visited the Shawnese village at the mouth of the Scioto. It was known to all the traders as "the Lower Town" to distinguish it from Logstown on the upper Ohio, which last was 14 miles below the site of Pittsburg. Gist describes the Lower Town as on both sides of the Ohio, immediately below the mouth of the Scioto. It contained about 300 men. On the Ohio side were about 100 houses and on the Kentucky side about 40 houses. On the Ohio side was a large council house 90 feet in length, having a light cover of bark. In this house the Indians held their councils.

The mouth of the Scioto was a favorite point with the Indians from which to attack boats ascending or descending the Ohio. We have several incidents to relate, the first from "Marshall's Kentucky," and the two last from "McDonald's Sketches:"

Indian Decoy Boats.—A canoe ascending the Ohio about the last of March, 1790, was taken by the Indians near the mouth of Scioto, and three men killed. Within a few days after, a boat coming down was decoyed to shore by a white man who feigned distress, when fifty savages rose from concealment, ran into the boat, killed John May and a young woman, being the first persons they came to, and took the rest of the people on board prisoners. It is probable that they owed, according to their ideas of duty or of honor, these sacrifices to the manes of so many of their slaughtered friends, while the caprices of fortune, the progression of fate, or the mistaken credulity of Mr.

May, and his imitator, is to be seen in the essay to insure their safety by advancing to meet these savages with outstretched hands as the expression of confidence and the pledge of friendship. Mr. May had been an early adventurer and constant visitor to Kentucky. He was no warrior; his object was the acquisition of land—which he had pursued with equal avidity and success to a very great extent. Insomuch, that had he lived to secure the titles many of which have been doubtless lost by his death, he would probably have been the greatest landholder in the country.

Soon after this event, for the Indians still continued to infest the river, other boats were

taken and the people killed or carried away captive.

The 2d of April they attacked three boats on the Ohio, near the confluence of the Scioto; two being abandoned fell into the hands of the enemy, who plundered them; the other being manned with all the people, made its escape by hard rowing.

Such a series of aggression at length roused the people of the interior, and Gen. Scott, with 230 volunteers, crossed the Ohio at Limestone, and was joined by Gen. Harmar with 100 regulars of the United States; these marched for the Scioto. The Indians had, however, abandoned their camp, and there was no general action. On the route a small Indian trail was crossed; thirteen men with a subaltern were detached upon it; they came upon four Indians in camp, the whole of whom were killed by the first fire.

The Four Spies.—This spring, 1792, four spies were employed to range from Limestone (now Maysville) to the mouth of Big Sandy river. These four were Samuel Davis, Duncan McArthur (late Governor of Ohio), Nathaniel Beasley (late canal commissioner and major-general of the militia), and Samuel McDowell. These men upon every occasion proved themselves worthy of the confidence placed in them by their countrymen. Nothing which could reasonably be expected of men but was done by them. Two and two went together. They made their tours once a week to the mouth of Big Sandy river. On Monday morning two of them would leave Limestone and reach Sandy by Wednesday evening. On Thursday morning the other two would leave Limestone for the mouth of Sandy. Thus they would meet or pass each other about opposite the mouth of Scioto river; and by this constant vigilance the two sets of spies would pass the mouth of Scioto, in going and returning, four times in each week. This incessant vigilance would be continued until late in November, or the first of December, when hostilities generally ceased in the later years of the Indian wars. Sometimes the spies would go up and down the Ohio in canoes. In such cases one of them would push the canoe, and the other go on foot, through the woods, keeping about a mile in advance of the canoe, the footman keeping a sharp lookout for ambuscade or other Indian sign.

Adventure of McArthur and Davis.—Upon one of these tours, when Davis and McArthur were together, going up the river with their canoe, they lay at night a short distance below the mouth of Scioto. Early the next morning they crossed the Ohio in their canoe, landed and went across the bottom to the foot of the hill, where they knew of a fine deer-lick. This lick is situated about two miles below Portsmouth, and near Judge John Collins' house. The morning was very calm and a light fog hung over the bottom. When Davis and McArthur had arrived near the lick, McArthur halted and Davis proceeded, stooping low among the thick brush and weeds to conceal himself. He moved on with

the noiseless tread of the cat until he got near the lick, when he straightened up to look if any deer were in it. At that instant he heard the sharp crack from an Indian's rifle and the singing whistle of a bullet pass his ear. As the morning was calm and foggy the smoke from the Indian's rifle settled around his head, so that the Indian could not see whether his shot had taken effect or not. Davis immediately raised his rifle to his face, and as the Indian stepped out of the smoke to see the effect of his shot, Davis, before the Indian had time to dodge out of the way, fired, and dropped him in his tracks. Davis immediately fell to loading his rifle, not thinking it safe or prudent to run up to an Indian with an empty gun. About the time Davis had his gun loaded, McArthur came running to him. Knowing that the shots he had heard were in too quick succession to be fired by the same gun, he made his best speed to the aid of his companion. Just as McArthur had stopped at the place where Davis stood, they heard a heavy rush going through the brush, when in an instant several Indians made their appearance in the open ground around the lick. Davis and McArthur were standing in thick brush and high weeds, and being unperceived by the Indians, crept off as silently as they could and put off at their best speed for their canoe, crossed the Ohio and were out of danger. All the time that Davis was loading his gun the Indian he had shot did not move hand or foot; consequently he ever after believed he killed the Indian.

Attack on the Packet Boat.—During the summer of 1794, as the packet boat was on her way up, near the mouth of the Scioto, a party of Indians fired into the boat as it was passing near the shore, and one man, John Stout, was killed, and two brothers by the name of Colvin were severely wounded. The boat was hurried by the remainder of the crew into the stream, and then returned to Maysville. The four "spies" were at Maysville, drawing their pay and ammunition, when the packet boat returned. Notwithstanding the recent and bloody defeat sustained in the packet boat, a fresh crew was immediately procured, and the four spies were directed by Col. Henry Lee (who had the superintendence and direction of them), to guard the boat as far as the mouth of Big Sandy river. As the spies were on their way up the river with the packet boat, they found concealed and sunk in the mouth of a small creek, a short distance below the mouth of the Scioto, a bark canoe, large enough to carry seven or eight men. In this canoe a party of Indians had crossed the Ohio and were prowling about somewhere in the country. Samuel McDowell was sent back to give notice to the inhabitants, while the other three spies remained with the packet boat till they saw it safe past the mouth of Big Sandy river.

McArthur's Adventure.—At this place the spies parted from the boat and commenced their return for Maysville. On their way up they had taken a light canoe. Two of them

pushed the canoe, while the others advanced on foot to reconnoiter. On their return the spies floated down the Ohio in their canoe, till they came nearly opposite the mouth of the Scioto river, where they landed and Duncan McArthur [afterwards Governor of Ohio] went out into the hills in pursuit of game. Treacle and Beasley went about a mile lower down the river and landed their canoe, intending also to hunt till McArthur should come up with them. McArthur went to a deer lick, with the situation of which he was well acquainted, made a blind, behind which he concealed himself and waited for game. He lay about an hour when he discovered two Indians coming to the lick. The Indians were so near him before he saw them that it was impossible for him to retreat without being discovered. As the boldest course appeared to him to be the safest, he determined to permit them to come as near to him as they would, shoot one of them and try his strength with the other. Imagine his situation. Two Indians armed with rifles, tomahawks and scalping-knives, approaching in these circumstances, must have caused his heart to beat pit-a-pat. He permitted the Indians, who were walking towards him in a stooping posture, to approach undisturbed. When they came near the lick, they halted in an open piece of ground and straightened up to look into the lick for game. This halt enabled McArthur to take deliberate aim from a rest, at only fourteen steps distance; he fired, and an Indian fell. McArthur remained still a moment, thinking it possible that the other Indian would take to flight. In this he was mistaken; the Indian did not even dodge out of of his track when his companion sunk lifeless by his side.

As the Indian's gun was charged, McArthur concluded it would be rather a fearful job to rush upon him, he therefore determined upon a retreat. He broke from his place of concealment and ran with all his speed; he had run but a few steps when he found himself tangled in the top of a fallen tree; this caused a momentary halt. At that

instant the Indian fired and the ball whistled sharply by him. As the Indian's gun as well as his own, was now empty, he thought of turning round and giving him a fight upon equal terms. At this instant several other Indians came in sight, rushing with savage screams through the brush. He fled with his utmost speed, the Indians pursuing and firing at him as he ran; one of their balls entered the bottom of his powder-horn and shivered the side of it next his body into pieces. The splinters of his shattered powder-horn were propelled with such force by the ball that his side was considerably injured and the blood flowed freely. The ball in passing through the horn had given him such a jar that he thought for some time it had passed through his side; but this did not slacken his pace. The Indians pursued him some distance. McArthur, though not very fleet, was capable of enduring great fatigue, and now he had an occasion which demanded the best exertion of his strength. He gained upon his pursuers, and by the time he had crossed two or three ridges he found himself free from pursuit, and turned his course to the river.

When he came to the bank of the Ohio, he discovered Beasley and Treacle in the canoe, paddling up stream, in order to keep her hovering over the same spot and to be more conspicuous should McArthur make his escape from the Indians. They had heard the firing and the yelling in pursuit and had no doubt about the cause, and had concluded it possible, from the length of time and the direction of the noise that McArthur might have effected his escape. Nathaniel Beasley and Thomas Treacle were not the kind of men to fly at the approach of danger and forsake a comrade. McArthur saw the canoe and made a signal to them to come ashore. They did so, and McArthur was soon in the canoe, in the middle of the stream and out of danger. Thus ended this day's adventures of the spies and their packet boat and this was the last attack made by the Indians upon a boat in the Ohio river.

Prior to the settlement at Marietta, an attempt at settlement was made at Portsmouth, the history of which is annexed from an article in the *American Pioneer*, by George Corwin, of Portsmouth.

In April, 1785, four families from the Redstone settlement in Pennsylvania, descended the Ohio to the mouth of the Scioto and there moored their boat under the high bank where Portsmouth now stands. They commenced clearing the ground to plant seeds for a crop to support their families, hoping that the red men of the forest would suffer them to remain and improve the soil. They seemed to hope that white men would no longer provoke the Indians to savage warfare.

Soon after they landed, the four men, heads of the families, started up the Scioto to see the paradise of the West, of which they had heard from the mouths of white men who had traversed it during their captivity among the natives. Leaving the little colony,

now consisting of four women and their children, to the protection of an over-ruling Providence, they traversed beautiful bottoms of the Scioto as far up as the prairies above and opposite to where Piketon now stands. One of them, Peter Patrick by name, pleased

with the country, cut the initials of his name on a beech near the river, which being found in after times, gave the name of Pee Pee to the creek that flows through the prairie of the same name; and from that creek was derived the name of Pee Pee township in Pike county.

Encamping near the site of Piketon, they were surprised by a party of Indians, who killed two of them as they lay by their fires. The other two escaped over the hills to the Ohio river, which they struck at the mouth of the Little Scioto, just as some white men going down the river in a pirogue were passing. They were going to Port Vincennes, on the Wabash. The tale of woe which was told by these men, with entreaties to be taken on board, was at first insufficient for their relief. It was not uncommon for Indians to compel white prisoners to act in a

similar manner to entice boats to the shore for murderous and marauding purposes. After keeping them some time running down the shore, until they believed that if there were an ambuscade of Indians on shore they were out of its reach, they took them on board and brought them to the little settlement, the lamentations at which cannot be described, nor its feeling conceived, when their peace was broken and their hopes blasted by the intelligence of the disaster reaching them. My informant was one who came down in the pirogue.

There was, however, no time to be lost; their safety depended on instant flight—and gathering up all their movables, they put off to Limestone, now Maysville, as a place of greater safety, where the men in the pirogue left them, and as my informant said, never heard of them more.

THE FIRST SETTLERS.

Thos. M'Donald built the first cabin in the county, but we are ignorant of its site or the date of its erection (Col. John M'Donald, his brother, is our authority for this assertion). Early in the settlement of the country the village of Alexandria was founded at the mouth of the Scioto, on the west bank, opposite Portsmouth, which, at the formation of the county, was made "the temporary seat of justice and courts ordered to be held at the house of John Collins." Being situated upon low ground liable to inundations, its population dwindled away so that the locality ceased to exist as a town.

The historian of Scioto county, the late Mr. Samuel Keyes, to whom its people are much indebted for his praiseworthy efforts to preserve its pioneer history, stated that Samuel Marshall, Sr., the father-in-law of Thomas M'Donald, built the first cabin at a point about two miles above the site of Portsmouth, in February, 1796. He was followed in March, by John Lindsay. Mr. Marshall and John Lindsay had moved up from Manchester and were probably the first permanent settlers in the county. Mr. Keyes also stated that Marshall put in the first crop of corn; that the first person married was a daughter of his and that the first child born in the county was another daughter.

The distinction of having built the first cabin is also claimed for John Belli, he having bought land at the mouth of Turkey creek in 1795, but did not remove there until a later date. Hezekiah Merritt is another claimant for the honors of first settlement. He while on his way stopped during the summer of 1796, at a point near Lucasville, where he built a temporary cabin and raised a crop of corn. However, the question of a few months priority of settlement is not a matter of vital importance.

In 1795 Major Isaac Bonser, who had been sent out by parties in Pennsylvania, staked out land preparatory to settlement at the mouth of the Little Scioto river. In August of the succeeding year, he returned with five families and descending the Ohio river in flat-boats they took possession of this land.

These five families were those of Isaac Bonser, Uriah Barber, John Beatty, William Ward and Ephraim Adams.

Among other early settlers in the county were John Collins, David Gharky, Joseph Feurt, the Hitchcock family, James Munn, John W. and Abraham Millar, Philip Saladay, Martin Funk, Thomas Gilruth, Dr. Thomas Waller, William Lawson, Philip Noel, Henry Utt, Wm. Montgomery, James Cochrane, Captain William Lucas and his sons William and Joseph Lucas, John Lucas, Robert Lucas (afterward Governor of Ohio), Stephen Cary, Samuel G. and William Jones.

The original proprietor of Alexandria was Col. Thomas Parker, who served in the Revolutionary war and located the land at the mouth of the Scioto. In 1799 his brother Alexander Parker laid off the town; Elias Langham was the surveyor. This was the first town in the county and until Portsmouth was laid out bid fair to become the principal town of the county.

Portsmouth was laid out in 1803, by Henry Massie, and named for Portsmouth, Va., the former home of Mr. Massie. Owing to its higher elevation and freedom from floods, it soon outstripped Alexandria, was made the county seat and its rival city was subsequently abandoned.

The first permanent settler on the site of Portsmouth was Emanuel Traxler, in the year 1796. He built on the extreme west of the high ground, near what is now Scioto street. Vincent Brodbeck occupied the place in

1880. The first child born in Portsmouth was the daughter of Uriah Barber, named Polly, and born in 1804.

A frame court house was erected and completed in 1817 on land donated by Henry

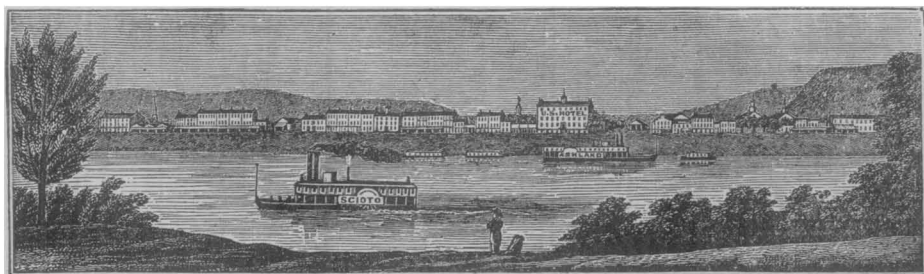
Massie. It was on Market street, between Front and Second streets. December 29, 1814, the town of Portsmouth was incorporated.

Portsmouth in 1846.—Portsmouth, the county-seat, is situated on the Ohio river just above the mouth of the Scioto, at the termination of the Ohio canal, ninety miles south of Columbus, and 110 above Cincinnati by the river. It is a town of considerable business, and does a heavy trade with the iron works; three steamboats are continually plying between here and the iron region in the upper part of this and in Lawrence county, and two run regularly between here and Cincinnati. In the town is a well-conducted free school, which has nine teachers and 320 pupils. It is supported mainly by property bequeathed for this purpose, yielding about \$2,000 per annum. Portsmouth contains 1 Presbyterian, 1 Episcopal, 1 Methodist and 1 Catholic church, 2 printing-offices, 1 rolling, 1 merchant and 1 oil mill, 1 carding machine, 1 forge, 2 foundries, 17 mercantile stores, and a population estimated at 2,500. A company of Eastern capitalists are constructing in the old channel of the Scioto, opposite Portsmouth, a commodious basin, with dry docks attached for the building and repairing of steamboats. It is said that a mile and a half below the old mouth of the Scioto, about the year 1740, stood a French fort or trading-station.—*Old Edition.*

PORTSMOUTH, county-seat of Scioto, is ninety-five miles south of Columbus, on the Ohio river, just above the mouth of the Scioto river. It is 115 miles above Cincinnati by river. The town is entered by the O. & N. W. and S. V. Railroads, and is within easy access of the C. & O. or N. N. & M. V. Railroad.

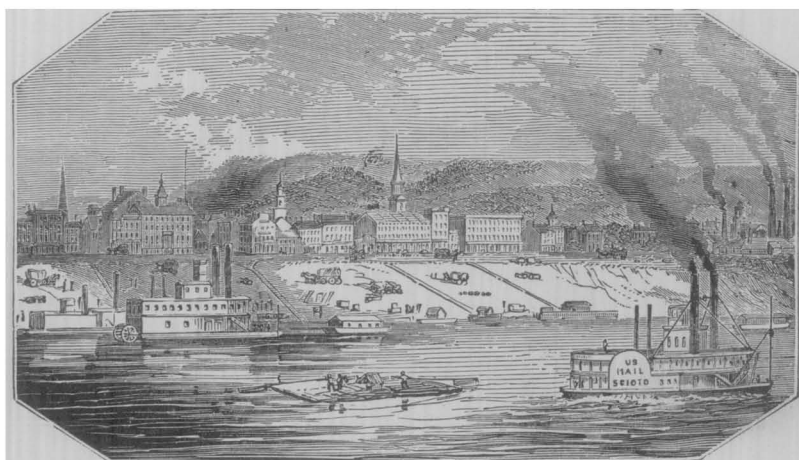
County officers, 1888: Auditor, Filmore Musser; Clerk, John H. Simmons; Commissioners, John Kaps, Milton W. Brown, Frank Rickey; Coroner, Charles C. Fulton; Infirmary Directors, Ross Courtney, Charles Hacquard, Samuel J. Williams; Probate Judge, James M. Dawson; Prosecuting Attorney, Théodore K. Funk; Recorder, Benjamin F. Harwood; Sheriff, Thomas T. Yeager; Surveyor, Joseph W. Smith; Treasurer, Mark B. Wells. City officers, 1888: John A. Turley, Mayor; John W. Lewis, Marshal; Volney R. Row, Solicitor; R. A. Bryan, Civil Engineer; William Bennett, Commissioner; Henry Potter, Wharf-master; Chas. Kinney, Treasurer; J. W. Overturf, Collector; S. G. McColloch, Clerk. Newspapers: *Blade*, Republican, J. E. Valjean, editor and publisher; *Correspondent*, German Independent, Carl Huber, editor and publisher; *Leader*, Labor, J. B. Carter, editor; *Times*, Democratic, James W. Newman, editor and publisher; *Tribune*, Republican, J. F. Strayer, editor; *Press*, Republican, Enterprise Publishing Company, publishers, N. W. Evans, president. Churches: 2 Protestant Episcopal, 1 German Evangelical, 3 Presbyterian, 4 Methodist Episcopal, 1 United Brethren, 1 Church of Christ, 2 Catholic, 1 Jewish, 1 African Methodist Episcopal. Banks: Citizens' Savings, D. N. Murray, president, J. W. Overturf, cashier; Farmers' National, George Davis, president, John M. Wall, cashier; First National, Robert Baker, president, A. T. Johnson, cashier; Portsmouth National, John G. Peebles, president, W. C. Silcox, cashier.

Manufactures and Employees.—G. D. Waite, furniture, 34 hands; Henry Prescott, wheelbarrows, 14; Cuppett & Webb, sawed lumber, 10; Reitz & Co., sawed and cut stone, 15; Portsmouth Brewery, 8; Burgess Steel and Iron Works, 180; York Manufacturing Co., road scrapers, 8; Portsmouth Foundry and Machine Shops, boilers, engines, etc., 50; John Dice, carriages and buggies, 10; Portsmouth Steam Bakery, 3; Padan Brothers & Co., ladies' and children's shoes, 187; Nichols Furniture Co., 85; Portsmouth Veneer Mills, 10; Drew, Selby & Co., ladies' and children's shoes, 223; Enoch J. Salt & Co., blankets, flannels, etc., 49; Lehman Rhodes & Co., doors, sash, etc., 13; Wm. H. Kehrer, seamless hosiery, 11; Excelsior Shoe Co., 13; Portsmouth Fire-Brick Co., 87; Johnson Hub and Spoke Works, 64; Ohio Stove Co., 70; Portsmouth Wagon Stock Co., 49; H.



Drawn by Henry Howe in 1846.

PORTSMOUTH.



THE LANDING AT PORTSMOUTH.

Leet & Co., flooring, siding, etc., 10; T. M. Patterson, book-binding, etc., 20; Portsmouth Steam Laundry, laundrying, 10; C. C. Bode & Son, cut and sawed stone, 6; S. V. R. R. Shops, railroad repairs, 85; O. & N. W. R. R. Shops, railroad repairs, 25.—*State Report, 1888.*

Population, 1880, 11,321. School census, 1888, 4,161. E. S. Cox, school superintendent. Capital invested in industrial establishments, \$1,020,800. Value of annual product, \$2,046,700.—*Ohio Labor Statistics, 1887.*

Census, 1890, 12,394.

The beautiful plain at the confluence of the Scioto and Ohio, at Portsmouth, forms the site of a singular and interesting series of ancient works. They are in three divisions or groups, extending along the Ohio river for eight miles, and are connected by parallel lines of embankments, two of which divisions are on the Kentucky side. These are described in the great work of Squier and Davis, published by the Smithsonian Institution. The following items upon the quarries of this region are from Dr. Orton's "Geological Report:—"

The PORTSMOUTH QUARRIES have been worked since the first settlement of the Ohio valley. All the ravines that reach the Ohio valley below Portsmouth for twenty miles disclose a large amount of excellent building-stone. At the quarry of Messrs. Reitz & Co. the stone occurs in layers from six to twenty-four inches in thickness. For flagging the stone is unequalled in the Ohio valley, as it wears evenly, always gives foothold, and is in every way satisfactory. It is well adapted to sawing, and is used quite extensively for general building purposes.

The quarry of Mr. J. M. Inskeep is located about twelve miles below Portsmouth, on the Ohio river, at a horizon about sixty feet above the Buena Vista stone proper. For the last three or four years this quarry has supplied material most extensively for the Columbus market, and a number of fine stone fronts have been constructed from it. The stone varies considerably in quality and needs to be carefully inspected.

The southwestern portion of Scioto county and the southeastern corner of Adams county, two adjoining districts, were once the most important localities in Ohio for the production of building-stone. In the earlier days of the State an engineer of reputation, employed upon the construction of canals, became conversant with the then known building-stones of the State, and recognizing the great value and accessibility of the ledge, commonly known as the Buena Vista Free-stone Ledge, bought a large territory here, and began the development of the quarries in a large way. Other horizons of good rock were found at various levels, but this one bed, by its color and quality, supplied the Cincinnati market almost exclusively. Its reputation spread throughout the whole Ohio valley and beyond. Large quarries were opened on both sides of the river, government patronage was secured, and the material for the construction of custom-houses and other public buildings was ordered from the Buena Vista quarries. So great was the demand for this stone that material of poor quality as well as good was hurried into the market. The green stone while full of quarry water was laid in massive walls, and the bad behavior of this material soon excluded the stone almost entirely from the market. It is, however, as good now as when it earned its high reputation, but needs careful and conscientious selection and suitable seasoning.

THE FRENCH GRANT.

The "French Grant," a tract of 24,000 acres, is situated in the southeastern part of this county. "It was granted by Congress in March, 1795, to a number of French families who lost their lands at Gallipolis by invalid titles. It extended from a point on the Ohio river one and a half miles above, but opposite the mouth of Little Sandy creek in Kentucky, and extending eight miles in a direct line down the river, and from the two extremities of that line, reaching

back at right angles sufficiently far to include the quantity of land required, which somewhat exceeded four and a half miles." Twelve hundred acres additional were, in 1798, granted, adjoining it towards its lower end. Of this tract 4,000 acres directly opposite Little Sandy creek were granted to Mons. J. G. Gervais, who laid out a town upon it which he called Burrsburg, which never had but a few inhabitants. Thirty years since there were but eight or ten families residing on the French Grant.

CHARACTERISTICS OF THE FRENCH SETTLERS.

Among the few Frenchmen that settled on the Grant were A. C. Vincent, Claudius Cadot, Petre Chabot, Francois Valodin, Jean Bertrand, Guillaume Duduit, Petre Ruishond, Mons. Ginat, Doctor Dufligny. The sufferings and hardships of these Frenchmen, so poorly adapted for pioneer life, were very great. (See Gallia County.) They were a worthy, simple-hearted people, and those who remained on the Grant eventually became thrifty and useful citizens.

It was in the spring of 1797 that the families of Duduit, Bertram, Gervais, Lacroix and Dutiel located on their lots in the Grant. They were followed by others, but, as previously stated, only a comparatively small number removed from Gallipolis to Scioto county. In the very valuable series of biographical sketches of Scioto county pioneers, by Mr. Samuel Keyes, are many interesting items illustrative of the characteristics and life of these Frenchmen. We give the following:

Liberal Dealing Profitable.—M. Dutiel, in selling grain, used a half-bushel measure a little larger than the law required. Some of his neighbors called his attention to the fact that he was giving more grain than was necessary, when he replied, "Well, I know it; but I would rather give too much than too little." This becoming known, Dutiel always sold out his surplus grain before his neighbors could sell a bushel.

Easily Scared.—Mons. Duduit, unlike most of his fellow-countrymen, took naturally to the woods, and soon became an expert hunter and woodsman. Before his removal to the Grant, he had been employed by Col. Sproat to scour the woods between Marietta and the Scioto, in company with Major Robt. Safford. It was their duty to notify the settlements of the approach of hostile Indians. On one occasion Duduit was out hunting with several of his countrymen, when he fired at and killed a deer; whereupon his companions, supposing they had been fired upon by Indians, fled to the settlement, and reported that the Indians had killed Duduit and were coming to raid the village. Duduit hung up his deer and hastened back to the village, which he found in an uproar and the settlers panic-stricken; but he soon quieted their fears, and induced some of them to assist him in bringing in the deer he had killed.

The Laziest Man in the World.—Petre Ruishond was called the "laziest man in the world." How he ever came to have energy enough to cross the ocean and work his way

out to Ohio was a mystery to all who knew him. He spent a large portion of his time gazing at the stars and predicting future events, particularly changes in the weather. On one occasion a general meeting of the neighborhood was called for a certain date, to put up a bridge. "Big Pete," as he was called, predicted rain on that date. Sure enough, it did rain. No almanac-maker could have found occupation on the French Grant after that.

Ruishond was large, awkward and raw-boned. He never married, although often in love. He would go to see the fair object of his affections, but was too bashful to speak his love. He would sit and look at her all day without courage to say a word. He cleared only enough of his 217 acres of land to raise a few vegetables, just sufficient to support life. For weeks he would live on beans, which he boiled in large quantities to save building a fire too often. Occasionally he would trap a few turkeys, and then revel for a brief time in a change of diet. Finally his cabin burned down. He was too lazy to rebuild, but made a contract with one of his neighbors to keep him for the balance of his life in exchange for his 217 acres of land. He died about 1823.

A French Pettifogger.—Mons. Ginat had a medium education, and was quite useful to the French in the Grant, through his tact as a pettifogger. His mind seems to have been well adapted to this business, for he is said to have had a particular liking for disputation. He would always waive previous impressions and take the opposition on any question, simply for the sake of showing his talent and confusing his opponent. The French often had misunderstandings with the Yankees, and, as most of them spoke poor English, it was difficult for them always to obtain justice. M. Ginat had given much attention to law and spoke English fluently; he was therefore well prepared to advocate the causes of the French. He must have been expert in this craft, for men much dreaded him as an opponent.

A Peculiar Method of Cleaning Wheat.—"Petre Chabot had a peculiar method of separating wheat from the chaff not practised much, because few could do it. He had what was called a fan. It was made of light boards, with a hoop around three sides about six inches wide. The front was left open, with handles at the sides. He would put in about a peck of wheat and chaff altogether, and would then take it up by the handles in

front of him, and throw it up in such a manner that the wheat would fall back in the fan and at the same time blow the chaff out. By throwing it up in this way a few minutes the chaff would all be blown out and the wheat remain in the fan. I have seen negroes in Old Virginia clean hominy in a tray in that way that had been pounded with a hominy block. On account of Mons. Chabot's ability to clean wheat, he was employed by all his neighbors for the purpose of threshing and cleaning wheat."

A Penurious Doctor.—Doctor Dufligny left the reputation of extreme penuriousness. While keeping bachelor's hall, two Frenchmen, Vincent and Maguet, called on the doctor just before dinner-time. "Well, Doctor," they said, "we are very hungry and tired, and will have to trouble you for a little dinner." Doctor, looking up sadly, sighing and rubbing his eyes, said, "Friends, I am very sorry it is so, but I have been very poorly for some days; have no appetite and have not cooked anything, nor have I prepared anything to cook." The two, making themselves very free, opened the cupboard and continued, "Well, Doctor, as you are sick, we can cook a little for ourselves." Doctor—"I don't like to put you to so much trouble; besides I have nothing fit for you." The two exclaimed, "Oh! no trouble! why here are eggs, meat, flour, etc. Oh! we can get a good dinner of this." One made a fire, the other made up some bread, and broke in plenty of eggs. At this the doctor exclaimed, "Oh! gentlemen, you can't eat that." The reply was, "Never mind, Doctor; don't worry yourself." They prepared a good dinner, put it on the table, and were about to partake, when the doctor remarked, "Well, gentlemen, your victuals smell so well, my appetite seems to come to me. I think a little of your dinner cannot hurt me and may help me." Whereupon he drew up his chair, and eat a very hearty dinner with his importunate guests.

A Suicide.—M. Antoinne, a jeweler, who had brought his stock in trade to Gallipolis, finding there was no demand for his goods in the backwoods of Ohio, concluded to take them down the river to New Orleans. It was in the autumn of 1791 that he procured a large pirogue and had it manned by two hired men. Besides a vast amount of watches and jewelry, he took with him a supply of firearms for defensive purposes. The party fared well until within a short distance of the mouth of the Big Sandy, when a party of Indians appeared on the river bank.

Antoinne seized a musket and prepared to fire on the Indians, when his cowardly hirelings became panic-stricken and threatened him with instant death if he dared fire at them and thus provoke their anger. Antoinne in despair over the prospect of losing all his possessions, placed the musket to his head and blew out his brains. At the report of the gun the Indians turned to flee, but the hired men called them back, saying the man had only shot himself. The Indians boarded

the pirogue, threw Antoinne's body overboard after rifling it, and took possession of such ammunition, provisions, arms, clothing and jewelry as suited their fancy. Much jewelry, tools, watches, etc., of which they could see no value, were thrown overboard and it is said that for many years afterwards watch crystals, etc., were found near this place. The Indians gave the cowardly hirelings two blankets and a loaf of bread each and sent them to the fort at Cincinnati.

A Scholarly Pioneer.—Antoine Claude Vincent settled on the grant as a farmer. He had been educated in France for a Roman Catholic priest, but his liberal opinions prevented his ordination, and he became a silversmith, and came to Gallipolis in the service of M. Antoinne, whose tragic death we have related.

Vincent settled in Gallipolis, afterward taught school in Marietta. It was while teaching school at the latter place and boarding at a hotel, that Louis Philippe with two relatives, traveling incognito visited the same hotel. There were many French then in Marietta and being favorably disposed to the Royalists', Louis Philippe made himself known to them. The Duke of Orleans (Louis Philippe) and his relatives were on their way to New Orleans, and sought some one to accompany them. Louis himself was very dejected and gloomy and sat with his "chapeau" far over his eyes, his face down-cast and supported by his hands. He rarely spoke, but his relatives had the free use of their tongues. They were much pleased with Mons. Vincent and greatly desired him to share their fortune and accompany them to the city of New Orleans; and as the two relatives seemed about to fail in their object, the future sovereign of France broke his gloomy silence and with honest tears streaming from his eyes said, "Yes, come along with us, Vincent, come; we are now wretched outcasts, alone, friendless, homeless, moneyless, wandering through this wilderness infested with wild beasts and worse savages, far from our dear native land. We need you now, and yet can repay you nothing, but the time will come when we can and will; law and order will soon be restored; we will wait that occasion and then peaceably return and be restored to our possessions and rights. Then we can and will repay you; we will have offices to fill and titles to confer. They will be yours, only come with us now in our distress." Louis and his companions, however, could not prevail on M. Vincent to accompany them.

A Copperhead.—Some time after this Vincent was living alone in a house in the wilderness. He had occasion to get up one night, when he felt something, which he thought was a wire strike his foot repeatedly. He was soon convinced, however, that it was a snake and he started for the village to seek a physician. Before he could reach the village his feet were so swollen, that he was obliged to crawl the last quarter of a mile. The physician pronounced the bite that of a cop-

perhead, and for three weeks Vincent lay at the point of death, during which time he suffered excruciating agony, in his paroxysms literally gnawing to pieces the blanket which was his covering.

Lost in a Snow Storm.—On another occasion Vincent was overtaken in the night by a severe snow-storm, lost his way, was overcome by the cold and fell to the ground unconscious. Recovering consciousness in a short time he discovered that the storm had passed over and near by stood a house. He endeavored to rise, but his feet were frozen and he found he could only move by dragging himself along, using his elbows. After much painful effort he reached the house, and his cries soon brought assistance. For six weeks it was a question if he would survive his ter-

rible experience, but, by the external use of lime water, his flesh was healed, although not without the loss of most of the first joints of his hands and feet.

Notwithstanding his sore experiences Mons. Vincent lived a long and useful life, during which he became wealthy, reared a large family and held the high respect of all who knew him. He was a man of liberal education, read Voltaire and Rousseau, and while in his Western home, was a student of history, philosophy, mathematics, ethics and music. He was a fine musician, being a great lover of the flute and violin, both of which he played well until he lost part of his fingers by freezing. He died August 22, 1846, in his 74th year.

HISTORICAL AND DESCRIPTIVE MISCELLANIES.

"The Pioneer Sketches," by Mr. JAMES KEYES, is a little work of peculiar value, because a labor solely of love and knowledge. It gives pictures of original characters, whom he knew, and things long since past of which he was for the time being a part. His father was of an old Massachusetts family, who married a lady of Virginia, in which State (Albemarle county) he was born in the first year of this century. In 1810, when he was a lad of nine years, the family came to Scioto county, and here he lived his life. He was educated at the Ohio University, at one time taught school, made several trips on flatboats to New Orleans, and well knew Mike Fink, "the last of the boatmen," and his gang; was a great reader, very social, and knew more of the people of the county than any other man. He died June, 1883, at the advanced age of 81 years.

MAJOR ISAAC BONSER, in the spring of 1795, came on foot with his rifle and other equipment to the mouth of the Little Scioto, where he marked out land for settlement. He then started to return to Pennsylvania for the parties by whom he had been sent out when he fell in with a surveying party under Mr. Martin, who had just completed the survey of the French Grant. They were returning to Marietta in a canoe. Bonser found them in rather a bad predicament. They had exhausted their stock of provisions, their powder had become damp and unserviceable, and they were in danger of suffering for want of something to eat. Mr. Bonser proposed to them that he was going up into Pennsylvania and had rather a heavy load to carry, if they would take his baggage in their canoe, he would travel on shore with nothing but his rifle to carry, would kill as much meat as they all could eat, and camp together every night. This proposition was received with much satisfaction. Bonser being relieved of his heavy load walked on the bank with great alacrity, and occasionally brought down a deer or a turkey, or perhaps a bear, buffalo or elk, which were plenty at that time; they would take the game aboard the canoe and so traveling was made easy and expeditious for both parties. The first night after they had eaten their supper of fresh venison, Mr. Bonser asked them to let him see the condition of their powder. The powder was contained in a horn and too damp to ignite readily. He took a forked stick and stuck it into the ground a suitable distance from the fire, hung the powder horn up and took out the stopper so as to let the steam pass out, and let it remain in this position until morning. The heat from the fire dried out the powder so that it was fit for use if needed.

In this manner they meandered the river to Marietta, where they separated—Mr. Martin to report to Gen. Putnam, Surveyor General of the Northwest Territory, and Mr. Bonser to cross the mountains of Pennsylvania and report to those who had sent him out.

Major Bonser returned to the mouth of the Scioto river the following year, and

after Ohio had been admitted to the Union, contracted in partnership with Uriah Barber and another to build a State road from Portsmouth to Gallipolis. It lay nearly all the way through a dense forest. They had to cut the stumps so low that a wagon could pass over them, and to clear every thing out so as to make a good road. They surveyed and measured the distance and marked every mile tree. This was called a State road in contradistinction to other roads. The location has been changed very little since.

A PIONEER FOURTH OF JULY CELEBRATION.

"In 1808, the people of the surrounding county celebrated the Fourth of July on the farm of Major Bonser. Great preparations were made, and the people came from far and near—West Union, Gallipolis and all the intermediate country were represented. They bored out a log and banded it with iron to serve as a cannon. But it soon burst. Robert Lucas read the Declaration of Independence, and made a speech. It is said to have been the first celebration of the kind ever held in the valley and formed an epoch in the annals of the Scioto country."

A STRANGE SUPERSTITION.

The family of Philip Salladay came from Switzerland, bought and settled on a lot in the French Grant soon after the opening of the country for settlement. Hereditary consumption developed itself in the family sometime after their location in Scioto county. The head of the family and the oldest son had died of it and others began to manifest symptoms, when an attempt was made to arrest the progress of the disease by a process which has been practised in numerous instances, but without success. They resolved to disinter one of the victims, take his entrails and burn them in a fire prepared for the purpose, in the presence of the surviving members of the family. This was accordingly done in the winter of 1816-17, in the presence of a large concourse of spectators who lived in the surrounding neighborhood, and by Major Amos Wheeler, of Wheelersburg. Samuel Salladay was the one they disinterred and offered up as a sacrifice, to stop if possible the further spread of the disease. But like other superstitious notions with regard to curing diseases it proved of no avail. The other members of the family continued to die off until the last one was gone except George.

A NOVEL FOOT RACE.

Thomas Gilruth had a son James, the most athletic young man in all that section of country. Running, jumping, hopping, wrestling and even fighting when necessary, he generally came off the winner. He was bragging about his running one day in the presence of his father and said he could outrun any man about there. The old man listened for some time and at last said, "Jimmie, I can outrun you."

"Oh no, father. You are too old for that."

"Well," said the old man. "I'll tell you what I'll do. We'll both strip off everything but our shirts, and take each of us a good switch, and you may start first and I will follow you. If you can keep out of my reach, it is well. If not, I'll whip you all the way through. Then coming back, I will take the lead and you may whip me as much as you like."

"Agreed," said Jimmie, "we'll try that race."

They were to run a hundred yards and James started ahead. The old man kept so close to his heels that he gave him a severe flogging before they got through. Then it came the old man's turn to take the lead. He started off, but Jimmie never got near enough to give him one stroke with his switch. The young man came out crestfallen, and never wanted to hear of a foot-race after that.

HABITS OF KEEL-BOATMEN.

Claudius Cadot just after the war of 1812, went on the river to follow keel-boating to raise money to buy land. At that time keel-boating was about the only occupation at which money could be earned, and the wages were very low even there. Cadot hired himself to the celebrated Mike Fink, at fifty cents per day. The boats belonged to John Finch, one of a company that ran keel-boats from Pittsburg to different points in the West. Cadot soon learned the art of keel-boating. It was the usual practice of boatmen at that time to get on a spree at each town, but Cadot did not choose to spend his money in that way, and soon saved a considerable sum. He asked Capt. Fink to put this money in his trunk for safe-keeping. Fink consented to do this, but insisted that Cadot should carry the key as he had the most money. Fink was a noted character in his day (see Belmont county), he placed great confidence in Cadot and at the end of his first year's service paid him at the rate of 62½ cents per day, although the bargain only called for 50 cents per day.

HOW KEEL-BOATS WERE MANNED.

The hull of a keel-boat was much like that of a modern canal boat, but lighter and generally smaller. The larger keel boats were manned by about twenty hands. It was the custom to make a trip from Pittsburg to New Orleans each year. They went down "under oars" and with a half dozen or so pairs worked by stout men they made good speed,

They took down flour, pork, beef, beans, etc., and brought up cotton, hemp, tobacco, etc., to Pittsburg. Many of these boats were manned by Canadians who seemed much to fancy their mode of life. As the boats went up they were pushed by poles on the shore side, while oars were worked on the outside. The average progress up stream was twelve miles per day—they lay up at night—but often when the wind was fair they would sail fifty miles.

It was the custom with the Canadians to sing hoosier songs and their yell was heard many miles. They also, since they were much exposed to the weather, made free use of liquors, the effect of which was plainly visible in their ruddy, full face. Much boating was also done from Charleston, Va., to Nashville and St. Louis.

THE DUEL OF GOVERNOR ROBERT LUCAS.

A number of horses had been stolen by Indians, and the settlers formed themselves into a military company to pursue the thieves, and if possible recover their stolen property. Robert Lucas was elected captain of the company. They overtook the Indians, but not until after traveling a long distance from the settlements and Lucas concluded that it would not be safe to attack them. Many of the company were indignant at this extreme caution, and Major Munn applied the epithet of "coward" to Lucas; whereupon the latter challenged Munn to fight a duel. The challenged was accepted, broad-swords chosen as weapons and the next morning the appointed time.

Munn was promptly on the ground, but Lucas failed to appear, sending instead a note asking if the difficulty could not be settled in an amicable manner. Munn read the note and smiled, saying, "Certainly, it is his quarrel, and if he is satisfied, so am I."

A REFRACTORY BRIGADIER.

Robert Lucas came to Ohio with his father in 1802. He was of mature age, and well qualified both by ability and education to take an active part in all matters pertaining to the organization of a new county and State. In 1803 he was the first county surveyor of Scioto county. He was especially efficient in organizing the militia, and was the first brigadier-general in the country.

In 1810 a girl of the neighborhood laid a child to his charge and called upon him to pay damages. This he declined to do, and a process was procured to take him to jail. When the sheriff attempted to serve the process he resisted and would not be taken. Thereupon, rather than endanger his life, the sheriff resigned, and his duties devolved upon the coroner, Maj. Munn, whom Lucas had previously challenged to fight a duel. Maj. Munn failed to arrest Lucas, and he also resigned. Then Lucas threatened to kill the clerk who had issued the writ, and he resigned. Upon this a call was made for

county officers who could and would enforce the laws and arrest him. A young school teacher, John R. Turner, of Alexandria, came forward and said he would issue a writ if made clerk. Elijah Glover said, "Make me sheriff, and by G—d I'll take Gen. Lucas to jail, or any other man." They were appointed, the writ was issued, and when Glover showed the writ to Lucas, he quietly submitted and went to jail. But Squire Brown, father-in-law of Lucas, interfered to prevent the arrest, when Nathan Glover, a brother of the sheriff, picked him up and threw him into a clump of jimson weed, and told him to lie there and keep quiet or he might get into trouble. He lay there and kept quiet.

THE SYCAMORE OF FIFTEEN HORSEMEN.

The rich land which afterward produced such prolific crops of corn as to give to the valley of the lower Scioto the sobriquet of Egypt, were rank with vegetation when the early settlers came into the valley. The trees were, many of them, of enormous size, particularly the sycamores—although such species as the poplar, oak, cottonwood, black walnut and others, also attained large proportions. (See Ross County, the Chillicothe Elm.) The most remarkable tree, however, and probably the largest tree ever known in Ohio, is that mentioned in the *Ohio Gazeteer*, and described in the "Cincinnati Almanac" of 1810.

On the slopes of Mount Ætna stood, in the last century, a tree known as the "Chestnut of a Hundred Horses," from the statement that 100 mounted horsemen had rested at once beneath its branches. Therefore, this suggests that we shall call the Scioto valley sycamore "The Sycamore of Fifteen Horsemen," because that number could stand within its *trunk*. It stood on the farm of Abram Millar, in what is now Valley township. It was a forked, hollow sycamore, measuring twenty-one feet in diameter at its base and forty-two feet in circumference at the height of five feet. The opening of the cavity was ten feet in width at the bottom, was nine and one-half feet high, and had an inside diameter of fourteen feet. The fork was about eight feet from the ground. The tree was the wonder and admiration of the surrounding neighborhood, and parties were often made up to visit it. In June, 1808, a party of thirteen persons advanced on horseback into the cavity of the tree, and it is stated that there was ample room for two more.

William Headley, of Frederick county, Va., reported an account of this episode, he having been one of the party, and in the following November Maj. William Reynolds, of Zanesville, inspected the tree and caused to be published the facts here given.

Mr. Samuel Keyes reports that this tree stood until the farm on which it was located was turned into a stock farm by Mr. Thomas Dugan. He turned some blooded bulls into the field where the tree was, and they got to fighting within the cavity of the tree with

the result that the vanquished was driven to the wall and gored to death—not being able to retreat and fight another day, as in an open field. The consequence of this was that Mr. Dugan ordered the tree cut down. The stump remained for several years; but some hogs having been turned into the field, and cholera breaking out among them, it was concluded that so many hogs of all sizes,

ages, and sexes, piled together in one old stump, must have caused the disease. Therefore orders were given and the stump was removed, thus destroying the last vestige of what was a true "monarch of the forest."

DANIEL J. RYAN was born in Cincinnati, January 1, 1855. His father was an Irish laborer in a foundry, and died a few years after his removal to Portsmouth, while Daniel was a small child. Under the careful guidance of his mother, Daniel received a good common-school education, graduating with credit from the high-school class of 1875.

He studied law in the office of Hon. James W. Bannon, and in February, 1877, was admitted to the bar. In the same year he was elected city solicitor of Portsmouth. In 1883 he was elected to the Legislature, and re-elected in 1885. At the National Convention of Republican Clubs, held in New York, December, 1887, Mr. Ryan was chosen temporary chairman. In 1888 he was elected Secretary of State, and re-elected in 1890. Mr. Ryan's public life has been devoted to the best interests of the people of Ohio, regardless of party advantage. He has been a hard student and is thoroughly informed on every public question requiring official action. He has been a leader in many important reforms. At the request of both capitalists and laborers he published an interesting volume on strikes and their remedies, entitled, "Arbitration between Capital and Labor." He is also the author of a concise and excellent "History of Ohio."



DANIEL J. RYAN.



BUCKHORN COTTAGE. (A Retreat of One of the Literati.)

In 1855, just before the war, under the magic of money, a curious structure arose on the hills near the lines of Adams and Scioto counties. It was in a beautiful country, some little way back of Buena Vista. The cottage was of peeled white poplar logs, resin-varnished and mortar-daubed; it was therefore peculiar,

It was seventy-four feet long by twenty-two feet broad ; in two parts, on the plan of the ordinary double cabin, with a seventeen-foot-wide floored and roofed space between them. A stone kitchen in the rear is out of the view. The chimneys were also of stone. Vines were placed to climb over it, which they accomplished in profusion ; the summer breezes fluttered their leaves and the autumnal frosts put on them a blush.

In the Buckhorn lived for a term of years its owner and architect, Hon. William J. Flagg, and wife—a daughter of the late Nicholas Longworth, of Cincinnati—with occasional guests to share the romance of their solitude. On writing to him as an old friend and schoolmate, how he came to build it, and what he did when there, he gave this characteristic reply:

"In 1852 I bought a fifty-acre tract of hill land near Buena Vista, on the Ohio, through which the line runs that divides Adams and Scioto counties—bought it because I supposed there was valuable stone in it. This purchase led, step by step, to the acquisition of something over 9,000 acres adjacent. I cleared off woods and planted orchards and vineyards to the extent of more than 100 acres; opened a quarry, built a tramway, until my operations culminated in a log house on a hill top, a mile east of the county line and a half mile from the river, where, in different broken periods of time from '56 till '68, we spent about five years. It was mighty like being out of the world, but none the worse for that.

"In that hermitage we managed to lodge as comfortably as in a palace, and feed better than at Delmonico's. Our society, too, was

excellent. William Shakespeare was a frequent visitor; Francis of Verulam was another; he was a nobleman, you know—a baron—so were others; Viscount Montesquieu, for instance, and Sir Charles Grandison. To prove how agreeable these made themselves, I will mention that the two packs of cards I provided myself with to pass away the time, were never cut or shuffled but for two games in the whole five years.

"Buckhorn, as we called the place, after the form of the hill and its branching spurs, was indeed an ideal retreat. I have never found a climate equal to it. But even souls at rest in Buddha's DEVEGHAN, after a certain stay there, feel a desire to live again, and so did we, and we returned to earth. Two years later the cabin went up in flames. I am glad it did. No insurance."

Thackeray, when he was travelling in our country, lecturing upon the Georges, in his sing-song sort of a way, one day took his huge body up into the Mercantile Library, in Cincinnati, and said to the librarian, Mr. Stephenson: "Nowadays, everybody is an author; everybody writes books." Mr. Flagg is not an exception. He is a literary gentleman and author of varied books, as "A Good Investment," "Three Seasons in European Vineyards" "Wall Street and the Woods," etc. This last is a novel description of the wild hill country in the regions back of Buckhorn, while the characters are mainly drawn from the very primitive inhabitants who dwell there—made so because of the inaccessibility of their homes, little or no intercourse being had with the outer world, not even in the way of books and newspapers; while, from the slender area of land for tillage, and the want of other industrial occupation, there is abundant leisure for meditation and the practice of a wisdom and morality peculiarly their own.

SCIOTOVILLE is four miles above Portsmouth, on the Ohio river, at the mouth of the Little Scioto river, and on the C. W. & B., S. V. and O. & N. W. Railroads.

Manufactures and Employees.—Scioto Fire-brick Co., fire-brick, 33 hands; Scioto Lumber Co., doors, sash, etc., 15; J. P. Kimball, flooring and siding, 8; Scioto Star Fire-brick Co., fire-brick, 61; Big Sandy Lumber Co., lumber, 12.—*State Report, 1888.*

Population, about 1,200. Capital invested in industrial establishments, \$50,000. Value of annual product, \$100,000.—*Ohio Labor Statistics, 1888.*

LUCASVILLE is on the Scioto river and S. V. Railroad, ten miles north of Portsmouth. It has one Methodist church, one newspaper—the *Transcript*—Independent, C. A. Hoover, editor and publisher. Population, about 350.

BUENA VISTA is on the Ohio river, eighteen miles below Portsmouth. Population, 1880, 324. School census, 1888, 150.

GALENA P. O. Rarden, is eighteen miles northwest of Portsmouth, on the O. & N. W. Railroad. School census, 1888, 183.

WHEELERSBURG is on the Ohio river and S. V. Railroad, nine miles above Portsmouth. School census, 1888, 231 ; G. W. Fry, superintendent.

SENECA.

SENECA COUNTY was formed from old Indian Territory, April 1, 1820, organized April 1, 1824, and named from the tribe who had a reservation within its limits. The surface is level, and the streams run in deep channels. The county is well watered, has considerable water-power, and the soil is mostly a rich loam. It was settled principally from Ohio, Pennsylvania, Maryland and New York, and by some few Germans. The principal farm products are wheat, corn, grass, oats, potatoes and pork. Area, about 540 square miles. In 1887 the acres cultivated were 219,543 ; in pasture, 26,352 ; woodland, 58,716 ; lying waste, 1,447 ; produced in wheat, 969,701 bushels ; rye, 9,777 ; buckwheat, 400 ; oats, 834,806 ; barley, 10,407 ; corn, 1,240,246 ; meadow hay, 24,699 tons ; clover hay, 8,369 ; flax, 12,900 lbs. fibre ; potatoes, 87,584 bushels ; butter, 686,237 lbs. ; cheese, 5,800 ; sorghum, 3603 gallons ; maple syrup, 10,489 ; honey, 3,848 lbs. ; eggs, 553,716 dozen ; grapes, 6,746 lbs. ; wine, 226 gallons ; sweet potatoes, 99 bushels ; apples, 21,815 bushels ; peaches, 2,735 ; pears, 1,746 ; wool, 287,003 lbs. ; milch cows owned, 8,737. Ohio Mining Statistics, 1888.—Limestone, 21,155 tons burned for lime ; 27,500 cubic feet of dimension stone ; 13,226 cubic yards of building stone ; 35,076 cubic yards of ballast or macadam. School census, 1888, 11,718 ; teachers, 361. Miles of railroad track, 172.

TOWNSHIPS AND CENSUS.	1840.	1880.	TOWNSHIPS AND CENSUS.	1840.	1880.
Adams,	1,250	1,624	London,	763	4,315
Big Spring,	926	2,048	Pleasant,	974	1,317
Bloom,	1,168	2,162	Reed,	1,214	1,527
Clinton,	2,197	9,581	Scipio,	1,556	1,836
Eden,	1,472	1,598	Seneca,	1,393	1,519
Hopewell,	913	1,631	Thompson,	1,411	1,901
Jackson,	596	1,399	Venice,	1,222	2,231
Liberty,	1,084	2,157			

Population of Seneca in 1830, 5,157 ; 1840, 18,139 ; 1860, 30,868 ; 1880, 36,947 ; of whom 26,945 were born in Ohio ; 3,154, Pennsylvania ; 905, New York ; 350, Virginia ; 214, Indiana ; 27, Kentucky ; 2,402, German Empire ; 339, Ireland ; 159, France ; 141, England and Wales ; 131, British America ; 11, Scotland, and 6, Sweden and Norway. Census, 1890, 40,869.

Fort Seneca, a military post built in the war of 1812, was nine miles north of the site of Tiffin. It was a stockade with a ditch, and occupied several acres on a plain, on the bank of the Sandusky. Some vestiges of the work yet [1846] remain. It was only a few miles above Fort Stephenson, and was occupied by Harrison's troops at the time of the attack on the latter. While here, and just prior to Perry's victory, Gen. Harrison narrowly escaped being murdered by an Indian, the particulars of which we derive from his memoirs.

PERIL OF GENERAL HARRISON.

The friendly Indians of the Delaware, Shawanese and Seneca tribes had been invited to join him. A number had accepted the invitation, and had reached Seneca before the arrival of the Kentucky troops. All the chiefs, and no doubt the greater part of the warriors were favorable to the American cause; but before their departure from their towns, a wretch had insinuated himself among them, with the intention of assassinating the commanding general. He belonged to the Shawanese tribe, and bore the name of Blue Jacket; but was not the celebrated Blue Jacket who signed the treaty of Greenville with Gen. Wayne. He had formerly resided at the town of Wapakoneta; he had, however, been absent for a considerable time and had returned but a few days before the warriors of that town set out to join the American army. He informed the chiefs that he had been hunting on the Wabash, and at his request, he was suffered to join the party which were about to march to Seneca. Upon their arrival at M'Arthur's block-house, they halted and encamped for the purpose of receiving provisions from the deputy Indian agent, Col. M'Pherson, who resided there. Before their arrival at that place, Blue Jacket had communicated to a friend (a Shawanese warrior), his intention to kill the American general, and requested his assistance; this his friend declined and endeavored to dissuade him from attempting it, assuring him that it could not be done without the certain sacrifice of his own life, as he had been at the American camp and knew that there was always a guard round the general's quarters, who were on duty day and night. Blue Jacket replied, that he was determined to execute his intention at any risk, that he would kill the general if he was sure that his guards would cut him in pieces not bigger than his thumb nail.

No people on earth are more faithful in keeping secrets than the Indians, but each warrior has a friend from whom he will conceal nothing; luckily for Gen. Harrison, the friend of the confidant of Blue Jacket was a young Delaware chief named Beaver, who was also bound to the general by the ties of friendship. He was the son of a Delaware war chief of the same name, who had with others been put to death by his own tribe, on the charge of practicing sorcery. Gen. Harrison had been, upon terms of friendship with the father, and had patronized his orphan boy, at that time ten or twelve years of age. He had now arrived at manhood and was considered among the most promising warriors of his tribe: to this young chief the friend of Blue Jacket revealed the fatal secret. The Beaver was placed by this communication in an embarrassing situation, for should he disclose what he had heard, he betrayed his friend, than which nothing could be more repugnant to the feelings and principles of an Indian warrior. Should he not

disclose it, consequences equally or even more to be deprecated were likely to ensue—the assassination of a friend, the friend of his father, whose life he was bound to defend, or whose death to revenge by the same principle of fidelity and honor which forbade the disclosure.

While he was yet hesitating, Blue Jacket came up to the Delaware camp somewhat intoxicated, vociferating vengeance upon Col. M'Pherson, who had just turned him out of his house, and whom he declared he would put to death for the insult he had received. The sight of the traitor aroused the indignation and resentment of the Beaver to the highest pitch. He seized his tomahawk, and advancing toward the culprit, "You must be a great warrior," said he; "you will not only kill this white man for serving you as you deserve, but you will also murder our father, the American chief, and bring disgrace and mischief upon us all; but you shall do neither, I will serve you as I would a mad dog." A furious blow from the tomahawk of the Beaver stretched the unfortunate Blue Jacket at his feet, and a second terminated his existence; "There," said he to some Shawanese who were present, "take him to the camp of his tribe, and tell them who has done the deed."

The Shawanese were far from resenting it; they applauded the conduct of the Beaver, and rejoiced at their happy escape from the ignominy which the accomplishment of Blue Jacket's design would have brought upon them. At the great treaty which was held at Greenville in 1815 Gen. Cass, one of the commissioners, related the whole of the transaction to the assembled chiefs, and after thanking the Beaver, in the name of the United States, for having saved the life of their general, he caused a handsome present to be made him out of the goods which he had sent for the purpose of the treaty. It is impossible to say what was the motive of Blue Jacket to attempt the life of Gen. Harrison: he was not one of the Tippecanoe Shawanese, and therefore could have no personal resentment against the general. There is little doubt that he came from Malden when he arrived at Wapakoneta, and that he came for the express purpose of attempting the life of the general; but whether he was instigated to it by any other person or persons, or had conceived the idea himself, has never been ascertained. Upon the arrival of the chiefs at Seneca, the principal war chief of the Shawanese requested permission to sleep at the door of the general's marquee, and this he did every night until the embarkation of the troops. This man, who had fought with great bravery on our side in the several sorties from Fort Meigs, was called *Capt. Tommy*; he was a great favorite of the officers, particularly the general and Commodore Perry, the latter of whom was accustomed to call him the general's Mameluke.

The Senecas of Sandusky—so called—owned and occupied forty thousand acres of choice land on the east side of Sandusky river, being mostly in this and partly in Sandusky county. Thirty thousand acres of this land was granted to them on the 29th of September, 1817, at the treaty held at the foot of Maumee Rapids, Hon. Lewis Cass and Hon. Duncan M'Arthur being the commissioners of the United States. The remaining 10,000 acres, lying south of the other, was granted by the treaty at St. Mary's, concluded by the same commissioners on the 17th of September, in the following year. By the treaty concluded at Washington city, February 28, 1831, James B. Gardiner being the commissioner of the general government, these Indians ceded their lands to the United States, and agreed to remove southwest of Missouri, on the Neosho river.

INDIAN EXECUTION FOR WITCHCRAFT.

At this time their principal chiefs were Coonstick, Small Cloud Spicer, Seneca Steel, Hard Hickory, Tall Chief and Good Hunter, the last two of whom were their principal orators. The old chief Good Hunter told Mr. Henry C. Brish, their sub-agent, that this band, which numbered about four hundred souls, were in fact *the remnant of Logan's tribe*, (see Pickaway county), and says Mr. Brish in a communication to us: "I cannot to this day surmise why they were called Senecas. I never found a Seneca among them. They were Cayugas—who were Mingoes—among whom were a few Oneidas, Mohawks, Onondagoes, Tuscarawas and Wyandots." From Mr. Brish, we have received an interesting narrative of the execution for *witchcraft* of one of these Indians, named Seneca John, who was one of the best men of his tribe.

About the year 1825, Coonstick, Steel and Cracked Hoof left the reservation for the double purpose of a three years hunting and trapping excursion, and to seek a location for a new home for the tribe in the far West.

At the time of their starting, Comstock, the brother of the first two, was the principal chief of the tribe. On their return in 1828, richly laden with furs and horses, they found Seneca John, their fourth brother, chief, in place of Comstock, who had died during their absence.

Comstock was the favorite brother of the two, and they at once charged Seneca John with producing his death by witchcraft. John denied the charge in a strain of eloquence rarely equalled. Said he, "I loved my brother Comstock more than I love the green earth I stand upon. I would give myself, limb by limb, piecemeal by piecemeal—I would shed my blood, drop by drop, to restore him to life." But all his protestations of innocence and affection for his brother Comstock were of no avail. His two other brothers pronounced him guilty and declared their determination to be his executioners.

John replied that he was willing to die and only wished to live until the next morning, "to see the sun rise once more." This request being granted, John told them that he should sleep that night on Hard Hickory's porch, which fronted the east, where they would find him at sunrise. He chose that place because he did not wish to be killed in the presence of his wife, and desired that the chief, Hard Hickory, should witness that he died like a brave man.

Coonstick and Steel retired for the night to an old cabin near by. In the morning, in company with Shane, another Indian, they preceded to the house of Hard Hickory, who was my informant of what there happened.

He said, a little after sunrise he heard their footsteps upon the porch, and opened the door just enough to peep out. He saw John *asleep* upon his blanket, while they stood around him. At length one of them awoke him. He arose upon his feet and took off a large handkerchief which was around his head, letting his unusually long hair fall upon his shoulders. This being done, he looked around upon the landscape and at the rising sun, to take a farewell look of a scene that he was never again to behold and then told them he was ready to die.

Shane and Coonstick each took him by the arm, and Steel walked behind. In this way they led him about ten steps from the porch, when Steel struck him with a tomahawk on the back of his head, and he fell to the ground, bleeding freely. Supposing this blow sufficient to kill him, they dragged him under a peach tree near by. In a short time, however, he revived; the blow having been broken by his great mass of hair. Knowing that it was Steel who struck the blow, John, as he lay, turned his head towards Coonstick and said, "Now brother, do you take your revenge." This so operated upon the feelings of Coonstick, that he interposed to save him; but it enraged Steel to such a degree, that he drew his knife and cut John's throat from ear to ear, and the next day he was buried

with the usual Indian ceremonies, not more than twenty feet from where he fell. Steel was arrested and tried for the murder in Sandusky county, and acquitted.

The grave of Seneca John was surrounded

by a small picket enclosure. Three years after, when I was preparing to move them to the far West, I saw Coonstick and Steel remove the picket-fence and level the ground, so that no vestige of the grave remained.

SACRIFICING DOGS TO THE GREAT SPIRIT.

A writer in the Sidney Aurora, gave a narrative of some of the religious rites of this tribe, just prior to their departure for their new homes. We extract his description of their sacrificing two dogs to the Great Spirit. This writer was probably Mr. Brish.

We rose early and proceeded directly to the council house, and though we supposed we were early, the Indians were already in advance of us.

The first object which arrested our attention, was a pair of the canine species, one of each gender suspended on a *cross*! one on either side thereof. These animals had been recently *strangled*—not a bone was broken, nor could a distorted hair be seen! They were of beautiful *cream* color, except a few dark spots on one, naturally, which same spots were put on the other, artificially, by the devotees. The Indians are very partial in the selection of dogs entirely *white* for this occasion; and for such they will give almost any price. Now for part of the decorations to which I have already alluded; a description of one will suffice for both.

First—A scarlet ribbon was tastefully tied just above the nose; and near the eyes another; next round the neck was a white ribbon, to which was attached some bulbous, concealed in another white ribbon; this was placed directly under the right ear, and I suppose it was intended as an amulet or charm. Then ribbons were bound round the forelegs, at the knees and near the feet—these were red and white alternately. Round the body was a profuse decoration—then the hind legs were decorated as the fore ones. Thus were the victims prepared and thus ornamented for burnt offering.

While minutely making this examination, I was almost unconscious of the collection of a large number of Indians who were there assembled to offer their sacrifices.

Adjacent to the cross was a large fire built on a few logs; and though the snow was several inches deep, they had prepared a sufficient quantity of combustible material, removed the snow from the logs and placed thereon their fire. I have often regretted that I did not see them light this pile. My own opinion is, they did not use the fire from their council-house; because I think they would have considered that as common, and as this was intended to be a holy service, they, no doubt, for this purpose struck fire from a flint, this being deemed sacred.

It was a clear, beautiful morning, and just as the first rays of the sun were seen in the tops of the towering forest and its reflections from the snowy surface, the Indians simultaneously formed a semicircle enclosing the cross, each flank resting on the aforesaid pile of logs.

Good Hunter, who officiated as High Priest, now appeared, and approached the cross; arrayed in his pontifical robes, he looked quite respectable.

The Indians being all assembled—I say Indians, for there was not a squaw present during all this ceremony—at a private signal given by the High Priest, two young chiefs sprang upon the cross and each taking off one of the victims, brought it down and presented it on his arms to the High Priest, who receiving it with great reverence, in like manner advanced to the fire, and with a very grave and solemn air, laid it thereon—and this he did with the other—but to which, whether male or female, he gave the preference I did not learn. This done, he retired to the cross.

In a devout manner he now commenced an oration. The tone of his voice was audible and somewhat chanting. At every pause in his discourse, he took from a white cloth he held in his left hand, a portion of dried, odoriferous herbs, which he threw on the fire; this was intended as incense. In the meanwhile his auditory, their eyes on the ground, with grave aspect and solemn silence, stood motionless, listening attentively to every word he uttered.

Thus he proceeded until the victims were entirely consumed and the incense exhausted, when he concluded his service; the oblation now made and the wrath of the Great Spirit, as they believed, appeased, they again assembled in the council-house, for the purpose of performing a part in their festival, different from any I yet had witnessed. Each Indian as he entered, seated himself on the floor, thus forming a large circle; when one of the old chiefs rose and with that native dignity which some Indians possess in a great degree, recounted his exploits as a warrior; told in how many fights he had been the victor; the number of scalps he had taken from his enemies; and what, at the head of his braves, he yet intended to do at the "Rocky Moun-

tain;” accompanying his narration with energy, warmth and strong gesticulation; when he ended, he received the unanimous applause of the assembled tribe.

This deed of praise was awarded to the chief by “three times three” articulations, which were properly neither nasal, oral nor guttural, but rather abdominal. Thus many others in the circle, old and young, rose in order, and *pro forma*, delivered themselves of a speech. Among those was Good Hunter; but he

“Had laid his robes away
His mitre and his vest.”

His remarks were not filled with such bombast as some others; but brief, modest and appropriate; in fine, they were such as became a priest of one of the lost ten tribes of Israel.

After all had spoken who wished to speak, the floor was cleared and the dance renewed, in which Indian and squaw united, with their wonted hilarity and zeal.

Just as this dance ended, an Indian boy ran to me and with fear strongly depicted in his countenance, caught me by the arm and drew me to the door, pointing with his other hand towards something he wished me to observe.

I looked in that direction, and saw the appearance of an Indian running at full speed to the council-house; in an instant he was in the house and literally in the fire, which he took in his hands and threw fire, coals and hot ashes in various directions through the

house and apparently all over himself. At his entrance, the young Indians much alarmed, had all fled to the further end of the house, where they remained crowded, in great dread of this personification of the Evil Spirit. After diverting himself with the fire a few moments, at the expense of the young ones, to their no small joy he disappeared. This was an Indian disguised with a hideous false face, having horns on his head, and his hands and feet protected from the effects of the fire. And though not a professed “Fire King,” he certainly performed his part to admiration.

During the continuance of this festival, the hospitality of the Senecas was unbounded. In the council-house and at the residence of Tall Chief, were a number of large fat bucks and hogs hanging up and neatly dressed. Bread also, of both corn and wheat, in great abundance.

Large kettles of soup ready prepared, in which maple sugar, profusely added, made a prominent ingredient, thus forming a very agreeable saccharine coalescence. All were invited and made welcome; indeed, a refusal to partake of their bounty, was deemed disrespectful, if not unfriendly.

I left them in the afternoon enjoying themselves to the fullest extent, and so far as I could perceive, their pleasure was without alloy. They were eating and drinking, but on this occasion, no ardent spirits were permitted—dancing and rejoicing—caring and probably thinking not of to-morrow,

Tiffin in 1846.—Tiffin, the county seat, is a compactly built village, on a level site, on the line of the railroad connecting Cincinnati with Sandusky City, and on the east bank of Sandusky river. It is 86 miles north of Columbus and 34 from Sandusky City. It was laid out about the year 1821, by Josiah Hedges, and named from the Hon. Edward Tiffin, of Ross, president of the convention which formed the constitution of Ohio, and the first governor of the State of Ohio in 1803. The town is gradually increasing with the growth of the county. The view was taken in the principal street, and shows on the left the court house and in the distance the spire of a Catholic church. It contains 2 Lutheran, 2 Catholic, 1 Episcopal, 1 Methodist Episcopal, 1 Reformed Methodist and 1 German Reformed church, 5 grocery and 9 dry goods stores, 1 foundry, 2 newspaper printing offices and had in 1840, 728 inhabitants: it now contains with the suburbs, about 1200. Opposite Tiffin, on the west bank of the Sandusky, is the small village of Fort Ball, so named from a fort erected there in the war of 1812, so called from Lieut. Col. James V. Ball, the commander of a squadron of cavalry under Harrison, while at Fort Seneca in this county. The fort was a small stockade with a ditch, occupying perhaps one-third of an acre. It stood on the bank of the river, about fifty rods south of the present bridge, and was used principally as a military depot. Vestiges of this work yet remain. On the old Indian reservation, in a limestone soil, are two white sulphur springs, respectively ten and twelve miles from Tiffin and about two apart. The water is clear and petrifies all objects with which it comes in contact. The water furnishes power sufficient for two large merchant mills, flows in great quantities and nearly alike in all seasons. In the northeastern corner of the county, in the township of Thompson, is a subterranean stream, about eighty feet under ground. The water is pure and cold, runs uniformly and in a northern direction. It is entered by a hole in the top, into which the curious can descend on foot, by the aid of a light.—*Old Edition.*

TIFFIN, county-seat of Seneca, is eighty miles northwest of Columbus, forty-two miles southeast from Toledo; is on on the T. B. & W., B. & O., and N. W. Railroads. It is the seat of Heidelberg College and other educational institutions, is in the midst of a very productive agricultural region and has extensive manufacturing interests. County officers, 1888: Auditor, James A. Norton; Clerk, Lewis Ulrich; Commissioners, Henry F. Hedden, Truman H. Bagby, Nicholas Burtcher; Coroner, Edward Lepper; Infirmary Directors, Daniel Metzger, John Rinebolt, William King; Probate Judge, John Royer; Prosecuting Attorney, William H. Dore; Recorder, George F. Wentz; Sheriff, George Homan; Surveyor, George McGormley; Treasurer, Benjamin F. Myers. City officers, 1888: Mayor, Dr. J. F. E. Fanning; Marshal, John Hummer; Street Commissioner, Scudder Chamberlin; Solicitor, H. C. Keppel; Clerk, William Dore; Chief of Fire Department, John Roller; Treasurer, B. F. Myers. Newspapers: *Seneca Advertiser*, Democratic, Myers Bros., editors and publishers; *Tribune and Herald*, Republican, Locke & Bro., editors and publishers; *Die Presse*, German, George Homan, editor and publisher; *News*, Democratic, D. J. Stalter, editor and publisher; *Heidelberg Journal*, literary, E. R. Good & Bro., editors and publishers; *Village Gardener and Poultry Breeder*, Philo J. Keller, editor and publisher. Churches: 1 Presbyterian, 2 Catholic, 1 Episcopal, 3 Evangelical, 1 Methodist Protestant, 3 Reformed, 1 Methodist Episcopal, 1 Lutheran, 1 Baptist. Banks: Commercial, Warren P. Noble, president, Samuel B. Sneath, cashier; Tiffin National, John D. Loomis, president, J. N. Chamberlin, cashier.

Manufactures and Employees.—Tiffin Union Churn Co., churns, washboards, etc., 58 hands; Tiffin Agricultural Works, agricultural implements, 110; E. S. Rockwell & Co., woolen goods, 90; Schuman & Co., lager beer, 11; Enterprise Manufacturing Co., sash, doors, etc., 19; Tiffin Manufacturing Co., sash, doors, etc., 18; Glick & McCormick, wagon supplies, etc., 25; R. H. Whitlock, boxes, 18; Tiffin Glass Co., table ware, 90; National Machinery Co., bolt and nut machinery, 103; Loomis & Nyman, general machine work, 30; H. Hubach, lager beer, 7; Ohio Stove Co., stoves, 42.—*State Report, 1888.*

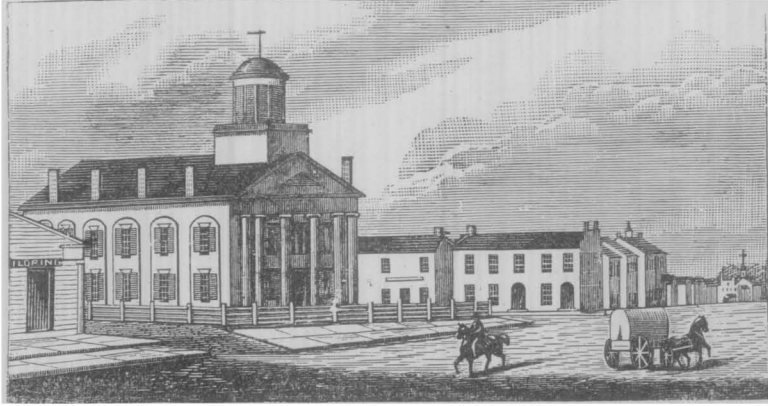
Population, 1880, 7,889. School census, 1888, 2,836; J. W. Knott, school superintendent. Capital invested in industrial establishments, \$637,227. Value of annual product, \$966,310.—*Ohio Labor Statistics, 1887.*

Census, 1890, 10,801.

Tiffin is a substantial, well-built city, and occupies both sides of the Sandusky river, including the site of the old Fort Ball. It is in a very rich country and has a large local trade. It is well named from Ohio's first governor—a gentleman of diversified attainments.

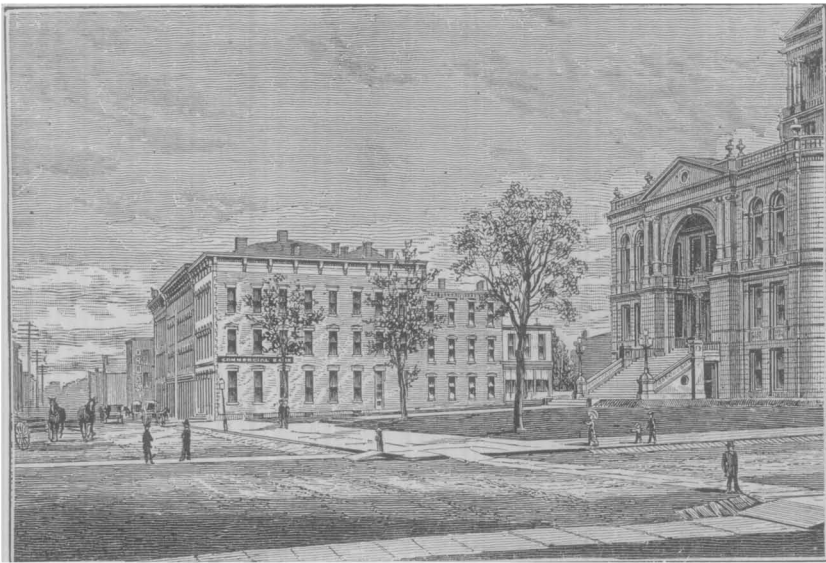
TRAVELLING NOTES.

When any of us think of a place it is, I believe, the universal law to have spring into our mind its prominent personalities, and according to the characters that mentally rise, is that place pleasant or disagreeable. To multitudes of Ohio people, when they think of the city of Tiffin, comes into their minds Ohio's great orator for near two generations—Gen. WILLIAM H. GIBSON, born in Ohio in 1822, who, as he says, was “the first male infant carried into Seneca county.” So well is he known that only as a matter of record is it necessary to mention him. I presume there is not a county in Ohio in which his voice has not been uplifted in patriotic utterance, and in many counties many times. I know not one living who has appeared so much in our State on public occasions as the orator of the day, especially at out-of-door meetings of farmers and at pioneer celebrations. And he gives so much gratification that even his own townsmen throng any public place when it is advertised he is to appear. So, in his case, the old saying about prophets not being honored at home, fails when he is to appear in Tiffin.



Drawn by Henry Howe in 1846.

CENTRAL VIEW IN TIFFIN.



B. Pennington, Photo., 1886.

CENTRAL VIEW IN TIFFIN.



GEN. WM. H. GIBSON.

Gen. GIBSON is of the blonde order, with oval face, tall and graceful person; but his great peculiarity is the clearness and phenomenal powers of voice that enable him to send every word distinct to the ears of acres of people gathered around in the open fields. Seldom has been heard a voice like it since the days of Whitefield. Then he is such an entertaining, delight-giving speaker, that he will hold a miscellaneous audience of men, women and children for hours together.

Capt. Henry Cromwell, an old citizen here in Tiffin, said to me, "I have been hearing Gibson for more than forty years, and I am amazed every time I hear him. In the Scott campaign of 1852 he introduced Gen. Scott to our people from the steps of the Shawhan House. A reporter of the *New York Herald* present said it was the best speech he had ever heard. In 1842, when a mere boy, I was present when he delivered the Independence Day oration at Melmore, then a spot well out in the woods. An old Revolutionary soldier sat by his side with long, flowing white hair, done up in a queue. As he closed he made an eloquent apostrophe to the flag waving over them, and then turning round put both hands on the old man's head, saying, 'Here is a man who fought for that flag.' Half of the audience were in tears. In the course of his life he has participated in twelve presidential campaigns as a campaign speaker, and seems good for more. In the Lincoln campaign Harriet Beecher Stowe happened to hear him, and wrote, 'I have heard many of the renowned orators of Europe and our own country, but I have never sat two and a half hours under such wonderful eloquence as that of Gen. William H. Gibson, of Ohio.'"

Gen. Gibson as a youth began work on a

farm, then learned the carpenter's trade, and finally was educated to the law; was elected to the office of state treasurer in the year 1856, on the ticket with Salmon P. Chase as governor; served as colonel of the Forty-ninth Ohio, and was breveted brigadier-general on his retirement. Of late, having been duly qualified, he occasionally serves in the pulpit of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

If, when we think of Tiffin, the graceful form and somewhat sad face of the eloquent Gibson rises to our mind; so, when we think of Fostoria, the genial face and compact figure of another lights the scene. His is a phenomenal individuality—one that has illustrated that a man can be the governor of this great State and at the same moment "Charlie" to everybody in it. Born there when all around was woods; growing up with the people, ever manifesting a cheerful, generous, helping spirit; his life illustrates the fraternal idea; so the humblest individuals of his home community rejoice that he is one of them. The Hon. Daniel Ryan, in his "History of Ohio," thus outlines his career:

"The parents of CHARLES FOSTER were from Massachusetts. They moved West and settled in Seneca county, where he was born April 12, 1828. He received a common-school education and engaged in business pursuits for the early part of his life. In 1870 he was elected to Congress and served for eight years, although his district was politically very strong against him. While in Congress he was noted for the straightforward and businesslike view that he took of all measures. He was one of the Republican leaders of that body. The Republican party in 1879 nominated him for governor, and he was elected. Two years after he was re-elected. He administered state affairs with success. He took advanced ground on taxing the liquor traffic, and his party—in fact, the entire people of Ohio—have indorsed his views. He is now in private life, devoting his attention to business affairs at Fostoria."

Other noted persons come up with the thought of Seneca county. ANSON BURLINGAME in 1823 came with his father's family from the East—a child of three years. His father opened up a farm near Melmore, where he remained ten years. The family then removed to Michigan, but Anson soon returned and for a while taught school in Eden township. Eventually he settled in Massachusetts, after a course of law at Harvard.

In 1856, while serving as a member of Congress from the Boston (Mass.) district, he spoke in such terms of indignation of the brutal assault of Preston S. Brooks, of South Carolina, upon the Massachusetts Senator, Charles Sumner, that Brooks challenged him. He promptly accepted, named rifles as the weapons, and Navy Island, just above Niagara Falls, as the place of meeting. Brooks demurred as to the place for the duel, alleging that to get there he should be obliged to go through an enemy's country. Burlingame was an adept with the rifle, learned in his youthful days by practice upon the wild

beasts of Seneca county, and the public judgment was that Brooks, after his challenge, had learned that fact, and feared if the meeting took place, no matter where it might be, his fate would be that of some of those Seneca county bears. Burlingame's conduct was largely approved of by his party friends at the North, who on his return to Boston received him with distinguished honors. The crowning act of his life was when, in 1858, as United States minister to China, he made that great treaty since known as the "Burlingame Treaty." This valuable and heroic man closed his half century of life while on a mission to St. Petersburg in 1870.

Another mentionable fact connected with the personalities of this county, is that about a quarter of a century since, when that noted French divine, PERE HYACINTHE, left the bosom of mother church and advocated matrimony for priests, he proceeded to practice as he had preached and took for his bride a Seneca county lady.

CONSUL WILLSHIRE BUTTERFIELD, the historian, born in New York, began his career of authorship in this county, wherein for

many years he was a teacher, at one time head of its Public Schools. His first work was a small history of Seneca county. Of late removed to Madison, Wisconsin, he has for his careful study and work access to the superb collection of historical works in the Wisconsin State Library, an institution which confers lasting honor upon that young State.

ALFRED H. WELCH, born at Fostoria, in 1850, died in 1888, when professor of English Literature in the Ohio State University, after a short but bright and useful career as teacher and author. Besides a series of school books he published "The Conflict of the Ages," "The Development of English Literature and Language," and "Man and his Relations." He started a youth of humble means and in the employment of Hon. Charles Foster, who observing his faithfulness and capacity assisted him to obtain a college education. He has been said in many respects to resemble Goldsmith. He was fond of flowers and children, and it was his delight to organize parties to hunt flowers in the wild woods or gather pond-lilies.

CAPTIVITY AND EXPERIENCES AMONG THE OHIO INDIANS OF COL. JAMES SMITH,

Between May, 1755 and April, 1759, as related by himself.

In the year 1854, was published at Sandusky, one volume of "A History of Ohio," by James W. Taylor, a journalist of Sandusky. Only one of its two designed volumes was issued. This comprised the period between the years 1650 and 1787 and therefore before Ohio itself existed.

One of its chapters is entitled "A Pilgrim of Ohio One Hundred Years ago." That chapter embodies all that is essential in the personal narration of Col. Smith and is here copied entire. It is highly attractive from its simplicity of style and evident truthfulness in details.

It is in our power, by transcribing from a Narrative of the Captivity of Col. James Smith among the Indians, between May, 1755, and April, 1759, to present a picture of the wilderness and its savage occupants, which, bearing intrinsic evidence of faithful accuracy, is also corroborated by the public and private character of the writer.

Col. James Smith was a native of Pennsylvania, and after his return from Indian captivity, was entrusted, in 1736, with the command of a company of riflemen. He trained his men in the Indian tactics and discipline, and directed them to assume the dress of warriors and to paint their faces red and black, so that in appearance they were hardly distinguishable from the enemy. Some of his exploits in the defense of the Pennsylvania border are less creditable to him than his services in the war of the revolution. He lived until the year 1812, and is the author of a "Treatise on the Indian mode of warfare." In Kentucky, where he spent the latter part of his life, he was much respected and several times elected to the legislature.

The first edition of Smith's Journal was published in Lexington, Kentucky, by John Bradford, in 1799. Samuel Drake, the Indian antiquarian and author, accompanies its republication in 1851 by a tribute to Smith as "an exemplary Christian and unwavering patriot."

CAPTURE OF SMITH.

In the spring of 1755, James Smith, then eighteen years of age, was captured by three Indians (two Delaware and one Canasatauga) about four or five miles above Bedford, in Western Pennsylvania. He was immediately led to the banks of the Allegheny river, opposite Fort DuQuesne, where he was compelled to run the gauntlet between two long ranks of Indians, each stationed about two or three rods apart. His treatment was not severe until near the end of the lines, when he was felled by a blow from a stick or tomahawk handle, and on attempting to rise, was blinded by sand thrown into his eyes. The blows continued until he became insensible

and when he recovered his consciousness, he found himself within the fort, much bruised and under the charge of a French physician.

EXULTATION OVER BRADDOCK'S DEFEAT.

While yet unrecovered from his wounds, Smith was a witness of the French exultation and the Indian orgies over the disastrous defeat of Braddock. A few days afterward, his Indian captors placed him in a canoe and ascended the Allegheny river to an Indian town on the north side of the river, about forty miles above Fort DuQuesne. Here they remained three weeks, when the party proceeded to a village on the west branch of the Muskingum, about twenty miles above the forks. This village called Tullihass, was inhabited by Delawares, Caughnewagas and Mohicans. The soil between the Allegheny and Muskingum rivers on the route here designated, is described as "chiefly black oak and white oak land, which appeared generally to be good wheat land, chiefly second and third rate, intermixed with some rich bottoms.

CEREMONY OF ADOPTION.

While remaining at Tullihass, Smith describes the manner of his adoption by the Indians and other ceremonies, which we prefer to give in his own words: "The day after my arrival at the aforesaid town, a number of Indians collected about me, and one of them began to pull the hair out of my head. He had some ashes on a piece of bark, in which he frequently dipped his fingers in order to take a firmer hold, and so he went on, as if he had been plucking a turkey, until he had all the hair clean out of my head, except a small spot about three or four inches square on my crown. This they cut off with a pair of scissors, excepting three locks, which they dressed up in their own mode. Two of these they wrapped round with a narrow beaded garter, made by themselves for that purpose and the other they plaited at full length and then stuck it full of silver brooches. After this they bored my nose and ears, and fixed me off with earrings and nose-jewels. Then they ordered me to strip off my clothes and put on a breech-clout, which I did. They then painted my head, face and body in various colors. They put a large belt of wampum on my neck and silver bands on my hands and right arm; and so an old chief led me out on the street and gave the alarm halloo, "coo-wigh," several times, repeated quick; and on this, all that were in the town came running and stood round the old chief, who held me by the hand in the midst. As I at that time knew nothing of their mode of adoption, and had seen them put to death all they had taken and as I never could find that they saved a man alive at Braddock's defeat, I made no doubt that they were about putting me to death in some cruel manner. The old chief

holding me by the hand, made a long speech, very loud, and when he had done he handed me to three young squaws, who led me by the hand down the bank, into the river, until the water was up to our middle. The squaws then made signs to me to plunge myself into the water, but I did not understand them. I thought the result of the council was that I should be drowned, and that these young ladies were to be the executioners. They all three laid violent hold of me and I for some time opposed them with all my might, which occasioned loud laughter by the multitude that were on the bank of the river. At length one of the squaws made out to speak a little English (for I believe they began to be afraid of me) and said "No hurt you." On this I gave myself up to their ladyships, who were as good at their word, for though they plunged me under water and washed and rubbed me severely, yet I could not say they hurt me much.

These young women led me to the council house, where some of the tribe were ready with new clothes for me. They gave me a new ruffled shirt, which I put on; also, a pair of leggins done off with ribbons and beads, porcupine quills and red hair; also, a tinsel-laced cap. They again painted my head and face with various colors, and tied a bunch of red feathers to one of those locks they had left on the crown of my head, which stood up five or six inches. They seated me on a bearskin and gave me a pipe, tomahawk and polecat-skin pouch, which had been skinned pocket-fashion and contained tobacco, killegenic or dry sumach leaves, which they mix with their tobacco; also, punk, flint and steel. When I was thus seated the Indians came in, dressed and painted in their grandest manner. As they came in they took their seats, and for a considerable time there was profound silence; everyone was smoking, but not a word spoken among them. At length one of the chiefs made a speech, which was delivered to me by an interpreter and was as follows: "My son, you are now flesh of our flesh and bone of our bone. By the ceremony which was performed this day, every drop of white blood was washed out of your veins; you are taken into the Caughnewago nation and initiated into a warlike tribe; you are adopted into a great family, and now received with great seriousness and solemnity in the room and place of a great man. After what has passed this day, you are now one of us by an old strong law and custom. My son, you have now nothing to fear—we are now under the same obligations to love, support and defend you, that we are to love and defend one another; therefore you are to consider yourself as one of our people." At this time I did not believe this fine speech, especially that of the white blood being washed out of me; but since that time I have found that there was much sincerity in said speech; for, from that day, I never knew them to make any distinction between me and themselves, in any respect whatever, until I left them.

If they had plenty of clothing, I had plenty; if we were scarce, we all shared one fate.

After this ceremony was over I was introduced to my new kin, and told that I was to attend a feast that evening, which I did. And as the custom was, they gave me also a bowl and wooden spoon, which I carried with me to the place, where there were a number of large brass kettles, full of boiled venison and green corn. Everyone advanced with his bowl and spoon and had his share given him. After this one of the chiefs made a short speech and then we began to eat.

SMITH DESCRIBES THE WAR-DANCE.

The name of one of the chiefs of this town was Tecanyaterigto, alias "Pluggy," and the other Asallecoa, alias "Mohawk Solomon." As Pluggy and his party were to start the next day to war, to the frontiers of Virginia, the next thing to be performed was the war-dance and their war-songs. At their war-dance they had both vocal and instrumental music; they had a short, hollow gum, closed at one end, with water in it, and parchment stretched over the open end thereof, which they beat with one stick, and made a sound nearly like that of a muffled drum. All of those who were going on this expedition collected together and formed. An old Indian then began to sing, and timed the music by beating on this drum, as the ancients formerly timed their music by beating the tabor. On this the warriors began to advance or move forward in concert, as well-disciplined troops would march to the fife and drum. Each warrior had a tomahawk, spear or war-mallet in his hand, and they all moved regularly toward the east, or the way they intended to go to war. At length they all stretched their tomahawks toward the Potomac, and giving a hideous shout or yell, they wheeled quick about and danced in the same manner back. The next was the war-song. In performing this only one sung at a time, in a moving posture, with a tomahawk in his hand, while all the other warriors were engaged in calling aloud, "He uh, he uh," which they constantly repeated while the war-song was going on. When the warrior who was singing had ended his song, he struck a war-post with his tomahawk and with a loud voice told what warlike exploits he had done and what he now intended to do, which were answered by the other warriors with loud shouts of applause. Some who had not before intended to go to war at this time, were so animated by this performance that they took up the tomahawk and sung the war-song, which was answered with shouts of joy, as they were then initiated into the present marching company. The next morning this company all collected at one place, with their heads and faces painted various colors, and packs upon their backs; they marched off, all silent except the commander, who, in the front sung the traveling-song, which began in this manner: "Hoo caughtainteheegana." Just as the rear passed the end of the town they be-

gan to fire in their slow manner, from the front to the rear, which was accompanied with shouts and yells from all quarters.

A COURTING-DANCE.

This evening I was invited to another sort of dance, which was a kind of promiscuous dance. The young men stood in one rank, and the young women in another, about one rod apart, facing each other. The one that raised the tune, or started the song, held a small gourd or dry shell of a squash in his hand, which contained beads or small stones, which rattled. When he began to sing he timed the tune with his rattle; both men and women danced and sung together, advancing toward each other, stooping until their heads would be touching together, and then ceased from dancing with loud shouts, and retreated and formed again, and so repeated the same thing over and over for three or four hours without intermission. This exercise appeared to me at first irrational and insipid; but I found that in singing their tunes, "Ya ne no hoo wa ne," etc., like our "Fa sol la," and though they have no such thing as jingling verse, yet they can intermix sentences with their notes, and say what they please to each other, and carry on the tune in concert. I found this was a kind of wooing or courting-dance, and as they advanced stooping with their heads together, they could say what they pleased in each other's ear, without disconcerting their rough music, and the others, or those near, not hear what they said.

Smith describes an expedition about thirty or forty miles southwardly, to a spot which he supposed to be between the Ohio, Muskingum and Scioto rivers (Hocking river, near Athens), perhaps in Licking county. It was a buffalo lick, where the Indians killed several buffalo, and in their small brass kettles made about half a bushel of salt. Here were clear, open woods, and thin white-oak land, with several paths like wagon roads leading to the lick.

SMITH GOES TO LAKE ERIE.

Returning to the Indian village on the Muskingum, Smith obtained an English Bible, which Pluggy and his party had brought back among other spoils of an expedition so far as the south branch of the Potomac. He remained at Tullihass until October, when he accompanied his adopted brother, whose name was Tontileaugo, and who had married a Wyandot woman, to Lake Erie. Their route was up the west branch of the Muskingum, through a country which for some distance was "hilly, but intermixed with large bodies of tolerable rich upland and excellent bottoms." They proceeded to the headwaters of the west branch of the Muskingum, and thence crossed to the waters of a stream, called by Smith the "Canesadoodharie." This was probably the Black river, which, rising in Ashland, and traversing Medina and Lorain counties (at least by the waters of its east branch), falls into Lake

Erie a few miles north of Elyria. If we suppose that Tullihias, situated twenty miles above the principal forks of the Muskingum, was near the junction of the Vernon and Mohican rivers, on the borders of Knox and Coshocton counties, Smith and his companion probably followed what is called on Thayer's Map of Ohio, the "Lake fork of the Mohican," until they reached the northern portion of Ashland county, and there struck the headwaters of the Canesadooharie, where, as Smith testifies, they found "a large body of rich, well-lying land—the timber, ash, walnut, sugar-tree, buckeye, honey-locust and cherry, intermixed with some oak and hickory." Let us here resume the narrative :

On this route we had no horses with us, and when we started from the town all the pack I carried was a pouch, containing my books, a little dried venison and my blanket. I had then no gun. But Tontileaugo was a first-rate hunter, carried a rifle-gun, and every day killed deer, raccoons or bears. We left the meat, excepting a little for present use, and carried the skins with us until we encamped, and then stretched them with elm bark on a frame made with poles stuck in the ground and tied together with linn or elm bark, and when the skins were dried by the fire we packed them up and carried them with us the next day.

As Tontileaugo could not speak English, I had to make use of all the Caughnewaga I had learned even to talk very imperfectly with him. But I found I learned to talk Indian faster this way than when I had those with me who could talk English.

As we proceeded down the Canesadooharie waters our packs increased by the skins that were daily killed, and became so heavy that we could not march more than eight or ten miles a day.

We came to Lake Erie about six miles west of the mouth of Canesadooharie. As the wind was very high the evening we came to the lake, I was surprised to hear the roaring of the water and see the high waves that dashed against the shore like the ocean. We encamped on a run near the lake, and as the wind fell that night, the surface was only in a moderate motion, and we marched on the sand along the side of the water, frequently resting ourselves as we were heavy laden. I saw on the strand a number of large fish that had been left in flat or hollow places ; as the wind fell and waves abated they were left without water, or only a small quantity, and numbers of bald and gray eagles, etc., were along the shore devouring them.

WYANDOT CAMP.

Some time in the afternoon we came to a camp of Wyandots, at the mouth of the Canesadooharie, where Tontileaugo's wife was. [This is believed to be the Black River in Lorain County.]

Here we were kindly received : they gave us a kind of rough brown potatoes, which grew spontaneously, and were called by the

Caughnewagas *ohnenata*. These potatoes peeled, and dipped in raccoon's fat, taste nearly like our sweet potatoes. They gave us also what they called *caneheanta*, which is a kind of hominy made of green corn, dried, and beans mixed together.

From the headwaters of Canesadooharie to this place the land is generally good, chiefly first or second rate, and comparatively little or no third rate. The only refuse is some swamps that appear to be too wet for use, yet I apprehend that a number of them if drained would make excellent meadows. The timber is black oak, walnut, hickory, cherry, black ash, white ash, water ash, buckeye, black-locust, honey-locust, sugar-tree and elm. There is also some land, though comparatively small, where the timber is chiefly white oak or beech ; this may be called third rate.

In the bottoms, and also many places in the uplands, there is a large quantity of wild-apple, plum, and red and black haw trees. It appeared to be well watered, and plenty of meadow ground intermixed with upland, but no large prairies or glades that I saw or heard of. In this route deer, bear, turkeys and raccoons appeared plenty, but no buffalo, and very little signs of elks.

We continued our camp at the mouth of Canesadooharie for some time, where we killed some deer and a great many raccoons : the raccoons here were remarkably large and fat. At length we embarked in a birch canoe. This vessel was four feet wide and three feet deep, and about five and thirty feet long ; and though it could carry a heavy burden, it was so artfully and curiously constructed that four men could carry it several miles, or from one landing place to another, or from the waters of the lake to the waters of the Ohio. We proceeded up Canesadooharie a few miles, and went on shore to hunt ; but to my great surprise, they carried the vessel that we all came in up the bank, and inverted it, or turned the bottom up, and converted it into a dwelling house, and kindled a fire before us to warm ourselves and cook. With our baggage and ourselves in this house, we were very much crowded, yet our little house turned off the rain very well.

We kept moving and hunting up this river until we came to the falls : here we remained some weeks, and killed a number of deer, several bears and a great many raccoons. They then buried their large canoe in the ground, which is the way to preserve this sort of a canoe in the winter season.

INDIAN MANNER OF BUILDING CABINS.

As we had at this time no horses, every one had a pack on his back, and we steered an east course about twelve miles and encamped. The next morning we proceeded on the same course about twelve miles to a large creek that empties into Lake Erie betwixt Canesadooharie and Cayahaga. Here they made their winter cabin in the following form : they cut logs about fifteen feet long, and laid these logs upon each other, and

drove posts in the ground at each end to keep them together : the posts they tied together at the top with bark, and by this means raised a wall fifteen feet long, and about four feet high, and in the same manner another wall opposite to this, at about twelve feet distance : they then drove forks in the ground in the center of each end, and laid a strong pole from end to end on these forks : and from these walls to the poles, they set up poles instead of rafters, and on these they tied small poles in place of laths : and a cover was made of linn bark, which will run even in the winter season.

As every tree will not run, they examine the tree first, by trying it near the ground, and when they find it will do, they fell the tree and raise the bark with the tomahawk, near the top of the tree, about five or six inches broad, then put the tomahawk handle under the bark, and pull it down to the butt of the tree ; so that sometimes one piece of bark will be thirty feet long. This bark they cut at suitable lengths in order to cover the hut.

At the end of these walls they set up split timber, so that they had timber all around, excepting a door at each end. At the top, in place of a chimney, they left an open place, and for bedding they laid down the aforesaid kind of bark, on which they spread bear skins.

From end to end of this hut, along the middle, there were fires, which the squaws made of dry split wood, and the holes or open places that appeared, the squaws stopped with moss, which they collected from old logs, and at the door they hung a bearskin, and notwithstanding the winters are hard here, our lodging was much better than I expected.

It appears that this Wyandot encampment consisted of eight hunters and thirteen squaws, boys and children. Soon afterwards, four of the hunters started on an expedition against the English settlements, leaving Tontileaugo, three other Indians and Smith to supply the camp with food. The winter months passed in hunting-excursions—the bear, even more than the deer, being an object of active and successful pursuit. The months of February and March, 1756, seem to have been occupied as follows :

SUGAR MAKING.

In February we began to make sugar. As some of the elm bark will strip at this season, the squaws, after finding a tree that will do, cut it down and with a crooked stick, broad and sharp at the end, took the bark off the tree, and of this bark made vessels in a curious manner, that would hold about two gallons each ; they made above one hundred of this kind of vessels. In the sugar tree they cut a notch, sloping down, and at the end where they stuck a tomahawk, they drove a long chip, in order to carry the water out from the tree, and under this they set their

vessel to receive it. As the sugar-trees were plenty and large here, they seldom or never notched a tree that was not two or three feet over. They also made bark vessels for carrying the water that would hold about four gallons each. They had two brass kettles that held fifteen gallons each, and other smaller kettles in which they boiled the water. But as they could not at times boil away the water as fast as collected, they made vessels of bark that would hold about one hundred gallons each for retaining the water, and though the sugar-trees did not run every day, they had always a sufficient quantity of water to keep them boiling during the whole sugar season.

The way we commonly used our sugar while encamped was by putting it in bear's fat until the fat was almost as sweet as the sugar itself and in this we dipped our roasted venison. About this time, some of the Indian lads and myself were employed in making and attending traps for catching raccoons, foxes, wild cats, etc.

TRAPPING COONS, FOXES, ETC.

As the raccoon is a kind of water animal that frequents the runs or small water courses almost the whole night, we made our traps on the runs, by laying one small sapling on another and driving in posts to keep them from rolling. The under sapling we raised about eighteen inches and set so that on the raccoon's touching a string or a small piece of bark, the sapling would fall and kill it ; and lest the raccoon should pass by, we laid brush on both sides of the run, only leaving the channel open.

The fox-traps we made nearly in the same manner, at the end of a hollow log or opposite to a hole at the root of a hollow tree, and put venison on a stick for bait : we had it so set that when the fox took hold of the meat, the trap fell. While the squaws were employed in making sugar, the boys and men were engaged in hunting and trapping.

About the latter end of March we began to prepare for moving into town, in order to plant corn. The squaws were then frying the last of their bear fat and making vessels to hold it : the vessels were made of deer skins, which were skinned by pulling the skin off the neck without ripping. After they had taken off the hair, they gathered it in small plaits around the neck and with a string drew it together like a purse, in the centre a pin was put, below which they tied a string and while it was wet they blew it up like a bladder, and let it remain in this manner until it was dry, when it appeared nearly in the shape of a sugar loaf, but more rounding at the lower end. One of the vessels would hold about four or five gallons. In these vessels it was they carried their bear oil.

When all things were ready the party returned to the falls of Canesadooharie, and thence, after building another canoe of elm bark, to the town at the mouth of the river.

KINDNESS OF THE INDIANS.

By this time, Smith was thoroughly domesticated among his Indian captors. He found himself treated as an equal and often with disinterested kindness. His Indian name, by which they habitually addressed him, was Scoouwa. At length, he and his adopted brother Tontileaugo, started for a westward journey to Sandusky Lake—Smith on horseback along the strand of Lake Erie, and the Indian in a canoe near the shore. Here we resume our extracts :

A WYANDOT FARM.

We arrived safe at Sunyendeand, which was a Wyandot town, that lay upon a small creek which empties into the little lake below the mouth of the Sandusky. The town was about eighty rods above the mouth of the creek, on the south side of a large plain on which timber grew, and nothing more but grass and nettles. In some places there were large flats where nothing but grass grew, about three feet high when grown, and in other places nothing but nettles, very rank, where the soil is extremely rich and loose—here they planted corn. In this town there were also French traders, who purchased our skins and furs, and we all got new clothes, paint, tobacco, etc.

INDIAN MODE OF EATING.

As the Indians on their return from their winter hunt, bring in with them large quantities of bear oil, sugar, dried venison, etc., at times they have plenty and do not spare eating or giving—thus they make away with their provision as quick as possible. They have no such thing as regular meals, breakfast, dinner or supper, but if any one, even the town folks, would go to the same house several times in one day, he would be invited to eat of the best—and with them it is bad manners to refuse to eat when it is offered.

If they will not eat, it is interpreted as a symptom of displeasure, or that the persons refusing to eat were angry with those who invited them.

INDIAN AMUSEMENTS.

All the hunters and warriors continued in town about six weeks after we came in. They spent this time in painting, going from house to house, eating, smoking and playing at a game resembling dice, or 'hustle cap. They put a number of plum-stones in a small bowl, one side of each stone is black and the other white ; they then shake or hustle the bowl, calling "hits, hits, hits, honesy, honesy, rego, rego ;" which signifies calling for white or black, or what they wish to turn up, they then turn the bowl and count the whites and blacks. Some were beating the drum (described elsewhere as "a short hollow gum closed at one end, with water in it, and

parchment stretched over the end thereof, which they beat with one stick') and singing; others were employed in playing on a sort of flute, made of hollow cane, and others playing on the jews-harp. Some part of this time was also taken up in attending the council and as many others as chose attended and at night they were frequently employed in singing and dancing.

THE INDIANS PREPARE FOR WAR.

Towards the last of this time, which was in June, 1756, they were all engaged in preparing to go to war against the frontiers of Virginia. When they were equipped they went through their ceremonies, sung their war songs, etc. They all marched off, from fifteen to sixty years of age, and some boys only twelve years old, were equipped with their bows and arrows, and went to war, so that none were left in town but squaws and children, except myself, one very old man and another about fifty years of age, who was lame. The Indians were then in great hopes that they would drive all the Virginians over the lake, which is all the name they knew for the sea. They had some cause for this hope, because at this time the Americans were altogether unacquainted with war of any kind, and consequently very unfit to stand their ground with such subtle enemies as the Indians were.

SMITH'S TALK WITH TWO OLD INDIANS.

The two old Indians asked me if I did not think that the Indians and French would subdue all America except New England, which they said they had tried in old times. I told them I thought not: they said they had already driven them all out of the mountains and had chiefly laid waste the great valley betwixt the North and South mountain, from Potomac to James river, which is a considerable part of the best land in Virginia, Maryland and Pennsylvania, and that the white people appeared to them like fools, they could neither guard against surprise, run, nor fight. These, they said, were their reasons for saying that they would subdue the whites. They asked me to offer my reason for my opinion, and told me to speak my mind freely. I told them that the white people to the east were very numerous, like the trees, and though they appeared to them to be fools, as they were not acquainted with their way of war, yet they were not fools, therefore after some time they will learn your mode of war and turn upon you, or at least defend themselves. I found that the old men themselves did not believe they could conquer America, yet they were willing to propagate the idea in order to encourage the young men to go to war.

SMITH GOES A HUNTING.

When the warriors left this town we had neither meat, sugar or bear oil left. All that we had to live on was corn, pounded

into coarse meal or hominy—this they boiled in water, which appeared like well thickened soup, without salt or anything else. For some time we had plenty of this kind of hominy: at length we were brought to very short allowance, and as the warriors did not return as soon as they expected, we were in a starving condition with but one gun in the town and very little ammunition. The old lame Wyandot concluded that he would go a hunting in the canoe and take me with him, and try to kill deer in the water, as it was then watering time. We went up Sandusky a few miles, then turned up a creek and encamped. We had lights prepared, as we were to hunt in the night, and also a piece of bark and some bushes set up in the canoe, in order to conceal ourselves from the deer. A little boy that was with us held the light, I worked the canoe, and the old man who had his gun loaded with large shot, when we came near the deer, fired, and in this manner killed three deer in part of one night. We went to our fire, ate heartily, and in the morning returned to town, in order to relieve the hungry and distressed.

When we came to town the children were crying bitterly on account of the pinching hunger. We delivered what we had taken, and though it was but little among so many, yet it was divided according to the strictest rules of justice. We immediately set out for another hunt, but before we returned a party of warriors had come in and brought with them on horseback a quantity of meat.

PRISONERS RUNNING THE GAUNTLET.

These warriors had divided into different parties and all struck at different places in Augusta county, Virginia. They brought in with them a considerable number of scalps, prisoners, horses and other plunder: one of the prisoners was one Arthur Campbell, who was eventually taken to Detroit; his company was very agreeable and I was sorry when he left me. When the prisoners were made to run the gauntlet, I went and told them how to act. One John Savage was brought in and a middle-aged man about 40 years of age. He was to run the gauntlet and I told him what to do. After this I fell into the ranks with the Indians, shouting and yelling like them, and as they were not very severe with him, as he passed me I hit him with a piece of pumpkin, which pleased the Indians much but hurt my feelings.

KINDNESS OF THE INDIANS.

About the time the Indians came in, the green corn was ready, so that we had either green corn or venison and sometimes both, which was comparatively high living. When we could have plenty of green corn or roasting ears, the hunters became lazy and spent their time in singing, dancing, etc. They appeared to be fulfilling the Scriptures beyond those who profess to believe them, in that of taking no thought of to-morrow; and

also in love, peace and friendship together. In this respect they shame those who profess Christianity.

Sometime in October, another adopted brother, older than Tontileaugo, came to pay us a visit at Sunyendeand, and asked me to take a hunt with him on Cayahaga. As they always used me as a freeman and gave me the liberty of choosing, I told him that I was attached to Tontileaugo—had never seen him before, and therefore asked some time to consider this. I consulted with Tontileaugo on this occasion, and he told me that our old brother Tecaughretanago (which was his name), was a chief, and a better man than he was, and if I went with him I might expect to be well used, but he said I might do as I pleased, and if I stayed he would use me as he had done. I told him he had acted in every respect as a brother to me, yet I was much pleased with my old brother's conduct and conversation, and as he was going to a part of the country I had never been in, I wished to go with him. He said that he was perfectly willing.

A TALK UPON THE WHITE MAN'S RELIGION.

I then went with Tecaughretanago to the mouth of the little lake, where he met with the company he intended going with, which was composed of Caughnewagas and Ottawas. Here I was introduced to a Caughnewaga sister and others I had never seen before. My sister's name was Mary, which they pronounced Maully. I asked Tecaughretanago how it came that she had an English name. He said he did not know it was an English name; but it was the name the priest gave her when she was baptized, and which he said was the name of the mother of Jesus. He said there was a great many of the Caughnewagas and Wyandots that were a kind of half Roman Catholics; but as for himself, he said, that the priest and he could not agree, as they held notions that contradicted both sense and reason, and had the assurance to tell him that the book of God taught him these foolish absurdities; but he could not believe that the great and good Spirit ever taught them any such nonsense, and therefore he concluded that the Indian's old religion was better than this new way of worshipping God.

THE TENTS OF THE OTTAWAS.

The Ottawas have a very useful kind of tents which they carry with them, made of flags, plaited and stitched together in a very artful manner, so as to turn the rain and wind well—each mat is made fifteen feet long and five feet broad. In order to erect this kind of tent they cut a number of long straight poles, which they drive in the ground, in the form of a circle, leaning inwards; they then spread the mats on these poles, beginning at the bottom and extending up, leaving a hole in the top uncovered—and this hole answers the place of a chimney. They make a fire of dry

split wood in the middle, and spread down bark mats and skins for bedding, on which they sleep in a crooked posture all round the fire, as the length of their beds will not admit of their stretching themselves. In place of a door they lift up one end of a mat and creep in and let the mat fall down behind them.

These tents are warm and dry, and tolerably clear of smoke. Their lumber they keep under birch bark canoes, which they carry out and turn up for shelter, where they keep everything from the rain. Nothing is in the tents but themselves and their bedding.

After remaining here several days the party embarked in their canoes, paddling and sailing along the shore until they came to the mouth of the Cayahaga, which empties into Lake Erie on the south side betwixt Cane-sadooharie and Presque Isle.

THE CAYAHAGA RIVER.

We turned up Cayahaga and encamped, where we stayed and hunted for several days, and so we kept moving and hunting until we came to the forks of Cayahaga. This is a very gentle river, and but few ripples or swift running places from the mouth to the forks. Deer here were tolerably plenty, large and fat; but bear and other game scarce. The upland is hilly, and principally second and third rate land; the timber chiefly black oak, white oak, hickory, dog-wood, etc. The bottoms are rich and large, and the timber is walnut, locust, mulberry, sugar-tree, red haw, black haw, wild apple trees, etc. The west branch of this river interlocks with the east branch of the Muskingum, and the east branch with the Big Beaver creek that empties into the Ohio about thirty miles below Pittsburgh.

From the forks of Cayahaga to the east branch of the Muskingum there is a carrying place where the Indians carry their canoes, etc., from the waters of Lake Erie into the waters of the Ohio.

From the forks I went over with some hunters to the east branch of the Muskingum, where they killed several deer, a number of beavers, and returned heavy laden with skins and meat, which we carried on our backs as we had no horses.

The land here is chiefly second and third rate, and the timber chiefly oak and hickory. A little above the forks, on the east branch of Cayahaga, are considerable rapids, very rocky for some distance, but no perpendicular falls.

From the east branch of the Muskingum the party went forty miles north-east to Beaver Creek, near a little lake or pond which is about two miles long and one broad, and a remarkable place for beaver. After various adventures in pursuit of beaver and other game, they went in February, 1757, to the Big Beaver, and in March returned to the forks of Cuyahoga. Here occurred a lesson on profane swearing, which is not unworthy of repetition.

AN INDIAN'S IDEA OF PROFANITY.

I remember that Tecaughretanago, when something displeased him, said "God damn it." I asked him if he knew what he then said? He said he did, and mentioned one of their degrading expressions, which he supposed to be the meaning, or something like the meaning of what he said. I told him that it did not bear the least resemblance to it; that what he had said was calling upon the Great Spirit to punish the object he was displeased with. He stood for some time amazed, and then said, if this be the meaning of these words, what sort of people are the whites? When the traders were among us these words seemed to be intermixed with all their discourse. He told me to reconsider what I had said, for he thought I must be mistaken in my definition; if I was not mistaken, he said, the traders applied these words not only wickedly but oftentimes very foolishly, and contrary to sense or reason. He said he remembered once of a trader accidentally breaking his gun lock, and on that occasion calling out aloud, "God damn it." Surely, said he, the gun lock was not an object worthy of punishment for Owananeeeyo or the Great Spirit; he also observed the traders often used this expression when they were in a good humor and not displeased with anything.

I acknowledged that the traders used this expression very often, in a most irrational, inconsistent and impious manner; yet I still asserted that I had given the true meaning of these words. He replied, if so, the traders are as bad as Oonasharoona, or the underground inhabitants, which is the name they give to devils, as they entertain a notion that their place of residence is under the earth.

Making a large chestnut canoe, the party embarked, had an agreeable passage down the Cuyahoga and along the south side of Lake Erie until they passed the mouth of Sandusky, then the wind arose, and they put in at the mouth of the Miami of the Lake, at Cedar Point, and sailed thence in a few days for Detroit. After remaining in the Wyandot and Ottawa villages opposite Fort Detroit until November, a number of families prepared for their winter hunt, and agreed to cross the lake together. Here occurs a description of the Island Region of Lake Erie.

THE ISLANDS OF LAKE ERIE.

We encamped at the mouth of the river the first night, and a council was held whether we should cross by the three islands, meaning of course, East Sister, Middle Sister and West Sister, or coast around the lake. These islands lie in a line across the lake, and are just in sight of each other. Some of the Wyandots or Ottawas frequently make their winter hunt on these islands, though, excepting wild fowl and fish, there is scarcely any game here but raccoons, which are amazingly plenty and exceedingly large and fat, as they feed upon the wild rice, which grows in

abundance in wet places round these islands. It is said that each hunter in one winter will catch one thousand raccoons.

INDIAN IDEAS UPON RATTLESNAKES AND RACCOONS.

It is a received opinion among the Indians that the snakes and raccoons are trans migratory, and that a great many of the snakes turn raccoons every fall, and the raccoons snakes every spring. This notion is founded on observations made on the snakes and raccoons on this island.

As the raccoons here lodge in rocks, the trappers make their wooden traps at the mouth of the holes; and as they go daily to look at their traps, in the winter season the commonly find them filled with raccoons, but in the spring, or when the frost is out of the ground, they say they can find their traps filled with large rattlesnakes, and therefore conclude that the raccoons are transformed. They also say that the reason why they are so plenty in winter is, every fall the snakes turn raccoons again.

I told them that though I had never landed on any of these islands, yet, from the numerous accounts I had received, I believed that both snakes and raccoons were plenty there, but no doubt they all remained there both summer and winter, only the snakes were not to be seen in the latter; yet I did not believe that they were trans migratory. These islands are but seldom visited, because early in the spring and late in the fall it is dangerous sailing in their bark canoes; and in the summer they are so infested with the various kind of serpents (but chiefly rattlesnakes) that it is dangerous landing.

A DRIVING HUNT.

I shall now quit this digression and return to the result of the council at the mouth of the river. We conclude to coast it around the lake, and in two days we came to the mouth of the Miami of the Lake, and landed on Cedar Point, where we remained several days. Here we held a council, and concluded we would take a driving hunt in concert and in partnership.

The river in this place is about a mile broad, and as it and the lake form a kind of neck, which terminates in a point, all the hunters (which were fifty three) went up the river, and we scattered ourselves from the river to the lake. When first we began to move we were not in sight of each other, but as we all raised the yell we could move regularly together by the noise. At length we came in sight of each other and appeared to be marching in good order. Before we came to the point both the squaws and boys in the canoes were scattered up the river and along the lake to prevent the deer from making their escape by water. As we advanced near the point the guns began to crack slowly, and after some time the firing was like a little engagement. The squaws

and boys were busy tomahawking the deer in the water and we shooting them down on land. We killed in all about thirty deer, though a great many made their escape by water.

We had now great feasting and rejoicing, as we had plenty of hominy, venison and wild fowl. The geese at this time appeared to be preparing to move southward. It might be asked what is meant by the geese preparing to move. The Indians represent them as holding a great council at this time concerning the weather, in order to conclude upon a day that they may all at or near one time leave the northern lakes, and wing their way to the southern bays. When matters are brought to a conclusion and the time appointed that they are to take wing, then they say a great number of express are sent off, in order to let the different tribes know the result of this council, that they may all be in readiness to move at the time appointed. As there was a great commotion among the geese at this time, it would appear from their actions, that such a council had been held. Certain it is, that they are led by instinct to act in concert, and to move off regularly after their leaders.

Here our company separated. The chief part of them went up the Miami river, that empties into Lake Erie at Cedar Point, whilst we proceeded on our journey in company with Tecaughretanago, Tontileaugo, and two families of the Wyandots.

As cold weather was now approaching, we began to feel the doleful effects of extravagantly and foolishly spending the large quantity of beaver we had taken in our last winter's hunt. We were all nearly in the same circumstances; scarcely one had a shirt to his back, but each of us had an old blanket which we belted around us in the day and slept in at night, with a deer or bear skin under us for our bed.

THE FALLS OF SANDUSKY.

When we came to the Falls of Sandusky we buried our birch bark canoes, as usual, at a large burying place for that purpose, a little below the falls. At this place the river falls about eight feet over a rock, but not perpendicularly. With much difficulty we pushed up our wooden canoes; some of us went up the river, and the rest by land with the horses, until we came to the great meadows or prairies that lie between Sandusky and Scioto.

A RING HUNT.

When we came to this place we met with some Ottawa hunters and agreed with them to take what they call a ring hunt, in partnership. We waited until we expected rain was very near falling to extinguish the fire, and then we kindled a large circle in the prairie. At this time, or before the bucks began to run, a great number of deer lay concealed in the grass in the day and moved about in the

night, but as the fire burned in towards the centre of the circle, the deer fled before the fire; the Indians were scattered also at some distance before the fire and shot them down every opportunity, which was very frequent, especially as the circle became small. When we came to divide the deer there were about ten to each hunter, which were all killed in a few hours. The rain did not come on that night to put out the outside circle of the fire, and as the wind arose it extended through the whole prairie, which was about fifty miles in length, and in some places nearly twenty in breadth. This put an end to our ring-hunting this season, and was in other respects an injury to us in the hunting business, so that upon the whole we received more harm than benefit by our rapid hunting frolic. We then moved from the north end of the glades and encamped at the carrying place.

This place is in the plains, betwixt a creek that empties into Sandusky and one that runs into Scioto; and at the time of high water, or the spring season, there is but about one half mile of portage, and that very level and clear of rocks, timber or stones, so that with a little digging there may be water-carriage the whole way from Scioto to Lake Erie.

From the mouth of Sandusky to the falls is chiefly first rate land, lying flat or level, intermixed with large bodies of clear meadows where the grass is exceedingly rank, and in many places three or four feet high. The timber is oak, hickory, walnut, cherry, black ash, elm, sugar-tree, buckeye, locust and beech. In some places there is wet timber land—the timber in these places is chiefly water-ash, sycamore or buttonwood.

From the falls to the prairies the land lies well to the sun, it is neither too flat nor too hilly, and is chiefly first rate; the timber nearly the same as below the falls, excepting the water-ash. There are also some plots of beech land that appear to be second rate, as they frequently produce spice-wood. The prairie appears to be a tolerably fertile soil, though in many places too wet for cultivation; yet I apprehend it would produce timber, were it only kept from fire.

INDIAN IDEAS ABOUT SQUIRRELS.

The Indians are of the opinion that the squirrels plant all the timber, as they bury a number of nuts for food, and only one nut at one place. When a squirrel is killed, the various kinds of nuts thus buried will grow.

I have observed that when the prairies have only escaped fire for one year, near where a single tree stood, there was a young growth of timber supposed to be planted by squirrels. But when the prairies were again burned all this young growth was immediately consumed, as the fire rages in the grass to such a pitch that numbers of raccoons are thereby burned to death.

On the west side of the prairie, or betwixt that and the Scioto, there is a large body of

first rate land—the timber, walnut, ash, elm, locust, sugar-tree, buckeye, cherry, mulberry, plum trees, spice-wood, black haw, red haw, oak and hickory.

After passing the winter on the Oleantangy, a tributary of the Scioto, the old Indian and his young companion returned and proceeded down Sandusky, killing in the passage four bears and a number of turkeys. We quote again:

When we came to the little lake at the mouth of Sandusky we called at a Wyandot town that was then there, called Sunyendeand (he speaks as if it was a first visit, whereas we have devoted a large space to his former sojourn there.) Here we diverted ourselves several days by catching rock-fish in a small creek, the name of which is also Sunyendeand, which signifies rock-fish. They fished in the night with lights and struck the fish with gigs or spears. The rock-fish there, when they begin first to run up the creek to spawn, are exceedingly fat, sufficiently so to fry themselves. The first night we scarcely caught fish enough for present use for all that was in the town.

A WHITE CAPTIVE SHOWS THE INDIANS A NEW WAY TO CATCH FISH.

The next morning I met with a prisoner at this place by the name of Thompson, who had been taken from Virginia. He told me if they would only omit disturbing the fish for one night he would catch more fish than the whole town could make use of. I told Mr. Thompson that if he knew he could do this I would use my influence with the Indians to let the fish alone for one night. I applied to the chiefs, who agreed to my proposal, and said they were anxious to see what the Great Knife (as they called the Virginian) could do. Mr. Thompson, with the assistance of some other prisoners, set to work, and made a hoop net of elm bark, then they cut down a tree across the creek, and stuck in stakes at the lower side of it to prevent the fish from passing up, leaving only a gap at one side of the creek, here he sat with his net, and when he felt the fish touch the net he drew it up, and frequently would haul out two or three rock-fish that would weigh about five or six pounds each. He continued at this until he had hauled out about a wagon load, and then left the gap open in order to let them pass up, for they could not go far on account of shallow water. Before day Mr. Thompson shut it up, to prevent them from passing down in order to let the Indians have some diversion in killing them in daylight.

When the news of the fish came to town, the Indians all collected and with surprise beheld the large heap of fish, and applauded the ingenuity of the Virginian. When they saw the number of them that were confined in the water above the tree, the young Indians ran back to the town and in a short time returned with their spears, gigs, bows and arrows, etc., and were the chief part of that

day engaged in killing rock-fish, insomuch, that we had more than we could use or preserve. As we had no salt or any way to keep them they lay upon the banks, and after some time great numbers of turkey-buzzards and eagles collected together and devoured them.

But enough of our Ohio Crusoe. His remaining adventures, before his restoration to his friends in 1760, consisted of a trip to Detroit, another hunt up Sandusky and down Scioto, and a journey to Caughnewaga, "a very ancient Indian town about nine miles from Montreal," besides an imprisonment of about four months in Montreal itself. This

picture of northern Ohio, a century since, has the merit of novelty at least. That it is authentic, there can be no doubt, for in several historians of authority occur frequent and respectful reference to the narrative from whose pages we have drawn so copiously.

The geography of the last foregoing paragraphs is less difficult of explanation than in the first portion of the chapter.

The falls of Sandusky are doubtless the same as the rapids mentioned in the treaty of Greenville, near the site of Fremont, and the Sandusky plains which were burnt over by the ring hunt, are in Marion, Wyandot and Crawford counties.

FOSTORIA is 12 miles northwest of Tiffin, the largest part of it lies in Seneca, a considerable portion in Hancock and a small part in Wood county. It is a considerable railroad and manufacturing center. Its railroads are the B. & O., N. Y. C. & St. L., C. H. V. & T., T. & O. C. and L. E. & W. Natural gas is abundant and is used for manufacturing and domestic purposes.

City Officers: J. M. Bever, Mayor; J. M. Shatzel, Clerk; Charles Olmsted, Treasurer; J. B. Fox, Marshal; J. A. Stackhouse, Solicitor; L. D. Mussetter, Street Commissioner. Newspapers: *Dispatch*, Independent, A. J. De Wolf, editor; *Democrat*, Democratic, Charles L. Zahm, editor and publisher; *Review*, Republican, J. P. De Wolfe, editor and publisher; *Half Hours in Science and Art*, Science, George M. Gray, editor. Churches: 1 Methodist Protestant, 1 Methodist Episcopal, 1 Presbyterian, 1 United Baptist, 1 Lutheran, 1 Catholic, 1 German Reformed. Banks: First National, Andrew Emerine, president; Alonzo Emerine, cashier; Foster & Co.

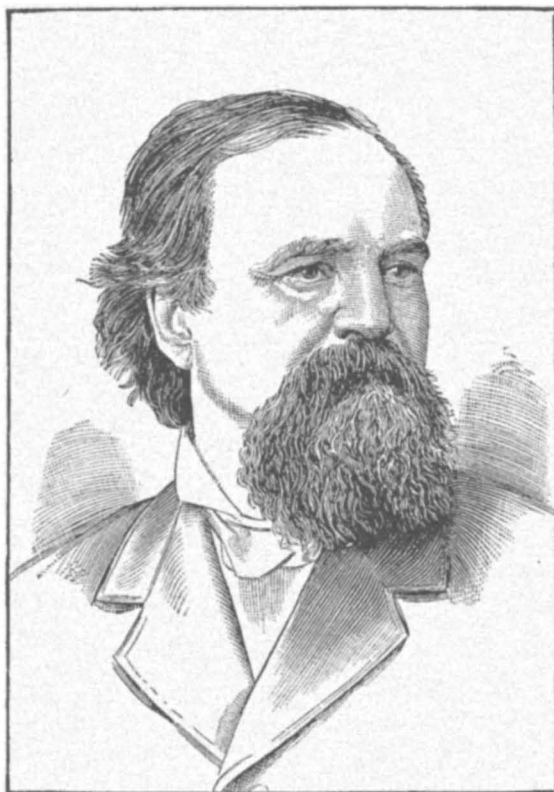
Manufactures and Employees.—Fostoria Stave and Barrel Co., 50; The Isaac Harter Co., flour, etc., 51; Fostoria Glass Co., 150; Koss, Mohler & Co., planing mill, 16; Walter S. Payne & Co., brass and iron foundry, etc., 55; Cunningham & Co., spokes and bent work, 32; Eureka Planing Mill and Lumber Co., 9; Nickel Plate Glass Co., 215; J. P. Warner, flour and feed, 4; G. W. & J. H. Campbell, planing mill, 17; American Food Evaporating and Preserving Co., 70; The Mambourg Glass Co., 60; The Butler Art Glass Co., 141; The Bevington Signal Co., 18.—*State Report, 1888.* Population, 1880, 3,569; School census, 1888, 1,439; William T. Jackson, superintendent of schools. Capital invested in manufacturing establishments, \$310,000. Value of annual product, \$271,000.—*Ohio Labor Statistics, 1888.* Census, 1890, 7,070.

We annex the main points in the history of Fostoria, as given to us in a communication from its most widely known citizen, Hon. Charles Foster.

The lands in the neighborhood of this city were thrown open to market in 1831. My grandfather, John Crocker, who came to Seneca county and settled near Tiffin in 1824, entered the land upon which most of the city now stands. The town of Rome was laid out in the spring of 1832 by Roswell Crocker, son of John Crocker. About the same time, a mile north, the town of Risdon was laid out. These towns were located at the county line between Seneca and Hancock counties, part in each county, the town of Risdon being laid out to the corner of Wood county. The City of Fostoria now covers much more than all the territory of the two original villages and includes a portion of Wood county also.

My father built his double log cabin in the summer of 1832 and moved into it in November of that year, living with his family in one end and having his little store in the other.

The country filled up with actual settlers quite rapidly; but few had anything more than a yoke of oxen and few household effects. Being a heavily wooded country the progress of the settlement was subject to all the discomforts, privations and sacrifices incident to such settlements elsewhere.



GOVERNOR FOSTER.



FOSTORIA.

Among the staples sold at the store for the first ten or fifteen years was quinine. I think I have seen nine out of ten of all the people in the neighborhood sick with fever and ague at one time. The store started in 1832 grew to be perhaps the largest country store in Ohio, and in my father's hands and my own continued in existence until 1888, fifty-six years.

Being in the midst of the Black Swamp the roads of the country were horrible. The first attempt at improvement of roads occurred in 1850, when a plank road was built from Fremont to Fostoria; Fremont, at that time, being at the head of navigation on the Sandusky river.

The first railroad was built in 1859, it is now known as the Lake Erie and Western. Since then four other railroads have been built through the city and it has now reached a population of about 8,000, having large manufacturing industries with natural gas for fuel.

In the early settlement there was great rivalry between the two hamlets of Rome and Risdon, a rivalry amounting to a hatred of each other. Many incidents might be related of the furious and bloody combats that took place when the boys of the two villages met.

GREEN SPRING is part in Seneca and part in Sandusky county. It is 12 miles northeast of Tiffin on the I. B. & W. R. R. The Green Spring Sanitarium and Water Cure is located here. City Officers, 1888: B. M. Reed, Mayor; Dell McConnel, Clerk; J. C. Kanney, Treasurer; J. C. Tarris, Marshal. Newspapers: *Times*, Independent, M. F. Van Buskirk, editor and publisher; *Mutual Underwriter*, Insurance, Underwriter Co., editors and publishers. Churches: 1 Methodist Episcopal, 1 Presbyterian, 1 United Baptist. Bank: L. W. Roys & Co. Population, 1880, 720. School census, 1888, 259. George M. Hoke, superintendent of schools.

The Green Spring Academy was founded here in 1881 by the Synod of Toledo. It prepares students for college and for teaching. R. B. Hayes is president of its board of trustees.

ATTICA is 16 miles southeast of Tiffin and one and a-half miles from Attica Station on the B. & O. R. R. Newspapers: *Current Wave*, Independent, V. Jay Hills, editor and publishers; *Journal*, Independent, E. A. Kelly, editor; *Medical Compend*, Medical, H. G. Blaine, M. D., editor and publisher. Bank: Lester Sutton. Population, 1880, 663. School census, 1888, 220. R. B. Drake, superintendent of schools.

NEW RIEGEL is 9 miles southwest of Tiffin on the T. & O. C. R. R. The Catholic Orphans' Home is located here. Population, 1880, 367. School census, 1888, 109.

REPUBLIC is 9 miles west of Tiffin on the B. & O. R. R. Population, 1880, 715. School census, 1888, 170. Ezra C. Palmer, superintendent of schools. It is a neat appearing village and was largely settled from Western New York.

FORT SENECA is 9 miles north of Tiffin on the Sandusky river and N. Y. C. & St. L. R. R. School census, 1888, 57.

BLOOMVILLE is 12 miles southeast of Tiffin on the N. W. O. R. R. Newspaper: *Seneca County Record*, Independent, I. N. Richardson, editor and publisher. Population, 1880, 689. School census, 1888, 243. W. E. Bowman, superintendent of schools.

BETTSVILLE is 10 miles northwest of Tiffin on the N. W. O. R. R. Newspaper: *Enterprise*, Independent, B. B. Krammes, editor and publisher. Population, 800 (estimated.)

ADRIAN is 11 miles southwest of Tiffin on the I. B. & W. R. R. Population, 1880, 211. School census, 1888, 66.

SHELBY.

SHELBY COUNTY was formed from Miami in 1819, and named from Gen. Isaac Shelby, an officer of the Revolution, who, in 1792, when Kentucky was admitted into the Union, was almost unanimously elected its first governor. The southern half is undulating, rising in places along the Miami into hills. The northern portion is flat table land, forming part of Loramie's summit, 378 feet above Lake Erie—being the highest elevation in this part of the State. The soil is based on clay, with some fine bottom land along the streams. The southern part is best for grain and the northern for grass. Area about 420 square miles. In 1887 the acres cultivated were 176,014; in pasture, 35,334; woodland, 37,949; lying waste, 4,192; produced in wheat, 550,866 bushels; rye, 1,548; buckwheat, 1,134; oats, 512,138; barley, 27,355; corn, 1,356,795; broom corn, 17,000 lbs. brush; meadow hay, 9,056 tons; clover hay, 6,063; flax, 354,700 lbs. fibre; potatoes, 36,845 bushels; tobacco, 11,730 lbs.; butter, 419,199; sorghum, 11,364 gallons; maple syrup, 2,816; honey, 8,594 lbs.; eggs, 523,658 dozen; grapes, 18,590 lbs.; sweet potatoes, 95 bushels; apples, 2,286; peaches, 21; pears, 283; wool, 28,125 lbs.; milch cows, 6,506. School census, 1888, 8,025; teachers, 189. Miles of railroad track, 51.

TOWNSHIPS AND CENSUS.	1840.	1880.	TOWNSHIPS AND CENSUS.	1840.	1880.
Clinton,	1,496	4,618	McLean,	513	1,545
Cynthian,	1,022	1,835	Orange,	783	984
Dinsmore,	500	2,257	Perry,	861	1,242
Franklin,	647	999	Salem,	1,158	1,576
Greene,	762	1,447	Turtle Creek,	746	1,359
Jackson,	478	1,852	Van Buren,	596	1,647
Loramie,	904	1,730	Washington,	1,688	1,046

Population of Shelby in 1820 was 2,142; 1830, 3,671; 1840, 12,153; 1860, 17,493; 1880, 24,137: of whom 19,988 were born in Ohio; 573, Pennsylvania; 331, Virginia; 234, Indiana; 134, New York; 123, Kentucky; 1,272, German Empire; 353, Ireland; 262, France; 53, England and Wales; 30, British America, and 14 Scotland. Census, 1890, 24,707.

The first white man whose name is lastingly identified with the geography of this county was PETER LORAMIE, or Laramie, inasmuch as his name is permanently affixed to an important stream. He was a Canadian French trader who in 1769, seventeen years after the destruction of Pickawillany, at the mouth of the Loramie, established a trading post upon it. The site of Loramie's store, or station, as it was called, was up that stream about fifteen miles, within a mile of the village of Berlin and near the west end of the Loramie reservoir. Col. John Johnston wrote to me thus of him:

At the time of the first settlement of Kentucky a Canadian Frenchman, named Loramie, established there a store or trading station among the Indians. This man was a bitter enemy of the Americans, and it was for a long time the headquarters of mischief towards the settlers.

The French had the faculty of endearing themselves to the Indians, and no doubt Loramie was, in this respect, fully equal to any of his countrymen, and gained great influence over them. They formed with the natives attachments of the most tender and abiding kind. "I have," says Col. Johnston, "seen the Indians burst into tears when speaking of the time when their French father had dominion over them, and their attachment to this day remains unabated."

So much influence had Loramie with the Indians, that when Gen. Clarke, from Kentucky, invaded the Miami valley in the autumn of 1782, his attention was

attracted to the spot. He came on and burned the Indian settlement here [at Upper Piqua], and plundered and burned the store of the Frenchman [about sixteen miles further north].

The store contained a large quantity of goods and peltry, which were sold by auction afterwards among the men by the general's orders. Among the soldiers was an Irishman named Burke, considered a half-witted fellow, and the general butt of the whole army. While searching the store he found, done up in a rag, twenty-five half-joes, worth about \$200, which he secreted in a hole he cut in

an old saddle. At the auction no one bid for the saddle, it being judged worthless, except Burke, to whom it was struck off for a trifling sum, amid roars of laughter for his folly. But a moment elapsed before Burke commenced a search, and found and drew forth the money, as if by accident; then shaking it in the eyes of the men, exclaimed, "An' it's not so bad a bargain after all!"

Soon after this Loramie, with a colony of the Shawanese, emigrated to the Spanish territories, west of the Mississippi, and settled in a spot assigned them at the junction of the Kansas and Missouri, where the remaining part of the nation from Ohio have at different times joined them.

In 1794 a fort was built at the place occupied by Loramie's store by Wayne, and named *Fort Loramie*. The last officer who had command here was Col. Butler, a nephew of Gen. Richard Butler, who fell at St. Clair's defeat. Says Col. John Johnston

His wife and children were with him during his command. A very interesting son of his, about 8 years old, died at the post. The agonized father and mother were inconsolable. The grave was inclosed with a very handsome and painted railing, at the foot of which honeysuckles were planted, grew luxuriantly, entwined the paling, and finally enveloped the whole grave. Nothing could appear more beautiful than this arbor when in full bloom.

The peace withdrew Capt. Butler and his troops to other scenes on the Mississippi. I never passed the fort without a melancholy thought about the lovely boy who rested there, and his parents far away never to behold that cherished spot again. Long after the posts had decayed in the ground, the vines sustained the palings, and the whole remained perfect until the war of 1812, when all was destroyed, and now a barn stands over the spot.

The site of Loramie's store was a prominent point in the Greenville Treaty boundary line. The farm of the heirs of the late James Furrows now [1846] covers the spot. Col. John Hardin was murdered in this county in 1792, while on a mission of peace to the Indians. The town of Hardin has since been laid out on the spot.

Sidney in 1846.—Sidney, the county-seat, is sixty-eight miles north of west from Columbia, eighty-eight from Cincinnati, and named from Sir Philip Sidney, "the great light of chivalry." It was laid out as the county-seat in the fall of 1819, on the farm of Charles Starrett, under the direction of the court.

The site is beautiful, being on an elevated table-ground on the west bank of the Miami. The only part of the plot then cleared was a cornfield, the first crop having been raised there in 1809 by William Stewart. The court removed to Sidney in April, 1820, and held its meetings in the log cabin of Abraham Cannon, on the south side of the field, on the site of Matthew Gillespie's store. During the same year the first court-house, a frame building, now Judge Walker's store, was built, and also the log jail. The first frame house was built in 1820, by John Blake, now forming the front of the National Hotel. The first post-office in the county was established at Hardin in 1819, Col. James Wells post-master; but was removed the next year to Sidney, where the colonel has continued since to hold the office, except during Tyler's administration. The first brick house was erected on the site of J. F. Frazer's drug store by Dr. William Fielding. The Methodists erected the first church on the ground now occupied by them. Mr. T. Truder had a little store when the town was laid out, on the east side of the river, near the lower crossing. The *Herald*, the first paper in the county, was

established in 1836, and published by Thomas Smith. A block house at one time stood near the spring.

In the centre of Sidney is a beautiful public square on which stands the courthouse. A short distance in a westerly direction passes the Sidney feeder, a navigable branch of the Miami canal. The town and suburbs contain 1 Methodist, 1 Presbyterian, 1 Associate Reformed, 1 Christian and 1 Catholic church; 1 drug, 2 iron, 5 hardware and 10 dry goods stores; 2 printing offices, 1 oil, 2 carding and fulling, 3 flouring and 4 saw mills, and in 1840 Sidney had 713 inhabitants, since which it has increased.—*Old Edition.*

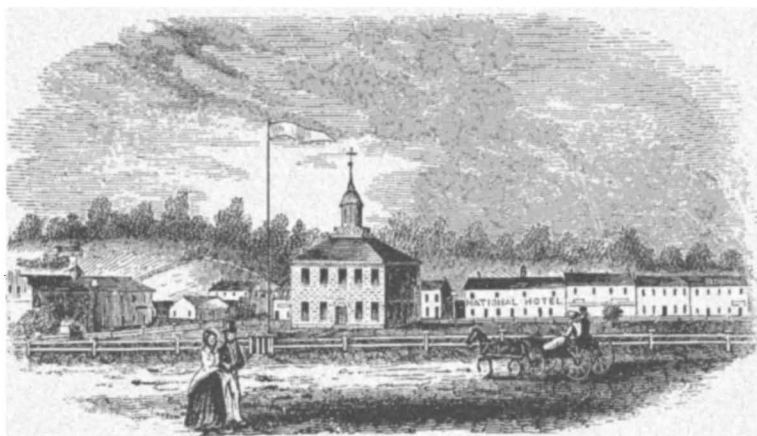
In Van Buren township is a settlement of COLORED people, numbering about 400. They constitute half the population of the township, and are as prosperous as their white neighbors. Neither are they behind them in religion, morals and intelligence, having churches and schools of their own. Their location, however, is not a good one, the land being too flat and wet. An attempt was made in July, 1846, to colonize with them 385 of the emancipated slaves of the celebrated John Randolph, of Virginia, after they were driven from Mercer county; but a considerable party of whites would not willingly permit it, and they were scattered by families among the people of Shelby and Miami, who were willing to take them.—*Old Edition.*

The first white family who settled in this county was that of James Thatcher, in 1804, who settled in the west part on Painter's run; Samuel Marshall, John Wilson and John Kennard—the last now living—came soon after. The first court was held in a cabin at Hardin, May 13 and 14, 1819. Hon. Joseph H. Crane, of Dayton, was the president judge; Samuel Marshall, Robert Houston and William Cecil, associates; Harvey B. Foot, clerk; Daniel V. Dingman, sheriff, and Harvey Brown, of Dayton, prosecutor. The first mill was a saw mill, erected in 1808 by Daniel McMullen and Bilderbach, on the site of Walker's mill.—*Old Edition.*

SIDNEY, county-seat of Shelby, is on the Miami river, about sixty-five miles northwest of Columbus, forty miles north of Dayton, at the crossing of the C. C. & I. and D & M. Railroads. County officers, 1888: Auditor, J. K. Cummins; Clerk, John C. Hussey; Commissioners, Jacob Paul, Thomas Hickey, Jeremiah Miller; Coroner, Park Beeman; Infirmary Directors, James Caldwell, C. Ed. Bush, Samuel M. Wagoner; Probate Judge, Adolphus J. Rebstock; Prosecuting Attorney, James E. Way; Recorder, Lewis Pfadt; Sheriff, G. E. Allinger; Surveyor, Charles Counts; Treasurer, William M. Kingseed. City officers, 1888: Mayor, M. C. Hale; Clerk, John W. Knox; Treasurer, Samuel McCullough; Solicitor, James E. Way; Surveyor, W. A. Ginn; Marshal, W. H. Fristo. Newspapers: *Journal*, Republican, Trego & Binkley, editors and publishers; *Shelby County Democrat*, James O. Amos (adjutant-general of Ohio 1874-6), editor and publisher. Churches: 1 Baptist, 1 Colored Baptist, 1 Presbyterian, 1 German Lutheran, 1 Methodist Episcopal, 1 Colored Methodist Episcopal, 1 Catholic, 1 United Presbyterian, 1 Christian, 1 German Methodist. Banks: Citizens', J. A. Lamb, president, W. A. Graham, cashier; German-American, Hugh Thompson, president, John H. Wagner, cashier.

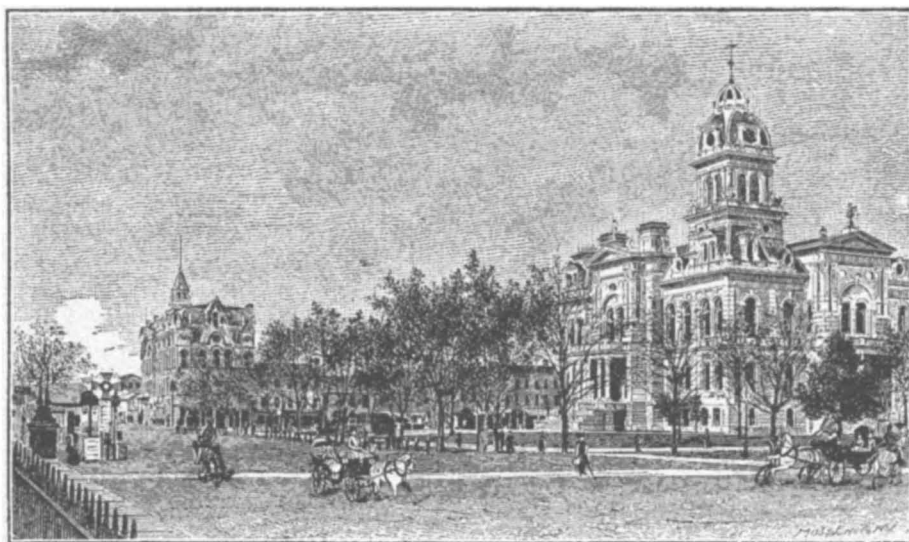
Manufactures and Employees.—J. Dann, wheels, spokes, etc., 3 hands; John Loughlin, school furniture, 147; Slusser & McLean Scraper Co., road scrapers, 18; Sidney Manufacturing Co., stoves, etc., 36; Philip Smith, corn shellers, etc., 31; Wyman Spoke Co., spokes and bent wood, 20; J. M. Blue & Nutt, lumber, 6; R. Given & Son, leather, 10; B. W. Maxwell & Son, flour, etc., 4; Anderson, Frazier & Co., carriage wheels, 80; James O. Amos, weekly paper, 10; Valley City Milling Co., corn meal, 6; J. S. Crozier & Son, carriages, 7; J. M. Scitler & W. H. C. Monroe, builders' wood work, 32; Goode & Kilborn, road scrapers, 23; Sidney Steel Scraper Co., road scrapers, 22; J. F. Black, builders' wood work, 10; McKinnie & Richardson, brooms, 10.—*State Report, 1887.*

Population, 1880, 3,823. School census, 1888, 1,497; P. W. Search, school



Drawn by Henry Howe in 1846.

PUBLIC SQUARE, SIDNEY.



E. P. Robinson, Photo., 1887.

PUBLIC SQUARE, SIDNEY.

superintendent. Capital invested in industrial establishments, \$616,150. Value of annual product, \$1,216,100.—*Ohio Labor Statistics, 1887.*

Census, 1890, 4,850.

The engraving given shows on the right the court-house, and in the distance the MONUMENTAL BUILDING, a very beautiful memorial to the fallen soldiers of the civil war. The corner-stone was laid June 24, 1875. On the second floor is the Library Hall, containing the public library, and where are preserved military relics, and on marble tablets inscribed the names of the departed heroes. On the third floor is the opera hall and town hall. The entire building is dedicated to public uses, and is a credit to the public spirit of the citizens, who, in the very starting of their pleasant little city, began to mark time in the name of a hero.

The early Indian history of this region makes it an especially interesting point. About a mile south of the Shelby county line as early as 1749 was a trading house, called by the English PICKAWILLANY, which was attacked and destroyed by the French and Indians in June of 1752. This trading post has been regarded as the first point of English occupation in what is now Ohio, inasmuch as it was a great place of gathering of English traders. Its exact location was "on the northwest side of the Great Miami, just below the mouth of what is now Loramie creek, in Johnston prairie," or as at present named, in Washington township, Miami county, and about nine miles southwest of Sidney.

"There was," writes Butterfield, "a tribe of Miamis known to the French as 'Picqualinees,' which word was changed by the English to Pickawillanies, and as these (many of them) had settled here, it was called as above 'Pickawillany,' or simply 'Picks-town,' sometimes 'Pictstown,' the inhabitants as well as the tribe being known as 'Picts.' These 'Pickqualines' were the Miami proper."

DE BIENVILLE'S VISIT TO PICKAWILLANY IN 1749.

In the year 1749 when CÉLORON DE BIENVILLE was sent by the Governor General of Canada with a force of about 235 soldiers and Indians (see Scioto county) down the Ohio and took possession of the country in the name of the King of France, he visited Pickawillany on his return home. Their farthest point west on the Ohio was the mouth of the Great Miami, as later called by the English, but then known to the French as "Rivière à la Roche" (Rock River). This was on the last day of August, 1749. There, as at other mouths of great rivers, they buried inscribed leaden plates as evidence of possession, and then bade farewell to the Ohio. On their return route they crossed the country for Canada. This plate was the last buried at what is now in the exact southwestern angle of Ohio. One other only had been planted in Ohio and at the mouth of the Muskingum.

For thirteen days after leaving the mouth of the Miami Céloron and his party toiled against the current of that stream until they reached Pickawillany, which villages had been lately built by a Miami chief called by the English "Old Britain" and by the French "Demoiselle." This chief and his band had only a short time before come into the country from the French possessions in Canada. This Céloron knew of and he was instructed before starting on his expedition to try and induce him to return as they feared his coming under English influence. The concluding history of the matter is thus told by Consul Willshire Butterfield in the *Magazine of Western History* for May, 1887, article "Ohio History."

"The burden of Céloron's speeches at this last village was that the Demoiselle and his band should at once leave the Miami river and return to their old home. The crafty chief promised to do so in the coming spring.

"They kept always saying," said Céloron, in his journal, "and assuring me that they would return thither next spring." It is needless to say that the Indians did not move.

They afterward sent the following to all the governors of English provinces over the mountains :

"Last July (September, 1749), about 200 French and thirty-five French Indians came to the Miami village in order to persuade them to return back to the French settlements (Forts) whence they came, or if fair means would not prevail, they were to take them away by force, but the French finding that they were resolved to adhere to the English, and perceiving their numbers to be great, were discouraged from using any hostile measures, and began to be afraid lest they should themselves be cut off. The French brought them a present consisting of

four half-barrels of powder, four bags of bullets, and four bags of paint, with a few needles and a little thread which they refused to accept of; whereupon the French and their Indians made the best of their way off for fear of the worst, leaving their goods scattered about. But, at the time of their conference, the French upbraided the Indians for joining the English, and more so for continuing in their interest, who had never sent them any presents nor even any token of their regards for them."

Céloron's account of the reception of his presents differs from the Indians. "I showed them magnificent presents on part of Monsieur the general to induce them to return to their villages, and I explained to them his invitations," says the French commander, and adds that they carried away the presents, "where they assembled to deliberate on their answer." This was probably the truth.

The French commander found at the Demoiselle's town two hired men belonging to the English traders, and these he obliged to leave the place before he would speak to the savages.

Céloron, after remaining at this Miami village a week to recruit and prepare for the portage to the waters of the Maumee, broke up his camp, and, having burned his battered canoes and obtained some ponies, he set out on his overland journey to the junction of the St. Mary's and St. Joseph rivers, the site of the present city of Fort Wayne, Indiana. The distance was estimated by him at fifty leagues, or 120 miles, and five and a half days were allowed for the journey. Had the water in the rivers been high, Céloron could have paddled up Loramie creek sixteen miles, then a short portage would have taken them to the waters of the St. Mary's, down which he could have floated to the head of the Maumee; but in August or September this was impracticable. He reached the French post at that point on the 25th of September, where he found "M. de Raimond" in command. The latter and his men were shivering with ague—a disease, it may be said, still clinging to the region of the Maumee.

On the 26th day, the day after his arrival at the French post, Céloron had a conference with Cold Foot, chief of the Miamis, who resided near the fort, and some other savages of note, when he rehearsed to them in the presence of the French officers of his detach-

ment and of M. de Raimond, what he had said at the village of the Demoiselle and the answer he had received. Thereupon Cold Foot said: "I hope I am deceived, but I am sufficiently attached to the interests of the French to say that the Demoiselle is a liar!" And he added significantly: "It is the source of all my grief to be the only one who loves you, and to see all the nations of the south let loose against the French." From the French fort Céloron made his way by water to Montreal, which he reached on the 10th of November.

Céloron's conclusions as to the state of affairs upon the Ohio are too important not to be mentioned in this connection. "All I can say is," he declared, "that the nations of these localities are very badly disposed towards the French, and are entirely devoted to the English. I do not know in what way they could be brought back." "If our traders," he added, "were sent there for traffic, they could not sell their merchandise at the same price that the English sell theirs, on account of the many expenses they would be obliged to incur." Trade then—traffic with the Indians—was the secret spring stimulating activity on part of the French officials.

CHRISTOPHER GIST'S VISIT TO PICKAWILLANY IN 1751.

Knapp in his history of the Maumee gives some items in regard to Pickawillany that describes the place the year after the visit of Céloron. He says, "Having obtained permission from the Indians, the English [traders] in the fall of 1750 began the erection of a stockade, as a place of protection, in case of sudden attack, both for their persons and property. When the main building was completed, it was surrounded with a high wall of split logs, having three gateways. Within

the inclosure the traders dug a well which supplied abundance of fresh water during the entire year, except in summer. At this time Pickawillany contained 400 Indian families and was the residence of the principal chief of the Miami Confederacy.

Christopher Gist was there in February, 1751, and in his published journal says the place was daily increasing and accounted 'one of the strongest towns on this continent.' Gist was the agent of the 'Ohio Company,' an association of English merchants and Virginia planters. He had been given a royal grant to examine the western country "as far as the falls of the Ohio," to mark the passes in the mountains, trace the course of rivers and observe the strength and numbers of the Indian nations.

Gist was a hardy frontiersman, experienced and sagacious. On the 31st of October, 1750, he left Old Town, on the Potomac, in Maryland, and crossing the Alleghanies, on the 14th December, arrived at an Indian village at the forks of the Muskingum, where now stands the town of Coshocton. Here he met George Croghan, an English trader, who had there his head quarters. He remained until January 15th, 1751, and then being joined by Croghan and Andrew Montour, a half-breed of the Senecas, pursued his journey west, visiting Indian villages and holding conferences, first going down the Scioto to the mouth, and finally reaching Pickawillany in February. This was his principal objective point. He remained some time holding conference with the great chief of the Miamis, the "Old Britain" as aforesaid.

While there four Ottawa or French Indians came in and were kindly received by the town Indians. They tried to bring the Miamis to the French interest, having been sent as ambassadors for that purpose. After listening in the council house to their speeches Old Britain replied in a set speech, signifying his attachment to the English, and that "they would die here before they would go to the French." The four messengers therefore departed and the French flag was taken down from the council house. After a full deliberation an alliance was formed with the Miamis and the Weas and Piankeshaws, living on the Wabash, who had sent messengers for that purpose. Old Britain himself, the head chief of the Miamis, was a Piankeshaw.

DESTRUCTION OF PICKAWILLANY BY THE FRENCH AND INDIANS IN 1752.

Pickawillany, after the visit of Gist, soon became a place of great importance. The savages by immigration from tribes farther west had continued to swell the population and all were in open hostility to the French. Here congregated English traders, sometimes to the number of fifty or more. In 1752 an expedition, consisting of 250 Chippewas and Ottawas was started from Michilimackinac by Charles Langdale, a resident there, to destroy the place. They proceeded in their canoes down the lake to Detroit, paused there a little while and thence made their way up the Maumee to its head waters, and at about nine o'clock, June 21st, they reached the town, taking it completely by surprise. Butterfield writes :

"The first to observe the enemy were the squaws who were working in the cornfields outside the town. They rushed into the village giving the alarm. At this time the fort was occupied by the English traders as a warehouse. There were at the time but eight traders in the place. Most of the Indians were gone on their summer hunt, so that, in reality, Pickawillany was almost deserted; only Old Britain, the Piankeshaw king, and a small band of his faithful tribesmen remained. So sudden was the attack that but five of the traders (they were all in their huts outside the fort) could reach the

stockade, and only after the utmost difficulty. The other three shut themselves up in one of their houses. At this time there were but twenty men and boys in the fort, including the white men. The three traders in their houses were soon captured. Although strongly urged by those in the fort to fire upon their assailants, they refused. The enemy learned from them the number of white men there were in the fort, and, having taken possession of the nearest houses, they kept up a smart fire on the stockade until the afternoon.

The assailants now let the Miamis know

that if they would deliver up the traders that were in the fort they would break up the siege and go home. Upon consultation it was agreed by the besieged that, as there were so few men and no water inside the stockade, it would be better to surrender the white men with a pledge that they were not to be hurt, than for the fort to be taken and all to be at the mercy of the besiegers. The traders, except Thomas Burney and Andrew McBryer, whom the Indians hid, were accordingly given into the hands of the enemy. One who had been wounded was stabbed to death and then scalped. Before getting into the fort fourteen Indians were shot, including Old Britain, one Mingo, and one of the Shawanese nation.

The savages boiled and ate the Demoiselle (Old Britain) as he, of all others, because of his warm attachment to the English, was most obnoxious to them. They also ate the heart of the dead white man. They released all the women they had captured, and set off with their plunder, which was in value about £3,000.

"The captured traders, plundered to the skin, were carried by Langdale to Duquesne, the new governor of Canada, who highly praised the bold leader of the enterprise, and recommended him for such reward as befitted one of his station. 'As he is not in the king's service, and has married a squaw, I will ask for him only a pension of 200 francs, which will flatter him infinitely.'"

The sacking of Pickawillany and the killing of fourteen Indians and one Englishman by the allies of the French who had been marshalled for the express purpose of attacking the town, must be considered the real beginning of the war, popularly known as Braddock's war, which only ended by the cession of Canada and New France to Great Britain by the treaty of Paris in 1763.

Thus after nearly four years of existence Pickawillany was completely wiped out and never again re-occupied. The traders, Thomas Burney and Andrew McBryer, whom the Indians had hidden went east and carried the tidings to the friendly Indians at the mouth of the Scioto. Burney went direct from there to Carlisle with a message to the Governor of Pennsylvania from the Miamis and also to Governor Dinwiddie in Virginia. He laid before Dinwiddie a belt of wampum, a scalp of one of the Indians that adhered to the French, a calumet pipe and two letters "of an odd style," wrote Dinwiddie. Thus wrote the Miamis to him :

ELDER BROTHER ! This string of wampum assures you that the French King's servants have spilled our blood and eaten the flesh of three of our men. Look upon us and pity us for we are in great distress. Our chiefs have taken up the hatchet of war. We have killed and eaten ten of the French and two of their negroes. We are your BROTHERS.

The message to the Governor of Pennsylvania was more in detail, as given by Butterfield :

"We, your brothers, the Miamis, have sent you by our brother, Thomas Burney, a scalp and five strings of wampum in token of our late unhappy affair at Pickawillany ; and, whereas, our brother [the governor] has always been kind to us, we hope he will now

put to us a method to act against the French, being more discouraged for the loss of our brothers, the Englishmen who were killed, and the five who were taken prisoners than for the loss of ourselves ; and, notwithstanding, the two belts of wampum which were sent from the Governor of Canada as a commission to destroy us, we shall still hold our integrity with our brothers and are willing to die for them.

We saw our great PIANKESHAW KING [who was commonly called OLD BRITAIN by us] taken, killed and eaten within a hundred yards of the fort, before our faces. We now look upon ourselves as a lost people, fearing our brothers will leave us ; but before we will be subject to the French, or call them our fathers, we will perish here.

VOCABULARIES OF THE SHAWANOESE AND WYANDOTT LANGUAGES, ETC.

[The following article was communicated for our first edition by the venerable Col. John Johnston, of Upper Piqua, Ohio, who, for about half a century, had been an agent of the United States over the Indians of the West. See page 519; Vol. II.

The Wyandotts had resided on the soil of Ohio long before the French or English visited the country. Forty-six years ago, I took a census of them, when they numbered 2300 souls. In 1841 and 1842, I was, as the commissioner of the United States, negotiating with them a treaty of cession and emigration, when it was found, by actual and accurate count, that, in a little less than 50 years, they

had been reduced to the number of 800; none had emigrated—all that was left were the subjects of my negotiation. I had been their agent a great part of my life; and after being separated from them for 11 years by the power of the Executive, it fell to my lot, under the appointment of my honored and lamented friend and chief, President Harrison, to sign and seal the compact with their chiefs for their final removal from their cherished homes and graves of their ancestors, to which, of all their race I had ever known, they were the most tenderly attached, to the country southwest of Missouri.

The Shawanoese came into Ohio not long anterior to Braddock's campaign of 1754. They occupied the country contiguous to the Wyandotts, on the Scioto, Mad river, the Great Miami, and the upper waters of the Maumee of the lake, being in the light of tenants at will under the Wyandotts. They were their devoted friends and allies in all their wars with the white people—these two tribes having been the last of the natives who have left us, for there is not an Indian now in Ohio, nor an acre owned by one of their race within its limits.

I have thought that a specimen of the respective languages of these tribes might form a proper item in the history of a state so lately owned and occupied by the primitive inhabitants. The vocabulary, as far as it goes, is accurate, and may be relied upon. The reader will at once observe the great dissimilarity in the two languages, not one word in the whole being common to both. In all their large councils, composed of both tribes, interpreters were as necessary between the parties as it was between the Indians and the United States officers. Not so with the Shawanoese, Delawares, Miamies, Putawatimies, Chippeways, Ottawas, Weeas, Kickapoos and Piankeshawas—all of whom had many words in common, and clearly establishing a common origin. Almost all the tribes I have known, had tradition that their forefathers, at some remote period, came from the west; and this would seem to strengthen the commonly received opinion of Asiatic descent. Many of the Indian customs, even at this day, are strictly Jewish: instance the purification of their women, the year of Jubilee, the purchase of wives, etc.

All the Indians have some sort of religion, and allege that it was given to their forefathers, and that it would be offensive to the Great Spirit to throw it away and take up with any other. They all believe that after this life is ended, they will exist in another state of being; but most of their sacrifices and petitions to their Maker are done with a view to the procuring of temporal benefits, and not for the health of the immortal part.

Death has no terrors to an Indian; he meets it like a stoic. The fate of the soul does not appear to give him the smallest uneasiness. I have seen many die, and some in full confidence of a happy immortality; such were not taught of the Christian missionaries. In innumerable instances I have confided my life and property to Indians, and never, in time of peace, was my confidence misplaced. I was, on one occasion, upwards of a week, in a time of high waters, alone, in the month of March, with a Delaware Indian in the woods, whom I ascertained afterwards to be a notorious murderer and robber; and having every thing about my person to tempt a man of his kind—a good horse, equipments, arms, clothing, etc.—and yet no one could be more provident, kind and tender over me than he was. When the chiefs heard that I had taken this otherwise bad man for a guide, they were alarmed until informed of my safety. I have had large sums of public money, and public dispatches of the greatest importance, conveyed by the Indians, without in any case suffering loss.

VOCABULARY OF THE SHAWANOESE.

One—Negate.
Two—Neshwa.
Three—Nithese.
Four—Newe.
Five—Nialinwe.

Six—Negotewathe.
Seven—Neshwathe.
Eight—Sashekswa.
Nine—Chakatswa.
Ten—Metathwe.

Eleven—Metath, we, Kit, en, e, gate.
 Twelve—Metathwe, Kiteneshwa.
 Thirteen—Metathwe, Kitenithwa.
 Fourteen—Metathwe, Kitenewa.
 Fifteen—Metathwe, Kitenealinwe.
 Sixteen—Metathwe, Kitenegotewathe.
 Seventeen—Metathwe, Kiteneshwathe.
 Eighteen—Metathwe, Kitensashekswa.
 Nineteen—Metathwe, Kitenchakatswe.
 Twenty—Neesh, wa, tee, tuck, e.
 Thirty—Nithwabetucke.
 Forty—Newabetucke.
 Fifty—Nialinwabetucke.
 Sixty—Negotewashe.
 Seventy—Neshwashe.
 Eighty—Swashe.
 Ninety—Chaka.
 One hundred—Te, pa, wa.
 Two hundred—Neshwatepawa.
 Three hundred—Nithwatepawa.
 Four hundred—Newe-tepawa.
 Five hundred—Nialinwe-tepawa.
 Six hundred—Negotewathe-tepawa.
 Seven hundred—Neshwethe-tepawa.
 Eight hundred—Sashekswa-tepawa.
 Nine hundred—Chakatswe-tepawa.
 One thousand—Metathwe-tepawa.
 Two thousand—Neshina, metathwe, tepawa.
 Three thousand—Nethina, metathwe, tepawa.
 Four thousand—Newena, metathwe, tepawa.
 Five thousand—Nealinwa, metathwe, tepawa.
 Old man—Pashetotha.
 Young man—Meaneleneh.
 Chief—Okema.
 Dog—Weshe.
 Horse—Meshewa.
 Cow—Methothe.
 Sheep—Meketha.
 Hog—Kosko.
 Cat—Posetha.
 Turkey—Pelewa.
 Deer—Peshikthe.
 Raccoon—Ethepate.
 Bear—Mugwa.
 Otter—Kitate.
 Mink—Chaquiwashe.
 Wild cat—Peshewa.
 Panther—Meshepeshe.
 Buffalo—Methoto.
 Elk—Wabete.
 Fox—Wawakotchethe.
 Musk rat—Oshasqua.
 Beaver—Amaghqua.
 Swan—Wabethe.
 Goose—Neeake.
 Duck—Sheshepuk.
 Fish—Amatha.
 Tobacco—Siamo.
 Canoe—Olagashe.
 Big vessel or ship—Misheologashe.
 Paddle—Shumaghtee.
 Saddle—Appapewee.
 Bridle—Shaketonebetheka.
 Man—Elene.
 Woman—Equiwa.
 Boy—Skillewaythetha.
 Girl—Squithetna.
 Child—Apetotha.
 My wife—Neewa.
 Your wife—Keewa.

My husband—Wysheana.
 Your husband—Washetche.
 My father—Notha.
 Your father—Kotha.
 My mother—Neegah.
 Grandmother—Cocumtha.
 My sister—Neeshematha.
 My brother—Neethetha.
 My daughter—Neetanetha.
 Great chief—Kitchokema.
 Soldier—Shemagana.
 Great soldier, as } Kitcho, great, and
 } Gen. Wayne, } Shemagana, soldier.
 Hired man, or servant—Alolagatha.
 Englishman—by the Ottawas, Sagona.
 “ by Putawatimies and Chippe-
 ways, the same.
 “ by the Shawanoese, English-
 manake.
 Frenchman—Tota.
 American—Shemanose, or big knives, first
 applied to the Virginians.
 The lake—Kitchecame.
 The sun—Kesathwa.
 “ by the Putawatimies, Chippeways
 and Ottawas, Keesas.
 The moon—Tepeth, ka, kesath, wa.
 The stars—Alagwa.
 The sky—Men, quat, we.
 Clouds—Pasquawke.
 The rainbow—Quaghcunnega.
 Thunder—Unemake.
 Lightning—Papapanawe.
 Rain—Gimewane.
 Snow—Conee.
 Wind—Wishekuanwe.
 Water—Nip, pe.
 “ by the Putawatimies, Ottawas and
 Chippeways, Na, bish.
 Fire—Scoate.
 Cold—We, pe.
 “ Putawatimie, Sin, e, a.
 Warm—Aquetтата.
 Ice—M' Quama.
 The earth—Ake.
 The trees, or the woods—Me, to, quegh, ke.
 The hills—Mavueghke.
 Bottom ground—Alwamake.
 Prairie—Tawaskota.
 Friend—Ne, can, a.
 “ in Delaware, N'tschie.
 “ in Putawatimie, Ottawa and Chip-
 peway, Nitche.
 River—Sepe.
 Pond—Miskeque.
 Wet ground, or swamp—Miskekope.
 Good land—Wesheasiske.
 Small stream—The, bo, with, e.
 Poor land—Mel, che, a, sis, ke.
 House—Wig, wa.
 Council house, or great house—Takatche-
 maka wigwa.
 The great God, or good spirit—Mishemene-
 toc.
 The bad spirit, or the devil—Watchemene-
 toc.
 Dead—Nep, wa.
 Alive—Lenawawe.
 Sick—Aghqueloge.
 Well—Weshelashamama.

Corn—Da, me.
 “ by the Putawatimie, M'tame.
 Wheat—Cawasque.
 Beans—Miscoochethake.
 Potatoes—Meash, e, tha, ke.
 “ by the Putawatimies, Peng, aca.
 Turnips—Openeake.
 Pumpkins—Wabegs.
 Melons—Usketomake.
 Onions—Shekagosheke.
 Apples—Me, she, me, na, ke.
 Nuts—Pacanee.
 Nut—Pacan.
 Gum—Metequa.
 Axe—Te, ca, ca.
 Tomahawk—Cheketecaca.
 Knife—Manese.
 “ by the Putawatimies, Comong.
 Powder—Macate.
 Flints—Shakeka.
 Trap—Naquaga.
 Hat—Petacowa.
 Shirt—Pelenece.
 Blanket—Aquewa.
 “ by the Putawatimies, Wapyan, or
 wabscat, wapyan, i. e. white
 blanket.
 Handkerchief—Pethewa.
 Pair of leggings—Me, tetawawa.
 Eggs—Wa, wa, le.

Fresh meat—Weothe.
 “ by the Putawatimies, We, as.
 Salt—Nepepimme.
 “ by the Putawatimies, Su, ta, gin.
 Bread—Ta, quan, e.
 “ Putawatimies, Quasp, kin—a Shaw-
 anoese would say, Meet, a, lasqw.
 I have got no bread—Taquana.
 Kettle—A, coh, qua.
 Sugar—Me, las, sa.
 Tea—Shis, ke, wapo.
 Medicine—Cho, beka.
 I am very sick—Olame, ne, taghque, lo, ge.
 I am very well—Ne, wes, he, la, shama, mo.
 A fine day—Wash, he, kee, she, ke.
 A cloudy day—Mes, quet, wee.
 My friend—Ne, can, a.
 My enemy—Matche, le, ne, tha, tha.
 The Great Spirit is the friend of the Indians
 —Ne, we, can, e, tepa, we, sphe, ma, mi, too.
 Let us always do good—We, sha, cat, we, lo
 ke, we, la, wapa.
 Bell—To, ta, gin.
 Plenty—Ma, la, ke.
 Cut, e, we, ka, sa, or Blackfoot, the head chief
 of the Shawanoese, died at Wapoghkon-
 etta in 1831, aged about 105 years.
 She, me, ne, too, or the Snake, another aged
 chief, emigrated with the nation west.
 Fort, or garrison—Wa, kargin.

SPECIMEN OF THE WYANDOTT, OR HURON LANGUAGE.

One—Scat.
 Two—Tin, dee.
 Three—Shaigh.
 Four—An, daght.
 Five—Wee, ish.
 Six—Wa, shaw.
 Seven—Soo, ta, re.
 Eight—Ace, tarai.
 Nine—Ain, tru.
 Ten—Augh, sagh.
 Twenty—ten, deit, a, waugh, sa.
 Thirty—Shaigh, ka, waugh, sa.
 Forty—An, dagh, ka, waugh, sa.
 Fifty—Wee, ish, awaugh, sa.
 Sixty—Waw, shaw, wagh, sa.
 Seventy—Soo, ta, re, waugh, sa.
 Eighty—Au, tarai, waugh, sa.
 Ninety—Ain, tru, waugh, sa.
 One hundred—Scu, te, main, gar, we.
 The great God, or good spirit—Ta, main, de, -
 zue.
 Good—Ye, waugh, ste.
 Bad—Waugh, she.
 Devil, or bad spirit—Deghshee, re, noh.
 Heaven—Ya, roh, nia.
 Hell—Degh, shunt.
 Sun—Ya, an, des, hra.
 Moon—Waugh, sunt, ya, an, des, hra.
 Stars—Tegh, she.
 Sky—Cagh, ro, ni, ate.
 Clouds—Oght, se, rah.
 Wind—Iru, quas.
 It rains—Ina, un, du, se.
 Thunder—Heno.
 Lightning—Tim, mendi, quas.
 Earth—Umait, sagh.
 Deer—Ough, scan, oto.

Bear—Anu, e.
 Raccoon—Ha, in, te, roh.
 Fox—Th, na, in, ton, to.
 Beaver—Soo, taie.
 Mink—So, hoh, main, dia.
 Turkey—Daigh, ton, tah.
 Squirrel—Ogh, ta, eh.
 Otter—Ta, wen, deh.
 Dog—Yun, ye, nah.
 Cow—Kin, ton, squa, ront.
 Horse—Ugh, shut, te, or man carrier.
 Goose—Yah, hounk.
 Duck—Yu, in, geh.
 Man—Air, ga, hon.
 Woman—Uteh, ke.
 Girl—Ya, weet, sen, tho.
 Boy—Oma, int, sent, e, hah.
 Child—Che, ah, ha.
 Old man—Ha, o, tong.
 Old woman—Ut, sindag, sa.
 My wife—Azut, tun, oh, oh.
 Corn—Nay, hah.
 Beans—Yah, re, sah.
 Potatoes—Da, ween, dah.
 Melons, or pumpkins—O, nugh, sa.
 Grass—E, ru, ta.
 Weed—Ha, en, tan.
 Trees—Ye, aron, ta.
 Wood—O, tagh, ta.
 House—Ye, anogh, sha.
 Gun—Who, ra, min, ta.
 Powder—T'egh, sta.
 Lead—Ye, at, ara.
 Flints—Ta, wegh, ske, ra.
 Knife—We, ne, ash, ra.
 Axe—Otto, ya, ye.
 Blanket—Deengh, tat, sea.

Kettle—Ya, yan, e, tith.
 Rum—We, at, se, wie.
 River—Ye, an, da, wa.
 Bread—Da, ta, rah.
 Dollar—Sogh, ques, tut.
 Shirt—Ca, tu, reesh.
 Legginos—Ya, ree.
 Bell—Te, ques, ti, egh, tas, ta.
 Saddle—Quagh, she, ta.
 Bridle—Cong, shu, ree.
 Fire—Sees, ta.
 Flour—Ta, ish, rah.
 Hog—Quis, quesh.
 Big house—Ye, a, nogh, shu, wan, a.
 Corn field—Ya, yan, quagh, ke.
 Musk rat—Se, he, ash, i, ya, hah.
 Cat—Dush, rat.
 Wild cat—Skaink, qua, hagh.
 Mole—Ca, in, dia, he, nugh, qua.
 Snake—To, en, gen, seek.
 Frog—Sun, day, wa, shu, ka.
 Americans—Sa, ray, u, migh, or big knives.
 Englishman—Qu, han, stro, no.
 Frenchman—Tu, hugh, ear, o, no.
 My brother—Ha, en, ye, ha.
 My sister—A, en, ya, ha.
 Father—Ha, yes, ta.
 Mother—Ane, heh.
 Sick—Shat, wu, ra.
 Well—Su, we, regh, he.
 Cold—Ture, a.
 Warm—Ote, re, a, ute.
 Snow—De, neh, ta.
 Ice—Deesh, ra.
 Water—Sa, un, dus, tee, the, the origin of Sandusky, the bay, river and county of that name.
 Friend—Ne, at, a, rugh.
 Enemy—Ne, mat, re, zue.
 War—Tre, zue.
 Peace—Scan, o, nie.
 Are you married—Scan, dai, ye.
 I am not married yet—Augh, sogh, a, sante, te, sandai, ge.
 Come here—Owa, he.
 Go away—Sa, cati, arin, ga.
 You trouble me—Ska, in, gen, tagh, qua.
 I am afraid—I, agh, ka, ron, se.
 I love you—Yu, now, moi, e.
 I hate you—Yung, squa, his.
 I go to war—A, yagh, kee.
 I love peace—Eno, moigh, an, dogh, sken, onie.
 I love all men—Away, tee, ken, omie.
 I have conquered my enemy—O, negh, e, ke, wishe, noo.
 I don't like white men—Icar, tri, zue, egh, har, taken, ome, enu, mah.

Indians—I, om, when.
 Negro—Ahon, e, see.
 Prisoner—Yan, dah, squa.
 He is a thief—Run, neh, squa, hoon.
 Good man—Room, wae, ta, wagh, stee.
 Fish—Ye, ent, so.
 Plums—At, su, meghst.
 Apples—Sow, se, wat.
 Fruit—Ya, heeghk.
 Sugar—Se, ke, ta. Honey—the same.
 Bees—Un, dagh, quont.
 Salt—Anu, magh, ke, he, one, or the white people's sugar.
 Moccasin—Aragh, shee.
 How do you do—Tu, ough, qua, no, u.
 I am sorry—I, ye, et, sa, tigh.
 I am hungry—Yat, o, regh, shas, ta.
 You will be filled—E, sagh, ta, hah.
 I am dying—E, hye, ha, honz.
 God forgive me—Ho, ma, yen, de, zuti, et, te, rang.
 Auglaize river—Qus, quas, run, dee, or the falling timber on the river.
 Blanchard's fork of the Auglaize—Quegh, tu, wa, or claws in the water.
 Sandusky—Sa, un, dos, tee, or water within water-pools.
 Muskingum—Da, righ, quay, a town or place of residence.
 Cuyahoga—Ya, sha, hia, or the place at the wing.
 Miami of the lake—Cagh, a, ren, du, te, or standing rock. At the head of the rapids of this river there is in the middle of the stream a large elevated rock, which, at a distance, very much resembles a house. The place was named by the French Roche de Boef, and hence the Standing rock river.
 The sea of salt water—Yung, ta, rez, ue.
 The lakes—Yung, ta, rah.
 Detroit—Yon, do, tia, or great town.
 Defiance, now the county seat of Defiance county, at the junction of the Auglaize and Miami of the lake—Tu, enda, wie, or the junction of two rivers. After defeating the Indians in 1794, Gen. Wayne, on his return, built Fort Defiance, thereby proclaiming defiance to the enemy.
 Chillicothe town—Tat, a, ra, ra, or leaning bank. Chillicothe is Shawanoese, and is the name of one of their tribes.
 Cincinnati—Tu, ent, a, hah, e, wagh, ta, a landing place, where the road leaves the river.
 Ohio river—O, he, zuh, ye, an, da, wa, or something great.
 Mississippi—Yan, da, we, zue, or the great river.

NAMES OF RIVERS BY THE SHAWANOESE—SPOKEN SHA, WA, NO.

Ohio, i. e. Eagle river.
 Ken, a, wa—meaning having whirlpools, or swallowing up. Some have it that an evil spirit lived in the water, which drew substances to the bottom of the river.
 Sci, o, to was named by the Wyandotts, who formerly resided upon it. A large town was at Columbus, having their cornfields on the bottom grounds opposite that city. The Wyandotts pronounce the word *Sci, on, to*, signification unknown.
 Great Miami—Shi, me, a, mee, sepe, or Big Miami.
 Little Miami—Che, ke, me, a, mee, sepe, or Little Miami.
 Mus, king, um is a Delaware word, and means a town on the river side. The Shawanoese call it Wa, ka, ta, mo, sepe, which has the same signification.

Hock,hock,ing is Delaware, and means a bottle. The Shawanoese have it Wea,tha,kagh, qua,sepe—Bottle river.

Auglaize river—Cow,the,na,ke,sepe, or falling timber river.

Saint Mary's river—Ca,ko,the,ke,sepe, or kettle river—cako,the,ke, a kettle.

Miamie of the lake—Ot,ta,wa,sepe, or Ottawa river. The Ottawas had several towns on is river as late as 1811, and down to within 10 years. They occupied the country about the lake shore, Maumee bay and the rapids above Perrysburgh.

Blanchard's fork of the Auglaize—Sha,po,qua,te,sepe, or Tailor's river.

Sandusky river—alled by the Shawanoese Po,ta,ke,sepe, a rapid river.

Detroit strait, or river—Ke,ca,me,ge, the narrow passage, or strait.

Kentucky is a Shawanoese word, and signifies at the head of a river.

Licking river, which enters the Ohio opposite the city of Cincinnati—the Shawanoese have it, Ne,pe,pim,me,sepe, from Ne,pe,pim,me, salt, and sepe, river, i. e. salt river.

Mad river—by the Shawanoese, Athe,ne,sepe,athe,ne, a flat or smooth stone, and sepe, river, i. e. a flat or smooth stone river.

A GERMAN CATHOLIC COMMUNITY.

The village of BERLIN, P. O. Loramies, has about 500 inhabitants. It is in the township of McLean, fourteen miles northwest of Sidney. It was laid out on December 2d, 1837, by Jonathan Counts for William Prillman, proprietor, on the line of the Miami Canal. It has in the St. Michael's Church, consecrated in 1881, one of the most beautiful of churches. It is in the Italian Gothic style and is richly decorated with paintings, statuary, frescoed walls, altars, etc. Historically the site is interesting, being on the line of Loramies Creek, or the "West branch of the Big Miami" of ancient maps. The site of old fort Loramie is within a mile of it. Several relics have been discovered in this locality, and among them a silver cross evidently belonging to the French chevaliers of that early and warlike period. This relic is preserved by the priest at Berlin, Rev. Wm. Bigot.

Sutton's County History gives the following description of the community which is valuable, as it illustrates the characteristics of the Catholic Germans, whose industry and thrift has so largely helped to develop the wilderness of Northwestern Ohio. After stating that the people of the village and township are almost exclusively Germans or direct descendants of this nationality, the work says:

A marked characteristic of the people is the industry observable on every hand. This German element came here into the woods, and by hard incessant toil cleared away the primeval forest, wringing farms from the wilderness and building a town on the ruins of a forest. In common with the people of the township the inhabitants are almost uniformly Catholics in religion and Democrat in politics. There were peculiarities which brought about these results, among which we mention as one factor the authority of Rev. Mr. Bigot. After settlement here the Germans strove to prevent the settlement of Americans in their midst, and by different methods very nearly succeeded. Still a few straggling Americans settled on lands within the township, but each soon found it desirable to leave, and so was bought out as early as he would sell, and was generally succeeded by a German. This at least was the plan of the German settlers themselves, and keeping the plan in view, they have preserved the

characteristics of nationality, religion and politics up to the present.

Throughout the town and township the German characteristics are preserved to such an extent that a stranger would question his senses as to the possibility of a community, no larger than this, maintaining the integrity of all German habits, customs and manners. They have cleared excellent farms, erected substantial buildings, and in their own way and according to their own ideas, pursue the enjoyments of life. Perhaps their church comes first, and the building is almost fit for the abode of personal gods. Next come social customs, and fronting these is lager beer, without which it appears life would be a burden, and liberty a misnomer. Following this comes politics, in which field some one man will be found to hold an electoral dictatorship, and on election day Democratic ballots will be found thick "thick as autumnal leaves in Vallombrosa." There are, in short, characteristics here which the next generation will not entirely outgrow nor outrun.

The Rector at Berlin, Rev. Wm. Bigot, above alluded to, like many of the Catholic priests who have come to Ohio to look after the moral and spiritual welfare of their Ohio people, has had a previous training in the cause of suffering

humanity. In the Franco-Prussian war he was given the pastorate over 12,000 captured and wounded French soldiers who were within the enemies' lines. He thus passed eleven months of arduous labor, enduring many privations and relieving suffering. For his services the French Government conferred upon him the "Cross of Chivalry of the Legion of Honor and the Cross of Merit." His portrait in the County History appears as that of a young man rendered strikingly refined and sweet from the indwelling of a pure and benevolent spirit.

THE LORAMIE PORTAGE AND RESERVOIR.

The topography of this part of the county is interesting from the fact that it is the highest land between Lake Erie and the Ohio, and here within a few miles of each other the head streams of the Miami and the Maumee take their rise. For untold centuries it was the main route of travel between the two, the savage dwellers going in their canoes all the way excepting a few miles by portage. This portage in very high water was reduced to only six miles. Wayne's army made Fort Piqua, just below the mouth of the Loramie Creek, their place of deposit for stores. Their portage from these to Fort Loramie was fourteen miles, thence to St. Mary's twelve miles. Loaded boats sometimes ascended to Loramie, the loading frequently taken out and hauled to St. Mary's. The boats also moved across on wheels, were again loaded and launched for Fort Wayne, Defiance and the Lake! The *Loramie Reservoir* is on the line of the Loramie Creek. It is seven miles long, two and a-half wide in the lower part, and contains 1,800 acres, and abounds in fish and fowl.

ANNA is 7 miles north of Sidney on the D. & M. R. R. It was laid out in 1858 by J. W. Carey, and named from his daughter, Mrs. Anna Thirkield. Newspapers: *Times*, Independent, A. S. Long, editor and publisher. Churches: 1 Methodist Episcopal, 1 Lutheran. Population, 1880, 266. School census, 1888, 162. Capital invested in manufacturing establishments, \$23,000. Value of annual product, \$33,000.—*Ohio Labor Statistics*, 1888.

LOCKINGTON is 6 miles southwest of Sidney on the Miami and Erie Canal. It has churches, 1 Methodist Episcopal and 1 United Baptist. Population, 1880, 219. School census, 1888, 80.

PORT JEFFERSON is 5 miles northeast of Sidney on the Great Miami River. Population, 1880, 421. School census, 1888, 168.

HARDIN is 5 miles west of Sidney on the C. C. C. & I. R. R. School census, 1886, 54.

MONTRA is 12 miles northeast of Sidney. School census, 1888, 117.

STARK.

STARK COUNTY was established February 13, 1808, and organized in January, 1809. It was named from Gen. John Stark, an officer of the revolution, who was born in Londonderry, New Hampshire, in 1728, and died in 1822. The surface is generally rolling; the central and northeast portions are slightly undulating. The soil is a sandy loam; in some parts of the north and east a clay soil predominates. It is a rich agricultural county, one of the great wheat producing counties. It embraces within itself the requisite facilities for making it the seat of various manufactures—mineral coal, iron ore, flocks of the choicest sheep, and great water power. Limestone abounds, and inexhaustible beds of lime marl exist. It was settled mainly by Pennsylvania Germans, and from Germany and France.

Area about 580 square miles. In 1887 the acres cultivated were 202,996; in pasture, 48,540; woodland, 41,991; lying waste, 6,080; produced in wheat, 986,962 bushels; rye, 2,195; buckwheat, 610; oats, 944,367; barley, 6,434; corn, 1,020,356; broom-corn, 60 pounds brush; meadow hay, 42,107 tons; clover hay, 25,649; flax seed, 12 bushels; potatoes, 171,921; tobacco, 100 pounds; butter, 1,155,775; cheese, 1,097,000; sorghum, 940 gallons; maple syrup, 16,881; honey, 12,766 pounds; eggs, 762,909 dozen; grapes, 52,208 pounds; wine, 637 gallons; sweet potatoes, 578 bushels; apples, 118,588. [In 1876 it produced in apples 881,832 bushels, probably never equalled by any other county in the State.] Peaches, 24,799; pears, 3,697; wool, 194,716 pounds; milch cows owned, 12,676. Ohio Mining Statistics, 1888: Coal, 793,227 tons, employing 1,747 miners and 216 outside employees; iron ore, 11,455 tons; fire clay, 14,730; limestone, 2,043 tons burned for lime. School census, 1888, 25,376; teachers, 443. Miles of railroad track, 239.

TOWNSHIPS AND CENSUS.	1840.	1880.	TOWNSHIPS AND CENSUS.	1840.	1880.
Bethlehem,	1,019	2,304	Paris,	2,474	2,639
Canton,	3,298	14,873	Perry,	2,210	9,219
Jackson,	1,546	2,079	Pike,	1,409	1,514
Lake,	2,162	2,177	Plain,	1,838	2,540
Lawrence,	2,045	4,351	Sandy,	1,265	1,265
Lexington,	1,640	6,287	Sugar Creek,	1,862	2,285
Marlboro,	1,670	1,942	Tuscarawas,	1,942	2,957
Nimishillen,	1,927	3,114	Washington,	1,389	2,187
Osnaburg,	2,333	2,298			

Population of Stark in 1820 was 12,406; 1830, 26,552; 1840, 34,617; 1860, 42,978; 1880, 64,031; of whom 47,161 were born in Ohio; 5,885 Pennsylvania; 586 New York; 306 Indiana; 302 Virginia; 36 Kentucky; 4,100 German Empire; 1,451 England and Wales; 917 France; 623 Ireland; 294 Sootland; 129 British America, and 23 Norway and Sweden. Census, 1890, 84,170.

The *first Moravian missionary* in Ohio, Mr. Frederick Post, settled in 1761 in what is now Bethlehem township, on the north side of the Muskingum, at the junction of its two forks, the Sandy and Tuscarawas. The locality called Tuscararatown is on the south side of the river, just above Fort Laurens, and immediately contiguous to Bolivar. Just there was the Indian ford, on the line of the great Indian trail running west. The site of Post's dwelling, or missionary station, was long indicated by a pile of stones, which had probably formed the back wall of the chimney. The site of the garden differs from the woods around it in the total want of heavy timber. The ruins of a trader's house, on the opposite side of the river, have been mistaken for those of the missionary station.

The dwelling built by Post must have been the first house erected in Ohio by whites, excepting such as may have been built by traders or French Jesuits. The Indian and Moravian village of Schoenbrun was not commenced until 1772, eleven years later.

Loskiel's History of the Missions says, in allusion to this mission—"On the Ohio river, where, since the last war, some Indians lived who had been baptized by the brethren, nothing could be done up this time. However, brother Frederick Post lived, though of his own choice, about 100 English miles west of Pittsburgh, at Tuscararatown, with a view to commence a mission among those Indians. The brethren wished him the blessings of the Almighty to his undertaking; and when he asked for an assistant to help him in his outward concerns, and who might, during the same time, learn the language of the Delaware Indians, they (the brethren) made it known to the congregation of Bethlehem, whereupon the brother John Heckewelder concluded of his own choice to assist him."

"We know of Post that he was an active and zealous missionary, but had married an Indian squaw, contrary to the wishes and advice of the directory, who had the oversight of the Moravian missions, and by that act had forfeited so much of his standing that he would not be acknowledged as one of our missionaries in any other manner than under the direction and guidance of another missionary. Whenever he went farther, and acted on his own accord, he was not opposed, had the good will of the society, of which he continued a member, and its directory, and even their assistance, so far as to make known his wants to the congregation, who threw no obstacle in the way if any person felt inclined of his own choice to assist him; but he was not then acknowledged as *their* missionary, nor entitled to any farther or pecuniary assistance." This will explain the above passage in Loskiel.

"In Heckewelder's Memoirs, written by himself, and printed in Germany, there is a short allusion to the same subject. He says, in substance, that he had in his early youth frequent opportunities of seeing Indians, and that gradually he became desirous of becoming useful to them; that already in his 19th year, his desire was in some measure gratified, as he was called upon by Government to accompany the brother Frederick Post to the western Indians on the Ohio. He then mentions some of the fatigues and dangers of the journey, and that he returned in the latter half of the year 1762. In Heckewelder's Narrative of the Indian missions of the United Brethren, he gives a more detailed account of this mission. He says, in effect, that Frederick Post, who had the preceding year [1761] visited the Indians on the Muskingum, thought he would be able to introduce Christianity among them; that the writer of the narrative, by and with the consent of the directors of the society, went with him principally to teach the Indian children to read and write. They set out early in March, and came to where Post had the preceding year built a house on the bank of the river Muskingum, at the distance of about a mile from the Indian village, which lay to the south across the river. When they commenced clearing, the Indians ordered them to stop and appear before their council the next day, where Post appeared, and was charged with deceit, inasmuch as he had informed the Indians his intentions were to teach them the word of God, and now he took possession of their lands, etc. Post answered that he wanted no more land than sufficient to live from it, as he intended to be no burden to them, etc.; whereupon they concluded that he should have 50 steps in every direction, which was stepped off by the chief next day. He farther says, that an Indian treaty being to be held at Lancaster in the latter part of summer, Post was requested by the governor of Pennsylvania to bring some of the western Delawares to it, which he did, leaving Heckewelder, who returned the same fall, in October, from fear of a war, etc. Post probably never returned to this station."

In Zeisberger's Memoirs there is no allusion to this mission, though he and Post were frequently associates at an earlier date, and in 1745 were imprisoned together in New York as spies. The foregoing is abridged from papers in the Barr MSS., comprising a letter from Mr. Thomas Goodman, in which was copied one from Judge Blickensderfer, of Dover, who had carefully investigated the subject. No mission it seems was established, only an attempt to found one was made.—*Old Edition.*

A RUNNING FIGHT.

The following account of the only fight between the whites and Indians known to have occurred within the present limits of Stark county has been furnished us by Dr. Lew Slusser, of Canton.

Before the settlement of whites in this part of Ohio, the general government authorized the formation of scouting parties, known as "scouts" or "spies," whose duty it was to reconnoiter the country beyond the Ohio.

These scouting parties were made up of men accustomed to the privations and exposure incident to border life. Many of them

had encountered Indians before, and knew something by experience, of their habits and mode of warfare. They received from the

Government monthly pay and ammunition, furnishing their own arms. It was their duty on the discovery of any sign of Indians, to return immediately and give the alarm, that the frontier settlers might adopt measures for their own protection.

There was a company of five, all of whom afterward became citizens of Stark county—James Downing, Sr., John Cuppy, Isaac Miller, George Foulk and Thomas Dillon. Dillon and Foulk had both been captured by the Indians when young, lived with them many years and knew their habits and customs. Downing was captain of the company.

The party left their place of rendezvous for a scout, in April, 1793. They crossed the Ohio river at the mouth of Yellow Creek, followed up the north branch to near its source, then directed their course west to the head waters of Sandy. After reconnoitering for miles around without discovering any sign of Indians, they came to the conclusion, there were none about. Up to this time, they had not discharged a gun, from fear of being discovered. The rations with which they had supplied themselves on starting, were nearly exhausted, and they concluded it would be safe to kill some game. Downing shot a deer and another of the party a turkey. This was on the morning of the fourth day out, between Little Sandy and Indian Run. As they had not yet taken breakfast, they concluded to prepare the meal.

A party of Indians numbering eighteen or twenty of the Ottawa and Wyandot tribes, heard the firing and detected the locality of the scouts. They divided their force into two parties, with the purpose of approaching them from a different course, one of which was from a direction the scouts would be most likely to take in an effort to escape.

While Cuppy was engaged examining his gun he happened to look up, and saw at a distance an Indian moving about peering through the underbrush. He immediately sprang to his feet and gave the alarm. As soon as the Indian saw he was discovered, he turned and ran, and as he did so, Cuppy fired at him, but without effect. Miller and Foulk snatched up their guns and gave chase. The ground was sparsely timbered. Miller was in the advance, when Foulk called to him to halt, as he knew just as soon as the Indian reached a more heavily timbered piece of ground he would stop behind a tree and shoot Miller as he approached. Thereupon Miller turned about and he and Foulk started for the place they had left. Meanwhile the other party of Indians, numbering six or eight, made their appearance in another direction. They were bold and demonstrative.

Downing said to Cuppy and Dillon: "Let us stand together and defend ourselves to the last." "No," replied Dillon, "each one for himself"—and suiting his action to the sentiment, started on a run. Downing and Cuppy kept together and moved cautiously along the higher ground or upper bench towards the forks of Sandy. As the Indians pressed upon them too closely, they would turn, raise

their guns as though they intended to shoot. Then the Indians would jump around, throw up their hands, and run upon the hands and knees, evidently for the purpose of diverting the aim of the whites.

By degrees they became bolder and advanced closer, when Downing, taking advantage of a good opportunity, shot the nearest, which had the effect of keeping the others at a greater distance. Soon after, Downing and Cuppy caught up with Dillon, who appeared much exhausted as though about to fall. Dillon begged "for God's sake" that they would help him, and as Downing turned and saw his face, he discovered that he was choking with his necktie. Dillon in his haste to loosen it and assist his breathing, pulled the wrong end and made it tighter. Downing cut the neckerchief with his belt knife, thereby releasing him, when Dillon immediately took a fresh start and was soon out of sight. Downing and Cuppy were both past middle age and somewhat fleshy. They had both run until nearly exhausted, and knew they could not hold out much longer. Downing said to Cuppy, "I can't go any farther—I'll stand and fight under this thorn bush if I die," and stand he did. At the same time Cuppy got behind a tree, and both awaited the approach of the savages, determined to make the best resistance they were able.

They had not long to wait, for soon the Indians were seen approaching. Downing reserved his fire until the foremost Indian came within close range, then taking deliberate aim, fired and brought him down. The others returned a volley which cut the bushes around Downing and Cuppy, but did not strike either. Miller and Foulk hearing the firing, hastened in the direction from whence it came, and before aware of it were among the Indians. Miller espied one of unusual size, with a silver half-moon hanging on his breast. He was in the act of loading his gun, and just as Miller was drawing a bead upon him, the chief saw him, gave a yell and sprang behind a tree. Miller soon discovered that he was so surrounded that it would be impossible to protect himself behind a tree, thereupon he determined upon flight as the only hope of safety for his scalp. Quick as thought he sprang from the upper bank and ran across the bottom or swamp toward the north branch of the stream.

The Indians left Downing and Cuppy, threw down their guns, drew their tomahawks, gave a scalp yell and gave chase after Miller. At one time they were so near he recognized a tall warrior known among the whites as Tom Jilleway. After Miller crossed Little Sandy, and was in an open plain, he thought as he afterwards expressed it, "now legs for it." He always considered himself swift on foot, and put in his best efforts for about a mile and a half until he reached the highlands or ridge, when he stopped to look back and listen. He could neither hear nor see anything of the Indians. After resting a short time, he concluded to

return to the place where they were first surprised, in the hope of finding the rest of his company.

As they were not there, and the day was far advanced, he decided upon making for the company's place of rendezvous on the east side of the Ohio river. He continued to travel as long as he could see his way until he reached Yellow creek. Here, under a fallen tree that lay up from the ground, he made a bed of leaves upon which he slept soundly amid the howling of wolves and the screeching of wild cats. Next day he crossed the Ohio at the mouth of Yellow creek and reached the place of rendezvous where he found Downing, Cuppy and Dillon safe and unhurt, except that Downing's face was much swollen and his eyes bloodshot from exertion.

In the evening of the next day Foulk made his appearance, and reported that when the Indians started after Miller, he hid himself in the brush. When they were out of sight he crossed over a branch of the Sandy, the same that is now called Indian Run from this

identical fight, and secreted himself on a hill where he could overlook the plains south without being observed. He could see the Indians in camp not a mile distant, and was satisfied, from his knowledge of their ceremonies, that two of their number had been killed. In discussing the matter, the company were of the opinion that they had the best of the fight and that they made a fortunate escape.

The next day Gen. Wayne and his staff in a barge, with his troops in 95 flatboats, came down the river on their way to camp Washington, afterward Cincinnati. As they came in sight, the scouts discharged their guns as a salute. Gen. Wayne had his barge run ashore, and, on learning they were Government scouts, signalled a boat containing sharpshooters to land. He had a target set up, and a trial of skill between his sharpshooters and the scouts in which the sharpshooters came out second best. General Wayne complimented the scouts, saying: "My brave fellows, you are d—d fine shots," and treated them to brandy.

Canton in 1846—Canton, the county seat, is 120 miles northeast of Columbus. It is finely situated in the forks of the Nimishillen, a tributary of the Muskingum. It was laid out in 1806 by Bezaleel Wells, of Steubenville, and the first house erected the same year. Mr. Wells was the original proprietor of the town, and died in 1846. The view shows a part of the public square, with the court house on the left and the market in the centre. It is a very compact town, with many brick dwellings. A large business is done here in the purchase of flour and wheat, and within the vicinity are many flouring mills. Canton contains 1 German Reformed, 1 Lutheran, 1 Presbyterian, 2 Catholic and 1 Methodist church; 10 dry goods, 2 book, 2 hardware and 7 grocery stores; 2 newspaper offices, 1 gun barrel and 2 woolen factories, 2 iron foundries, and about 2,000 inhabitants. The Canton female institute is a flourishing institution, with near 100 pupils.—*Old Edition.*

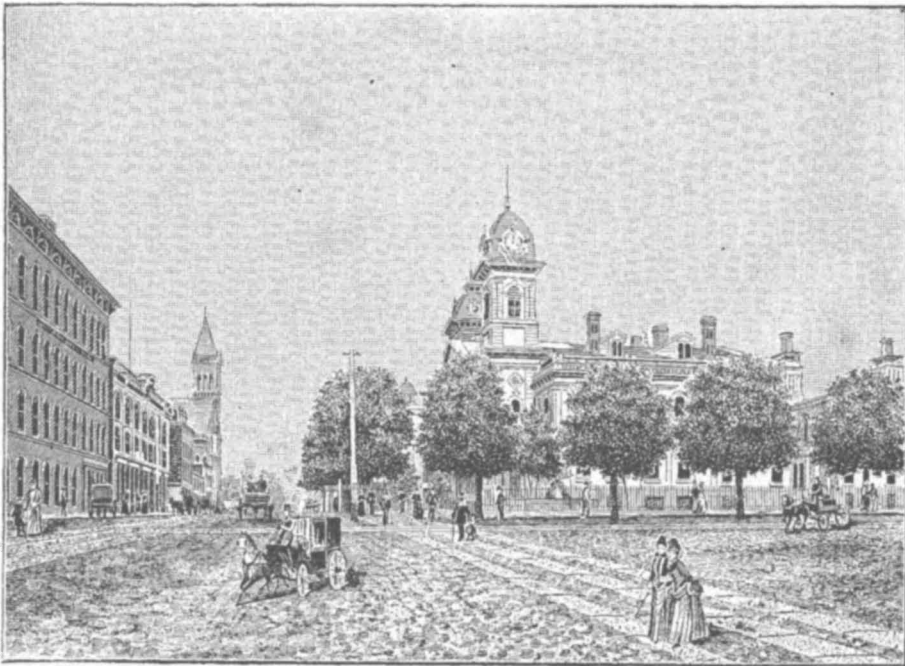
Canton, county seat of Stark, about 105 miles northeast of Columbus, about 50 miles south of Cleveland, about 75 miles westerly from Pittsburg, is in the midst of a rich agricultural and mineral region. It is on the P. Ft. W. & C.; Valley C. & C.; C. & W. and P. M. & C. Railroads. Canton is one of the most important manufacturing cities in the State. Machinery manufactured here is shipped to all parts of the world.

County Officers, 1888: Patrick L. Manly, Auditor; John McGregor, Clerk; Alonzo Smith, Jonas W. Wearstler, and Jacob Schmachtenberger, Commissioners; Joseph A. Schaefer, Coroner; Joseph Mandru, Leopold Biechele and Cyrus H. Stoner, Infirmary Directors; Jacob P. Fawcett, Probate Judge; John C. Welty, Prosecuting Attorney; James E. Dougherty, Recorder; Augustus Leininger, Sheriff; Reuben Z. Wise, Surveyor; Hiram Doll, Treasurer. City Officers, 1888: John F. Blake, Mayor; Ed. M. Grimes, Clerk; Atlee Pomerene, Solicitor; David Pletcher, Marshal; Hiram Doll, Treasurer; John E. Dine, Street Commissioner; John H. Holl, Engineer; Louis B. Ohliger, Chief of Fire Department; L. T. Cool, Sealer. Newspapers: *News-Democrat*, Democratic, Isaac R. Sherwood & Wilbur G. Miller; *Ohio Volks-Zeitung Und Journal*, German, Democratic, H. Ohlrichs, editor; *Repository*, Republican, Repository Printing Co., publishers; *Advance*, Prohibition, J. R. Beden, editor and publisher; *Wochenblatt Der Cantoner Press*, German, Canton Publishing Co. Churches: 2 Catholic; 1 Church of God; 2 Evangelical; 3 Methodist; 2 Lutheran; 1 Reformed; 1 Episcopal; 1 Presbyterian; 1 Baptist; 1 German Reformed; 1 Disciples; 1 United Brethren; 1 Christian; 1 Dunkard. Banks: City National, P. H. Barr, president, Henry A.



Drawn by Henry Howe in 1846.

PUBLIC SQUARE, CANTON.



From Photograph in 1887.

VIEW FROM THE PUBLIC SQUARE, CANTON.

Wise, cashier; Farmers', John H. Brenner, president, T. C. McDowell, cashier; First National, George D. Harter, president, L. L. Miller, cashier; Savings Deposit, Isaac Harter & Sons; Geo. D. Harter & Bro.

Canton Workshops and Factories.—Globe Iron Foundry, castings, 7 hands; E. W. Poorman, steam heating apparatus, 30; Wrought Iron Bridge Co., 200; Berger Manufacturing Co., steel sheet roofing, 36; Kanneberg Roofing Co., 20; Willis Lind & Co., sash, door and blinds, 52; Gibbs Lawn Rake Co., 20; Canton Electric Light and Power Co., 12; Clark, Smith & Co., wind mills, etc., 8; A. B. Morris, patterns and models, 10; W. R. Harrison & Co., feed cutters, 30; Pearl Steam Laundry, 10; Canton Steam Pump Co., 49; J. H. McLain Machine Co., feed mills, etc., 135; Harvard Co., surgical and dental chairs, 23; Canton File Case Co., furniture, 10; Dexter Wagon Co., 18; Wood, Brown Co., buggy gears, 12; Ney Manufacturing Co., hay carriers, etc., 35; J. F. Blake, flour, 6; Novelty Cutlery Co., 39; Canton Stove Co., 36; Dick's Agricultural Works, feed cutters, 60; Canton Street Railroad Co., electric power, 4; Union Brewing Co., 12; Whitman & Barnes Manufacturing Co., drop forgings, 103; Canton Gas Light and Coke Co., 10; Joseph Biechele Soap Co., 18; John Danner Manufacturing Co., revolving desks, 70; G. C. Howey, flour, 4; Jos. Weaver & Sons, sash doors and blinds, 40; Gilliam Manufacturing Co., coach pads and gig-saddles, 148; Campbell Lumber Co., doors, sash and blinds, 28; Alexander's Woolen Mills, 12; Skinner Bros., planing, 6; Berg & Son, carriages, 10; Canton Brewing Co., 10; F. B. Smith, force pumps, 37; Canton Buggy and Gear Co., 37; New York Steam Laundry, 6; Canton Tile Hollow Brick Co., 10; J. G. Wachter, machinery, 6; Jos. M. Ball, flour, 12; Canton Combination Lock Co., 24; Canton Steel Roofing Co., 35; Princes Plow Co., 50; C. Aultman & Co., engines and threshers, 356; Bolton Iron and Steel Co., 200; Canton Spring Co., vehicle springs, 94; Canton Saw Co., 32; Sun Vapor Street Light Co., street lamps, 70; City Box Factory, 20; Novelty Iron Works, castings and machinery, 65; Diebold Safe and Lock Co., 420; Chieftain Hay Rake Co., 30; Bucher & Gibbs Plow Co., 133; Elbel & Co., saddlery and hardware, 252; Peerless Reaper Co., 150; Wrigley Bros., paper boxes, 32; Hampden Watch Manufacturing Co., 1,276; Dueber Watch Case Co., 996. *State Report, 1890.* Population in 1880, 12,258. School census, 1888, 6,677, J. H. Lehman, school superintendent. Capital invested in industrial establishments, \$3,335,244. Value of annual product, \$4,705,297.—*Ohio Labor Statistics, 1887.*

Since these last statistics of 1888 were gathered, Canton has taken a surprising bound in importance among the manufacturing points. This by the accession of the Hampden Watch Manufacturing Company from Springfield, Mass., combined with the Dueber Watch Case Company from Newport, Kentucky. Unitedly they employ over 2,300 workmen, who with their families increase the population over 5,000. This brings, at this writing, just gathered, the census of Canton, for 1890, to 26,337. The establishment of these works in Canton was in consequence of a proposition made by its citizens, at the close of some preliminary negotiations, to Mr. John Dueber, of Newport, Kentucky, that if he would bring his works here and those from Springfield, Mass., which he had recently purchased, they would give him \$100,000 in cash, 20 acres of land on a beautiful commanding site and exemption from city taxation for ten years; the whole representing a cash valuation of at least \$175,000. So happy now is Canton, for she starts on the new decade prepared to supply the time for the whole world—tick! tick! tick!

TRAVELLING NOTES.

Canton is a solid substantial appearing town. A marked feature is its public square in the centre, whereon forty years ago was a market. The square is some two hundred or more feet wide and say four hundred feet long, all open and paved, used as a street and bounded with substantial buildings. The new view is looking

out of the square down Tuscarawas street. On the right appears the new courthouse, occupying the site of that shown in my old picture : beyond is seen the tower of the Hurford House, and in the distance appear the spires of the First Methodist Episcopal, Presbyterian and Lutheran churches, costly and elegant buildings. The last named is built of the cream-tinted Massillon sandstone, on which is carved the sublime heart-resting line, which opens Luther's famous battle hymn—"A mighty fortress is our God."

The Hurford House at which I stopped, is a remarkably well-built, well appointed hostelry. It has 110 rooms, and cost, including furniture, \$125,000. The proprietor, Mr. Alex. Hurford, is past the hustling period of life : has the honor of being one of the town born ; his first appearance here was in the "sad and dreary month of November," A. D. 1817; but there is nothing of the sad and dreary about him. He has lived the town and has given me some amusing items.

Like a large part of the original stock of this central back-bone region of Ohio, his father, Thomas Hurford, was from Pennsylvania ; moreover a Chester county Quaker, and a queer thing about him was that he changed his Quaker garb at the beck of a poll parrot. He was in Winchester, Virginia, on business, and while there, on passing up a street he was startled by the cry, as he supposed from an upper window, "You're a Quaker." Looking around, he saw no one and started on, but had proceeded but a few steps more, when the cry was repeated, "You're a Quaker." Again looking around and seeing no one, he hastened on, angry at what he considered a deliberate insult to his religion. Some hours later he passed the same spot, when he was again saluted with the same cry, "You're a Quaker." Quickly turning, he discovered the guilty party : it was a parrot. He was so much chagrined at the circumstance, that, as soon as he got home, he doffed his Quaker clothes and never resumed them.

My father learned the milling business, emigrated to Ohio and worked in a mill at Steubenville, for the great man of the place who had founded it, Bezaleel Wells. During this time he took a flat-boat to New Orleans with flour, on which he cleared \$2,500. With this money he came to Canton, which had been laid out by his old employer, Bezaleel, and built the now abandoned mill yet standing below the Oak Grove.

"Before the building of the Ohio canal," said he, "the people were wretchedly poor for the want of a market. Within my memory, the farming folks used to start to church Sundays barefoot, carrying their shoes and stockings in a handkerchief until they got to the foot of south hill, near where Aultman & Co.'s works now are, when they would stop and put them on. At that time wheat brought but twenty-five cents a bushel and had no outlet except by wagon to Cleveland and Pittsburg.

The only things that would bring cash were beeswax and ginseng. Store coffee then cost fifty cents a pound. It could not be bought without ginseng, beeswax or money. Most well-to-do families made it a point to have store coffee on Sunday : on other days, used coffee from burnt rye or wheat. My father, about 1823, kept a store on the southeast corner of Market Square, now the site of Durben & Wright's drug store. He paid about 25 cents a pound for ginseng. It was cut into, say, about four-inch pieces and strung on strings, like as our grandmothers used to string their apples for drying. The ginseng

was sent to Pittsburg in wagons and thence to China, for the use of "the pig-tail people." They used it as a substitute for opium and as joss sticks, to burn as incense before their idols.

My father was, at the beginning, farmer, miller and distiller. Whiskey sold for two cents a dram, or eighteen cents a gallon : and everybody drank. In the spring of 1821 or 1822, he loaded two flat-boats with whiskey, at Bethlehem, in this county, for New Orleans. The river changed its name according to the branches that poured into it. At Bethlehem it was the "Tuscarawas," lower down "White Woman," then "White Woman" was succeeded by "One Leg," and that went into the "Muskingum," which in the Indian, signifies an "Elk's Eye," and next came the Ohio, the "Beautiful River." This swelled the "Father of Waters," and so at last, on the bosom of these many waters, father's whiskey got to New Orleans.

When the idea of the Ohio canal going through Canton was broached, it met with great opposition from some of the leading men, who fought it away, and it was located

eight miles west and made the town of Massillon, and that sunk this town for twenty years. Among its opponents were three old doctors, who shook their heads, looked wise, and said it would increase the ague: almost everybody was then shaking with the ague. Every season seven out of every ten had their turn at the shakes. So the three wise doctors scared the people dreadfully, by simply putting their canes to their mouths and thus delivering themselves lugubriously. Great personal animosities arose in consequence between the enemies and friends of the "big ditch;" my father, who favored it, made enemies who remained so until he died. This statement of Mr. Hurford but supplies another illustration of the old truth, that mankind may forgive your crimes, but never your opinions.

To one of the old doctors, the work seemed so stupendous, so impossible of accomplishment that he said if the Almighty would just allow him to live until the canal was finished, he would willingly lie down and yield up the ghost. Within three years from that utterance, the canal was in full operation from the lake to the river, yet the old doctor seemed not quite ready to have his ghost "go up a spout."

My father claimed the canal would create a current and drain the swamps. When it was finished the sanitary effect of the measure was astonishing. It drained the swamps throughout its course and malaria largely disappeared through its influence.

The very first start of the work was beneficial. The canal was principally dug by Ohio farm boys; eldest sons of the farmers who earned from \$6 to \$10 per month and boarded at home: this with a larger part of them was about the first chance that they ever had to get a whack at any money. And this greatly benefited the farming people;

put them in happy smiling frames of mind. Massillon at once sprang into a great wheat market for a large section of country:—for Stark, Carroll, Wayne, Holmes and Richland counties. And strings of wheat wagons from all directions poured into the place, cumbered the streets, and Massillon rejoiced in much trade.

In the palmy days at Massillon, one could tell on meeting the returning farmers on the road, without a question, whether wheat was up or wheat was down. If down, they approached slowly, their heads hanging, and to your question would draw out in sleepy tones, kind o'grumpy, "*f-eef-ty cents*." If wheat was up, they would be seen coming up at a rapid rate, horses on a gallop, heads up, eyes bright, and if you inquired, "Neighbor, how is wheat to-day?" they would jerk out sharp, with an upward toss of the head, but a single word—"*Dollar!*"

The loss of the canal was the first lost opportunity for the prosperity of Canton. The second came years later. The projectors of the Cleveland and Pittsburg Railroad, the first railroad built across Eastern Ohio, from lake to river, said to our people, Subscribe \$10,000 and you shall have the railroad. But the leaders again sniveled their noses and gave a toss of their heads and blurted out, "Won't do any such thing. It's all in your eye. The railroad has got to come through Canton, anyway, the railroad folks can't help themselves!" But it didn't: it went 18 miles east and thereupon the town of Alliance sprang up. But for these dead weights, neither Alliance nor Massillon would have had a being, and Canton to-day would have more than absorbed their entire populations, for growing centres increase through their own accommodations. Now comes a third opportunity, the chance for obtaining the great Hampden-Dueber watch works.

On my original visit to Canton I met Mr. JOHN SAXTON. He was born in Huntingdon, Pennsylvania, in 1792, came to Canton in 1815, when it was a village of three hundred inhabitants and not a newspaper west of it, and died here Sunday, April 16, 1871, at the age of 81. A late publication says of him:—"He was the oldest editor and morally one of the best men in the profession in the United States. He started the "Stark County Repository" in the year 1815, and continued it consecutively for fifty-six years.

When the news came to him of the surrender of Napoleon III. at Sedan, to the Germans, he copied from his files of fifty-five years preceding, the account of the surrender, June 18, 1815, of Napoleon I. after Waterloo, to the Germans and British, and wrote a very touching article upon the mutability of human affairs. Almost to the day of his death he continued to set type with his own hands. Major McKinley, M. C., married with his son's daughter.

His paper was a pure, cleanly issue. He felt deeply the moral responsibility of an editor's position. His biographer says of him—He practised religion in his daily life. He literally went about doing good. His every-day work was planned to that end. He began and ended it with a careful reading of the Scriptures and prayer. He ascertained who was sick and who was needy and had about as many patients for his daily visits as a physician in moderate practice. In his old age although too deaf to hear a word, he was ever present in his pew at church, feeling it was good to be there. His temper was so under control, that one

who had worked by his side for over thirty years, never knew him to lose it but on a single occasion. The children on the streets loved him for his genial smile and loving ways, and he knew them all by name. The people called him "Father Saxton." In politics he began as a Federalist and eventually became a Republican.

A genial and obliging gentleman I find here in the editor of the Stark County Democrat, Mr. Archibald McGregor. He is a much older man than was Father Saxton when I knew him. They call him "Archie," in all this part of the State. He is every inch a Scotchman, was born in Lanarkshire, and takes a just pride in the fact. He presides at all gatherings of the Burns Club, in this region, and gives them original poems of patriotism in the dialect that warms the hearts in memories of the land of Robert Burns, Walter Scott, Gretna Green, Johnnie Groat's house, Hogg's Tales, etc.

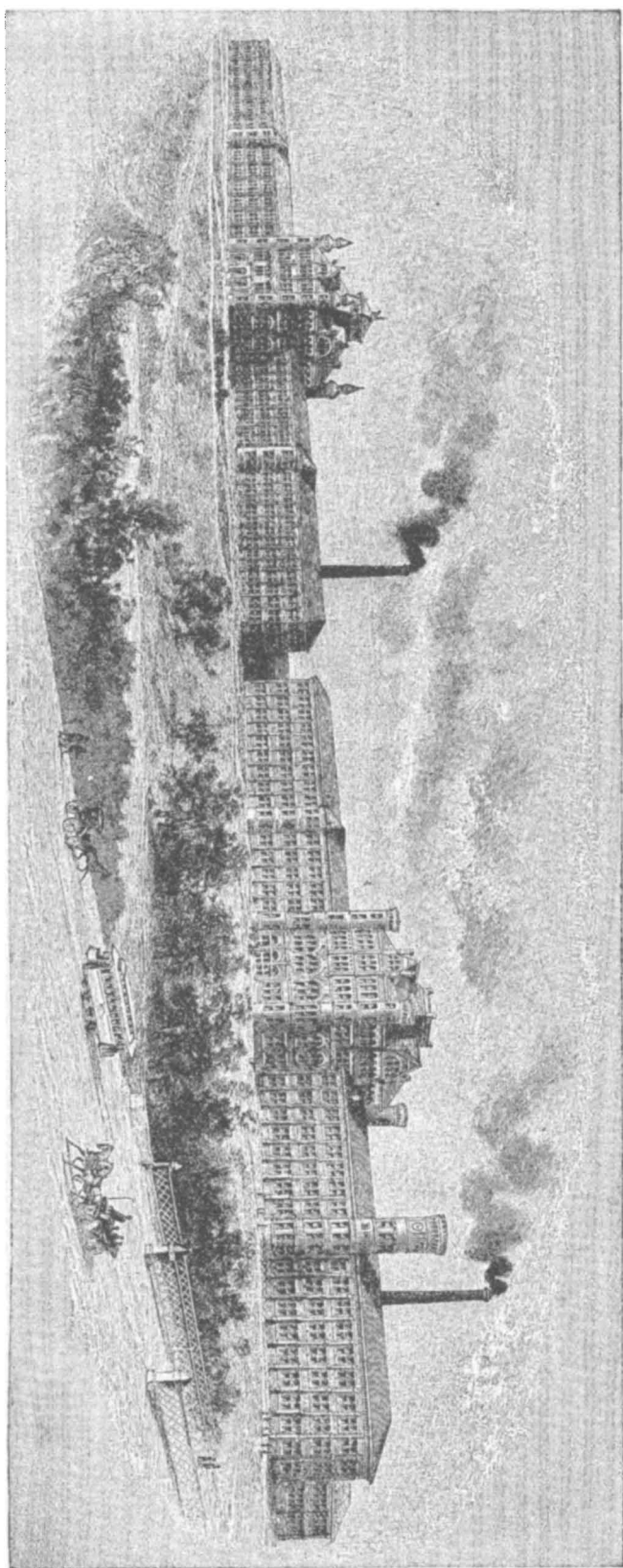
The *Stark County Democrat* was started jointly by his father and himself in 1848. His father, Mr. John McGregor, was a graduate of the University of Glasgow, and a teacher by profession. He was by nature an ardent Republican, and a leader of the Radical party of 1819, bent on establishing a British Republic. Their plans were betrayed, and he with his family first fled to the mountains and then to America, to escape capture and imprisonment. And his little clan of McGregor which he had brought, grew and helped to brighten the land, he taking them to the liberty-crowned hills of Vermont for their first nestling place.

Massillon in 1846.—Massillon is on the Ohio canal and Tuscarawas river, eight miles from Canton and sixty-five miles from Cleveland. It was laid out in March, 1826, by James Duncan, and named from John Baptiste Massillon, a celebrated French divine, who died in 1742, at the age of 79. The Ohio canal was located only a short time before the town was laid out, at which period, on its site was a grist mill, a distillery and a few dwellings only.

The view was taken near the American hotel, shown on the right, and within a few rods of the canal, the bridge over which is seen in front. The town is compactly built, and is remarkable for its substantial appearance. It is very thriving and is one of the greatest wheat markets in Ohio. At times, Main street is almost completely blocked by immense wagons of wheat and the place has generally the bustling air of business. It lies in the centre of a very rich wheat region. The old town of Kendall, laid out about the year 1810 by Thomas Roach, joins on the east. Massillon contains 1 German Evangelical, 1 Presbyterian, 1 Episcopal, 1 Lutheran, 1 Disciples, 1 Episcopal Methodist and 1 Catholic church; 2 hardware, 2 wholesale grocery and 11 dry goods stores; 6 forwarding houses, 3 foundries, 3 machine shops, 1 newspaper office, 1 bank, 1 woolen factory, and had in 1840, 1,420 inhabitants and now has about 2,000. "Just below the town commences a series of extensive plains, spreading over a space of ten or twelve miles in length from east to west and five or six in breadth. These were covered with a thin growth of oak timber and were denominated *barrens*, but, on cultivation, they produced fine crops of wheat. The Tuscarawas has cut across these plains on their western end, and runs in a valley sunk about thirty feet below their general surface."—*Old Edition*.

MASSILLON is eight miles west of Canton, on the Tuscarawas river, the Ohio Canal, the P. Ft. W. & C.; C. L. & W.; W. & L. E. and M. & C. Railroads.

City Officers, 1888: Josiah Frantz, Mayor; Joseph R. White, Clerk; J. W. Foltz, Treasurer; Otto E. Young, Solicitor; Adam Wendling, Marshal. Newspapers: *Independent*, Republican, R. P. Skinner, editor; *American*, Independent, J. J. Hoover, editor and publisher; *Gleaner*, Newstetter & Co., editors and publishers. Churches: 1 Presbyterian, 1 United Brethren, 1 Lutheran, 1 Evangelical, 1 Disciples, 1 Episcopal, 2 Catholic, 1 Methodist Episcopal, 1 African. Banks: First National, S. Hunt, president, C. Steese, cashier; German Deposit, McClymonds, Albright & Co., P. G. Albright, cashier; Union National, Joseph Coleman, president, James H. Hunt, cashier.



THE DUBEE-HAMPDEN WATCH FACTORIES, CANTON.

Manufactures and Employees.—The Massillon Bridge Co., 94 hands; Warwick & Justice, flour and feed, 16; Massillon Glass Works, 201; M. A. Brown, cigar boxes, etc., 15; S. R. Wells, window glass, 68; The Massillon Paper Co., 50; Hess, Snyder & Co., stoves, steam pumps, etc., 63; J. F. Pocock, flour and feed, 13; A. J. Humberger & Son, dry goods store, 12; C. Seibold, dry goods store, 8; Ricks Brothers, dry goods store, 7; S. Oberlin's Sons, dry goods store, 6; Allman & Putman, dry goods store, 20; Frank Crone, dry goods store, 5; Joseph Corns & Son, rolling mill, 114; Peter Sailer, cigars, 170; Massillon Machine Co., 22; Conrad, Dangler & Brown, sash, doors and blinds, 11; Russell & Co., agricultural machinery, 665.—*State Report, 1888.* Population, 1880, 6,836. School census, 1888, 3,325, E. A. Jones, superintendent of schools. Capital invested in manufacturing establishments, \$850,000. Value of annual product, \$1,200,000.—*Ohio Labor Statistics, 1888.*

Census, 1890, 10,063.

BIOGRAPHIES.

WILLIAM MCKINLEY, JR. was born in Niles, Trumbull county, Ohio, February 26, 1844. He received a common school education, which was interrupted before completion by his enlistment in May, 1861, as a private in the 23d O. V. I. He



MAJOR MCKINLEY.



THE HOME OF MAJOR MCKINLEY.

gradually rose from the ranks and at the close of the war was mustered out with the rank of colonel and brevet-major.

He then studied law, was admitted to the bar in 1867, and settled in Canton. He was prosecuting attorney of Stark county, 1869-71; was elected to the 45th, 46th, 47th and 48th congresses, receiving the certificate of election to the latter, but late in the first session his opponent was given his seat by the House. He was elected to the 49, 50th and 51st congresses. In June, 1888, as chairman of the platform committee of the Republican National Convention held at Chicago, he is accredited with drafting the resolutions that were adopted. He is the leader in Congress in protective tariff measures and the author of the tariff bill of October, 1890.

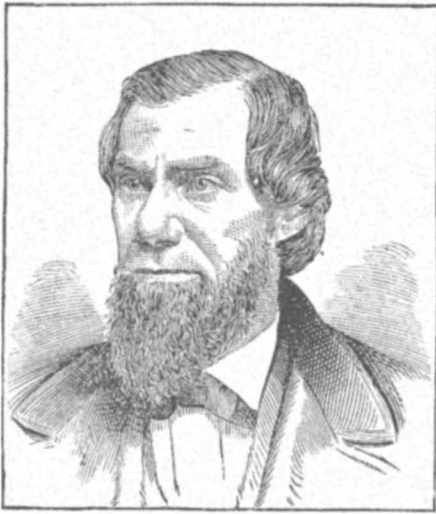
It is a matter of pride to the people of Canton that it is the home of Major McKinley. It helps to make their place known to multitudes in both continents, while his personal characteristics are such as to win the esteem and regard of all with whom he is associated in either public or social life. A late writer says, "In his home life Mr. McKinley is just as unassuming as in his public career. The

house occupied by him overlooks the Public Square in Canton. It is the old homestead of the Saxton family and is the property of Mrs. McKinley, who was a Miss Saxton. On account of the prominent position occupied in Ohio by the family, this mansion has been for years the headquarters for the reception of distinguished visitors in Canton. During the campaign of 1880 Garfield and Arthur, Senator Sherman and his brother Gen. W. T. Sherman, all met under this hospitable roof.

The house is large and roomy with a wide, comfortable porch running all round it. Within a short distance is Mr. McKinley's law office and that of his brother, who is also his partner. This office is situated in a large building known as the "McKinley block," which was put up by the two brothers from the profits of their business. The property now yields a handsome revenue and materially assists Maj. McKinley in maintaining his position in Washington.

Maj. McKinley is very fond of good horses, and also of the country. Just outside of Canton he has a small farm, and in the next county a larger one. He drives out to these nearly every morning and takes great personal interest in all the operations upon them.

JOHN HANCOCK KLIPPART, who for nearly twenty-two years was Secretary of the Ohio State Board of Agriculture, was born in



J. H. KLIPPART.

Stark county, Ohio, in 1823. His ancestors were German, though citizens of the United States for two or three generations. His opportunities for education were at first limited, but he early learned to make every occupation a means of culture. In 1847, at the age of twenty-four, he was married to Miss Emiline Rahn, of Canton.

In 1856, while assistant editor of the *Ohio Farmer*, he was elected corresponding secretary of the State Board of Agriculture; had he been styled General Secretary it would have better expressed the extent and scope

of his duties. At the meeting of the Board, although usually some member acting as Recording Secretary made a minute of the business transacted, these records were arranged by Mr. Klippart for publication in the annual report. The reports from County Societies were placed in his charge, and by him arranged and sent to press. Preparations for each State Fair were made by the whole Board, or by its executive committee, but a large share of the work unavoidably fell upon the secretary. Members of the Board, without compensation, gave their time to arranging for and attending the State Fairs at great sacrifice of personal interests, consequently Mr. Klippart, the only salaried officer connected with the Board, was left to look after numerous details. During the fairs innumerable matters required his attention, the services of the Secretary were always in requisition; so when the fairs were over, an immense number of settlements and adjustments were necessarily referred to him.

Besides this, he kept the office through the year, and in addition to his legitimate duties, answered orally or by letter innumerable inquiries. Perhaps, none, except members of the Board, who of necessity were often in the office, could form an idea of the multitude of sensible and senseless questions to which the Secretary was expected to furnish a satisfactory answer.

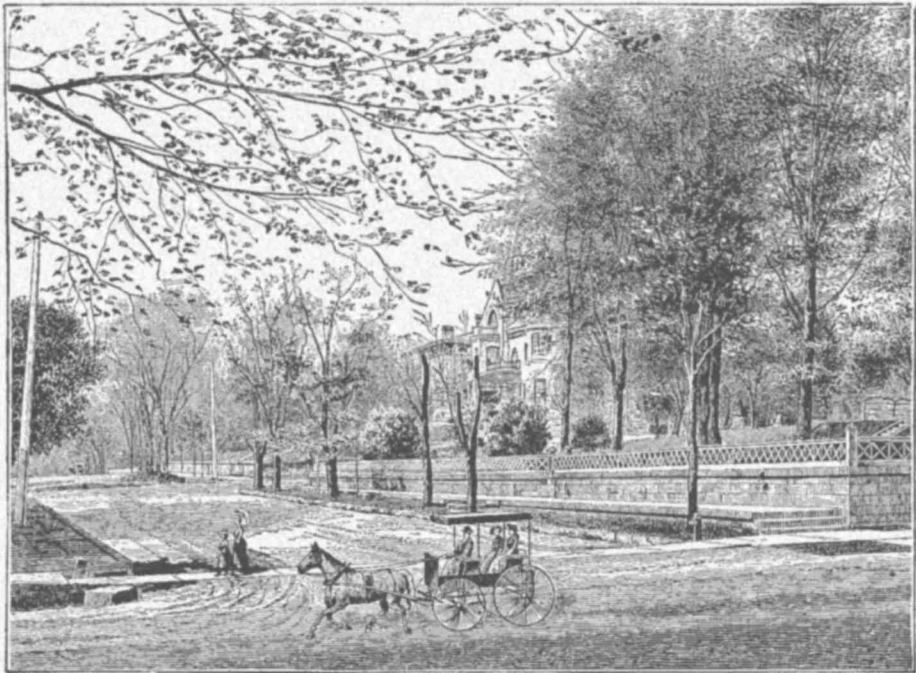
In addition to this, Mr. Klippart performed a large amount of literary labor of higher character. He wrote essays on almost all agricultural topics of interest, many of which required extensive research; he also translated many of the best articles from French and German periodicals. He made laborious compilations of statistics, showing the condition and progress of agriculture within the State. Two elaborate treatises emanated from his pen; one on the Wheat Plant, the other on Drainage; these were first published in the annual reports and afterwards in book form.

In 1860 Governor Dennison appointed him



Drawn by Henry Howe in 1846

MAIN STREET, MASSILLON



J. C. Harrings, Photo., 1887.

PROSPECT STREET, MASSILLON.

one of the Board of Commissioners to proceed to the Atlantic seaboard, to examine and report on the pleuro-pneumonia of cattle, which was then creating consternation among the stockmen of the country. In 1865 he visited Europe, made an extended tour and an able report upon the various agricultural institutions there in operation. In 1869 he was appointed by Governor Hayes one of the Assistant Geologists for the State Survey.

In 1873 he was appointed by Governor Noyes one of a Board of Commissioners to take measures for restocking the waters of the State with edible fish. In 1876 he attended the great Centennial Exhibition at Philadelphia, to present there the agricultural products of Ohio. From all these appointments and consequent services rendered to the State, the volumes of the Ohio Agricultural Reports have been enriched; they certainly constitute a body of agricultural literature upon which the people of any state might look with satisfaction. These twenty-one volumes form a splendid monument to his memory and will serve to remind the farmers of Ohio, of his services to the State, much better than any stately obelisk erected in a century. Mr. Klippart died October 24, 1878, being fifty-five years of age.

The above is from remarks made by J. M. Millikin and N. S. Townshend, members of the State Board of Agriculture, at a meeting of the Board soon after Mr. Klippart's death. It was also said that from the life of Mr.

labors and the service he was enabled to render to the State, it evidently pays well to *work hard*. But in view of the exhaustion of his powers and comparatively early decline, it is equally evident that it does not pay to *work too hard*.

ISAAC R. SHERWOOD was born in Stanford, N. Y., August 13, 1835. In 1854, he went to Antioch College, two years later



JOSEPH MEDILL.



GEN. I. R. SHERWOOD.

Klippart three important lessons might be learned. From the amount of work done by him in early life and the excellent training it afforded, one may learn that it pays a man to *work*. From the success of his arduous

entered the Ohio Law College, at Poland, O. In 1857, he located at Bryan, Ohio, and published the *Williams County Gazette*, which he put in full mourning when John Brown was hung at Harper's Ferry. April 16, 1861, the day following President Lincoln's call for volunteers, he left the office of Probate Judge and the newspaper business to enlist as a private in the 14th O. V. I.

February 14, 1863, he was promoted to rank of major in the 111th O. V. I., February 2, 1864, to lieutenant-colonel, and to colonel September 8, 1864. He particularly distinguished himself in a gallant charge at the head of his regiment, at Resaca.

At the battle of Franklin, November 30, 1864, he made an heroic defense of his position, the command fighting with muskets clubbed and bayonets, after the ammunition had given out. In recognition of this service, the Ohio civilians in Tennessee presented him with an elegant sword. President Lincoln promoted him to the rank of brevet brigadier general. He was mustered out with his regiment at Cleveland, July 15, 1865.

For a time he conducted the *Toledo Commercial*, later was on the editorial staff of the *Cleveland Leader*.

In 1868, he was elected Secretary of State and re-elected in 1870. He organized the

Bureau of Statistics and issued four annual reports, widely commented upon for their accurate exhibits. In 1872 he was elected to Congress. From 1875 to 1886 he published the *Toledo Journal*. From 1879 he served six years as Probate Judge of Lucas county. September 1, 1859, he married Miss Katharine Margaret Brownlee.

In 1888 Gen. Sherwood removed to Canton, O., to assume control of the *Stark County Democrat*.

JOSEPH MEDILL was born in New Brunswick, Canada, April 6, 1823. He removed with his father to Stark county in 1832. His boyhood was spent on a farm, later he studied law and practised at Massillon. In 1849 he founded a Free-soil paper at Coshocton. In 1852 he established the "*Leader*" in Cleveland. In 1854 he was one of the organizers of the Republican party in Ohio. In 1855 he became identified with the Chicago "*Tribune*," of which he is still the editor-in-chief. He was a member of the U. S. Civil Service Commission in 1871, and was elected Mayor of Chicago.

LYMAN U. HUMPHREY was born in Stark county, Ohio, July 25, 1844. At the outbreak of the war he enlisted as a private in the 76th O. V. I., participated in many important engagements, was wounded near Chattanooga, but refused to leave the field; he served for four years without losing a day, and when mustered out had been promoted to a first lieutenantcy.

After the war he attended Mt. Union College and then the University of Michigan. In 1868 he was admitted to the bar and removed to Independence, Kansas, his present home. He has served in both branches of the Kansas Legislature, was elected lieutenant governor in 1877 and again in 1879. In 1888 was elected governor by over 72,000 majority over his Democratic opponent and September 3, 1890, renominated for that office, by acclamation, by the Republican State Convention. Governor Humphrey is the true type of the genial, industrious and energetic Kansan.

He has the distinction of being the first Governor to issue a proclamation officially creating a new holiday to be known as LABOR DAY. He recommended that Monday, Sept. 1, 1890, be observed and that business in the great "Prairie State" be at least so far sus-



LYMAN U. HUMPHREY.

pended as to permit all who desired to participate in the public festivities of the occasion.

CHARLES FREDERICK MANDERSON was born in Philadelphia, Pa., February 9, 1837. In 1856 he removed to Canton, studied law and was admitted to the bar in 1859; was elected city solicitor in 1860, and in 1861, entered the army as first lieutenant in the 19th O. V. I. He rose to be colonel of his regiment. In September, 1864, he was so severely wounded that several months later he was obliged to resign from the army. He received the brevet of brigadier-general for gallant, long continued and meritorious service.

He resumed the practice of law in Canton; was twice elected district attorney. In 1869 he removed to Omaha, Neb., and 1882 was elected to the U. S. Senate by the Republicans. In 1888 he was re-elected to the Senate.

ALLIANCE is eighteen miles northeast of Canton, on the P. Ft. W. & C.; C. & P.; L. E. A. & S. and A. N. & A. R. Railroads.

Alliance was originally called Freedom, and was laid out in 1838, by Matthias Hester and John Miller. The original proprietors of the land were Matthias Hester, William Aultman, Michael and John Miller, Messrs. Scott and Cassidy. The first house was erected and the first store established by Mr. Hester. The growth of the town was very slow until the crossing of the P. Ft. W. & C. and C. & P. R. R. at this point gave it a new impetus. The population in 1850 was 250.

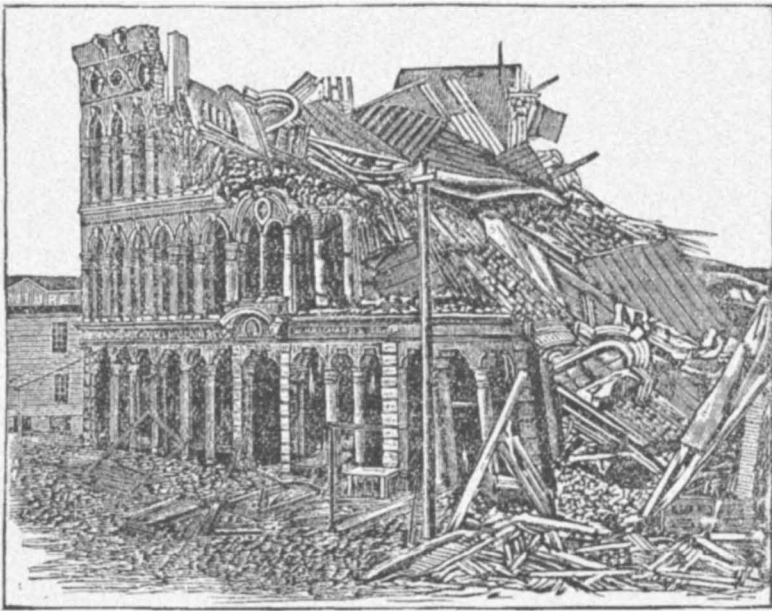
Gen. Robinson at this time gave the place the name of Alliance, on account of the relation it was expected the two systems of railroads would occupy to each other, although no alliance had been consummated at that time. Since then the

growth of the town has been steady, until it now stands among the important manufacturing centres of the State.

City Officers, 1888: O. M. Coxen, Mayor; James Culbertson, Clerk; Wm. Teel, Treasurer; Judson L. Philips, Solicitor; M. Stacey, Marshal; Matthew White, Street Commissioner. Newspapers: *Leader*, Independent Democrat, Wallace H. Phelps, editor; *Review*, Republican, J. W. Gillespie, editor; *American Carp Culture*, Fish Culture, L. B. Logan, editor and publisher. Churches: 2 Presbyterian, 1 Lutheran, 1 Catholic, 1 United Brethren, 1 German Reformed, 1 Methodist Episcopal, 1 Congregational, 1 Disciples, 1 Baptist, 1 Welsh Congregational, 1 Friends and 2 others. Bank: Alliance Bank Co., John Atwell, president, W. H. Ramsey, cashier.

Manufactures and Employees.—Elmer E. Cline, general machinery, 6 hands; Millord & Co., foundry work, 7; Stanley & Hawkins, flour and feed, 6; Alliance Steam Boiler Works, 4; G. L. Chapman, general machine work, 3; F. Baugh, castings, 8; Morgan Engineering Co., 400; J. T. Weybrecht, sash, doors and blinds, 14; The Solid Steel Co., 215; The A. W. Coats Co., hay-rakes, 26; George N. Yant, planing mill, 7.—*State Report, 1888.* Population, 1880, 4,636. School census, 1888, 1,832. C. C. Davidson, superintendent of schools. Capital invested in manufacturing establishments, \$51,300. Value of annual product, \$154,000.—*Ohio Labor Statistics, 1888.*

Census, 1890, 7,607.



ALLIANCE DISASTER.

In 1867-68, there was built in Alliance an opera house at an estimated cost of \$80,000. Even at the time of its completion the building was considered unsafe, owing to the use of poor material and hasty construction. Indeed, so well was this understood, that its property value was very materially affected thereby and the building was sold in 1877, for \$9,000. At this time, some \$14,000 to \$16,000 were expended in improvements, but without permanently securing its safety as subsequent events demonstrated.

The frontage of the building was eighty feet, by the same depth; it consisted of four stories, containing stores, offices and assembly rooms with the third floor entirely occupied by the opera house auditorium, stage, etc., with a seating capacity

of one thousand, although fifteen hundred were sometimes crowded within its doors.

On June 2, 1886, two of the offices on the second floor, and three of the four stores on the street floor were occupied by business men. An adjoining two-story frame building east of the opera house, was occupied upstairs as a dwelling, by the family of George Myers, and downstairs by the grocery of James I. Rickard. Early in the day they discovered that their doors did not open and shut freely; they at once surmised the pressure of the yielding east wall of the opera house to be the cause and notified Mr. Florian Marchand, manager of the building. Later in the day, Mr. Marchand in company with J. T. Weybrecht, an expert builder, made an inspection of the building, with the result that its immediate vacation was ordered. At 4.30 Messrs. Marchand and Rickard were anxiously watching the building, when fragments of brick began to fall.

At once perceiving that the end had come, they raised the alarm. The frightened inmates of the stores and offices came rushing out, none too soon. A long gap opened in the east wall, an awful roar swept over the startled city, a cloud of dust rose slowly against the slanting rays of the afternoon sun, and the stately pile fell crushed like an eggshell into utter and shapeless ruin.

The fire bell rang out clear in the awful silence that followed. Men and women stood for an instant spellbound with horror; then a cry arose on all sides: "The opera house has fallen!" Every mind instantly rested on the occupants of the ruined structure. Women screamed and fainted, men shuddered and turned pale, and all rushed to the scene, dreading the worst, scarcely daring to hope. As if by magic, the streets were black with people, with blanched faces and fast beating hearts. The general and intense relief can be imagined when it was definitely ascertained that positively no person was killed, or even injured. The families of the persons whose various occupations were conducted in the opera house block were naturally frantic with fear and terror, only equalled by the joy caused by the unexpected good news that all had escaped.

By a combination of circumstances peculiarly fortunate the great ruin became the tomb of no living being. Had those falling walls, sinking floors and crashing timbers engulfed, as well they might, hundreds of happy, unsuspecting pleasure seekers, the mind shudders at the awful picture.

That such a risk of terrible calamity as menaced the people of Alliance for a term of years was permitted in the State of Ohio, is evidence that our laws on the construction and maintenance of public buildings are not such as should satisfy the people.

MOUNT UNION COLLEGE, located at Mount Union, south of, and connected with Alliance by an electric railway, is a progressive institution that has exerted a wide educational, moral and religious influence. It had its beginning in a school founded by Rev. O. N. Hartshorn, D. D., LL. D., in 1846. It had unusual success and the outcome was the college, founded in 1858. The institution has had a phenomenal growth, largely owing to the energy of Dr. Hartshorn, ably assisted by his colleagues. It would have been impossible for the college to reach its present large proportions but, for the princely gifts and wise counsels of Hon. Lewis Miller, of Akron, and Messrs. C. Aultman and Jacob Miller, of Canton. Its buildings are handsome and extensive, beautifully situated on the grounds, which comprise some fifty-four acres. A new building has just been erected through the generosity of T. R. Morgan, Jr., of Alliance, Richard Brown, of Youngstown, and others. This building is to be used for a gymnasium and observatory, and is said to be one of the finest college edifices in the State.

The Museum of Art and Science is valued at more than a quarter of million dollars. Bayard Taylor said of it in the New York Tribune in 1876, "The museum of Mount Union College is among the best I ever visited anywhere, and the natural specimens are the most select and valuable I have seen in any country."

In 1886, Dr. Hartshorn retired from his long and useful career, and in 1888, Rev. Tamerlane Pliny Marsh, D. D., of Chicago, was elected his successor. Under his control the institution is rapidly increasing its sphere of usefulness. The institution has been attended by more than 18,000 persons, has graduated 1,477, and during the past year has had 580 students in its different departments. Among its most noted graduates are Gov. Humphrey, of Kansas, Bishop John H. Vincent, LL. D., of Buffalo, N. Y., Prof. H. S. Lehr, president of Ada Normal University, Von Jackson, Privy Counsellor to the King, Stuttgart, Germany, and many other eminent men.

MINERVA is on the line of Stark and Carroll counties, mostly in Stark, at the junction of the C. & C.; C. & P. and L. E. Alliance & Southern Railroads.

Its situation is pleasant, in a good country in the valley of the Big Sandy, near its head waters. City Officers, 1888: Mayor, James Jerome; Clerk, Wm. Unger; Treasurer, A. C. Unkefer; Marshal, T. J. Roach; Street Commissioner, Jos. Eiken. Churches: 1 Methodist Episcopal, 2 Disciples, 1 Lutheran and 1 Presbyterian. It has one newspaper, the "*Minerva News*," W. S. Knox, editor; 1 bank; Peet & Bro.'s Glass Bottle and Jar Works; Yost & Co's furniture making; car building factory, two planing and one grist mill, and water works, and is in a fine agricultural and coal mining region. Capital in manufactures, \$109,100; value of annual products, \$642,400.—*Ohio Labor Statistics, 1888.*

CANAL FULTON is fifteen miles northwest of Canton, on the Tuscarawas river, the Ohio canal, C. L. & W. and Massillon branch of the C. A. & C. Railroads.

City Officers, 1888: Charles H. Fisher, Mayor; J. W. Kirk, Clerk; J. M. Bergold, Treasurer; Jas. McLaughlin, Marshal and Street Commissioner. Newspaper: *Fulton Signal*, Independent, J. P. Yockey, editor and publisher. Churches: 1 United Brethren, 1 Reformed, 1 Presbyterian, 2 Catholic, 1 Methodist Episcopal and 1 other. Bank: Fulton, J. M. Bergold. Population, 1880, 1,196. School census, 1888, 575. I. M. Taggart, superintendent of schools. Principal manufactures are Fulton Wind Engine and Pump Co., and Fulton Tool and Manufacturing Co.

GREENTOWN is nine miles north of Canton, on the Valley Railroad. School census, 1888, 133.

LOUISVILLE is seven miles northeast of Canton, on the P. Ft. W. & C. R. R. It has five churches. Newspaper: *Herald*, Independent, L. P. Bissell & Co., editors and publishers. Bank: Louisville Deposit (Keim & Sons), John Keim, cashier. Population, 1880, 1,050. School census, 1888, 476. J. M. Kerstetter, superintendent of schools.

Louisville was almost entirely settled by French from the Rhine, of whom there are several thousand in this county. They form an excellent population and readily assimilate to the American customs. The French enter the English schools, while the Germans show more attachment to those in their native language.—*Old Edition.*

WAYNESBURG is twelve miles southeast of Canton, on the C. & P. R. R.

Newspaper: *Valley Enterprise*, Independent, Chas. A. Law, editor and publisher. Churches: 1 Methodist Episcopal, 1 Presbyterian, 1 Lutheran, 1 Disciples. Population, 1880, 622. School census, 1888, 198.

WILMOT is twenty miles southwest of Canton. School census, 1888, 167. Newspaper: *Review*, Independent, W. S. Spidle & Co., editors and publishers.

LIMAVILLE is seventeen miles northeast of Canton, on the C. & P. R. R. Population, 1880, 164.

NORTH LAWRENCE is fifteen miles west of Canton, on the P. Ft. W. & C. R. R. Population, 1880, 494.

MT. UNION is one and a half miles south of Alliance, on the L. E. A. & S. R. R. Population, 1880, 327. School census, 1888, 178. F. P. Shumaker, superintendent of schools.

NAVARRE is ten miles southwest of Canton, on the Tuscarawas river, the Ohio

Canal, C. L. & W.; W. & L. E. and C. & C. Railroads. Churches: 1 Catholic, 1 United Brethren, 1 Reformed Methodist, 1 Episcopal, 2 Lutheran. Newspaper: *Independent*, Independent, Frank M. Corl, editor and publisher. Population, 1880, 867. School census, 1888, 370. J. E. McKean, superintendent of schools. Coal mining is its principal industry. It is a very rich agricultural district, which also abounds in coal, fire-clay, lime and building stone.

BEACH CITY is fourteen miles southwest of Canton, on the C. L. & W. and C. & C. Railroads. School census, 1888, 200.

MAPLETON is eight miles southeast of Canton, on the C. & C. R. R. It has five churches. School census, 1888, 130.

NEW BERLIN is five miles northwest of Canton, on the Valley R. R. School census, 1888, 173.

NEW FRANKLIN is fifteen miles south of Canton. School census, 1888, 66.

OSNABURG is five miles east of Canton, on the C. & C. R. R. It has four churches. Population, 1880, 507. School census, 1888, 246.

UNIONTOWN, P. O. Lake, is twelve miles north of Canton, on the Valley R. R. It has three churches. School census, 1888, 101.

MAGNOLIA is twelve miles southeast of Canton, on the Tuscarawas Branch of the C. & P. R. R. School census, 1888, 130.

MARLBORO is fourteen miles northeast of Canton. School census, 1888, 131.

SUMMIT.

SUMMIT COUNTY was erected from Portage, Medina and Stark, March 3, 1840. It derived its name from having the highest land on the line of the Ohio canal, originally called "the Portage Summit." Along the Cuyahoga it is uneven and hilly; elsewhere level or undulating. It has immense beds of bituminous coal and fine clay. The soil is fertile and produces excellent fruit. The principal productions are wheat, corn, hay, oats, cheese, butter, potatoes and fruit.

Area, about 420 square miles. In 1887 the acres cultivated were 105,569; in pasture, 56,922; woodland, 23,513; lying waste, 4,343; produced in wheat, 552,269 bushels; rye, 1,121; buckwheat, 241; oats, 581,260; barley, 600; corn, 451,232; meadow hay, 26,082 tons; clover hay, 16,245; potatoes, 124,424 bushels; butter, 657,527 lbs.; cheese, 1,011,957; maple syrup, 14,944 gallons; honey, 3,903 lbs.; eggs, 345,814 dozen; grapes, 39,820 lbs.; wine, 349 gallons; sweet potatoes, 200 bushels; apples, 75,006; peaches, 8,990; pears, 2,067; wool, 86,801 lbs.; milch cows owned, 11,501. Ohio Mining Statistics, 1888.—Coal mined, 112,024 tons, employing 231 miners and 40 outside employees; fire clay, 3,000 tons. School census, 1888, 15,339; teachers, 379. Miles of railroad track, 154.

TOWNSHIPS AND CENSUS.	1840.	1880.	TOWNSHIPS AND CENSUS.	1840.	1880.
Akron city and Middlebury township co-extensive,		16,512	Northampton,	963	977
Bath,	1,425	1,039	Northfield,	1,031	1,076
Boston,	845	1,221	Norton,	1,497	2,066
Copley,	1,439	1,184	Portage,	2,382	2,540
Coventry,	1,308	2,305	Richfield,	1,108	1,253
Cuyahoga,		2,294	Springfield,		2,332
Franklin,	1,436	2,203	Stow,	1,533	911
Green,	1,536	1,827	Tallmadge,	2,134	1,455
Hudson,	1,220	1,817	Twinsburg,	1,039	776

Population of Summit in 1840, 22,469 ; 1860, 27,344 ; 1880, 43,788 ; of whom 29,198 were born in Ohio ; 3,354, Pennsylvania ; 1,644, New York ; 182, Indiana ; 124, Virginia ; 42, Kentucky ; 2,081, England and Wales ; 2,275, German Empire ; 1,321, Ireland ; 499, British America ; 207, Scotland ; 200, France ; and 109 Sweden and Norway. Census, 1890, 54,089.

Summit county is the centre of a region that for a radius of about forty miles differs from any other in the State in the existence of a number of natural lakes, such as Silver, Congress, Myers, Springfield, Long, Summit, Turkey Foot, Chippewa, etc. The origin of these lakes was glacial, and they were formed during the same era that produced the varied natural formations peculiar to the region in the vicinity of Cuyahoga Falls. This region is one of great interest to geologists, and furnishes opportunity for study and research as to the forces producing the external formation of the State.

The map given herein, which is from Prof. G. Frederick Wright's work on "The Ice Age in North America" (D. Appleton & Co., 1890), shows that the waters of the Cuyahoga and Tuscarawas rivers intermingled at one period of time. (See "The Great Dam at Cincinnati in the Ice Age," Hamilton county, also, "Glacial Man in Ohio.")

Here, at one of the highest points of the State, the dividing ridge separates, with but a few miles between them, the Cuyahoga, flowing north to Lake Erie, and the Tuscarawas, whose waters, through the Muskingum, reach the Ohio river. During the occupation of the Indians the region had many important advantages for the red men. It could be reached from the lake in canoes, and by carrying their birch-bark canoes seven miles, navigation was clear to the Ohio river. Fish and game were plentiful. OLD PORTAGE, at the head of navigation on the Cuyahoga, became a trading-post for whites and Indians. It was a recognized landmark in the western boundary line of the United States, in the treaty of Fort McIntosh in 1798. In the war of 1812 it was the rendezvous of the troops furnished by the Western Reserve.

The old Indian PORTAGE PATH was part of the ancient boundary between the *Six Nations* and the Western Indians. Its exact course is thus described with reference to present sites.

It left the Cuyahoga at the village of Old Portage, about three miles north of Akron. It went up the hill westward about half a mile to the high ground, where it turned southerly and ran about parallel with the canal to near the Summit lake ; there took the low ground nearly south to the Tuscarawas, which it struck a mile or two above the New Portage. The whole length of the path was, by the survey of Moses Warren, in 1797, 8 miles, 4 chains and 55 links.

The *First Settlement* made in this county was at Hudson, in the year 1800, by Mr. David Hudson, the history of which we derive from a series of articles written by Rev. J. Seward, and published about the year 1835 in the *Hudson Observer*.

In the division of the Western Reserve among the proprietors, the townships of Chester and Hudson fell to the lot of Birdsey Norton and David Hudson.

Dangerous Travelling.—In the year 1799 Mr. Hudson came out to explore his land in company with a few others. On the way he fell in with Benj. Tappan, since judge, then travelling to his town of Ravenna. They started in his boat from Gerondigut bay, on Lake Ontario, early in May, and soon overtook Elias Harmon, since judge, in a boat with his wife, bound to Mantua. On arriving at Niagara, they found the river full of ice. They had their boats conveyed around the falls, and proceeded on their dangerous way amidst vast bodies of floating ice, hav-

ing some of the men on the shore pulling by ropes until out of danger from the current of the Niagara. Arrived at the mouth of the lake, they found it full of floating ice as far as the eye could reach, and were compelled to wait several days ere they could proceed, which they then did along near the shore. When off Ashtabula county, their boats were driven ashore in a storm, and that of Mr. Harmon's stove in pieces ; he proceeded from thence by land to Mantua. Having purchased and in a manner repaired Harmon's boat, Mr. Hudson shipped his effects in it,

and they arrived at Cleveland on the 8th of June.

Locating a Township.—Morse's Geography having given them about all the knowledge of the Cuyahoga that they possessed, they supposed it capable of sloop navigation to its forks. The season being dry, they had proceeded but a few miles when they found it in places only eight or ten inches deep, and were often obliged to get out, join hands, and drag their boats over the shallow places, and made but slow progress. After a lapse of several days, they judged they were in the latitude of the town of which they were in search. Mr. Hudson went ashore and commenced hunting for a surveyor's line much too far north, and it was not until after six days' laborious and painful search that he discovered, towards night, a line which led to the southwest corner of his township. The succeeding day being very rainy he lodged under an oak tree, without any covering except the clothes he wore, with the grateful pleasure of resting on his own land. In the morning he returned highly elated to the boats and gave information of his success.

Driving Cattle Through the Wilderness.—While in Ontario, New York, Tappan bought a yoke of oxen, and Hudson two yoke and two cows. These eight cattle they committed to the care of Meacham, a hired man in Tappan's service, who brought them safely on the Indian trail through Buffalo, until they found near the lake the west line of the seventh range on the Reserve. This line, it being the east line of the towns now named Painsville, Concord, Chardon, Monson, Newburg, Auburn, Mantua, Shalersville and Ravenna, they followed due south more than forty miles, crossing the Grand and Cuyahoga rivers, and striking the Salt Spring Indian trail near the southeastern corner of Ravenna. They followed this trail westwardly until they came to the new line recently made by Hudson and Tappan, which they followed to the spot where the boats were lying on the Cuyahoga, in Boston.

The difficulties encountered by these men in driving this small drove about three hundred miles on an obscure, crooked Indian path, and in following town lines through swamps, rivers and other obstacles fifty miles farther, almost through an uninhabited wilderness, were appalling; and what rendered their circumstances truly unpleasant, and in some cases hazardous, was that they were strangers to the country and without a guide. Their mode of travelling was to have several bags of flour and pork, together with two blankets and an axe, well secured on the backs of the oxen. They waded fordable streams and compelled their cattle to swim those that could not be forded, passing across those streams themselves with their provisions on rafts hastily made of sticks.

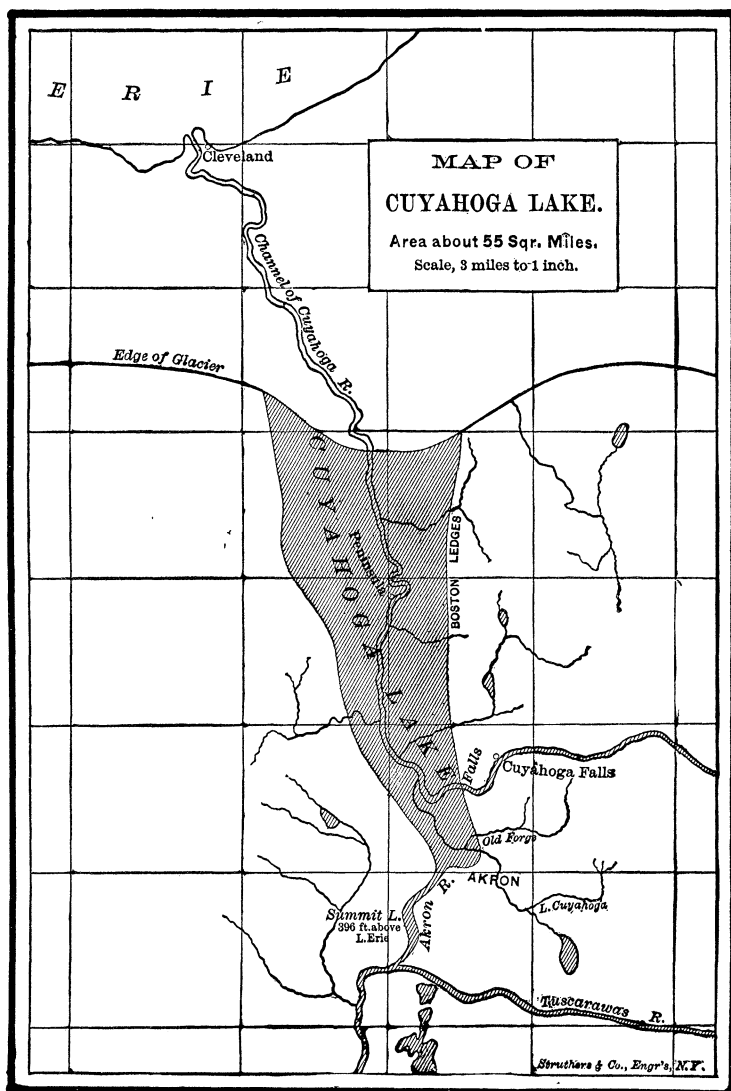
Vicious Flies.—Mr. Hudson's company being thus collected, his first care, after making yokes for his oxen, was to open some road to his land. The gullies they crossed were numerous and frequent, and often abrupt to

an angle of forty-five degrees or more. On this road, bad as it was, they performed all their transportation in the year 1799, while their oxen were tormented and rendered almost unmanageable by immense swarms of large flies, which displayed such skill in the science of phlebotomy, that, in a short time, they drew out a large share of the blood belonging to these animals: the flies actually killed one of Tappan's oxen this season.

After having conveyed their small stock of provisions on to the southwest corner of this town and erected a bark hut, Mr. Hudson's anxiety became very great lest he and his company should suffer for want of provisions, his stock being very much reduced in consequence of the Indians having robbed his boat. Not hearing from Lacey, a man he had left behind in Western New York to bring on stores, and dreading the consequences of waiting for him any longer, Mr. Hudson started to meet him. Taking a boat at Cleveland, which was providentially going down the lake, on the 2d of July he found Lacey lying at his ease near Cattaraugus. With difficulty he there obtained some provisions, and having a prosperous voyage arrived in season, to the joy of those left in the wilderness, who must have been put upon short allowance had his arrival been delayed any longer.

Difficulty of Obtaining Provisions.—The company being thus furnished with provisions, they built a large log-house. Mr. Hudson also set his men to work in clearing a piece of land for wheat, and on the 25th of July he commenced surveying. The settlement now consisted of thirteen persons. In August every person except Mr. Hudson had a turn of being unwell. Several had the fever and ague, and in the progress of surveying the town into lots, the party frequently had to wait for some one of their number to go through with a paroxysm of ague and then resume their labors. By the middle of September they found to their surprise they had only nine days' provision on hand; and as Mr. Hudson had heard nothing from his agent, Norton, at Bloomfield, New York, he was once more alarmed lest they should suffer for want of food.

He immediately went to Cleveland and purchased of Lorenzo Carter a small field of corn for \$50, designing to pound it in mortars and live thereon in case of necessity. He hastened back to his station, and having previously heard that Ebenezer Sheldon had made a road through the wilderness to Aurora, and that there was a bridge-path thence to Cleveland, he thought it probable that he might obtain pork for present necessity from that quarter. He accordingly set out on foot and alone, and regulated his course by the range of his shadow, making allowance for change in the time of day. He found the Cleveland path near the centre of Aurora, then a dense forest. Thence he proceeded about two and a half miles to Squire Sheldon's cabin, and on inquiring found that he could obtain no provisions within a reasonable



From Wright's *Ice Age in North America*; by courtesy of D. Appleton & Co., Publishers.

distance in that direction. The next morning, on his return, he found that the boat had arrived with an ample supply of provisions.

A Perilous Voyage.—Having completed his surveying on the 11th of October, Mr. Hudson left on the next day for Connecticut, to bring out his family, in company with his little son and two men. Being disappointed in not finding a good boat at Cleveland, he took the wreck of one he had purchased of Harmon, and embarked upon the dangerous enterprise of crossing the lake in it. It was so leaky that it required one hand most of the time to bail out the water, and so weak that it bent considerably in crossing the waves. During their passage, the weather was generally cold and boisterous; three different times they narrowly escaped drowning by reason of the darkness of the night or violence of the wind. Being under the necessity of lying five days on Chatague point, they lived comfortably during that time on boiled chestnuts, in order to lengthen out their small stock of provisions. Arrived at Goshen, Conn., Mr. Hudson found his family in health, and by the 1st of January, 1800, was in readiness to leave his native State with all its tender associations. "Thus," says he, "ends the eventful year 1799, filled with many troubles, out of all of which hath the Lord delivered me."

Harrowing Uncertainty.—Having taken an affecting farewell of his friends and acquaintances, whom he had left behind, Mr. Hudson set out from Goshen in January, with his family and others. They tarried at Bloomfield, Ontario county, New York, until spring, making preparations for their voyage through the lakes and up the Cuyahoga. They purchased four boats, from one to two tons' burden, and repaired thoroughly the wreck of Harmon's boat. Lightly loading them with supplies to the value of about two thousand dollars, they completed every necessary preparation by the 29th of April.

"The next night," said Mr. Hudson, "while my dear wife and six children, with all my men, lay soundly sleeping around me, I could not close my eyes, for the reflection that those men and women, with almost all that I held dear in life, were now to embark in an expedition in which so many chances appeared against me; and should we survive the dangers in crossing the boisterous lakes, and the distressing sickness usually attendant on new settlements, it was highly probable that we must fall before the tomahawk and scalping-knife. As I knew at that time no considerable settlement had been made but what was established in blood, and as I was about to place all those who lay around me on the extreme frontier, and as they would look to me for safety and protection, I almost sunk under the immense weight of responsibility resting on me. Perhaps my feelings on this occasion were a little similar to those of the patriarch, when expecting to meet his hostile brother. But after presenting my case before Israel's God, and committing all

to his care, I cheerfully launched out the next morning upon the great deep."

The crews of their boats consisted of Samuel Bishop and his four sons, David, Reuben, Luman and Joseph, Joel Gaylord, Heman Oviatt, Moses Thompson, Allen Gaylord, Stephen Perkins, Joseph and George Darrow, William M'Kinley, and three men from Vermont by the names of Derrick, Williams and Shefford. The women in the company were the wives of Messrs. Hudson, Bishop and Nobles, with Miss Ruth Gaylord and Miss Ruth Bishop. The six children of Mr. Hudson completed the number.

They had little trouble until they reached the mouth of the Cuyahoga. The wind on that day being rather high, Mr. Hudson, in attempting to enter the river with his boat, missed the channel and struck on a sand-bar. In this very perilous situation the boat shipped several barrels of water, and himself and all his family must have been drowned had not a mountain wave struck the boat with such violence as to float it over the bar. When up the river, within about two miles of their landing-place, they stopped for the night a little north of Northfield, at a locality now known as The Pinery.

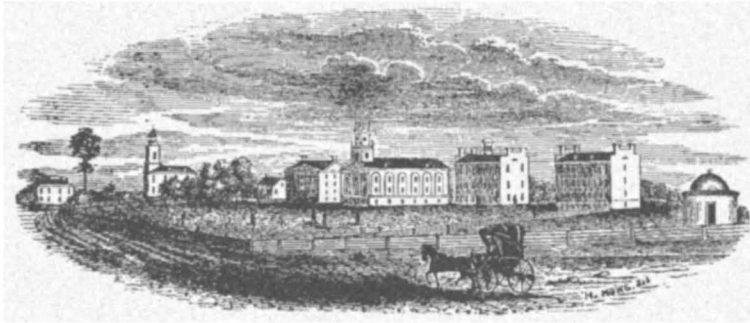
Waiting for the Fall of the Waters.—A tremendous rain in the night so raised the river by daybreak that it overflowed the bank whereon they slept, and even their beds were on the point of floating. Everything was completely drenched, and they were compelled to wait five days ere the subsiding waters would allow them to force their boats against the current. On the sixth day, May 28th, they reached their landing-place, from whence Mr. Hudson, leaving his wife and children, hurried to see the people whom he had left overwinter, and whom he found well.

About the time they completed their landing, Elijah Noble arrived with the cattle and Mr. Hudson's horse, which had been driven from Ontario by nearly the same route that the cattle were the preceding year.

Being busy in arranging for them, Mr. Hudson did not take his horse to the river to bring up his family for several days. When he arrived, he found his wife, who had cheerfully submitted to all the inconveniences hitherto experienced, very much discouraged. She and the children suffered severely from the armies of gnats and mosquitoes which at this season of the year infest the woods. After all the persons belonging to the settlement had collected, thanksgiving was rendered to the God of mercy, who had protected them in perils, preserved their lives and brought them safely to their place of destination. Public worship on the Sabbath was resumed, it having been discontinued during the absence of Mr. Hudson. "I felt," said he, "in some measure the responsibility resting on first settlers, and their obligations to commence in that fear of God which is the beginning of wisdom, and to establish those moral and religious habits on which the temporal and eternal happiness of a people essentially depends."

Mr. David Hudson died March 17, 1836, and an example of usefulness well worthy of aged 75 years, leaving a memory revered, imitation.

Hudson in 1846.—Hudson is twenty-four miles from Cleveland and thirteen northeast of Akron, on the stage road from Cleveland to Pittsburg. It contains



Drawn by Henry Howe in 1846
WESTERN RESERVE COLLEGE.

two Congregational, one Episcopal and one Methodist church, four stores, one newspaper printing-office, two female seminaries, and about 600 inhabitants. The village is handsomely situated and neatly built, and the tone of society elevated, which arises in a great measure from its being the seat of the Western Reserve College.

The college buildings are of brick, and situated upon a beautiful and spacious green, in an order similar to the edifices of Yale, on which institution this is also modelled, and of which several of its professors are graduates. The annexed view was taken near the observatory, a small structure shown on the extreme right. The other buildings are, commencing with that nearest—south college, middle college, chapel, divinity hall, president's house, athenæum, and a residence of one of the professors, near the roadside, nearly in front of the athenæum.

The Medical College at Cleveland is connected with this institution. By the catalogue of 1846-7, the whole number of professors and instructors in the college was 19; the whole number of students 320, viz., 14 in the theological department; 216 in the medical department; 71 undergraduates and 19 preparatory.—*Old Edition.*

The college, while at Hudson, did a great work in the cause of education; its professors were largely graduates of Yale, some of whom attained national reputation, but it always was financially a struggling institution, and the salaries of its officers pitifully meagre. In consequence of an offer of half a million of dollars from Amasa Stone, the college was removed to Cleveland in 1882, and its classical department then named ADELBERT COLLEGE, in memory of Mr. Stone's "lost and lamented son."

The old college buildings are now occupied by the WESTERN RESERVE ACADEMY, which is for the education of both sexes. It was established in 1882 under the charter of the old college, which now comprises "Adelbert College" and "College for Women," at Cleveland. It is maintained by and is under the direction of the trustees of Adelbert College, and has an annual income of \$3,000.

The academy is under the charge of Prof. Newton B. Hobart. The site is beautiful, comprising about thirty acres of land. It began with a higher standard than that of any other preparatory school in the State and its reputation is of the highest. In the eight years of its existence it has had about 400 students from fifteen different States, of whom 111 have graduated and 79 entered varied colleges, as Yale, Harvard, Princeton, Cornell, Amherst, Adelbert, Cleveland College for Women, Ann Arbor, etc.

HUDSON is twelve miles north of Akron and twenty-six southeast of Cleveland, on the junction of the C. & P. and C. A. & C. Railroads.

City Officers, 1888: H. B. Foster, Mayor; E. E. Rogers, Clerk; S. Miller, Treasurer; L. E. Reed, Marshal. Newspaper: *Express*, Independent, D. B. Sherwood & Son, editors and publishers. Churches: 1 Congregational, 1 Catholic, 1 Episcopal, 1 Methodist. School census, 1888, 263. C. F. Seese, superintendent of schools.

The celebration of the ninetieth birthday anniversary of Mrs. Anna M. Hudson Baldwin was held in the Congregational Church at Hudson, Tuesday, Oct. 28, 1890. From the programme of the commemoration exercises we derive these items:

Her father, David Hudson, the founder of the town, was a direct descendant of Hendrick Hudson, who discovered the Hudson river in 1609. Hendrick named his youngest son David, and he was the sixth David in that line. He was born at Branford, Connecticut, July 17, 1760. His daughter, Anna, was the first white child born in Summit county. This event took place in a hut of a single room, which stood at what is now the junction of Baldwin with Main street.

First Things, wheeled, arrived in March, 1802; log school-house, 1802; first burial in old cemetery, mother of John Brown, 1808; Congregational Church formed September 4, 1802, David Bacon, pastor, 1804 to 1807; first tannery opened by Owen Brown, father of John, 1805; college opened, 1826; removed to Cleveland 1882, and Western Reserve Academy organized; town celebrations, June 18, 1850 and 1856, and October 28, 1890.

At this celebration the president was Geo. L. Starr; the historical address by S. A. Lane, of Akron, the county historian; and another, "First ninety years of the century," by Hon. J. C. Lee, Toledo.

Akron in 1846.—The large and flourishing town of Akron, the county-seat, is on the Portage summit of the Ohio canal, at the junction of the Pennsylvania canal, 36 miles from Cleveland and 110 northeast of Columbus. The name of this town is derived from a Greek word signifying an elevation. Akron was laid out in 1825, where South Akron now is. In the fall of the same year, the Irish laborers on the Ohio canal put up about 100 cabins. South Akron grew rapidly for a few years; but in 1832 some buildings were put up half a mile farther north, and business in a short time centered here. In 1827 the Ohio canal was finished from Cleveland to this place. In 1841 Akron was made the county-seat of the new county of Summit. The same year the canal connecting Akron with Beaver, Pa., was opened, and a new impetus given to the town by these advantages.

Akron contains 1 Episcopal, 1 Congregational, 1 Baptist, 1 Methodist, 1 Disciples, 1 Universalist, 1 German Lutheran, and 1 Catholic church, 20 mercantile stores, 10 grocery, 4 drug and 2 book stores, 4 woollen factories, 2 blast and 3 small furnaces, 1 carding machine manufactory, 5 flouring mills, 1 insurance company, 1 bank, 2 newspaper printing-offices, and a great variety of mechanical establishments. The mercantile business of this town is heavy and constantly increasing, and immense quantities of wheat are purchased. The water privileges here are good, and manufacturing will eventually be extensively carried on. In 1827 its population was about 600; in 1840 it was 1,664, since which it is estimated to have doubled. Two miles south of Akron is Summit lake, a beautiful sheet of water on the summit of the Ohio canal. Part of its waters find their way to the St. Lawrence, and part to the Gulf of Mexico.—*Old Edition*.

A resident of Akron has given us some facts respecting the settlement of the country, and one or two anecdotes, which we annex.

In 1811 Paul Williams, Amos and Minor Spicer came from New London, Conn., and

settled in the vicinity of Akron, at which time there was no other white settlement between here and Sandusky. We give an anecdote of Minor Spicer, who is still living at Akron. In the late war, one night just before retiring, he heard some one call in front of his house,

and went out and saw a large Indian with two rifles in his hand, and a deer quartered and hung across his horse. Spicer inquired what he wanted. The Indian replied in his own dialect, when the other told him he must speak English, or he would unhorse him. He finally gave them to understand that he wished to stay over night, a request that was reluctantly granted. His rifles were placed in a corner, his venison hung up, and his horse put into a large pig-stye, the only stable attached to the premises.

The Indian cut out a piece of venison for Mrs. Spicer to cook for him, which she did in the usual way, with a liberal quantity of pepper and salt. He drew up to the table and eat but a mouthful or two. The family being ready to retire, he placed his scalping-knife and tomakawk in the corner with his rifles, and stretched himself upon the hearth before the fire. When he supposed the family were asleep, he raised himself slowly from his reclining position and sat upright on the hearth, looking stealthily over his shoulder to see if all was still. He then got upon his feet and stepped lightly across the floor to his implements of death. At this juncture the feelings of Spicer and his wife may be well imagined, for they were only feigning sleep and were intently watching. The Indian again stood for a moment, to see if he had awakened any one, then slowly drew from its scabbard the glittering scalping-knife. At this moment Spicer was about putting his hand upon his rifle, which stood by his bed, to shoot the Indian, but concluded to wait further demonstration, which was an entirely different one from what he had anticipated, for the Indian took hold and cut a piece of his venison, weighing about two pounds, and laying it on the live coals until it was warmed through, devoured it and went to sleep. Mrs. Spicer's cooking had not pleased him, being seasoned too high. The day before he and his father lost themselves in the woods, and

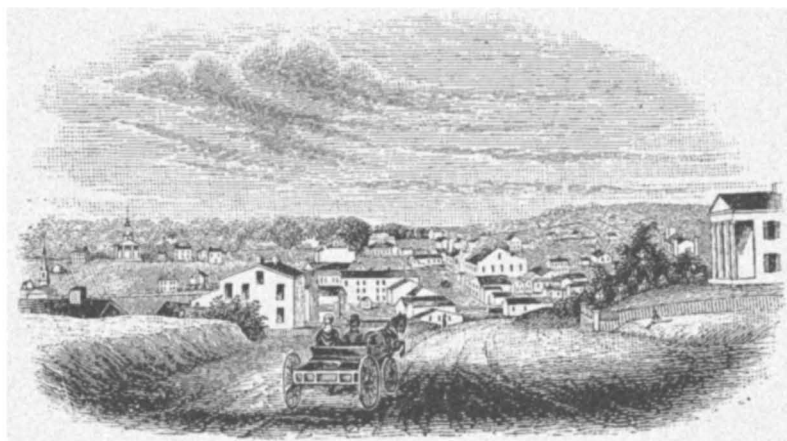
after covering his parent, under a log, with his blanket, he had wandered until he saw Spicer's light.

James Brown, or, as he was commonly called, "Jim Brown," was one of the early settlers in the north part of the county. He was known throughout the country as the head of a notorious band of counterfeiters. Few men have pursued the business so long without being convicted. Aside from this he was to a certain extent respected, for he had the externals of a gentleman in his conversation and address, and had many friends. He was a fine-looking man, over six feet in height, with a keen penetrating eye. He even held the office of justice of the peace when last arrested. He had often been tried before, and as often escaped. Once he was sentenced to the penitentiary from Medina, and the sheriff had nearly reached Columbus, when he was overtaken with a writ of error and set at liberty. It is said that large numbers of young men have been drawn into his schemes from time to time, and thereby found their way to the penitentiary. Many anecdotes are related of him.

He and a brother and one Taylor once supplied themselves with counterfeit paper and proceeded to New Orleans, where they purchased a ship with it and set sail for China, intending to make large purchases there with counterfeit notes on the United States bank. A discovery, however, was made, and they were apprehended before they had got out of the river, and brought back for trial, but he escaped by turning State's evidence. He escaped so often that it was said he could not be convicted. However, in 1846, he was taken the last time, tried at Columbus, and sentenced to the penitentiary for ten years. When first arrested, he said, "Well, boys, now the United States have taken hold of me, I may get floored; but I could have worried out a county."

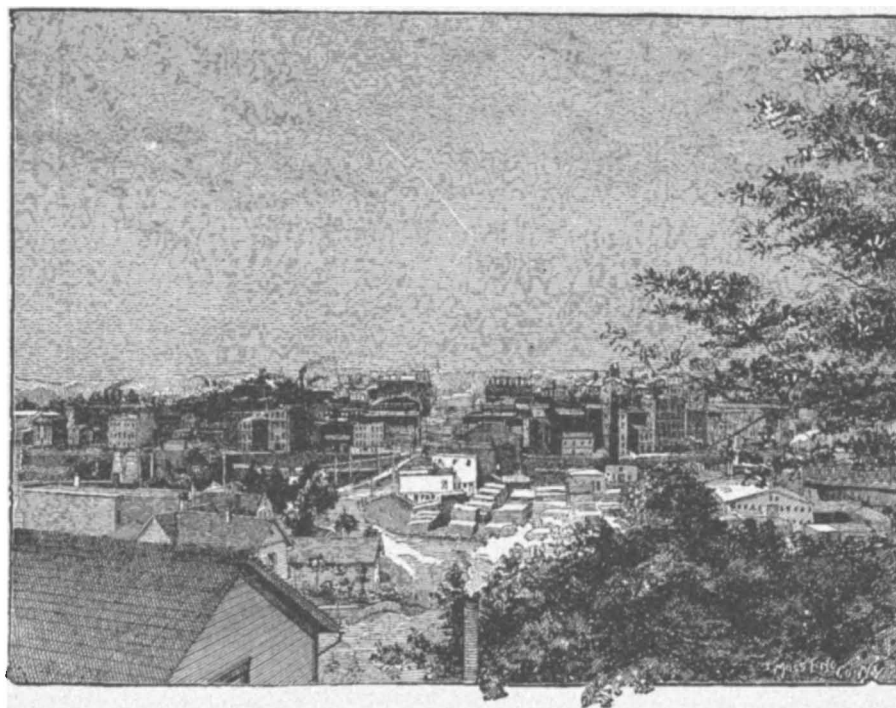
AKRON, county-seat of Summit, about one hundred and ten miles northeast of Columbus, about thirty miles south of Cleveland, is an important manufacturing city, sewer pipe and stoneware being noted interests. It is the seat of BUCHTEL COLLEGE. Its railroads are: N. Y., P. & O.; C. A. & C.; Valley; and P. & W. It is also on the Ohio canal.

County Officers, 1888: Auditor, Charles W. F. Dick; Clerk, Othello W. Hale; Commissioners, King J. Ellet, Washington G. Johnston, Charles C. Hine; Coroner, Albert H. Sargent; Infirmary Directors, Stephen D. Miller, Joseph Moore, Eli Smith; Probate Judge, Charles R. Grant; Prosecuting Attorney, George W. Sieber; Recorder, Henry C. Searles; Sheriff, David R. Bunn; Surveyor, Charles E. Perkins; Treasurer, James H. Seymour. City Officers, 1888: Louis D. Seward, Mayor; Dayton A. Doyle, Solicitor; Newton Ford, Clerk; Arthur M. Cole, Treasurer; Simon M. Stone, Marshal; W. D. Chapman, Civil Engineer; Henry Acker, Street Commissioner; B. F. Manderbach, Chief Fire Department. Newspapers: *Beacon*, Republican, Beacon Publishing Co., editors and publishers; *Telegram*, Independent, F. S. Pixley, editor; *Germania*, German Independent, Germania Publishing Company, editors and publishers; *City Times*, Democratic, F. S. Pixley, editor; *Freie Presse*, German, Freie Presse Publishing Company; *American Farm News*, Aultman, Miller & Co., publishers; *Ohio Educational*



Drawn by Henry Howe in 1846.

AKRON, FROM THE MEDINA ROAD.



AKRON, FROM NEAR THE MEDINA ROAD, 1890.

Monthly and National Teacher, educational, Samuel Findlay, editor. Churches: 1 Baptist, 1 Congregational, 2 Christian, 1 Hebrew, 1 Evangelical, 2 Methodist, 1 Presbyterian, 1 Universalist, 1 German Lutheran, 1 German Reformed, 1 Reformed, 2 Catholic, 1 Episcopal, 1 Lutheran, 1 United Brethren, 1 African Methodist Episcopal. Banks: Bank of Akron, George W. Crouse, president, George T. Perkins, cashier; Citizens' Savings and Loan Association, E. Steinbacher, president, W. B. Raymond, cashier; City National, J. B. Woods, president, F. W. Butler, cashier; First National, T. W. Cornell, president, W. McFarlin, cashier; Second National, George D. Bates, president, A. N. Sanford, cashier.

Manufactures and Employees.—Aultman, Miller & Co., harvesting machinery, 605 hands; J. F. Seiberling & Co., harvesting machinery, 256; The J. C. McNeil Co., steam boilers, etc., 32; Akron Twine and Cordage Co., twine and cordage, 60; Taplin, Rice & Co., stoves and general machine work, 16; F. Schumacher Milling Co., flour, etc., 276; Citizens' Electric Light Co., 6; D. W. Thomas, planing mill, 24; The Hower Co., oat products, 20; Allen & Co., flour and feed, 17; J. Park Alexander, fire-brick, 20; W. B. Doyle & Co., planing mill, 10; Baker, McMillen & Co., wood-turning, etc., 98; A. A. Bartlett, planing mill, 13; Dempsey Machine Co., general machine work, 12; D. E. H. Merrill & Co., stoneware, 49; Enterprise Manufacturing Co., hardware specialties, 35; The Hardware Manufacturing Co., hardware specialties, 17; The Thomas Phillips Co., flour sacks, 50; Christian Voght, carriages and wagons, 10; The B. F. Goodrich Co., mechanical and hard rubber, 260; The Akron Cracker Co., crackers and cakes, 14; Weary, Snyder, Wilcox Manufacturing Co., planing mill and box factory, 25; Webster, Camp & Lane Machinery Co., hoisting machinery, etc., 135; The Akron Belting Co., leather belting, 25; Werner Printing and Manufacturing Co., lithographing, printing, etc., 140; The Beacon Publishing Co., printing and book-binding, 36; Akron Contracting and Cabinet Co., builders' supplies, etc., 25; Smith Brothers, druggists' supplies, etc., 24; The Akron Iron Co., bar iron, etc., 412; C. A. Hankey, planing mill, 15; The Diamond Match Co., matches, 664; Whitman & Barns Manufacturing Co., knives and sickles, 286; Miller Match and Chain Co., matches and chains, 138; J. C. Ewart & Co., roofing tile, etc., 70; The Selle Gear Co., spring wagons and truck gears, 46; The Buckeye Sewer-pipe Co., sewer-pipe, 40; The U. S. Stoneware Co., stoneware, 40; The Akron Sewer-pipe Co., sewer-pipe, 90; The Hill Sewer-pipe Co., sewer-pipe, 45; Whitmore, Robinson & Co., stoneware, etc., 129; The Seiberling Milling Co., flour and feed, 23; The Akron Fire-brick Co., fire-brick, 8; T. C. Budd, machine and foundry work, 7; Akron Steam Forge Co., iron and steel forging, 23; F. Horix, lager beer, 12; Robinson Brothers & Co., sewer-pipe, 70; Weeks Brothers, stoneware, 31; Viall & Markell, stoneware, 25; Cook, Fairbanks & Co., stoneware, 23; Akron Stoneware Co., stoneware, 43; F. W. Rockwell & Co., stoneware, 20; The Ohio Stoneware Co., stoneware, 32.—*State Report, 1888.*

Population in 1880, 16,512. School census, 1888, 7,707; Elias Fraunfelter, school superintendent. Capital invested in industrial establishments, \$7,202,000. Value of annual product, \$7,487,369.—*Ohio Labor Statistics, 1887.*

Census, 1890, 27,702.

Akron's Sewer-pipe Industry is famed throughout the whole country. The sewer-pipe has been in use in many cities for years and only gains added reputation by the test of time. It is manufactured in large quantities by skilled labor and powerful machinery. It is thoroughly vitrified and impervious to acids, gases or steam. The glaze being formed from the action of the vapors of salt upon the clay at a high temperature is not liable to scale or cut off by sewer gas, as is sometimes the case when a slip glaze of foreign substances is applied to the clay.

Of the clay beds which supply the material for Akron's sewer-pipe Dr. Orton says: "The potters' clays of Springfield township, Summit county, are among the best natural beds of stoneware clay in the State. The clay deposits are from six

to ten feet thick, overlain by shales and a hard sand-rock, and underlain by shales and occasionally by an inch or two of coal. The clays are of several grades of excellence; the poorest, or 'chuck' clay, which is commonly rejected, is found on the top of the bed. The beds are found close to the surface in the largest part of the territory. They are mined by long pits or trenches by which the whole area worked is taken clean and the refuse is piled back. In one or two instances the clays are mined by drifting, which gives a much cleaner product than the customary way. The district in which these clays are found is small, all the workings being at one place, viz., North Springfield, Summit county, where there are twelve or fifteen banks. They supply all the Mogadore, Tallmadge, Cuyahoga Falls and Akron stoneware potteries, which make at least twice as much stoneware as any other district in Ohio."

Akron has another industry—the MATCH INDUSTRY—which is almost as widely known as its famous sewer-pipe. One-fifth of the entire match product of the United States is made by one concern in Akron. The Barber Match Company was established in 1847 by George Barber, and became by consolidation a branch of the Diamond Match Company in 1881.



Drawn by Henry Howe in 1846.

MIDDLEBURY FROM THE TALLMADGE ROAD.

The Akron branch of this concern use annually in the manufacture of matches 3,000,000 feet of white pine lumber, 70 tons of brimstone, 17,000 lbs. of phosphorus, 33,600 lbs. chlorate of potash, 30,000 lbs. of glue and 50,000 lbs. of paraffine wax. The work is largely done by improved machinery.

On the location of the canal at Akron the town of Middlebury began to lose its prestige, and its citizens decided that it must get increased water-power to hold its own against the young rival.

The MIDDLEBURY HYDRAULIC COMPANY was organized and authorized by the Legislature "to raise the natural surface of Springfield lake, in which the Little Cuyahoga had its rise, six feet, and lower it four feet below the natural surface. This gave to the water-power of the village a permanency and sufficiency that could be relied on at all times." In 1872 Middlebury was annexed to Akron as the sixth ward of that city.

MIDDLEBURY is now a part of Akron. In our old edition it was thus described as in the township of Tallmadge: "Two miles east of Akron and on both sides of the Little Cuyahoga is the village of Middlebury. As early as 1807 a grist mill was built on the site of the town by Amos Norton and Joseph Hart.

The town was laid out in 1818 by them, and soon became the most thriving village in this whole region until the canal was cut through to Cleveland, when Akron took away most of its trade. It has two churches and about 1,000 people.”
—*Old Edition.*

Within Akron's beautiful and well-kept Glendale cemetery stands the AKRON SOLDIERS' MEMORIAL CHAPEL, dedicated Decoration Day, 1876. At the time of its erection it was the only building of the kind in the country. Its erection is due to the Buckley Post of the G. A. R., aided by outside subscriptions. The chapel is a handsome stone structure, its cost \$25,000. Built into its interior walls are fourteen marble slabs, engraved with the names of the fallen brave of Akron and Portage township.

A striking feature of the chapel are three beautiful memorial windows—one by the surviving members of the 29th O. V. I., in honor of the regiment and the late Col. Lewis P. Buckley, from whom the Post is named; a second, representing woman's work in the war; and the third, commemorative of three epochs in national history—Washington, Perry and Lincoln.

There are also eight small memorial windows, individual contributions.

The admirable AKRON SCHOOL SYSTEM (see Vol. I., page 143) is the result of the efforts of Rev. I. Jennings, a young man, pastor of the Congregational church at Akron, who, in 1846, set himself to work to reorganize the common schools of Akron. Previous to this the schools of Akron were poor affairs, giving only the most rudimentary education, and even that was accorded to only about two-thirds of the children of school age.

In May, 1846, Mr. Jennings called a public meeting to secure better education, at which he was appointed chairman of a committee to submit a plan for improvement. At an adjourned



MEMORIAL CHAPEL.

meeting of citizens, held Nov. 21, 1846, the following plan received the unanimous approval and adoption of those assembled :

1. Let the whole village be incorporated into one school district.

2. Let there be established six primary schools in different parts of the village, so as best to accommodate the whole.

3. Let there be one grammar-school, centrally located, where instructions may be given in the various studies and parts of studies not provided for in the primary schools, and yet requisite to a respectable English education.

4. Let there be gratuitous admission to each school in the system for the children of residents, with the following restrictions, viz. : No pupil shall be admitted to the grammar-school who fails to sustain a thorough examination in the studies of the primary school, and the teacher shall have power, with the advice and direction of the superin-

tendent, to exclude for misconduct in extreme cases, and to classify the pupils as the best good of the schools may seem to require.

5. The expense of establishing and sustaining this system of schools shall be thus provided for : First, by appropriating what public school money the inhabitants of the village are entitled to, and what other funds or property may be at the disposal of the board for this purpose; and secondly, a tax be levied by the Common Council upon the taxable property of this village for the balance.

6. Let six superintendents be chosen by the Common Council, who shall be charged with perfecting the system thus generally defined, the bringing of it into operation, and the control of it when brought into operation. Let the six superintendents be so

chosen that the term of office of two of them shall expire each year.

This plan was embodied in an act passed

by the Legislature, Feb. 8, 1847, excepting that the name of officers and mode of election of the sixth paragraph were changed.

From a historical sketch of the schools of Akron, by Judge C. Bryan, we quote the following: "The interval between the meetings, in May and November, 1846, was improved by Mr. Jennings in collecting information, maturing the plan and elaborating the report. The idea originated with Mr. Jennings, and the labor of visiting every home in the village, to ascertain what children went to school and who did not go, and who went to public schools and who went to private, and how much was paid for school instruction, was performed by him. He went to Cleveland and Sandusky city in the same interest, to see the operation of graded schools there. He procured estimates by competent mechanics of the cost of erecting a grammar-school building to accommodate 500 pupils, and omitted no detail of the plan that was necessary to show it in organic completeness; and whatever credit and distinction Akron may have enjoyed for the principle of free graded schools in Ohio is due to Mr. Jennings."

BUCHTEL COLLEGE stands on a beautiful and commanding eminence overlooking the city. It was founded in 1870 through the action of the State Convention of Universalists, and named in honor of John R. Buchtel, of Akron, who contributed \$25,000 for the building and \$6,000 for the endowment fund.

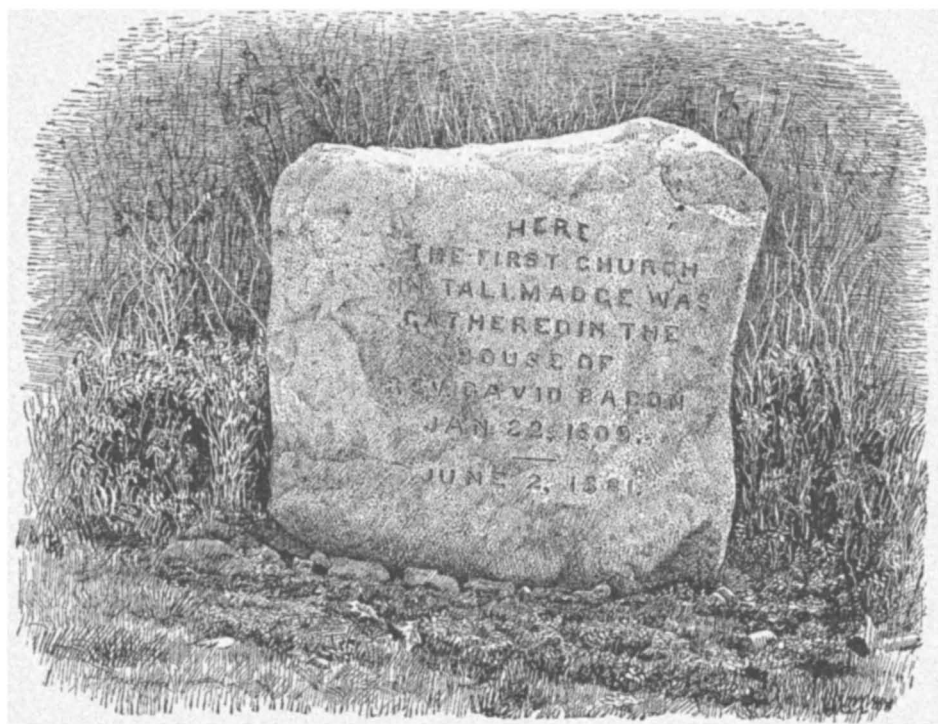
After the completion of the Ohio and Erie Canal, it was determined to make water connection between Cleveland and Pittsburg, and in 1841 the PENNSYLVANIA AND OHIO CANAL was completed from Akron to Beaver, Pa. For a time the canal flourished, but the competition of and later the control acquired by the Cleveland and Mahoning Railroad Company, led to its gradual disuse and dilapidation, until it became a menace to the health of those residing in its neighborhood. One night, in the spring of 1868, the banks were cut in three places, at and near Cuyahoga Falls, and its waters flowed out until the bottom appeared. The State threatened prosecution, but none was ever commenced and the breaks never repaired. Again, in the spring of 1874, the canal was cut by night in Akron by disguised men, but no one was punished, although the supposed guilty parties were arrested.

In 1838 a party of capitalists, largely Eastern men, undertook to build a great manufacturing city at a point between Cuyahoga Falls and Akron, to be called SUMMIT CITY. A joint stock company, with a capital of \$500,000, was organized. The city was to be supplied with inexhaustible water-power, by means of a dam and canal diverting the waters of the Cuyahoga river. Work was begun and in 1839 water turned into the canal, but at this point the money gave out, and matters were at a standstill until in 1843 Horace Greeley, while on a visit to Akron, was so impressed by the scheme that, on his return to New York, he published in the *Tribune* an enthusiastic article, predicting that "Summit City" would become the "Lowell of the West." Nevertheless, no more money could be raised for the future "Lowell," and it "died a'bornin'." The lands of the company, called the "Chuckery," are now in the suburbs of Akron.

TALLMADGE, THE CHRISTIAN COLONY.

The history of the settlement of the township of Tallmadge is peculiar. At a drawing among the members of the Connecticut Land Company, at Hartford, Connecticut, Jan. 30, 1798, this township was drawn by the "Brace Company" and others. In 1803 the proprietors made a division. The Brace Company took all west of the meridian, one-half mile west of the centre line. The remainder of the township was taken by Ephraim Starr and Col. Benjamin Tallmadge, of Litchfield, from whom the township was named.

No settlement was made in Tallmadge until the summer of 1807, when Rev. David Bacon, a missionary in the Western settlements, built a log-house on the



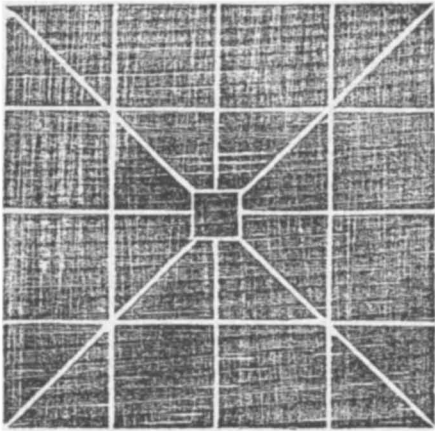
PORTRAIT AND MONUMENT OF
REV. DAVID BACON, MISSIONARY AND COLONIZER.

south line of the township, half a mile west of the centre, and moved in with his family, the only one in the township.

Mr. Bacon had conceived the idea of a religious colony, and made a contract with the owners for nearly the entire township; in all about 12,000 acres at \$1.50 per acre. Payments were to be made upon time, but when payments were made for any part in full a deed was to be given.

In the preceding year he had a new survey made of the township upon his own plan. He divided it into sixteen squares of 1,000 acres each, called *Great Lots*, a mile and a quarter on each side. A road or highway was established sixty-six feet wide on each line of the *Great Lots*, except the exterior or township line. These roads all run north and south or east and west. A public square of seven and a half acres was laid out as a common centre for churches, schools, stores, etc. From this square roads ran to each of the four corners of the township. The plan is shown in the annexed diagram, as given in 1842, by Col. Charles Whittlesey (see page 521), in his sketch of Tallmadge. Here he passed his youthful days and from his sketch these facts are derived.

"At the common intersection of roads on the public square stands (1842) a guide-post, having eight fingers or hands, pointing in as many directions, with the names of two to four adjacent places painted upon each. On each of these avenues there are now planted double rows of elms from the adjoining forests. The northwest diagonal intersects the town line about half a mile east of the corner, in order to avoid the Cuyahoga river, and the southwest diagonal has a deviation in a straight course in the village of Middlebury; otherwise all these roads, amounting to forty-five miles in length, are now travelled in right lines through the town as laid out by Mr. Bacon.



It was the intention of the contractor, Mr. Bacon, to introduce a community of property to some extent, and among other things to have a large tract appropriated as a common pasture for all the sheep of the settlement, the proceeds to be drawn in proportion to the stock put in.

No immigrants were to receive land who were not professors of the Congregational or Presbyterian Church, and two dollars for each 100 acres was to be paid for the support of the gospel. The latter provision was inserted in some of the early contracts and deeds, but, in fact, never went into effect.

During the spring and summer of the year following Mr. Bacon's establishing here, families came in rapidly, nearly all originally from Connecticut, especially from Litchfield county; many came direct from other settlements in Ohio, as those from Ravenna who "were driven out," writes Whittlesey, "by the systematic oppression of a large proprietor and agent, Benjamin Tappan."

The first settlers prior to 1812 were: In 1808, Dr. A. C. Wright, Joseph Hart, Adam Norton, Charles Chittenden, Jonathan Sprague, Nathaniel Chapman, Titus, his father, Titus and Porter, and others of his sons, William Niel, Joseph Bradford, Ephraim Clark, Jr., George Kilbourne, Capt. John Wright, Alpha Wright, Eli Hill.

In 1809, Jotham Blakeley, Jotham Blakelee, Conrad Boosinger, Edmund Strong, John Wright, Jr., Stephen Upson, Theron Bradley, Peter Norton.

In 1810, Elizur Wright, Justus Barnes, Shubel H. Lowrey, David, John,

Samuel, David, Jr., and Lot Preston, Drake Fellows, Samuel M'Coy, Luther Chamberlin, Rial M'Arthur, Justin Bradley.

In 1811, Deacon S., Norman, Harvey, Leander, Cassander, Eleazar and Salmon Sackett, Daniel Beach, John Carruthers, Reuben Upson, and Asa Gillett.

On the 21st of January, 1809, Geo. Kilbourne and his wife Almira, Justin E. Frink, Alice Bacon, wife of David Bacon, Hepsibah Chapman, Amos C. Wright, and Lydia, his wife, and Ephraim Clark, Jr., with his wife Alva A. Clark, associated themselves together as a church, named the Church of Christ in Tallmadge. Thus in the second year of its existence were the principles of the Bible adopted as the rule of moral government in this settlement. In 1813 the church had twenty-seven members, mostly heads of families within the township.

The stern purity of those New Englanders relaxed none of its rigor in consequence of a removal from the regular administration of the gospel in the East to the depths of a Western wilderness. The usual depreciation of morals in new countries was not experienced here. To this day the good effects of this primitive establishment of religion and order are plainly visible among this people and their posterity, who will no doubt exhibit them through all time.

Individuals not professors of religion considered it a paramount duty to provide for religious services on the Sabbath. Elizur Wright, who became an extensive proprietor in the Brace Company's tract, readily adopted the plan of Mr. Bacon, and inserted it in his first conveyance. But this scheme was considered by most of the inhabitants as an encroachment upon their personal independence, and was generally resisted. Very early, however, a regular mode of contribution was established for the support of the gospel.

The materials of society which Mr. Bacon had introduced were not of the proper kind to carry out his project. There was too much enterprise and independence of feeling among the early settlers to form a community of the character contemplated by him. Differences of a personal nature rose between him and many of the inhabitants, both upon pecuniary and religious matters. His purchases being made on time, without means and at high prices, and the sales not being sufficient, payments were not made to the original proprietors; the expenses of survey had been considerable, interest accumulated and the contract was finally abandoned. He left this region in the spring of 1812. The lands not sold came back to the proprietors; and some that had been sold and the payments not made to them were in the same situation. The large owners at this time were Tallmadge and Starr in the central and eastern part; Elizur Wright and Roger Newberry in the west.

In the summer of 1875 two of the grandsons of Mr. Bacon, both Congregational clergymen, Theodore Woolsey Bacon and David Bacon, came from the East, and selecting a boulder had engraved upon it an historical statement, as a memorial to him and the founding of the church. A picture of it on another page is engraved from a photograph. A large concourse of people attended the memorial services, which consisted of addresses by the grandsons and others, with prayer and songs. The site is about two miles south of the centre and half a mile north of the Cuyahoga, on the spot where stood the Bacon cabin, the ground having been purchased for the purpose.

HISTORICAL MISCELLANY.

DRIVING AWAY THE EVIL SPIRIT.

On June 17, 1806, an eclipse of the sun occurred. It occasioned much consternation among ignorant whites throughout Ohio, and great terror among the Indians. Those in Summit county were greatly frightened, notwithstanding its having been foretold by some of their squaws, who were not believed and put to death for witchcraft. (The squaws probably got their information from some of the whites.)

When the sun was obscured, the terrified savages gathered together, and forming a circle, commenced marching around in regular order, each one firing his gun and making all the noise possible, so as to frighten away the evil spirit menacing the destruction of the world.

One "brave," who had fired off his rifle just as the shadow began to pass from the sun, claimed the distinction of having driven away the evil spirit—a claim which his fellow-barbarians recognized, and for his valor-

ous deed and invaluable service, at once raised him to the dignity of chieftainship.

STIGWANISH AND HIS TOTEM.

Stigwanish, or Seneca, as he was sometimes called by the whites, although that was the name of his tribe, had many noble traits of character, was friendly to the whites and much respected by them. (See Lake County).

His people for years cultivated corn fields near where the village of Cuyahoga Falls now stands. In Boston township they erected a wooden god or totem, around which they held feasts and dances, before starting on hunting and possibly marauding expeditions.

They would make offerings and hang tobacco round the neck of the totem, which the white settlers would steal as soon as the Indians had left. The tobacco was said to have been of a superior quality.

When the Indians went farther west in 1812, this god was taken with them.

DEATH OF NICKSHAW.

Stigwanish had a son, "George Wilson," and a son-in-law, Nickshaw, each of whom was killed by a white hunter named Williams at different times, but in both cases under circumstances hardly creditable to the white hunter. The death of Nickshaw occurred in December, 1806; he had traded a pony with one of the settlers, and being worsted in the bargain wanted to trade back, which John Diver, the settler, refused to do. Nickshaw threatened vengeance; he told the settlers he had been cheated, and intended to shoot Diver. Later, while at the cabin of his brother, Nickshaw and another Indian called and tried to get Diver to come out, but he would not, and his brother Daniel went out to placate the Indians when he was fired upon, and though not mortally wounded was blinded for life.

The Indians fled, and a party of settlers, under Maj. H. Rogers, started in pursuit. They came upon the camp of the Senecas about midnight on a cold, clear night, at a point near the northwestern boundary of the county. Surrounding the camp, they closed in upon the Indians, but Nickshaw escaped them and fled to the woods. He was followed by George Darrow and Jonathan Williams, who, after a three mile chase, overtook Nickshaw and called upon him to yield; this he refused to do, although without means of defence. Williams then shot over his head to frighten him into subjection, but without the desired effect; whereupon he fired again, killing the Indian. The body was placed under a log and covered with brush. Afterward it was decently buried by the whites.

Some of the settlers, deeming the death of Nickshaw unwarrantable and likely to occasion trouble with the Indians, demanded an investigation. The investigation, however, ended in a "hoe-down," with plenty of whiskey and a \$5 collection for Williams.

WILLIAMS, THE HUNTER.

Jothan Williams belonged to that class of old pioneer hunters who knew no fear, were fully equal to the Indians in woodcraft, and bore them an inveterate hatred. He lost no opportunity to kill an Indian. He was six feet in height, with strong physique, swarthy complexion, lithe and noiseless in his movements. He supported a family. With his two dogs and rifle he was feared and shunned by the Indians, and was continually on his guard against them, as his life was threatened many times.

DEATH OF "GEORGE WILSON."

On one occasion, stopping at the house of one of the settlers, Williams was told that "George Wilson," a good-for-nothing son of Stigwanish, had been there, drunk and ugly, and had made an old woman, whom he found alone, dance for his amusement until she sank to the floor from exhaustion. Williams at once started after the Indian, and overtook him in the vicinity of a piece of "Honeycomb swamp." Taking advantage of the Indian while off his guard, he shot and killed him. Then depositing the body in the swamp, he pushed it down into the mud until it sunk out of sight.

The disappearance of "George Wilson" created a great sensation among the Senecas, but it was not known until years afterward what had become of him, although the Indians and settlers suspected Williams as the cause of it.

"BLUE LAW" IN OHIO.

Some years after the organization of Copley township in 1819, one of its citizens, early one Sunday morning, was aroused from his slumbers by the noise of a great commotion in his pig pen. Hastily donning his clothes, he seized a rifle and rushed out of his cabin just in time to see a bear disappear in the forest with one of his pigs. He pursued the bear and shot it; whereupon he was brought before the Squire for violating the Sabbath, and fined \$1. Shortly afterward the citizen left that community and joined the Mormons. The historian does not so state, but if he was prompted to this as a result of the fine imposed for violating the Sabbath, he was so far, perhaps, justified in joining the Mormons, who had no laws against shooting marauding bears on the "Lord's day."

A LOTTERY SCHEME.

In 1807 the improvement of the Cuyahoga and Tuscarawas rivers was the great idea of Northwestern Ohio. Col. Charles Whittlesey gives the following interesting description of a scheme to this end:

"It was thought that if \$12,000 could by some means be raised the channels of those streams could be cleared of logs and trees and the portage path made passable for

loaded wagons. Thus, goods might ascend the Cuyahoga in boats to Old Portage, be hauled seven miles to the Tuscarawas, near New Portage, and thence descend that stream in bateaux. This great object excited so much attention that the Legislature authorized a lottery to raise the money."

The tickets were headed "Cuyahoga and Muskingum Navigation Lottery." They were issued in May, 1807, the drawing to take place at Cleveland, the first Monday in January, 1808, or as soon as three-fourths of the tickets were sold. There were 12,800 tickets at \$5 each. There were to be 3568 prizes, ranging from one capital prize of \$5000; two second prizes of \$2500 each, down to 3400 at \$10. The drawing never came off. Many years after, those who had purchased tickets received their money back, without interest.

A DESTRUCTIVE TORNADO.

On the 20th of October, 1837, there passed through Stow township a tornado of great destructive power. It occurred about three o'clock in the morning, struck the western part of the township, passed north of east, and exhausted itself near the center of the township. Its roar was terrific, its force tremendous; in its course through heavy timber, every tree within a path forty rods wide was snapped like a pipe-stem. It was accompanied by vivid flashes of lightning, roaring thunder, and downpouring rain. It passed over Cochran pond. The residence of Frederick Sandford was torn to fragments, killing his two sons and mother-in-law outright, injuring Mr. Sandford so that he died within a few hours, while Mrs. Sandford and her daughter escaped severe injury. Other houses were struck and felled or damaged, but no other deaths resulted. Farm utensils were twisted and torn to pieces. Domestic animals killed, as well as fowls and birds; the latter being plucked clean of feathers.

REMARKABLE CASE OF CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.

One of the most remarkable cases of circumstantial evidence occurred in Northfield township. It came near resulting in the conviction for murder of an innocent man. The circumstances are quoted from Gen. L. V. Bierce's "History of Summit County," a work valuable for its preservation of pioneer history:

"An Englishman, named Rupert Charlesworth, who was boarding with Dorsey Viers in 1826, suddenly and mysteriously disappeared. He was traced to the cabin of Viers on the night of the 23d of July, but on the following morning when a constable went there to arrest him, he was gone and no trace of him could be found. On the arrival of the constable, Mrs. Viers was found mopping up the floor. Questions were asked, but Mrs. Viers told contradictory stories as to the disappearance of the man, alleging in one in-

stance that he jumped out of the window and ran off and could not be caught; and in another, that he left when Viers was asleep, and the latter knew nothing of his whereabouts. A few days later some one announced having heard the report of a rifle at Viers' cabin the night of the man's disappearance, and of having seen blood on a pair of bars which led from the cabin to the woods. Years rolled on, and the excitement grew stronger with age, until, on the 8th of January, 1831, complaint was entered before George Y. Wallace, Justice of the Peace, that Viers had murdered Charlesworth. Viers was arrested, and a trial of eight days followed. Not only were the circumstances above narrated proved, but a hired girl who was working for Viers at the time of the man's disappearance, swore that a bed blanket used by Charlesworth was missing from the cabin on the day of his departure, and that it was afterward found concealed under a haystack, with large, black spots on it, resembling dried and clotted blood. It was also proved that Charlesworth had a large amount of money, and that Viers was, previous to the disappearance of the man, comparatively poor, but immediately afterward was flush of money. To complete the chain of circumstantial evidence, a human skeleton had been found under a log in the woods, beyond the bars already mentioned. Matters were in this shape when two men from Sandusky unexpectedly appeared and swore that they had seen Charlesworth alive and well after the time of the supposed murder, though when seen he was passing under an assumed name. On this testimony Viers was acquitted; but his acquittal did not change public sentiment as to his guilt. It was generally believed that the witnesses had been induced to perjure themselves. Viers, however, did not let the matter rest at this stage. He began a vigorous and protracted search for the missing man, and continued it with unwavering perseverance.

He visited all parts of the Union, and, after a search of years, he one day went into a tavern at Detroit, and in the presence of a large assemblage of men, inquired if any one knew of a man named Charlesworth. All replied no. Just as he was about to leave a man stepped up to him, and taking him to one side, inquired if his name was Viers, from Northfield. Viers replied that it was. The stranger then said, "I am Rupert Charlesworth, but I pass here under an assumed name." Charlesworth was informed of all that had taken place, and he immediately volunteered to go to Northfield and have the matter cleared up. On their arrival a meeting of the township was called, and after a thorough investigation it was the unanimous vote, with one exception, that the man alleged to have been murdered now stood alive before them. It appears that he had passed a counterfeit ten-dollar bill on Deacon Hudson, and fearing an arrest, he left the cabin of Viers suddenly, and soon afterward went to England, where he remained two years, at the

end of which time he returned to the United States under an assumed name, and went into the backwoods of Michigan, where his real name, former residence and history were unknown. The name of the family was thus,

almost by accident, cleared of infamy and shame. This remarkable case is rivalled only by the celebrated case of the Bournes in Vermont."

EXPERIENCES OF DAVID BACON, MISSIONARY AND COLONIZER.

Rev. David Bacon, the founder of Tallmadge, was born in Woodstock, Conn., in 1771, and died in Hartford, in 1817, at the early age of forty-six years, worn out by excessive labors, privations and mental sufferings, largely consequent upon his financial failure with his colony. He was the first missionary sent to the Western Indians from Connecticut. His means were pitifully inadequate; but with a stout heart reliant upon God he started, August 8, 1800, from Hartford, afoot and alone through the wilderness, with no outfit but what he could carry on his back. At Buffalo creek, now the site of the city of Buffalo, took vessel for Detroit, which he reached September 11, thirty-four days after leaving Hartford, where he was hospitably received by Major Hunt, commandant of the United States garrison there. After a preliminary survey he returned to Connecticut, and on the 24th of December was married at Lebanon to Alice Parks, then under eighteen years of age; a week later, on the last day of the last year of the last century, December 31, 1800, he was ordained regularly to the specific work of a missionary to the heathen, the first ever sent out from Connecticut.

On the 11th of February, 1801, with his young wife, he started for Detroit, going through the wilderness of New York and Canada by sleigh, and arrived there Saturday, May 9. The bride, before she got out of Connecticut, had a new and painful experience. They stopped at a noisy country tavern at Canaan. They were a large company altogether; some drinking, some talking, and some swearing; and this they found was common at all the public-houses.

Detroit at this time was the great emporium of the fur trade. The Indian traders were men of great wealth and highly cultivated minds. Many of them were educated in England and Scotland at the universities, a class to-day in Britain termed "university men." They generally spent the winter there, and in the spring returned with new goods brought by vessels through the lakes. The only Americans in the place were the officers and soldiers of the garrison, consisting of an infantry regiment and an artillery company, the officers of which treated Mr. Bacon and family with kindness and respect. The inhabitants were English, Scotch, Irish and French, all of whom hated the Yankees. The town was enclosed by cedar pickets about twelve feet high and six inches in diameter, and so close together one could not see through. At each side were strong gates which were closed and guarded, and no Indians were allowed to come in after sundown or to remain overnight.

Up to his arrival in Detroit the Missionary Society paid him in all \$400; then, until September, 1803, he did not get a cent. He began his support teaching school, at first with some success; but he was a Yankee, and the four Catholic priests used their influence in opposition. His young wife assisted him. They studied the Indian lan-

guage, but made slow progress, and their prospect for usefulness in Detroit seemed waning.

On the 19th of February, 1802, his first child was born at Detroit—the afterwards eminent Dr. Leonard Bacon. In the May following he went down into the Maumee country, with a view to establish a mission among the Indians. The Indians were largely drunk, and he was an unwilling witness to their drunken orgies. Little Otter, their chief, received him courteously, called a council of the tribe, and then, to his talk through an interpreter, gave him their decision that they wouldn't have him. It was to this effect:

Your religion is very good, but only for white people; it will not do for Indians. When the Great Spirit made white people, he put them on another island, gave them farms, tools to work with, horses, horned cattle, and sheep and hogs for them, that they might get their living in that way, and he taught them to read, and gave them their religion in a book. But when he made Indians he made them wild, and put them on this island in the woods, and gave them the wild game that they may live by hunting. We formerly had a religion very much like yours, but we found it would not do for us, and we have discovered a much better way.

Seeing he could not succeed he returned to Detroit. He had been with them several days, and twice narrowly escaped assassination from the intoxicated ones. His son, Leonard, in his memoirs of his father, published in the *Congregational Quarterly* for 1876, and from which this article is derived, wrote:

Something more than ordinary courage was necessary in the presence of so many drunken and half-drunken Indians, any one

of whom might suddenly shoot or tomakawk the missionary at the slightest provocation or at none. The two instances mentioned by him, in which he was enabled to baffle the malice of savages ready to murder him, remind me of another incident.

It was while my parents were living at Detroit, and when I was an infant of less than four months, two Indians came as if for a friendly visit; one of them a tall and stalwart young man, the other shorter and older. As they entered my father met them, gave his hand to the old man, and was just extending it to the other, when my mother, quick to discern the danger, exclaimed, "See! he has a knife." At the word my father saw that, while the Indian's right hand was ready for the salute, a gleaming knife in his left hand was partly concealed under his blanket.

An Indian, intending to assassinate, waits until his intended victim is looking away from him and then strikes. My father's keen eye was fixed upon the murderer, and watched him eye to eye. The Indian found himself strangely disconcerted. In vain did the old man talk to my father in angry and chiding tones—that keen black eye was watching the would-be assassin. The time seemed long. My mother took the baby [himself] from the birch-bark cradle, and was going to call for help, but when she reached the door she dared not leave her husband. At last the old man became weary of chiding: the young man had given up his purpose for a time and they retired.

Failing on the Maumee, Mr. Bacon soon after sailed with his little family to Mackinaw. This was at the beginning of the summer, 1802, Mackinaw was then one of the remotest outposts of the fur trade and garrisoned by a company of United States troops. His object was to establish a mission at Abrecoche, about twenty miles distant, a large settlement of Chippewa Indians, but they were no less determined than those on the Maumee that no missionary should live in their villages. Like those, also, they were a large part of the time drunk from whiskey supplied in abundance by the fur traders in exchange for the proceeds of their hunting excursions. They had at one time no less than 900 gallon kegs on hand.

His work was obstructed from the impossibility of finding an interpreter, so he took into his family an Indian lad, through whom to learn the language—his name Singenog. He remained at Mackinaw about two years, but the Indians would never allow him to go among them. Like the Indians generally they regarded ministers as another sort of conjurers, with power to bring sickness and disease upon them.

At one time early in October, the second year, 1803, Singenog, the young Indian, persuaded his uncle, *Pondega Kauwan*, a head chief, and two other Chippewa dignitaries, to visit the missionary, and presenting to him a string of wampum, *Pondega Kauwan* made a very non-committal, dignified speech, to

the effect that there was no use of his going among them; that the Great Spirit did not put them on the ground to learn such things as the white people. If it was not for rum they might listen, "but," concluded he, "RUM is our MASTER." And later he said to Singenog, "*Our father is a great man and knows a great deal; and if we were to know so much, perhaps, the Great Spirit would not let us live.*"

After a residence at Mackinaw of about two years and all prospects of success hopeless, the Missionary Society ordered him to New Connecticut, there to itinerate as a missionary and to improve himself in the Indian language, etc. About the 1st of August, 1804, with his wife and two children, the youngest an infant, he sailed for Detroit. From thence they proceeded in an open canoe, following the windings of the shore, rowing by day and sleeping on land by night, till having performed a journey of near 200 miles, they reached, about the middle of October, Cleveland, then a mere hamlet on the lake shore.

Leaving his family at Hudson, he went on to Hartford to report to the Society. He went almost entirely on foot a distance of about 600 miles, which he wearily trudged much of the way through the mud, slush and snow of winter. An arrangement was made by which he could act half the time as pastor at Hudson, and the other half travel as a missionary to the various settlements on the Reserve. On his return, a little experience satisfied him that more could be done than in any other way for the establishment of Christian institutions on the Reserve, by the old Puritan mode of colonizing, by founding a religious colony strong enough and compact enough to maintain schools and public worship.

An ordinary township, with its scattered settlements and roads at option, with no common central point, cannot well grow into a town. The unity of a town as a body politic depends very much on fixing a common centre to which every homestead shall be obviously related. In no other rural town, perhaps, is that so well provided as in Tallmadge. "Public spirit, local pride," writes Dr. Bacon, "friendly intercourse, general culture and good taste, and a certain moral and religious steadfastness, are among the characteristics by which Tallmadge is almost proverbially distinguished throughout the Reserve. No observing stranger can pass through the town without seeing it was planned by a sagacious and far-seeing mind."

It was fit that he who had planned the settlement, and who had identified with it all his hopes for usefulness for the remainder of his life, and all his hopes of a competence for his family, should be the first settler in the township. He did not wait for harder adventures to encounter the first hardships and to break the loneliness of the woods. Selecting a temporary location near an old Indian trail, a few rods from the southern

boundary of the township, he built the first log cabin, and there placed his family.

I well remember the pleasant day in July, 1807, when that family made its removal from the centre of Hudson to a new log-house, in a township that had no name and no other human habitation. The father and mother, poor in this world's goods, but rich in faith and in the treasure of God's promises; rich in their well-tryed mutual affection; rich in their expectation of usefulness and of the comfort and competence which they hoped to achieve by their enterprise; rich in the parental joy with which they looked upon the three little ones that were carried in their arms or nestled among their scanty household goods in the slow-moving wagon—were familiar with whatever there is in hardship and peril or disappointment, to try the courage of the noblest manhood or the immortal strength of a true woman's love. The little ones were natives of the wilderness—the youngest a delicate nursling of six months, the others born in a remoter and more savage West. These five, with a hired man, were the family.

I remember the setting out, the halt before the door of an aged friend to say farewell, the fording of the Cuyahoga, the day's journey of somewhat less than thirteen miles along a road that had been cut (not made) through the dense forest, the little cleared spot where the journey ended, the new log-house, with what seemed to me a stately hill behind it, and with a limpid rivulet winding near the door. That night, when the first family worship was offered in that cabin, the prayer of the two worshippers, for themselves and their children, and for the work which they had that day begun, was like the prayer that went up of old from the deck of the Mayflower or from beneath the wintry sky of Plymouth.

One month later a German family came within the limits of the town; but it was not till the next February that a second family came, a New England family, whose mother tongue was English. Well do I remember the solitude of that first winter, and how beautiful the change was when spring at last began to hang its garlands on the trees.

The next thing in carrying out the plan to which Mr. Bacon had devoted himself was to bring in, from whatever quarter, such families as would enter into his views and would co-operate with him for the early and permanent establishment of Christian order. It was at the expense of many a slow and weary journey to older settlements that he succeeded in bringing together the families who, in the spring and summer of 1808, began to call the new town their home. His repeated absences from home are fresh in my memory, and so is the joy with which we greeted the

arrival of one family after another coming to relieve our loneliness; nor least among the memories of that time is the remembrance of my mother's fear when left alone with her three little children. She had not ceased to fear the Indians, and sometimes a straggling savage, or a little company of them, came by our door on the old portage path, calling, perhaps, to try our hospitality, and with signs or broken English phrases asking for whiskey. She could not feel that to "pull in the latch-string" was a sufficient exclusion of such visitors; and in my mind's eye I seem now to see her frail form tugging at a heavy chest, with which to barricade the door before she dared to sleep. It was, indeed, a relief and joy to feel at last that we had neighbors, and that our town was beginning to be inhabited. At the end of the second year from the commencement of the survey, there were, perhaps, twelve families, and the town had received its name, "Tallmadge."

Slowly the settlement of the town proceeded, from 1807 to 1810. Emigration from Connecticut had about ceased, owing to the stagnation of business from the European wars, and the embargo and other non-intercourse acts of Jefferson's administration. Mr. Bacon could not pay for the land he had purchased. He went East to try to make new satisfactory arrangements with the proprietors, leaving behind his wife and five little children. The proprietors were immovable. Some of his parishioners felt hard towards him because, having made payments, he could not perfect their titles. With difficulty he obtained the means to return for his family. In May, 1812, he left Tallmadge, and all "that was realized after five years of arduous labor was poverty, the alienation of some old friends, the depression that follows a fatal defeat, and the dishonor that falls on one who cannot pay his debts." He lingered on a few years, supporting his family by travelling and selling "Scott's Family Bible" and other religious works, from house to house, and occasional preaching. He bore his misfortunes with Christian resignation, struggled on a few years with broken spirits and broken constitution, and died at Hartford, August 17, 1817. "My mother," said Dr. Bacon, "standing over him with her youngest, an infant, in her arms, said to him, 'Look on your babe before you die.' He looked up and said, with distinct and audible utterance, 'The blessing of the God of Abraham, of Isaac, and of Jacob, rest upon thee.' Just before dawn he breathed his last. 'Now he knows more than all of us,' said the doctor; while my mother, bathing the dead face with her tears, and warming it with kisses, exclaimed, 'Let my last end be like his.'"

The village of Cuyahoga Falls is four miles northeast of Akron, on the line of the Pennsylvania canal and on the Cuyahoga river. Manufacturing is already carried on here to a large extent, and the place is perhaps destined to be to the West what Lowell is to the East. The Cuyahoga has a fall here of more than 200 feet in the distance of two and one half miles, across stratified rocks, which

are worn away to nearly this depth in the course of this descent. In the ravine thus formed are a series of wild and picturesque views, one of which is represented in an engraving on an adjoining page.

The Indians called Cuyahoga Falls "Coppacaw," which signifies "*shedding tears*." A Mr. O., an early settler in this region, was once so much cheated in a trade with them that he shed tears, and the Indians ever afterwards called him *Coppacaw*.

The village was laid out, in 1837, by Birdseye Booth, grew rapidly, and in 1840 was the rival of Akron for the county-seat. It contains 1 Episcopal, 1 Wesleyan Methodist and 1 Presbyterian church, 1 academy, 7 mercantile stores, 1 bank, 1 insurance office, 4 paper, 2 flouring and 1 saw mill, 2 furnaces, 2 tanneries, 1 fork and scythe, and 1 starch factory, 4 warehouses, and about 1,200 inhabitants.

The view was taken from near the Cleveland road, above the village, at Stow's quarry. On the right are seen the Methodist and Episcopal churches, in the centre the American House, and on the left the Cuyahoga river, the lyceum and Presbyterian church.—*Old Edition*.

CUYAHOGA FALLS is four and a half miles north of Akron, on the C. A. & C. and P. & W. Railroads. The Cuyahoga river furnishes abundant water-power for manufacturing purposes.

City Officers, 1888: John T. Jones, Mayor; Frank T. Heath, Clerk; George Sackett, Treasurer; Orlando Wilcox, Solicitor; George W. Hart, Street Commissioner; Harry Westover, Marshal. Newspapers: *Home Guest*, Home Guest Publishing Company, editors and publishers; *Reporter and Western Reserve Farmer*, Independent, E. O. Knox, editor and publisher. Churches: 1 Disciples, 1 Episcopal, 1 Congregational, 1 Methodist.

Manufactures and Employes.—Thomas Brothers, stoneware, 21 hands; Camp & Thompson, sewer-pipe, etc., 50; Empire Paper Mill, 24; Phoenix Paper Mills, 14; Reeve & Chester, wire, 63; Glen Wire Manufacturing Co., 16; Sterling Chain and Manufacturing Co., 72; John Clayton, carriages; William Barker, blacksmithing; William Blong, carriages; C. Kittleberger, tannery, 9; Hoover & Co., flour, etc.; David Hahn, cooperage; George W. Smith, planing mill; Turner, Vaughn & Taylor, machinery, 40; The Falls Rivet Co., 133; American Foundry and Machine Works, 9.—*State Report, 1887*.

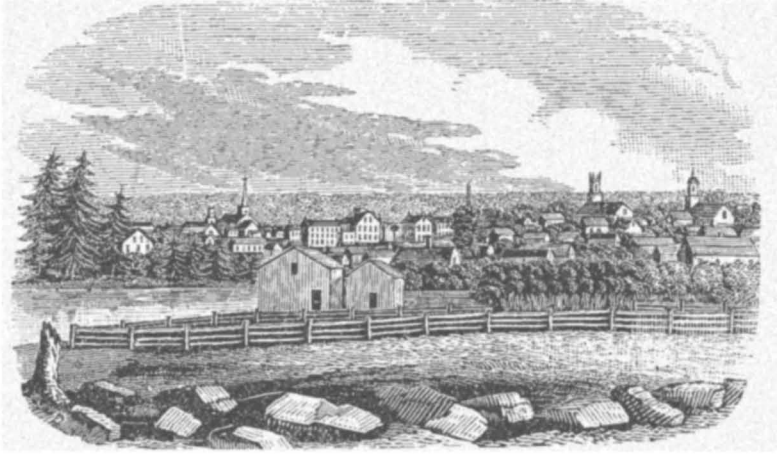
Population, 1890, 2,614. School census, 1888, 691; Frederick Schnee, superintendent of schools. Capital invested in manufacturing establishments, \$150,000. Value of annual product, \$175,000.—*Ohio Labor Statistics, 1888*.

Cuyahoga Falls has become a great place of resort for summer excursionists, and improved approaches, stairways, etc., have been constructed to make the romantic glens and nooks more accessible to the visiting multitudes. The High Bridge, Lover's Retreat, Fern Cave, Observation Rock, Grand Promenade and Old Maid's Kitchen are some of the features that go to make up the romantic interest of this rock-bound gorge.

The beautiful *Silver Lake* is a short distance above Cuyahoga Falls. It is nearly a mile long and a third of a mile wide. Steamers ply on the lake. It is surrounded by woods with picnic grounds, and near it is a railroad station for the accommodation of visiting parties.

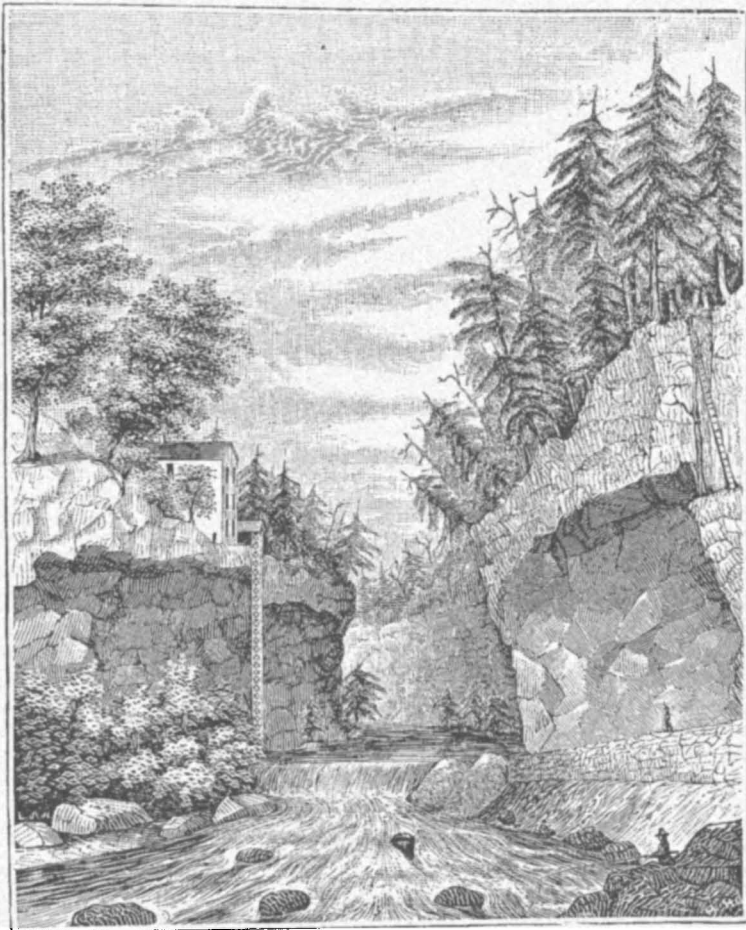
BIOGRAPHY.

JOHN BROWN, of Osawatomic, was born in Torrington, Conn., May 9, 1800. For three generations his family were devoted to anti-slavery principles. His father, Owen Brown, in 1798, took part in the forcible rescue of some slaves claimed by a Virginia clergyman in Connecticut. At the age of five, John Brown removed with his parents to Hudson, Ohio. Until twenty years of age he worked at farming and in his father's tannery. He then learned surveying. Later he



Drawn by Henry Howe in 1846.

CUYAHOGA FALLS.



Drawn by Henry Howe in 1846.

RAVINE AT CUYAHOGA FALLS.

removed to Pennsylvania, and was postmaster at Randolph, Pa., under President Jackson. In 1836 he returned to Ohio; removed to Massachusetts in 1844; in 1849 purchased a farm and removed to Northern New York.

In 1854 five of his sons removed from Ohio to Kansas, settling near Osawatomie, and their father joined them the following year, for the purpose of aiding the "Free-State Party."

The Brown family was mustered in as Kansas militia by the Free-State Party: their active participation in the Kansas troubles is a part of the history of the Union.

On the night of Sunday, Oct. 16, 1859, Captain Brown, with his sixteen men,



JOHN BROWN.

captured Harper's Ferry and the United States Arsenal. The citizens of the town had armed themselves, and penned Brown and his six remaining men in the engine-house, when, on the evening of the next day, Col. Robert E. Lee arrived with a company of United States Marines. When Brown was finally captured, two of his sons were dead, and he was supposed to be mortally wounded. Brown was tried in a Virginia court, and sentenced to death by hanging. On the day of his execution, he handed one of his guards a paper, on which was written the following:

"CHARLESTOWN, VA., Dec. 2, 1859. I, John Brown, am now quite *certain* that the crimes of this *guilty land* will never be purged away but with *blood*. I had, as I now think, vainly flattered myself that without very much bloodshed it might be done."

Rev. S. D. Peet, in the "Ashtabula County History," gives some interesting items. The means were so out of proportion to the magnitude of the enterprise that most men not acquainted with John Brown believed him to be insane; but to those who knew him; who knew the depth and fervor of his religious sentiments; his unwavering trust in the Infinite; his strong conviction that he had been selected by God as an instrument in his hands to hasten the overthrow of American slavery; to such he seemed inspired rather than insane. In a conversation I had with him the day he started for Harper's Ferry, I tried to convince him that his enterprise was hopeless, and that he would only rashly throw away his life. Among other things, he said, "I believe I have been raised up to work for the liberation of the slave; and while the cause will be best advanced by my life, I shall be preserved; but when that cause will be best served by my death, I shall be removed." The result proved that his sublime faith and trust in God enabled him to see what others could not see. He had so lived that, though dead, "his soul went marching on."

Sanborn's "Life of John Brown," published by Roberts Brothers, Boston, is the most complete biography of him extant. We here give, in an original contribution from high authority in this county, some facts in his history not before published.

John Brown, of Osawatomie and Harper's Ferry, spent a large part of his youth in Hudson, and the incidents of his life there

throw much light upon his subsequent career.

Space will permit the record of only a few

of the "memorabilia" which might be gathered up. He was the son of Owen Brown, a tanner, one of the pioneers of the township; a man of strong character, of many peculiarities, and of the most unquestioned integrity.

Owen Brown was an inveterate stammerer and a noted wit. He could not endure placidly any reference to his infirmity of speech, and was never more witty and caustic in his retorts than when some well-intentioned party sought to help him to the word he was stammering for. On one occasion when, in answering the question of a stranger, his effort to give a desired word had become painful, the stranger kindly helped him to it; when his answer was, "Ba-Ba-Ba-Balaam ha-ha-had an a-a-ss to speak for him too."

The stranger rode on without an answer to his question.

Owen Brown's first wife was a Miss —, of a large family in Hudson and the neighborhood, in which there was a strong hereditary tendency to insanity. All the members were peculiar, eccentric, and many of them insane. John was a son of this first wife, and in early life disclosed the influence of this insane tendency. He was noted for his pranks and peculiarities, which reverence for the stern government of his father could not suppress. This government was based upon the rule laid down by Solomon, not to spare the rod; and the old man was as faithful in tanning the hides of his boys as he was in tanning the hides pickled in his vats; and this practice gave John an early opportunity to disclose his penchant for military tactics.

When a mere lad, having committed an offence which by sad experience he knew would bring the accustomed chastisement, he repaired to the barn, the well-known place of discipline, and prepared for it by so arranging a plank that one stepping upon it would be precipitated through the floor and upon the pile of agricultural implements stored beneath it; and then, with apparent childish innocence, returned to the house. Soon the *pater familias* accused him of the offence, and invited him to an interview in the barn. After a paternal lecture, responded to by supplications for mercy, and promises "never to do so again," in obedience to orders he meekly stripped off coat and vest, and, with apparent resignation, submitted himself to the inevitable. As the first blow was about to fall, he dexterously retreated across the concealed chasm, and the good father was found to be as one "beating the air."

The ancient Adam in him was aroused, and leaping forward, with more than usual vigor in his arm, as the cutting blow was about to descend, he stepped upon the treacherous plank and landed upon the plows and harrows below. John retired from the scene. With difficulty the father rescued himself from his position, and with bruised and chafed limbs repaired to the house. John escaped further interviewing for this offence, but tradition is silent as to the cause, whether, before the father's recovery, the offence was deemed outlawed, or whether his own expe-

rience had given him some new ideas as to the effect of the abrasion of a boy's cuticle.

Passing over many similar events of his boyhood, his first military campaign should not be omitted. After reaching his majority and becoming the head of a family, he was the owner of a farm in Northeastern Hudson, upon which there was a mortgage that he was finally unable to raise, and proceedings in court were had for its foreclosure. Brown repaired to his neighbor, Chamberlain; told him he could not keep the farm, and asked him to bid it in. This he agreed to do and did. But after the sale was made and deed given, Brown asked for the privilege of remaining on the premises for a little time as tenant. The request was granted. When this time had elapsed he refused to vacate. Proceedings in ejectment were had, and the officers of the court turned him out of the house. Upon the withdrawal of the officers he again took possession, barricaded the house, armed his family with shot-guns and rifles, and prepared to hold the fort. Repeatedly arrested and sued, he responded to the warrant or summons, but left his garrison in possession of the stronghold. The contest was protracted into the winter, when an heroic scheme, like that of the Russians in burning Moscow, compelled the retreat of our general. On some real or fictitious charge, warrants were obtained in another township for the arrest of the eccentric garrison. While the warrants were served some half hundred of Chamberlain's friends were ambushed in the immediate neighborhood, and as the officer and his prisoners passed out of sight they took possession of the premises; and as the building was of little value they quickly razed it to the foundations, carried off all material which would suffice even for building a hut, and rendered the place untenable. When Brown and his garrison returned, he found a hasty retreat the only alternative. It was not as disastrous as Napoleon's retreat from Moscow, but it ended the campaign.

His subsequent experience in wool-growing was not more successful. Simon Perkins, then a well-known capitalist of Akron, furnished the capital for the enterprise, and Brown furnished the brains. He soon became as enthusiastic over fine-wooled sheep as he afterwards became over the woolly-headed slave and brother, but when the business was closed out, the share contributed to the capital by Brown was all that remained.

His experiences in Kansas and at Harper's Ferry are too well known to need repetition here; but some account of his last visit to Hudson and the neighborhood, just before his invasion of Virginia, is important to a right understanding of his character. After his trial and conviction in the Virginia court, M. C. Read, an attorney of Hudson, was employed by a brother of John Brown to take affidavits of parties whom he interviewed just before leaving for Harper's Ferry, to be laid before Governor Wise, with the hope of obtaining a commutation of his sentence. It

was found that he had approached many persons with solicitations of personal and pecuniary aid, but these approaches were made with great shrewdness and caution. His real design was masked under a pretended scheme of organizing a western colony. In discussing this, he adroitly turned the conversation to the subject of slavery: to his work in Kansas; and finally to his divine commission to overthrow the institution of slavery. His commission was from Jehovah; his success was certain, because it was divinely promised, and divine direction to the employment of the proper means was assured. Affidavits of these parties were taken, showing the details of the conversation, and giving the opinion of the affiants that Brown was insane. They were laid before Governor Wise by C. P. Wolcott, then an attorney of Akron, and afterwards Assistant Secretary of War under President Lincoln. They produced no effect upon the Governor.

This unquestioning faith of Brown in his divine commission and in his promised success, accounts for his undertaking so gigantic a work with such inadequate means. He had read and believed that the blowing of ram's horns by the priests, and the shouting of the people with a great shout, had caused the walls of Jericho to fall down, because Jehovah had so ordered it. He believed that, with a score of men poorly armed, he could conquer the South and overturn its cherished institution, because Jehovah had so ordered it, and had commissioned him for the work. His faith was equal to that of any of the old Hebrew prophets, but his belief in his divine commission was a delusion, resulting from pre-natal influence and the mental wrench and exhaustion of his Kansas experience.

The Rev. CHARLES B. STORRS, the first president of the Western Reserve College, was the son of the Rev. Richard S. Storrs, of Long Meadow, Mass., and was born in May, 1794. He pursued his literary studies at Princeton, and his theological at Andover, after which he journeyed at the South, with the double object of restoring his health and preaching the gospel in its destitute regions.

In 1822 he located himself as a preacher of the gospel at Ravenna. In this situation he remained, rapidly advancing in the confidence and esteem of the public, until March 2, 1828, when he was unanimously elected professor of Christian theology in the Western Reserve College, and was inducted into his office the 3d of December following. The institution then was in its infancy. Some fifteen or twenty students had been collected under the care and instruction of a tutor, but no permanent officers had been appointed. The government and much of the instruction of the college devolved on him. On the 25th of August, 1830, he was unanimously elected president, and inaugurated on the 9th of February, 1831.

In this situation he showed himself worthy of the confidence reposed in him. Under his mild and paternal, yet firm and decisive administration of government, the most perfect discipline prevailed, while all the students loved and venerated him as a father. Under his auspices, together with the aid of competent and faithful professors, the institution arose in public estimation, and increased from a mere handful to nearly one hundred students. For many years he had been laboring under a bad state of health, and on the 26th of June, 1833, he left the institution to travel for a few months for his health. He died on the 15th of September ensuing, at his brother's house in Braintree, Mass. President Storrs was naturally modest and retiring. He possessed a strong and independent mind, and took an expansive view of every subject that occupied his attention. He was a thorough student, and in his method of communicating his thoughts to others peculiarly happy. Though destitute in the pulpit of the tinsel of rhetoric, few men could chain an intelligent audience in breathless silence, by pure intellectual vigor and forcible illustration of truth, more perfectly than he. Some of his appeals were almost resistless. He exerted a powerful and salutary influence over the church and community in this part of the country, and his death was deeply felt. — *Old Edition.*

REV. DR. HENRY M. STORRS, the eminent Congregational divine, is a son of this the first President of the Western Reserve College. The father was one of the earliest and strongest to uplift his voice in behalf of the slave; and when he died, the then young but now venerable and deeply-revered WHITTIER paid to his memory the tribute of his humanizing verses: two of these are annexed:

Joy to thy spirit, brother!
A thousand hearts are warm,—
A thousand kindred bosoms
Are baring to the storm.
What though red-handed Violence
With secret Fraud combine!
The wall of fire is round us,
Our Present Help was thine.

Lo,—the waking up of nations,
From Slavery's fatal sleep,—
The murmur of a Universe,—
Deep calling unto Deep!
Joy to thy spirit, brother!
On every wind of heaven
The onward cheer and summons
Of FREEDOM'S VOICE is given.

Dr. LEONARD BACON, whose sketch of his father we have so largely drawn upon, was literally a child of the wilderness. His long life of usefulness closed

at New Haven, Dec. 24, 1881, in his eightieth year. It had been incessantly devoted to the discussion of questions bearing upon the highest interests of man. He was a strong, independent thinker, and his writings upon vital topics so largely judicial as to carry conviction to the leading minds of the nation. Abraham Lincoln ascribed to a volume of Dr. Bacon on slavery his own clear and comprehensive convictions on that subject. Leonard Bacon did more than any man who has lived in making clear to the popular apprehension, and in perpetuating to the knowledge of the coming generations the simple domestic virtues of the fathers; the religious and political principles which governed them, and gave to the American people their strongest, all-conquering element. In his Half-century sermon, preached in New Haven, March 9, 1875, Dr. Bacon gave an eloquent description of his boy-life here in Summit county, when all around was in the wildness of untamed nature:

"I think to-day of what God's providence has been for three and seventy years. I recall the first dawning of memory and the days of my early childhood in the grand old woods of New Connecticut, the saintly and self-sacrificing father, the gentle yet heroic mother, the log-cabin from whose window we sometimes saw the wild deer bounding through the forest-glades, the four dear sisters whom I helped to tend, and whom it was my joy to lead in their tottering infancy—yes, God's providence was then ever teaching me.

"Our home life, the snowy winter, the blossoming spring, the earth never ploughed before and yielding the first crop to human labor, the giant trees, the wild birds, the wild flowers, the blithesome squirrels, the wolves which we heard howling through the woods at night but never saw, the red-skin savage sometimes coming to the door,—by these things God was making impressions on my soul that must remain forever, and without which I should not have been what I am."

A daughter of David Bacon, DELIA, was born at Tallmadge, February 2, 1811, and the next year she was taken with the family to Connecticut. Her early life was a bitter struggle with poverty, but she became a highly-educated and brilliant woman in the realms of ideality; was a teacher and lecturer, and published "Tales of the Puritans" and "The Bride of Fort Edward," a drama.

A published account of her states that her chief delight was to read Shakespeare's plays and his biographies. The idea at length grew upon her that the plays were the work of the brilliant Elizabethan coterie and not of the actor and manager, Shakespeare. In opposition to the wishes of her family, she went to London in 1853 to publish her work on the subject. This she at last accomplished, chiefly through the marked kindness of Hawthorne, then Consul at Liverpool, who was willing to listen to her argument, but never accepted it. Hawthorne's letters to her have a beautiful delicacy, though she must have tried his patience frequently, and sometimes repaid his generosity with reproaches. Her book, a large octavo, never sold. The edition is piled up in London to-day. Carlyle took some interest in Miss Bacon, who came to him with a letter from Emerson. Carlyle's account of her to Emerson is as follows:

"As for Miss Bacon, we find her, with her modest, shy dignity, with her solid character and strange enterprise, a real acquisition, and hope we shall see more of her now that she has come nearer to us to lodge. I have not in my life seen anything so tragically quixotic as her Shakespeare enterprise. Alas! alas! there can be nothing but sorrow, toil and utter disappointment in it for her!

I do cheerfully what I can, which is far more than she asks of me (for I have not seen a prouder silent soul); but there is not the least possibility of truth in the notion she has taken up, and the hope of ever proving it or finding the least document that countenances it is equal to that of vanquishing the windmills by stroke of lance. I am often truly sorry about the poor lady; but she troubles nobody with her difficulties, with her theories; she must try the matter to the end, and charitable souls must further her so far."

Miss Bacon's account of the visit to her sister contains this:

"My visit to Mr. Carlyle was very rich. I wish you could have heard him laugh. Once or twice I thought he would have taken the roof of the house off. At first they were perfectly stunned—he and the gentleman he had invited to meet me. They turned black in the face at my presumption. 'Do you mean to say so and so,' said Mr. Carlyle, with his strong emphasis, and I said that I did, and they both looked at me with staring eyes, speechless from want of words in which to convey their sense of my audacity. At length Mr. Carlyle came down on me with such a volley. I did not mind it in the least. I told him he did not know what was in the plays if he said that, and no one could know who

believed that that booby wrote them. It was then that he began to shriek. You could have heard him a mile."

Miss Bacon's brother advised her to publish her theory as a novel. He was in earnest, but she found it hard to forgive him. Hawthorne saw her personally but once. She wrote to him from London: "I have lived for three years as much alone with God and the dead as if I had been a departed spirit. And I don't wish to return to the world. I shrink with horror from the thought of it.

This is an abnormal state, you see, but I am perfectly harmless; and if you will let me know when you are coming, I will put on one of the dresses I used to wear the last time I made my appearance in the world, and try to look as much like a survivor as the circumstances will permit."

Miss Bacon returned to America in 1858. It was found necessary to place her in an asylum, and a few months later she died. She is buried in her brother's lot at New Haven.

A REMINISCENCE.—I remember often seeing Delia Bacon in my youth in my native city, going in and coming from a private residence, wherein, in a private parlor, that of Dr. Joseph Darling, an old Revolutionary character in old Revolutionary attire, she met a select class of young ladies, to whom she delivered her thoughts upon noted historical characters. She was somewhat tall and of a willowy figure; a very *spirituelle* appearing personage, attired in black, with simplicity and neatness, a strikingly refined and thoughtful expression, that always attracted my youthful gaze as something above the ordinary line of mortality. If indeed it be true that "this world is all a fleeting show for man's illusion given," it is a happy arrangement with some of us ancients, who have come down from a former generation, that we can reproduce from our mental plates, used in boyhood years of innocence, such an interesting variety of the *genus* woman, of whom to me Delia Bacon was among the celestials.

Delia had a younger brother, who narrowly escaped being Ohio-born, DAVID FRANCIS BACON, alike brilliant and erratic. He went out to Liberia, to serve as a physician to the colony which, it was thought by Henry Clay and other wise men of the day, would solve that early vexed question, "What shall we do with the negro?"

David Francis soon hurried back, his nose on a snivel, thoroughly disgusted with an African Republic, under the statesmanship of exported plantation slaves. He published a book wherein he described his voyage over, and gave a sad account of the loss at sea of a bright youth, closing with a poem of lamentation. He began the poem with a borrowed line, apologizing for so doing by stating his muse was like a pump gone dry. He always had to get a line from some other poet, to first pour in as a *starter*. Certainly a good thing to do if, when one gets on a flow, he can bring out champagne.

JOHN STRONG NEWBERRY was born in Windsor, Conn., December 22, 1822. Two years later his father, Henry Newberry, removed with his family to Cuyahoga Falls. The last-named was a lawyer, a large landholder, and one of the Directors of the Connecticut Land Company, which he founded on land inherited from his father, Hon. Roger Newberry. Young Newberry graduated at Western Reserve College in 1846, and at Cleveland Medical College in 1848. Travelled and studied abroad two years; then practised medicine at Cleveland until 1855.

In May, 1855, he was appointed assistant surgeon and geologist with a United States exploring party to Northern California. In 1857-58 he accompanied Lieut. Ives in the exploration and navigation of the Colorado river. In 1859 he travelled over Southern Colorado, Utah, Northern Arizona and New Mexico on an exploring expedition, which gathered information of great value concerning a hitherto unknown area of country.

June 14, 1861, although still on duty in the war department, he was elected a member of the United States Sanitary Commission. His medical knowledge and army experience led to his becoming one of the most important members of that Commission. (For a sketch of his valuable services on this Commission,

during which hospital stores valued at more than five million dollars were distributed, and one million soldiers not otherwise provided for received food and shelter, see Vol. i. "Ohio's Work in United States Sanitary Commission.")

After the war, Dr. Newberry was appointed Professor of Geology and Paleontology at the Columbia School of Mines—a position he still holds. In 1869 he was appointed State Geologist of Ohio, filling this office till the close of the survey, making reports on all the counties of the State. The results of the survey are embodied in nine volumes, of which six are on geology, two on paleontology and one on the zoology of the State, with a large number of geological maps. In 1884 he was appointed Paleontologist to the United States Geological Survey. In January, 1888, the Geological Society of London conferred on him its Murchison medal.

He is a member of most of the learned societies in this country and many in Europe. He was one of the original incorporators of the National Academy of Sciences; has been President of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, and President of the New York Academy of Science since 1867, and President of the Torrey Botanical Society. The publications of Prof. Newberry are quite numerous, and include, in addition to his reports to the United States Government, the State of Ohio, and the Sanitary Commission, contributions to the scientific journals, and transactions of learned societies, of which the titles number nearly two hundred.



JOHN S. NEWBERRY.

AN EDUCATIONAL HERO.

The northernmost part of this county is formed by two townships. That on the west is Northfield and that on the east Twinsburg. It has a village centre called Twinsburg, wherein stands on the village green a Congregational church and a Soldiers' monument, thus symbolizing God and Country.

When old Pomp took me over the State, I passed through this village and found it was an educational spot for children—boys and girls largely from farmers' families from the entire country around. They told me that in many cases children from the same family kept house and boarded themselves—the girls cooking for their brothers, and they chopping wood, kindling fires, and doing the rough work for their sisters. This struggling for an education among the young people aroused my sympathy. As Pomp bore me away, I felt I had a pleasant indestructible picture for my mind's keeping. The good things are eternal. Then Twinsburg is not a bad name; it brings the thought of two at one time to coo and be loved.

From that period until now Twinsburg has been as a far-away picture in the dim remote. Now, on opening the county history, there comes a revelation of the great work done there in the early years, starting out of the wilderness. Then, withal, a hero is behind it—a great moral hero. The contemplation of one who liveth not unto himself alone swells the heart.

SAMUEL BISSELL is of Puritan stock: his ancestors among the founders of old Windsor on the Connecticut. In 1806, when he was nine years old, he came with his father into the wilderness of Portage county, where he helped to clear up the woods. He was educated at Yale, took charge of a then feeble Congregational Society at Twinsburg and taught school. The church grew under his ministrations, and after a lapse of fourteen years he gave up his pastorate and devoted

all his time to the "Twinsburg Institute." He has devoted himself to the institute for over fifty-two years, during which time more than 6,000 students of both sexes have been under his instruction. The details of his work are here given from the history issued in 1881.

It was in 1828 that he came to Twinsburg, when the Society erected a block-house for his family, and he took for his school a rude log-house twenty by thirty feet. It had for

windows three small openings in the logs, each with rude sashes and four small panes of glass. The furniture consisted of rude seats and desks hastily constructed. The dismal room had a broad fire-place, with chimney built of stones and clay. He thus began his work of philanthropy. The school was opened free of any charge to all young people desirous to attend, except from those disposed to pay, in which case the tuition for the term was to be two dollars. From the first it was a success. Three years later a combined church and school-house was erected. In 1843 a large two-storied frame building was secured, and in the lapse of five years two others. The reputation of the Twinsburg Institute was now so extended that he had about 300 pupils of both sexes largely from abroad. Seven teachers and assistants were under him, and the students wherever desired fitted for college. No charter was obtained and no public money given—the entire institution rested upon the shoulders of one man. The ordinary tuition charged was two dollars for the term, and when the classics were taught never more than four dollars.

More than six thousand students have been in attendance at the institute during its continuance, and out of these about two hundred have been Indians of the Seneca, Ottawa, Pottawatomie and Ojibway tribes. Ministers, statesmen, generals, lawyers, professors, physicians and artisans, in all portions of the country, trace the beginning of their education to the door of the Twinsburg Institute. A good library was secured, and literary and other societies were instituted.

The benevolence of Mr. Bissell was such that he not only greatly lowered the tuition, but even educated hundreds at his own expense who were unable to pay their own way. He was accustomed to give such students a few light chores to do, and these trifling duties were so divided and subdivided that the work was more in name than in reality. It is related that on one occasion Mr. Bissell having gone to extremes in this respect, some of the students thus detailed grumbled about having more to do than others. Considerable ill-will was thus incited. One morning Mr. Bissell arose at his usual hour, five o'clock, and, beginning with these chores, completed the entire round before the time for opening the school. Not a word was said; but the act spoke in volumes to the fault-finding students, who, after that, vexed the ear of the principal with no more grumblings.

Among the Indian youth was George Wilson, a Seneca, about whom a great deal has been said. He became a fine scholar—superior in many important respects to any other ever in the institute. His presence was fine and imposing, and he displayed rare gifts in

logical force and fervid eloquence. Mr. Bissell says that the quality of his eloquence, the unusual power of his intellect and the force of his delivery, resembled in a marked manner those of Daniel Webster. He afterward became chief of his tribe, and was sent to represent their interests to the New York Legislature and to the New York Historical Society, receiving from the latter several thousand dollars for his people, who were in a starving condition in the West.

Another one, named Jackson Blackbird, or "Mack-a-de-benessi," was an Ottawa, and a direct descendant of Pontiac. He excelled in composition, and composed a comedy, three hours in length, that was presented by the societies of the institute publicly to large audiences with great success. Mr. Bissell became known throughout the Reserve for his philanthropy in the cause of Indian education. Some two hundred were educated at the institute, from whom no compensation worth mentioning was ever received. All their expenses were paid—including board, tuition, room, fuel, light, washing, books and stationery, and some clothing—at the fair estimate of \$200 each a year. This expense, borne by no one except the Principal, estimated at these figures, has amounted during the history of the institute to over \$40,000. Almost as much has been expended on indigent white youth; and when the cost of erecting the various buildings is added to this, the total amount foots up to the enormous sum of over \$80,000; all of which has been borne by Mr. Bissell. To offset this not more than \$12,000 have been received from all sources.

When the rebellion ensued the institute received an almost ruinous blow. Several of the buildings were sold to pay its debts. From the materials of the wreck he saved a few hundred dollars, obtained a loan of \$1,500, and erected the present stone building, largely doing the manual labor himself, he then a man of seventy years. Without any previous experience he put on the roof, made the doors, window frames, etc. The entire cost was about \$8,000. "Not only," says the 'County History,' "was the undertaking gigantic, but its wisdom may be doubted. The institute is likely to fail altogether when the Principal's hand is removed by death from the helm.

"Mr. Bissell is now almost penniless, and is compelled to teach for a living at the age of more than eighty years. Considering the invaluable service he has rendered the village and township in the past; how scores of people now living there have been the recipients of his generous bounty; how patient self-denial and faith in God have been the watchwords of this venerable old man; it is unquestionably due from the citizens to provide him with at least the necessaries of life."

JOSHUA STOW was from Middlesex county, Connecticut, and was born in 1762. He was the proprietor of the township of Stow, surveyed in 1804, under his personal supervision, by Joseph Darrow, of Hudson. In our first edition it was

stated Stow was a member of the first party of surveyors of the Western Reserve, who landed at Conneaut, July 4, 1796. (See V. I., p. 252.) Augustus Porter, Esq., the principal surveyor, in his history of the survey, in the Barr manuscripts, gives the following anecdote of Mr. Stow, who was the commissary of the party :

A GENUINE SNAKE STORY.—In making the traverse of the lake shore, Mr. Stow acted as flag-man ; he, of course, was always in advance of the party ; rattlesnakes were plenty, and he coming first upon those in our track killed them. I had mentioned to him a circumstance that happened to me in 1789. Being with two or three other persons three days in the wood without food, we had killed a rattlesnake, dressed and cooked it, and whether from the savory quality of the flesh or the particular state of our stomachs, I could not say which, had eaten it with a high relish. Mr. Stow was a healthy, active man, fond of wood-life, and determined to adopt all its practices, even to the eating of snakes ; and during almost any day while on the lake shore, he killed and swung over his shoulders and around his body from two to six or eight large rattlesnakes, and at night a part were dressed, cooked and eaten by the party with a good relish, probably increased by the circumstance of their being *fresh* while all our other meat was salt.

A REMINISCENCE.—Joshua Stow became a noted character in Connecticut, to which he returned after his Ohio experiences. He was a strong old-style Democrat, and one of the first in the State to start the cry, "Hurrah for Jackson !" which he did so lustily that Old Hickory made him postmaster of the little town of Middletown.

In the summer of 1835 I was a rod-man in the party who made the first survey for a railroad in Connecticut. The country people over whose farms we ran our lines were greatly excited at our advent. They left their work and came around us, and looked on with wondering eyes, calling us the "*Ingun-neers*." But few had been one hundred miles from home ; scarce any had seen a railroad ; had but a faint idea of what a railroad looked like. Our operations were a mystery, especially the taking of the levels. A dignified gentleman, the head of the party, Prof. Alex. C. Twining, peering through a telescope, and calling out to the rod-man, "Higher !" "lower !" "higher !" "a tenth higher !" "one hundredth higher !" "a thousandth lower !" "all right !" accompanied by a gyration of the arm, which meant screwing up tight the target ; then came the reading of the rod, "Four-nine-seven-two." Remember these were old times, indeed, when letters cost from ten to twenty-five cents postage ; before prepaid stamps on letters were known, and then when they did come into use the mucilage was so poor that sometimes they were lost, which led to a profane wag of the time writing under one, "*Paid, if the darned thing sticks !*"

One of our lines of exploration was made three miles west of Middletown. One morning there approached us, as a looker-on, a queer-looking old man. He had come from his farm perhaps a mile away. He was short and stout ; had a most determined expression of countenance ; was attired in gray from head to foot ; wore a gray roundabout jacket, and a shot-gun was hanging by the middle from his hand. This sort of Rip Van Winkle figure was bent over and dripping with water. Just before reaching us, while crossing a brook on a rail, the rail turned and he tumbled in. This was Joshua Stow, or, as called by the people at the time, "*Josh Stow*." He was then just seventy-three years of age ; a man who had found rattlesnakes a savory diet, hurrahed for Gen. Jackson, and gave his name to one of the prettiest and most romantic spots of land in Summit county.

It is a remarkable fact that the very township which Mr. Stow purchased and named after himself to show to posterity that such a man as Joshua Stow once lived should prove to have been about the most prolific in Ohio in its snake product. The County History thus states :

Rattlesnakes were very numerous, and a great pest to the first settlers of Stow township. The "Gulf" at Stow's Corners was

filled with these reptiles, and it was many years before they were killed off. So numerous were they and so dangerous, that the

settlers took turns in watching the rocks to kill all that came forth. This was done on sunny days in early spring, when the snakes first came from their holes to bask in the sun.

Watching for Snakes.—It fell upon Mr. Baker to watch the gulf one Sunday, when Deacon Butler was holding a class-meeting in a log-cabin close by. While looking down into the gulf, Mr. Baker saw a large number of rattlesnakes crawl from a crevice in the rocks and coil themselves in the sun. When it seemed that all had come forth, Mr. Baker dropped his coat near the crevice, and with a long pole prepared for the purpose, pushed the garment into the opening. He then descended to the rock, and killed *sixty-five* of the venomous reptiles.

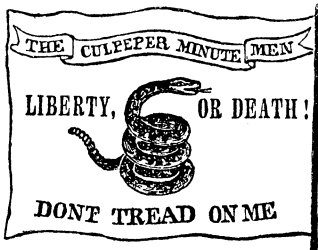
Dad's Achievement.—The first intimation that the worshippers had of what had taken place was made known by a son of Mr. Baker, who ran to the log meeting-house at the top of his speed, crying out with a loud voice: "Oh, dad's killed a pile of snakes! dad's killed a pile of snakes!" This adjourned the meeting, and the members re-

paired to the gulf, to continue their thanks for the victory over the ancient enemy of mankind.

A Mother's Terror.—One day, when John Campbell was away from home, his wife placed her little child on the floor, with a cup of milk and a spoon, and closing the door went a short distance to one of the neighbors' on an errand. She soon returned and, stepping up to the little window, looked in to see what her baby was doing. There sat the child upon the floor, while close at its side was coiled up a large yellow, repulsive rattlesnake. It had crawled up through the crack of the floor, and, when first seen by Mrs. Campbell, was lapping or drinking the milk, which had been spilled by the child. Just as the mother was taking her first lightning survey of the fearful sight the child reached out its spoon, either to give the reptile some milk or to touch its shining body with the spoon. The mother gave a piercing scream, and the snake slid down a crack and disappeared. Mr. Campbell came in soon afterward, and raising a plank of the floor, killed the snake.

From the dawn of history the snake has had the first place as the symbol of deceit and subtilty, finding his first victim in our common mother. Nothing good in the common estimation has come from this reptile. It will therefore be new to many that the snake idea should have been pressed into patriotic service among the heroes of the American Revolution.

In 1844, when travelling over Virginia for my work upon that State, I called upon Capt. Philip Slaughter, at his home in Culpeper county, on the eastern slope of the Blue Ridge. He was then some eighty-six years



of age, and about the last surviving officer of the Virginia line of Continentals.

When the war broke out, Patrick Henry, the commander of the Virginia troops, received 150 men from Culpeper; among them

was Slaughter, then seventeen years of age, who enlisted as a private. The flag used by the Culpeper men I drew from his description, as depicted in the annexed engraving with a rattlesnake in the centre. The head of the snake was intended for Virginia, and the twelve rattles for the other twelve States. The corps were dressed in green hunting shirts, with the words "LIBERTY OR DEATH" in large white letters on their bosoms. They wore in their hats buck-tails, and in their belts tomahawks and scalping-knives, making a terrific appearance.

As illustrating the chivalrous feelings among the Virginia officers, the old hero told me that when he received his commission as captain, he then being but nineteen years of age, he indorsed upon it the name of the lady to whom he was engaged, at the same time declaring it never should be disgraced; and he added, with commendable pride, "it never was disgraced."

The prominent villages in Summit county are TWINSBURG, having, in 1890, 821 inhabitants; PENINSULA, 562; and these others with less: Copley Centre, Clinton, Manchester, Mogadore, Richfield, Tallmadge, and Western Star.

TRUMBULL.

TRUMBULL COUNTY was formed in 1800, and comprised within its original limits the whole of the Connecticut Western Reserve. This is a well cultivated and wealthy county. The surface is mostly level, and the soil loamy or sandy. In the northern part is excellent coal. The principal products are wheat, corn, oats, grass, wool, butter, cheese and potatoes.

Area about 650 square miles. In 1887 the acres cultivated were 117,169; in pasture, 150,722; woodland, 57,927; lying waste, 2,033; produced in wheat, 169,681 bushels; rye, 1,772; buckwheat, 5,950; oats, 656,908; barley, 1,017; corn, 142,617; meadow hay, 42,730 tons; clover hay, 7,693; flax, 298,046 lbs. fibre; potatoes, 147,697 bushels; tobacco, 200 lbs.; butter, 1,114,672; cheese, 1,974,098; sorghum, 349 gallons; maple sugar, 93,028 lbs.; honey, 10,501; eggs, 457,815 dozen; grapes, 15,185 lbs.; wine, 9 gallons; apples, 264,292 bushels; peaches, 15,707; pears, 2,361; wool, 275,638 lbs.; milch cows owned, 14,554. Ohio Mining Statistics, 1888.—Coal mined, 157,826 tons, employing 520 miners and 80 outside employees; iron ore, 11,622 tons. School census, 1888, 12,811; teachers, 435. Miles of railroad track, 248.

TOWNSHIPS AND CENSUS.	1840.	1880.	TOWNSHIPS AND CENSUS.	1840.	1880.
Bazetta,	1,035	1,400	Johnston,	889	790
Bloomfield,	554	835	Kinsman,	954	1,224
Braceville,	880	1,019	Liberty,	1,225	4,058
Bristol,	802	1,162	Lordstown,	1,167	805
Brookfield,	1,301	2,559	Mecca,	684	950
Champion,	541	866	Mesopotamia,	832	742
Farmington,	1,162	1,152	Newton,	1,456	1,358
Fowler,	931	851	Southington,	857	916
Greene,	647	863	Vernon,	788	1,018
Gustavus,	1,195	936	Vienna,	969	1,994
Hartford,	1,121	1,382	Warren,	1,996	5,553
Howland,	1,035	762	Wethersfield,	1,447	6,583
Hubbard,	1,242	5,102			

Population of Trumbull in 1840, 25,700; 1860, 30,656; 1880, 44,880; of whom 28,459 were born in Ohio; 4,627, Pennsylvania; 1,127, New York; 158, Virginia; 88, Indiana; 46, Kentucky; 4,569, England and Wales; 1,665, Ireland; 894, German Empire; 296, British America; 182, France; and 29, Sweden and Norway. Census, 1890, 42,373.

On the 10th of July, 1800, Governor St. Clair proclaimed that all the territory included in Jefferson county, lying north of the forty-first degree, north latitude, and all that part of Wayne county included in the Connecticut Western Reserve, should constitute a new county, to be known by the name of Trumbull, and that the seat of justice should be at Warren. It will be seen that the county thus constituted was coextensive with the Reserve or the New Connecticut of five years before.

THE TRUMBULL FAMILY.

No better name than Trumbull could have been selected for this Western Connecticut. The name is imperishably stamped on almost every phase of the history of the parent State, and represents distinguished achievement in statesmanship, law, art, divinity and literature. While the name for the county was undoubtedly chosen as a compliment to the staunch soldier and statesman who was at that time governor of Connecticut, three others of the name and kin were

at the time distinguishing their State. BENJAMIN TRUMBULL, a divine of reputation, had just published a history of the Connecticut colony, which has obtained a permanent place in our historical literature. JOHN TRUMBULL was distinguished as a lawyer and judge, as well as a poet. His poem, "McFingal," passed through thirty editions. It is in Hudibrastic verse. Two or three of its couplets have passed into permanent use as proverbs, which have been wrongly credited to Samuel Butler, author of "Hudibras :"

"No man e'er felt the halter draw,
With good opinion of the law ;"

and

"But optics sharp it needs, I ween,
To see what is not to be seen."

Another was Col. JOHN TRUMBULL, the painter, whose career was just beginning when the name was conferred upon New Connecticut. Having served with credit as aide-de-camp to Gen. Washington, and having spent considerable time in England under the celebrated painter, West, he made himself known as an artist by the production of "The Battle of Bunker Hill" in 1796. His most important works are the pictures in the rotunda of the capitol at Washington, which every visitor stops to admire. His brother was Governor Jonathan Trumbull, Jr., in whose special honor the county was named.

Jonathan Trumbull, Jr., was born at Lebanon, Conn., in 1740. He served during the Revolution as paymaster, and afterwards as aide-de-camp to General Washington. He was elected to the first Congress after the adoption of the Federal Constitution, and in 1791 was chosen Speaker of that body. In 1795 the Connecticut Legislature elected him to the United States Senate, where he distinguished himself as a Federalist and supporter of Washington's administration. In 1798 he was elected Governor of his State, an office which he held until his death in 1809. If there is anything in a name to direct aspiration or give inspiration, it would have been difficult to find a more significant gift for a political division of territory. There are few names in American history possessing an equal range of meaning.

The first Governor Trumbull of Connecticut, Jonathan Trumbull, Sr., was the only governor under both the Crown and the Republic. He was born in Lebanon, Conn., Oct. 12, 1710, and died there August 17, 1785. His ancestor came from England about 1639, and settled in Rowley, Mass., having three sons. His father, Joseph, was a merchant and farmer. Jonathan was graduated at Harvard in 1727, studied theology, and was licensed to preach, but in 1731 resigned the ministry to take the place of an elder brother in his father's store. He afterward adopted the profession of law; was a member of the assembly in 1733 and its speaker in 1739; became an assistant in 1740 and was re-elected to that office twenty-two times. He was subsequently judge of the county court, assistant judge of the superior court, and in 1766-9 chief justice of that body. He was deputy-governor in 1767-8, and governor from 1769 till 1783, when he resigned. When under the crown in 1765, he refused to take the oath of office that was required of all officials to support the provisions of the stamp act.

Bancroft says of him, in this period of his career (1767): "He was the model of the virtues of a rural magistrate; profoundly religious, grave in manner, discriminating in judgment, fixed in his principles." His opinion was formed that if "methods tending to violence should be taken to maintain the dependence of the colonies, it would hasten separation; that the connection with England could be preserved by gentle and insensible methods rather than by power and force." But on the declaration of war he threw his whole influence on the patriot side; co-operated with vigor in securing the independence of the colonies, and was the only colonial governor that espoused the people's cause.

When Washington wrote him of the weakness of his army in August, 1776,

Trumbull convened his council of safety, and, although he had already sent out five Connecticut regiments, he called for nine more, and to those who were not enrolled in any train-band, said: "Join yourselves to one of the companies now ordered to New York, or form yourselves into distinct companies, and choose captains forthwith. March on; this shall be your warrant. May the God of the armies of Israel be your leader." At these words the farmers, although their harvests were but half gathered, rose in arms, forming nine regiments, each of 350 men, and, self-equipped, marched to New York just in time to meet the advance of the British. In 1781, when Washington appealed to the governors of the New England States to "complete their Continental battalions," Trumbull cheered him with the words, that he "should obtain all that he needed." He was the chosen friend and counsellor of Washington throughout the Revolution, who, says Jared Sparks, "relied on him as one of his main pillars of support, and often consulted him in emergencies." The epithet, "BROTHER JONATHAN," now applied as a personification of the United States, is supposed to owe its origin to Washington's habit of addressing Gov. Trumbull, and to the phrase that he often used when perplexed, "Let us hear what Brother Jonathan says."

In 1783, he extolled Washington's last address in a letter to him dated the tenth of June, as exhibiting the foundation principles of an indissoluble union of the States under one federal head. In the next autumn, when he retired from public life after fifty years' service, he set forth to the Legislature of Connecticut "that the grant to the Federal Constitution of powers clearly defined, ascertained, and understood, and sufficient for the great purposes of the Union, could alone lead from the danger of anarchy to national happiness and glory." Washington wrote of him as "the first of patriots, in his social duties yielding to none." The Marquis de Chastellux, the traveller, who saw him when he was seventy years of age, describes him as "possessing all the simplicity in his dress, all the importance, and even all the pendency, becoming the great magistrate of a small republic." Yale gave him the degree of LL. D. in 1779, and the University of Edinburgh the same in 1787.

The Trumbull family illustrate its intellectuality in living characters as Hon. LYMAN TRUMBULL, the friend of Lincoln, and senator from Illinois in the war era; JAMES HAMMOND TRUMBULL, LL. D., Hartford, philologist, historian, bibliographer, the only man living who can read Elliott's Indian Bible in the original; his brother, HENRY CLAY TRUMBULL, D. D., editor of *Sunday School Times*, Philadelphia, author, traveller and lecturer, etc.; GORDON TRUMBULL, New London, artist and ornethologist, etc.

Previous to the settlement of this county, and indeed before the survey of the eastern part of the Western Reserve in 1796, salt was manufactured by the whites, at what is frequently spoken of as the "old salt works," which were situated, we are informed, in what is now the township of Wethersfield, on or near the Mahoning. They were known to the whites as early as 1755, and are indicated on Evans' map published that year. Augustus Porter, Esq., who had charge of the first surveying party of the Reserve, thus alludes to these works in the Barr MSS., in connection with the history of his survey.

These works were said to have been established and occupied by Gen. Parsons, of Connecticut, by permission of the governor of that State. At this place we found a small piece of open ground, say two or three acres, and a plank vat of sixteen or eighteen feet square, and four or five feet deep, set in the ground, which was full of water, and kettles for boiling salt; the number we could not ascertain, but the vat seemed to be full of them. An Indian and a squaw were boiling water for salt, but from appearances, with poor success.

Amzi Atwater, Esq., now (1846) of Portage county, who was one of the first surveying party of the Reserve, in a communication to us, says:

It was understood that Gen. Parsons had some kind of a grant from the State of Connecticut, and came on there and commenced making salt, and was drowned on his return at Beaver Falls. On the first map made of the Reserve by Mr. Seth Pease, in 1789, a tract was marked off and designated as "the salt spring tract." I have understood that the heirs of Gen. Parsons advanced some

claims to that tract, but I believe without success. At an early part of the settlement, considerable exertions were made by Reuben

Harmon, Esq., to establish salt works at that place, but the water was too weak to make it profitable.

We annex some facts connected with the settlement of Warren and vicinity, from the narrative of Cornelius Feather, in the MSS. of the Ashtabula Historical Society.

The plat of Warren in September, 1800, contained but two log cabins, one of which was occupied by Capt. Ephraim Quinby, who was proprietor of the town and afterwards judge of the court. He built his cabin in 1799. The other was occupied by Wm. Fenton, who built his in 1798. On the 27th of this month, Cornelius Feather and Davison Fenton arrived from Washington county, Pa. At this time, Quinby's cabin consisted of three apartments, a kitchen, bed-room and jail, although but one prisoner was ever confined in it, viz : Perger Shehigh, for threatening the life of Judge Young, of Youngstown.

The whole settlements of whites within and about the settlement of Warren, consisted of sixteen settlers, viz : Henry and John Lane, Benj. Davison, Esq., Meshach Case, Capt. John Adgate, Capt. John Leavitt, William Crooks and Phineas Leffingwell. Henry Lane, Jr., Charles Daily, Edward Jones, George Loveless and Wm. Tucker, who had been a spy five years under Capt. Brady.

At this time, rattlesnakes abounded in some places. And there was one adventure with them worth recording, which took place in Braceville township.

A Mr. Oviatt was informed that a considerable number of huge rattlesnakes were scattered over a certain tract of wilderness. The old man asked whether there was a ledge of rocks in the vicinity, which way the declivity inclined, and if any spring issued out of the ledge. Being answered in the affirmative, the old man rejoined, "we will go about the last of May and have some sport." Accordingly they proceeded through the woods well armed with cudgels. Arrived at the battleground, they cautiously ascended the hill, step by step, in a solid column. Suddenly the

enemy gave the alarm, and the men found themselves completely surrounded by hosts of rattlesnakes of enormous size, and a huge squadron of black snakes. No time was lost. At the signal of the rattling of the snakes, the action commenced, and hot and furious was the fight. In short, the snakes beat a retreat up the hill, our men cudgelling with all their might. When arrived at the top of the ledge, they found the ground and rocks in places almost covered with snakes retreating into their dens. Afterwards the slain were collected into heaps, and found to amount to 486, a good portion of which were larger than a man's leg below the calf, and over five feet in length.

The news of this den of venomous serpents being spread, it was agreed that the narrator and two more young men in Warren, and three in Braceville, should make war upon it until the snakes should be principally destroyed, which was actually accomplished.

One circumstance I should relate in regard to snake-hunting. Having procured an instrument like a very long chisel, with a handle eight or nine feet long, I proceeded to the ledge alone, placed myself on the body of a butternut tree, lying slanting over a broad crevice in the rocks, seven or eight feet deep, the bottom of which was literally covered with the yellow and black serpents. I held my weapon poised in my right hand, ready to give the deadly blow, my left hold of a small branch to keep my balance, when both my feet slipped, and I came within a hairs' breadth of plunging headlong into the den. Nothing but the small limb saved me from a most terrible death, as I could not have gotten out, had there been no snakes, the rocks on all sides being nearly perpendicular. It was a merciful and providential escape.

In August, 1800, a serious affair occurred with the Indians, which spread a gloom over the peaceful prospects of the new and scattered settlements of the whites, the history of which we derive from the above-mentioned source.

Joseph M'Mahon, who lived near the Indian settlement at the Salt Springs, and whose family had suffered considerable abuse at different times from the Indians in his absence, was at work with one Richard Story, on an old Indian plantation, near Warren. On Friday of this week, during his absence, the Indians coming down the creek to have a drunken frolic, called in at M'Mahon's and abused the family, and finally Capt. George, their chief, struck one of the children a severe blow with the tomahawk, and the Indians threatened to kill the whole family.

Mrs. M'Mahon, although terribly alarmed, was unable to get word to her husband before noon the next day.

M'Mahon and Story at first resolved to go immediately to the Indian camp and kill the whole tribe, but on a little reflection, they desisted from this rash purpose, and concluded to go to Warren, and consult with Capt. Ephraim Quinby, as he was a mild, judicious man.

By the advice of Quinby, all the persons capable of bearing arms were mustered on Sunday morning, consisting of fourteen men

and two boys, under the command of Lieut. John Lane, who proceeded towards the Indian camp, determined to make war or peace as circumstance dictated.

When within half a mile of the camp, Quinby proposed a halt, and as he was well acquainted with most of the Indians, they having dealt frequently at his tavern, it was resolved that he should proceed alone to the camp, and inquire into the cause of their outrageous conduct, and ascertain whether they were for peace or war. Quinby started alone, leaving the rest behind, and giving direction to Lane that if he did not return in half an hour, he might expect that the savages had killed him, and that he should then march his company and engage in battle. Quinby not returning at the appointed time, they marched rapidly to the camp. On emerging from the woods they discovered Quinby in close conversation with Captain George. He informed his party that they had threatened to kill McMahon and his family, and Story and his family, for it seems the latter had inflicted chastisement on the Indians for stealing his liquor, particularly on one ugly-looking, ill-tempered fellow, named Spotted John, from having his face spotted all over with hair moles. Capt. George had also declared, if the whites had come down the Indians were ready to fight them.

The whites marched directly up to the camp, McMahon first and Story next to him. The chief, Capt. George, snatched his tomahawk, which was sticking in a tree, and flourishing it in the air, walked up to McMahon, saying, "*If you kill me, I will lie here—if I kill you, you shall lie there!*" and then ordered his men to *prime and tree!* Instantly, as the tomahawk was about to give the deadly blow, McMahon sprang back, raised his gun already cocked, pulled the trigger, and Capt. George fell dead. Story took for his mark the ugly savage, Spotted John, who was at that moment placing his family behind a tree, and shot him dead, the same ball passing through his squaw's neck, and the shoulders of his oldest papoos, a girl of about thirteen.

Hereupon the Indians fled with horrid yells; the whites hotly pursued for some distance, firing as fast as possible, yet without effect, while the women and children screamed and screeched piteously. The party then gave up the pursuit, returned and buried the dead Indians, and proceeded to Warren to consult for their safety.

It being ascertained that the Indians had taken the route to Sandusky, on Monday morning James Hillman was sent through the wilderness to overtake and treat with them. He came up with them on Wednesday, and cautiously advanced, they being at first suspicious of him. But making known his mission, he offered them first \$100, then \$200, and so on, to \$500, if they would treat with him on just terms, return to their homes and bury the hatchet. But to all his overtures they answered, "No! No! No! we

will go to Sandusky and hold a council with the chiefs there." Hillman replied, "You will hold a council there, light the war torch, rally all the warriors throughout the forests, and with savage barbarity, come and attempt a general massacre of all your friends, the whites, throughout the Northwest Territory." They rejoined, "that they would lay the case before the council, and within fourteen days four or five of their number should return with instructions, on what terms peace could be restored." For a more full and perfectly reliable statement of Hillman's agency in this affair, see his memoir in Mahoning county.

Hillman returned, and all the white settlers from Youngstown and the surrounding settlements, garrisoned at Quinby's house in Warren, constructed port-holes through the logs and kept guard night and day.

On the fourth or fifth day after the people garrisoned, a circumstance struck them with terror. John Lane went out into the woods a little distance, one cloudy day, and missing his way gave some alarm. In the evening, a man's voice known to be his, was heard several times, and in the same direction twelve or fourteen successive reports of a gun. It was judged that the Indians had returned, caught Lane, confined him and compelled him to halloo, with threats of death if he did not, under the hope of enticing the whites into an ambush, and massacreeing them.

In the morning, as these noises continued, Wm. Crooks, a resolute man, went out cautiously to the spot whence they proceeded, and found that Lane had dislocated his ankle in making a misstep, and could not get into the fort without assistance.

The little party continued to keep guard until the fourteenth day, when exactly, according to contract, four or five Indians returned with proposals of peace, which were, that McMahon and Story should be taken to Sandusky, tried by Indian laws, and, if guilty, punished by them. This they were told could not be done, as McMahon was already a prisoner under the laws of the whites, in the jail at Pittsburg, and Story had fled out of the country.

McMahon was brought to Youngstown and tried with prudence, Gen. St. Clair chief judge. The only testimony that could be received of all those present at the tragedy was a boy who took no part in the affair, who stood close by Capt. George when he said, "If you kill me, I'll lie here; if I kill you, you will lie there." A young married woman, who had been a prisoner among the Indians, was brought to testify, as she understood the language. She affirmed that the words signified, that if McMahon should kill Capt. George, the Indians should not seek restitution; nor should the whites, if McMahon were killed. In regard to the death of Spotted John, the Indians finally claimed nothing, as he was an ugly fellow, belonging to no tribe whatever.

The Indians again took up their old abode, re-buried the bodies of their slain down the

river two or three miles, drove down a stake at the head of each grave, hung a new pair of buckskin breeches on each stake, saying and expecting that "at the end of thirty days they would rise, go to the North Sea, and hunt and kill the *white bear*." An old pious Indian said, "No! they will not rise at the end of thirty days. When God comes at the

last day, and calls all the world to rise and come to judgment, *then* they will rise."

The Indians nightly carried good supplies of cooked venison to the graves, which were evidently devoured. A white settler's old slut, with a litter of six or eight pups, nightly visited the savory meats, as they thrived most wonderfully during the thirty days.

The Hon. Joshua R. Giddings, in a note to the above, says:

McMahon served afterwards in the war of 1812, and in the Northwestern army under Gen. Harrison. In the battle with the Indians on the Peninsula, north of Sandusky bay, on the 29th of September of that year, he was wounded in the side. After his re-

covery, he was discharged in November and started for home. He left Camp Avery, in Huron county, and took the path to the old Portage. Being alone and happening to meet a party of Indians, he fell a victim to their hostility.

The Rev. Joseph Badger, *the first missionary on the Reserve*, resided for eight years at Gustavus, in this county. He was born at Wilbraham, Mass., in 1757. He served as a soldier in the Revolutionary war, graduated at Yale College in 1785, in 1787 was ordained as a minister over a church in Blandford, Mass., where he remained for fourteen years.

In 1800 such an opportunity for usefulness offered as he had long wished for. The missionary societies of the Eastern States had for many years been desirous of sending missionaries to the Indians which then dwelt in the northern portion of Ohio.

At their instance, Mr. Badger made a visit to this country during that year, and was so well satisfied with the opportunity of usefulness, which his residence among the Wyandots and other tribes would afford, that he returned after his family, and since that time his labors have been principally divided between the Western Reserve, and the country bordering on the Sandusky and Maumee rivers. Among his papers the writer finds certificates of his appointment to the several missionary stations on the Reserve and at Lower Sandusky, as also commissions of the postmaster's appointment, for the several places where he has from time to time resided. Mr. B.'s labors among the scattered inhabitants on the Reserve and the Indians were arduous and interesting. Many incidents common to frontier life are recorded in his journals. His duties as a missionary were

all faithfully discharged, and he saw this portion of the West grow up under his own eye and teaching.

In 1812 he was appointed chaplain to the army by Gov. Meigs. He was at Fort Meigs during the siege of 1813, and through the war was attached to Gen. Harrison's command. He removed from Trumbull county in 1835 to Plain township, Wood county.

Mr. Badger was a man of energy, perseverance and fine intellectual endowments. His naturally strong and brilliant mind retained all its power until within the last three years of his life. He was a faithful and devoted Christian. He ardently loved his fellow-men—his God he loved supremely. Few men have ever lived who have given such an unequivocal proof of Christian meekness and submission—few whose labors have more highly adorned the great and responsible profession of the ministry. Full of years and of honors, and possessing the paternal affection of a people, who have been long accustomed to regard him as a father, he has at length gone to his final account. He died in 1846, aged 89.

The following miscellaneous collection of incidents and events of pioneer life in the Mahoning valley are derived from "Historical Collections of the Mahoning Valley," published by the Mahoning Valley Historical Society:

O'MICK.

O'Mick, an account of whose execution for murder is given in Cuyahoga County, belonged to a party of Indians who in 1800 encamped on the bottom lands in Kinsman township. They were a source of much annoyance to the settlers, who were somewhat in fear of them, although they were generally disposed to be friendly. Old O'Mick,

their chief, was a Chippewa, and of surly disposition. It was his delight to frighten the whites by unexpectedly entering their cabins. His son, called "Devil Poe-con," on returning from a visit to Washington, appeared in a military suit, and thereafter was nicknamed "Tom Jefferson" by the white settlers. Afterward, he, with two other Indians, coming upon two hunters, Buel and Gibbs, at Pipe creek, killed them while asleep. It was

for this crime that he was hanged at Cleveland. The name O'Mick did not properly belong to him but to his father.

EARLY COMMERCIAL ENTERPRISE.

The first supply of merchandise was brought to Warren in June, 1801, in which year Jas. E. Caldwell and an assistant poled a canoe up the Mahoning about once in two weeks. When they approached a settlement they blew a horn, and the settlers who wanted anything came down to the river to purchase.

In the fall of 1801, or early in 1802, George Lovelass opened a small shop on the east side of Main street, a few rods north of South street. About the same time Robt. Erwin, "who was a handsome but a sad scamp," so says an old lady, was set up in business by his uncle, Boyle Erwin.

FIRST MAIL TO THE RESERVE.

The following extract from a letter of Gen. Simon Perkins gives some interesting items concerning the first mail route to the Western Reserve

"The mail first came to Warren, October 30, 1801, via Canfield and Youngstown. Gen. Wadsworth was appointed postmaster at Canfield, Judge Pease at Youngstown, and myself at Warren. A Mr. Frithy, of Jefferson, Ashtabula County, was contractor on the route, which came and terminated at Warren, the terminus for two or four years before it went on to Cleveland. Eleazar Gilson, of Canfield, was the first mail carrier, and made a trip once in two weeks; but I do not recollect the compensation. This was the first mail to the Reserve. Two years afterward, I think it was, that the mail was extended to Detroit, and it may have been four years. The route was from Warren, via Deerfield, Racenna, Hudson, etc., to Cleveland, and then along the old Indian trail to Sandusky, Maumee, River Raisin, to Detroit, returning from Cleveland, via Painesville, Harpersfield, and Jefferson to Warren. The trip was performed from Pittsburg to Warren in about two days. The distance was eighty-six miles."

SQUIRE BROWN AND THE SLAVE-HUNTERS.

One afternoon in September, 1823, a negro and his wife with two children passed through Bloomfield on their way toward Ashtabula. At nearly dark of the same day, three dusty, way-worn travellers rode up to the tavern and announced themselves as slave-hunters. They were much fatigued and easily persuaded by the landlord to remain over night. It was soon noised abroad that the slave-hunters were in town and much excitement prevailed. Squire Brown got out his wagon, and a party of men were sent out to warn and secrete the slaves, who were found at a house near Rome, Ashtabula County, and temporarily secreted in a barn.

In the meanwhile, the Virginia slave-hunters were sleeping off the effects of their hard journey. A singular torpor seemed to come over every one about that tavern on that night, so that it was late in the morning before any one was aroused; the breakfast was delayed, the key of the stable lock could not be found, and when at last the stable was opened, the Virginian horses were each found to have cast a shoe. A blacksmith shop was visited, but the smith was absent, and when at last hunted up, he had no nails, must make new shoes; the fire was out, so that when the horses were finally shod it was well toward noon. The Virginians finally got started on their journey, but not until beset by the most remarkable series of mishaps and delays that ever occurred to impatient travellers.

Some time after their departure, Squire Brown's wagon drove into town with the negro family. They were led into the dense woods, where under the direction of Squire Brown, a temporary hut had been erected for their accommodation. Here they were concealed, and food carried to them by night, until the excitement passed by.

Three days later, the slave-hunters rode up to the tavern on their homeward journey. They found a warrant, issued by Squire Kimble awaiting their attention. Their offense was that of running the toll-gate on the turnpike a little north of Warren. On passing the gate they had supposed that the objects of their pursuit had taken the State road toward Painesville, and therefore paid the half toll necessary to go by that route; whereas, if they had represented that they were coming to Bloomfield, they would have been required to pay full toll. On application to Mr. Harris for horse-feed, they were told that no slave-hunter's horses could again stand in his stable under any consideration. They then hitched their horses to the sign-post, and proceeded with the constable to Squire Kimble's, where they were fined five dollars each and costs. On their return they found the tails and manes of their steeds wanting as to "hair," and a notice pinned to one of the saddles, which read something as follows

"Slave-hunters, beware!

For sincerely we swear

That if again here

You ever appear,

We'll give you the coat of a Tory to wear."

This latter episode was greatly deplored by those who took the most active part in the rescue. After the departure of the slave-hunters, the negroes remained for some time, the father working for Squire Brown. Eventually they were placed aboard a Canada bound vessel, their fares paid, and they reached their destination without molestation.

AN INTELLIGENT DOG.

Bloomfield Township was purchased in

1814 by Ephraim Brown of Westmoreland, New Hampshire, and Thomas Howe of Williamstown, Vermont, of Peter Chardon Brookes of Boston, the proprietor of large tracts in this part of the Reserve. They engaged S. J. Ensign to survey it, and in the winter of 1814-15, Lemon Ferry, wife, two sons and four daughters moved into the township. This was the first family. In the spring of 1815, Willard Crowell, Israel Proctor, Samuel Eastman, and David Comstock, came on foot from Vermont. "By special request, Howe allowed his favorite dog Argus to accompany these men. Very much to their chagrin, the dog was missed somewhere in New York, and did not again join them.

"Several months after, Howe drove through, and, on stopping at a wayside inn to rest his horse, was much surprised to find Argus, who manifested his delight in all the ways within his power. Mr. Howe remarked to the landlord that he was glad to find his dog. The landlord insisted, as landlords will, that he had raised the dog from a puppy. Howe thought it would be easy to test the matter of ownership, and, pointing to his cutter, told the dog to take care of it. He then told the astonished inn-keeper that if he could take anything from the cutter the dog was his; otherwise not. The landlord endeavored by coaxing and threatening to obtain possession of a robe or whip, but in vain. Argus, rejoiced at finding his old master, immediately resumed a grateful service to him. When Howe was ready to start, he told his host that he should not call off his dog, but Argus was only too glad to follow, and in the new county was a general favorite, and became famous as a deer hunter."

INDIAN RELIGIOUS FESTIVAL.

A few Indians still remained in the Mahoning Valley up to the time of the war of 1812. They seemed like outlaws, who feel that their country owes them a living, and it is theirs to obtain it as best they can. Still they were never quarrelsome, though in looks they were frightfully savage.

A band of Indians and John Omick, their sachem had until the year 1810, encamped on the west bank of the Pymatuning creek, and were supposed to be a remnant of the Chipewewa tribe. Their *totem*, or family designation, was the venomous black rattlesnake, called the Massasauga. But they were peaceable, disturbing no man's property or person.

"Burning the White Dog was their annual religious festival, and to this they always invited white men to come. The sacrifice was offered each year in a certain spot in the northeast part of the township, and the country was hunted over to find a dog purely white for the offering. A pole was supported at either end by forked sticks set firmly in the ground; beneath it were placed wood and kindlings for the fire. The dog was carefully bound with thongs, passed over the pole in such a way that the victim could be raised or lowered at will. Whiskey and food were

provided, and as the dusky band assembled their weapons were stacked and a guard placed over them, so that no one in a moment of excitement should seize a weapon for retaliation or destruction. The fire was kindled and as a circle of these swarthy worshippers danced slowly around the altar, mingling their wailing songs with the beating of rude drums, the victim was lowered into the flames, then raised at intervals, and thus tortured until life was extinct.

Attempts, it is said, were made to Christianize them; but at last, very many having fallen victims to the small-pox, they thought the Great Spirit frowned upon them for staying here, so the survivors moved westward in 1810.

HOG STORIES.

In the spring of 1806 or 1807, David Brownlee settled in Coitsville; he hailed from Washington county, Pa. In emigrating he brought with him a sow and a half a dozen pigs, five or six months old. They all seemed satisfied with their new Buckeye home, regardless of dangers from the prowling wolf, the bear, the panther, and the other wild beasts, plenty in our forests in those days, and lovers of pork, and indulged in it at every opportunity. These swine were in their sty every evening, and regularly at their troughs at feeding times, and things for a time went on very pleasantly with the porker family. Anticipation ran high with Mr. Brownlee in prospect of the good and profitable things coming in the shape of ham, shoulders, flitch, spare ribs, sausages, etc. Now one evening in early summer the pigsty was empty; none of its occupants put in an appearance. Not much solicitude was felt about their absence for a few days, then a diligent search was made for their whereabouts, but they could not be found and were given up for lost.

After a time, Mr. Brownlee went back to Washington County to harvest his wheat that he had left growing. To his great surprise he found all his swine, with an addition of eight or ten pigs to the family, not one missing. When Mr. Brownlee was ready to return to his home he gathered his herd of swine, notified them of his purpose, and started them on their way. None making any determined opposition, they passed on before him until they came to the river, where they took to the water cheerfully and landed safely on the other side and took the direct road to Coitsville, nor ceased their efforts at all seasonable hours until they reached their Coitsville home and rested again within the sty, and fed from the trough which they had clandestinely deserted a few months before.

Another Case.—When Mr. David Stewart emigrated to Coitsville he brought his hogs with him. When they came to the Ohio river they drove the hogs, with other stock, on to the ferry-boat, and pushed off into the stream. One hog jumped from the boat

when near the middle of the river and swam back to the shore. They did not attempt to recover the hog, and when they landed drove on. On the second evening after they crossed the river, Mr. Stewart put up for the night at Amos Loveland's in Coitsville, and put the hogs in an enclosure by the wayside. Next morning the missing hog was lying on the outside of the fence which enclosed its mates, composed as if nothing remarkable had happened. It must have recognized that it was lost from its companions, swam the river, took the cold track of the herd, and followed on persistently, tired and hungry, until it overtook them."

THE DEAN RAFTS.

In December, 1804, an elderly gentleman came to this region representing that he wished to contract for squared white-oak timber and staves to be used for ship-building, and the staves to be taken to the Madeira Islands for wine casks. He was referred to Isaac Powers and Amos Loveland, men that could furnish what he wanted. He called upon them and made a bargain, which they had to go to Poland to have written. The contract was drawn at the house of Jonathan Fowler, and written either by him or Terhand Kirtland. The sizes and lengths of the timbers were all specified. It was all large timber. The contract for the timber was made with Isaac Powers, and the staves with Amos Loveland. Mr. Dean was evidently a man that understood his business, and capable of driving a sharp bargain, as he succeeded in getting Mr. Powers into a contract entirely in his own favor. Mr. Powers, although being a good mechanic in timber, never had the experience of the cost of furnishing timber of such sizes and weight, and consequently got but little to pay the scant wages due his workmen and for his own time and labor. He, however, furnished the timbers as called for by the contract. Mr. Loveland's part of the bargain will be understood by giving it in the words of his daughter, Mrs. Elizabeth M'Farland, who is now living (1876) in Coitsville Township, and is eighty-five years of age. She says:

"My recollection of the Dean rafts is that they were three in number, and were got up about the year 1803 or 1804. They were composed of square timbers hewed out, and of large, air-tight casks. My father, Amos Loveland, furnished all the timber for the casks, and helped to take it out. He also furnished the trees standing in the woods from which the square timber was made. He was not under contract for building the casks, or for any other part of the labor of constructing. He, however, had the contract to furnish the staves dressed. The staves were got out and dressed and finished, and then set up for the wine casks, and afterwards knocked down, that is, taken apart, and the staves destined for each cask punched or bundled, each bundle being secured by a

small hoop at each end. John Moore, father of Wm. O. Moore, of the Sarah J. Stewart tragedy, James Walker, — Holmes, with the help of my father, were the coopers who split them out (the staves) in the summer, set them up and built the casks in the fall and winter. The casks were intended to buoy up the rafts. We furnished the boarding and lodging and shop for these coopers. We were often hard put to furnish the table with the necessary substantial of life. For meat we often had game, namely, wild turkey, venison, and occasionally bear meat.

"Mr. Powers took out all the squared timber and built the rafts. It took about one year to get them completed. They were successfully launched in the Mahoning River in Coitsville Township, at the south end of the present Lawrence Railroad Bridge, at the spring flood in 1806. The river was swollen to its highest water-mark, and most of the inhabitants of the surrounding neighborhood were there to see them off. An old gentleman, Mr. Dean, contracted for the building and launching of them. He was not here often, but his nephew, James Dean, bossed the job. He, James, fell out of a canoe between this and Beaver Falls. He, with two men, were travelling in the canoe. The two others went ashore to sleep, leaving Mr. Dean in the canoe to watch their trunks and outfit. The next morning he was found at the bottom of the river, wrapped in his blanket, dead. The rafts went to pieces on the falls of Beaver on account of insufficient depth of water to float them over.

"The timbers of the rafts were lost, but most of the staves were gathered, loaded in flat boats, and taken to New Orleans. These rafts were about one hundred feet in length, and about twenty-five feet wide. The casks for buoys or floats were made air-tight, and frame or yokes were made, in which they were confined. Upon this frame or yoke the raft timbers were placed. The casks were about four feet in diameter and six feet in length, and made of very heavy staves and well bound with hoops. The exact number to each raft is not known, but we are led to believe that it was twenty-four. They were framed in the timbers in pairs, to move end-ways on the water. On the top of the rafts were piled the staves.

"Jonathan Fowler, the first settler of Poland Township, was drowned at that time at Hardscrabble in the Beaver River. He was accompanying the party that was running the rafts. While passing the rapids at that place, the canoe in which he was riding struck a rock and upset, and he was lost. The others that were in the canoe at that time were rescued.

"At the time these rafts were got out, and until after they were gone and lost, there were no suspicions but that they were intended to be used for legitimate purposes. It, however, afterward was rumored that Dean was a Confederate or in the employ of Aaron Burr, and it was supposed and believed by

many that they were intended to be used by him in his treasonable purposes against the Government. Nothing, however, positive

was ever known to the people of this country as to their intended destination."

THE EMIGRATION OF 1817-1818 TO NEW CONNECTICUT.

For some years just prior to the war of 1812, and also during the war, the emigration to Ohio was slight. This primarily was caused by the unhappy condition of the people on the seaboard, consequent upon the embargo and other non-intercourse acts of the general government, which brought on a stagnation in trade and great pecuniary distress. The people could not sell their farms, had they been so disposed, and thereby raise the means to venture into a wilderness, nor did they have much inclination, in view of the demonstrations from the Indians, which eventually culminated in open war.

A few years after the close of the war there came a great revival of emigration, which is thus well told by Goodrich in his "Peter Parley's Recollections of a Lifetime:—"

I must now ask your attention to several topics having no connection, except unity of time and place: the cold seasons of 1816 and 1817, and the consequent flood of emigration from New England to the West; the political revolution in Connecticut, which was wrought in the magic name of Toleration, and one or two items of my personal experience.

The summer of 1816 was probably the coldest that has been known here in this century. In New England—from Connecticut to Maine—there were severe frosts in every month. The crop of Indian corn was almost entirely cut off; of potatoes, hay, oats, etc., there was not probably more than half the usual supply. The means of averting the effects of such a calamity—now afforded by railroads, steam navigation, canals, and other facilities of inter-communication—did not then exist. The following winter was severe, and the ensuing spring backward. At this time I made a journey into New Hampshire, passing along the Connecticut river, in the region of Hanover. It was then June, and the hills were almost as barren as in November. I saw a man at Orford who had been forty miles for a half bushel of Indian corn and paid two dollars for it!

Along the seaboard it was not difficult to obtain a supply of food, save only that every article was dear. In the interior it was otherwise; the cattle died for want of fodder, and many of the inhabitants came near perishing from starvation. The desolating effects of the war still lingered over the country, and at last a kind of despair seized upon some of the people. In the pressure of adversity, many persons lost their judgment, and thousands feared or felt that New England was destined, henceforth, to become a part of the frigid zone. At the same time, Ohio—with its rich soil, its mild climate, its inviting prairies—was opened fully upon the alarmed and anxious vision. As was natural under the circumstances, a sort of stampede took place from the cold, desolate, worn-out New England, to this land of promise.

I remember very well the tide of emigration through Connecticut, on its way to the

West, during the summer of 1817. Some persons went in covered wagons—frequently a family consisting of father, mother and nine small children, with one at the breast—some on foot and some crowded together under the cover, with kettles, gridirons, feather beds, crockery and the family Bible, Watts' Psalms and Hymns, and Webster's Spelling Book—the lares and penates of the household. Others started in ox-carts, and trudged on at the rate of ten miles a day. In several instances I saw families on foot—the father and boys taking turns in dragging along an improvised hand-wagon, loaded with the wreck of the household goods—occasionally giving the baby and mother a ride. Many of these persons were in a state of poverty, and begged their way as they went. Some died before they reached the expected Canaan; many perished after their arrival from fatigue and privation; and others from the fever and ague, which was then certain to attack the new settlers.

It was, I think, in 1818 that I published a small tract entitled "T'other side of Ohio," that is, the other view, in contrast to the popular notion that it was the paradise of the world. It was written by Dr. Hand—a talented young physician of Berlin—who had made a visit to the West about these days. It consisted mainly of vivid but painful pictures of the accidents and incidents attending this wholesale migration. The roads over the Alleghenies, between Philadelphia and Pittsburg, were then rude, steep and dangerous, and some of the more precipitous slopes were consequently strewn with the carcasses of wagons, horses, carts, oxen, which had made shipwreck in their perilous descents. The scenes on the road—of families gathered at night in miserable sheds, called taverns; mothers frying, children crying, fathers swearing—were a mingled comedy and tragedy of errors. Even when they arrived in their new homes, along the banks of the Muskingum or Scioto, frequently the whole family—father, mother, children—speedily exchanged the fresh complexion and elastic step of their first abodes for the sunken cheek

and languid movement which marks the victim of intermittent fever.

The instances of homesickness described by this vivid sketcher were touching. Not even the captive Israelites, who hung their harps upon the willows along the banks of the Euphrates, wept more bitter tears, or looked back with more longing to their native homes, than did these exiles from New England; mourning the land they had left, with its roads, schools, meeting-houses; its hope, health and happiness!

Two incidents related by the traveller I must mention, though I do it from recollection, as I have not a copy of the work. He was one day riding in the woods, apart from the settlements, when he met a youth, some eighteen years of age, in a hunting-frock, and with a fowling-piece in his hand. The two fell into conversation.

"Where are you from?" said the youth at last.

"From Connecticut," was the reply.

"That is near the old Bay State?"

"Yes."

"And you have been there?"

"To Massachusetts! Yes; many a time."

"Let me take your hand, stranger. My mother was from the Bay State, and brought me here when I was an infant. I have heard her speak of it. Oh, it must be a lovely land! I wish I could see a meeting-house and a school-house, for she is always talking about them. And the sea, the sea! oh, if I could see that! Did you ever see it, stranger?"

"Yes; often."

"What! the real salt sea; the ocean, with the ships upon it?"

"Yes."

"Well," said the youth, scarcely able to suppress his emotion, "if I could see the old Bay State and the ocean, I should be willing then to die!"

In another instance the traveller met, somewhere in the valley of the Scioto, a man from Hartford, by the name of Bull. He was a severe Democrat, and feeling sorely oppressed with the idea that he was no better off in Connecticut under Federalism than the Hebrews in Egypt, joined the throng and migrated to Ohio. He was a man of substance, but his wealth was of little avail in a new country, where all the comforts and luxuries of civilization were unknown.

"When I left Connecticut," said he, "I was wretched from thinking of the sins of Federalism. After I had got across Byram river, which divides that State from New York, I knelt down and thanked the Lord, for that he had brought me and mine out of such a priest-ridden land. But I've been well punished, and I'm now preparing to return. When I again cross Byram river, I shall thank God that he has permitted me to get back again!"

Mr. Bull did return, and what he hardly anticipated had taken place in his absence: the Federal dynasty had passed away, and Democracy was reigning in its stead! This was effected by a union of all the dissenting sects—Episcopalians, Methodists, Baptists—co-operating with the Democrats to overthrow the old and established order of things.

The intense bitterness existing in those early days between men of different politics and religious faiths seems in these later times to have been childish, when we reflect that all parties and all sects have an honest and patriotic and precisely the same ends in view. It was a difference in belief as to the means to that end. Among the outgrowths of the feeling of the early days was a comical pasquinade by Theodore Dwight, later Secretary of the Hartford Convention, in ridicule of a Jeffersonian festival, held at New Haven early in the century. It was repeated and sang all over the country by the Federalists, greatly to the irritation of the Democrats. But when years later the Democrats got into power, they repeated it in their own meetings with great gusto. We annex the first two stanzas:

"Ye tribes of Faction, join—
Your daughters and your wives—
Moll Cary's come to town
To dance with Deacon Ives.
Ye ragged throng
Of Democrats,
As thick as rats,
Come, join the song.

"Old Deacon Bishop stands,
With well-befrizzled wig,
File-leader of the bands,
To open with a jig;
With parrot toe,
The poor old man
Tries all he can
To make it go."

What Mr. Goodrich, in the narrative copied, means by the expression "established order of things," needs explanation to some of our young readers. Connecticut then had no State constitution other than the old Colonial charter granted by Charles II. Rhode Island also lived under the charter from Charles II., until the "Dorr Rebellion" of 1842 led to the adoption of a State constitution on more liberal principles. Under the code of laws in Connecticut estab-



EMIGRATING TO NEW CONNECTICUT, 1817-1818.

From an engraving in Peter Parley's Recollections

lished on the basis of the meagre charter of the king, the Congregational church assumed especial privileges. Every person was taxed to support it unless they should declare their adhesion to some other persuasion. And all were taxed to support Yale College, a religious seminary governed by the Congregational clergy. Practically the State's government was a theocracy, a union of church and State. In 1818 the Federalists were overthrown and a State constitution adopted. The conflict, while impending, occasioned great distress among the Congregational clergy and their members. If the people were not compelled by law to support the institutions of religion, they felt religion would perish from the earth.

Lyman Beecher, in his reminiscences, gives vent to his distressful emotions on the occasion of the success of what was termed the "Toleration Party." Years later, Lyman Beecher rejoiced with exceeding great joy on witnessing the success of the voluntary system in its support of the institutions of religion. He felt that freedom in religion was of God. At the time of the success of the Toleration party there was not a Catholic church in the State, and when, from the influx of foreigners about 1834, they began to erect Catholic churches largely over the country, many looked on with horror, apprehensive of the reign of the Pope and the eventual advent of the Spanish Inquisition. Early in the century "Fox's Book of Martyrs" and other similar lugubrious books had been largely circulated in the rural regions at the east by perambulating book-venders going from house to house. Lyman Beecher, on coming to Ohio, although he had survived the Toleration scare, found a fresh one in his fear of Catholic supremacy, and thundered and lightened. But he lived to modify his opinions when he saw that Catholic priests never ran away from a pestilence and the Sisters of Charity were unceasing in ministering to the sick and dying. The soul of goodness is in all Christian faiths, and the spirit of patriotism prevails in the hearts of the people, irrespective of politics.

Warren in 1846.—Warren, the county seat, is on the Mahoning river and Ohio and Penn. canal, 161 miles northeast of Columbus and 77 from Pittsburgh. It is a well-built and very pleasant town, through which beautifully winds the Mahoning. In the centre is a handsome public square, on which stands the court-house. In June, 1846, this village was visited by a destructive fire, which destroyed a large number of buildings facing one side of the public square, since built up with beautiful stores. Warren was laid out in 1801, by Ephraim Quinby, Esq., and named from Moses Warren, of Lyme. The town plat is one mile square, with streets crossing at right angles. Warren contains 1 Presbyterian, 1 Episcopal, 1 Baptist, 1 Methodist and 1 Disciples' church, about 20 mercantile stores, 3 newspaper printing offices, 2 flour mills, 1 bank, 1 woollen factory and a variety of mechanical establishments; in 1840, its population was 1,066; it is now estimated at 1,600. In a graveyard on the river's bank lie the remains of the Hon. Zephania Swift, author of "Swift's Digest," and once chief-justice of the State of Connecticut. He died here September 27, 1823, at the age of 64 years, while on a visit to a son and daughter.—*Old Edition.*

WARREN, county-seat of Trumbull, on the Mahoning river, about 145 miles northeast of Columbus, 52 miles southeast of Cleveland, is the centre for a fine agricultural region famous for dairying. Its railroads are N. Y. P. & O., A. & P., P. P. & F., and Mahoning Branch of N. Y. P. & O.

County Officers, 1888: Auditor, William Wallace; Clerk, Albert B. Camp; Commissioners, Joel Bushnell, Henry H. Pierce, Warren D. Hall; Coroner, William C. Hunt; Infirmary Directors, Frank C. Van Wye, Job J. Holliday, William W. Griffith; Probate Judge, David R. Gilbert; Prosecuting Attorney, Thomas H. Gillmer; Recorder, David J. Woodford; Sheriff, Andrew P. McKinley; Surveyor, Homer C. White; Treasurer, Addison Rogers. City Officers, 1888: John L. Smith, Mayor; M. J. Sloan, Solicitor; C. F. Dickey, Engineer; Allen Walker, Marshall; W. G. Watson, Street Commissioner; E. H.

Goodale, Sealer. Newspapers: *Chronicle*, Republican, William Ritezel & Co., editors and publishers; *Taxpayers' Guardian*, Independent, J. S. Wrightnour, editor; *Tribune*, Republican, W. H. Smiley, editor and publisher; *Western Reserve Democrat*, Democrat, R. W. Paden, editor; *Church at Home*, Evangelistic, E. B. Wakefield, editor and publisher. Churches: 1 Methodist Episcopal, 1 African Methodist Episcopal, 1 German Lutheran, 1 Disciples, 1 Catholic, 1 Presbyterian, 1 Baptist. Banks: First National, H. B. Perkins, president, J. H. McCombs, cashier; Second National, C. A. Harrington, president, R. W. Ratliff, cashier; Western Reserve National, Albert Wheeler, president, O. L. Walcott, cashier.

Manufactures and Employees.—W. Packard & Co., planing mill, 30; R. Bartholomew, building, 4; George T. Townsend, furniture, 12; Trumbull Milling Co., flour, etc., 5; The Warren Paint Co., paints, 23; Drennen & Son, carriages, etc., 8; Griswold Linseed Oil Co., linseed oil, etc., 20; Spangenberg, Pendleton & Co., machinery, 15; Reed's Planing Mill, planing mill, etc., 3; Warren Evaporator Works, sugar evaporators, 6; Warren Stave Works, staves, heading, etc., 45; S. F. Bartlett, carriages, etc., 12; James Reed & Son, stoves, 10; G. H. Reed & Son, machinery, 6; Warren Tube Co., iron and steel tubes, 161; The Winfield Manufacturing Co., tinware, 86; Ætna Machine Co., machinery, 40; R. P. McClelland, woollen mills, 4; R. McBerty, blinds and screens, 3.—*State Report, 1887.*

Population, 1880, 4,428. School census, 1888, 1,912. E. F. Moulton, school superintendent. Capital invested in industrial establishments, \$368,500. Value of annual product, \$613,000.—*Ohio Labor Statistics, 1887.* Census, 1890, 5,973.

TRAVELLING NOTES.

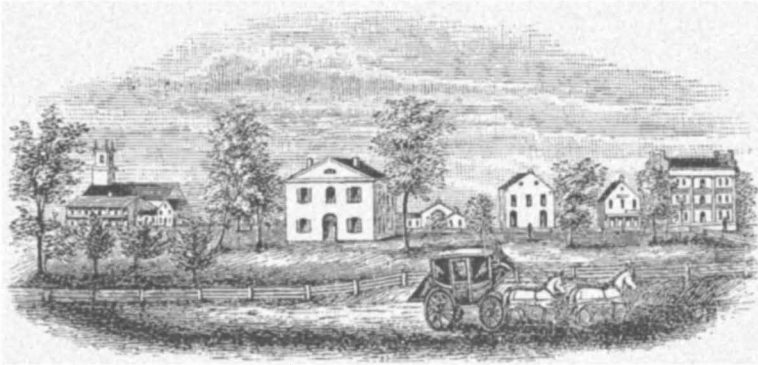
On my arrival at Warren I found it was a day for the reunion of the 105th Ohio. This regiment was mainly made up of farmers from the counties of Lake, Ashtabula, Geauga, Trumbull, and some miners from Mahoning. At Perrysville it lost heavily, and it was on Sherman's march to the sea. Judge Albert Tourgee (see Vol. I., p. 280) was an officer of this regiment.

Naturally one warms towards these veterans. Going up to a group in the hotel I said to one of them: "Aren't you glad you have got through your shooting?" "Humph," he replied, "I am glad I have got through being shot at." Then he showed me his mutilated, ruined arm, and told me he had been hit five times and laid long in hospitals.

On my tour I met many of the Grand Army veterans, and they are largely wrecks.

Many of these men who look well are in anguish from their war experiences. Comparatively few are in full physical vigor. The hardships and sufferings of years of campaigning have left a majority with broken constitutions. One I met in Bellaire, on the Ohio, had been in twenty-eight battles. He had been wounded four times. He was suffering from part of his windpipe having been shot away. Back of his neck was a wound that has been a running sore since 1864.

At Ripley, also on the Ohio, I arrived in the rain and dark, and was directed by a colored porter to a little tavern under the hill where there were three apparently old men. They were about the only persons I saw on the premises. They were old soldiers; one the landlord. All had been sufferers; one a complete wreck. Seeing me walking about with alacrity, the contrast with his own suffering condition aroused him, and he said in plaintive tones, "You move about springy and easy, and, as you say, you are seventy years old, just look at me; I am but forty-two years old, and yet I am to-day an older man than you. The war has ruined me, I'm in constant suffering, can scarcely move about—have no health nor strength—every moment I'm in misery."



Drawn by Henry Howe in 1846

PUBLIC SQUARE, WARREN.



L. M. Rice, Photo., 1887.

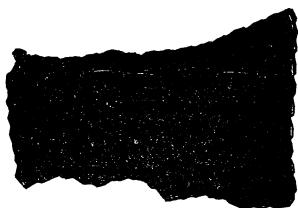
VIEW ON THE PUBLIC SQUARE, WARREN.

Yet with any of these old soldiers, who volunteered because they loved their country, you cannot get one to say they regretted their experiences. So grand is this principle of patriotism, that suffering for it but increases devotion. I asked one who had half of his lower jaw shot away beside receiving other wounds :

"Do you regret your army experiences? If you could have foreseen them, would you have refrained from volunteering?"

"No," he replied, with a twinkle of the eye; "lost jaw and all."

In the many conflicts of the war, the narrow escapes from death often seemed a little less than marvellous. At Paulding, in the person of the landlord of the hotel where I tarried, was an old soldier, Mr. T. J. Saltzgaber. A piece of a shell had gone coursing through his head just under his skull. He showed me the scar where it had entered and the scar where it had come out. The distance apart was six inches, by my measure, around the back of the neck. It entered one and a half inches behind the right ear, on a level with the ear entrance, took off a piece of the base of the skull, and passing between the "leaders" and spinal column, came out three inches below the lobe of the left ear and the same distance farther back. He handed me the missile. Its weight was three ounces. I laid it on my notebook and with a pencil outlined its thickness and its other dimensions. The diagrams annexed are fac-similes of the originals in size and form.



Length and Breadth.



Thickness.

"This," he said, "was fired into me by Wheeler's artillery down in Alabama, October 25, 1864. After the war I met the artilleryman in Seguin, Texas, who fired the gun, and boarded at his hotel—a very clever fellow."

The wounds which some of them received and survived were indeed alike marvellous. Col. Charles Whittlesey relates an instance in his "War Memories" in which an apparently mortal wound through the body saved a man's life. We extract his statement, which is under the caption of "Experience of Col. Garis:"

Col. C. Garis, of Washington, Fayette county, Ohio, was a captain in the 20th Ohio. Soon after the battle of Shiloh Church he resigned on account of a large abscess in the left lung, which, it was presumed, would soon terminate his life.

When the one hundred days' regiments were organized, he was appointed a colonel, and sent to Kentucky. His command was stationed at Cynthiana, on the Licking river, when the place was attacked by Morgan, with a large force. J. R. Stewart, who had been a private in the 20th Ohio, and was then hospital steward, was captured in the town early in the day.

After several hours' fighting, Morgan set fire to the building occupied by Col. Garis, and sent Stewart to him with a demand to surrender. On his way back Morgan's men fired on Stewart, but Morgan told them he

was a prisoner, and they allowed him to pass.

Stewart was taken away by the Confederates, but about thirty miles out he managed to escape. Col. Garis came out of the burning buildings and surrendered.

He was fired upon at a few steps by five men, one shot passing through the diseased lung. He was left for dead, or more bullets would have been put into his body. What appeared to be entirely fatal wounds, proved to be a savage remedy for his lungs.

From the bullet holes a large quantity of pus was discharged, and, although not very robust, Col. Garis is still living, and a man of active business (1884). Col. Garis' statement here follows:

"I cheerfully contribute my mite to carry to posterity the noble deeds of the men I had the honour to command.

"You use the proper term when you call our treatment at Cynthiana horrid butchery. We fought for two hours, with inferior arms and a force ten to our one, from some buildings, which gave us some advantage; but the people, being nearly all rebels, set fire to the buildings, which compelled us to surrender or be roasted alive. We chose the former, expecting to be treated as prisoners of war; but to the surprise of us all, as when I, at the head of my men, stepped out of the build-

ing, we were fired upon by five men, not more than ten or twelve yards from me, and I received every ball in my arm, side and shoulder, after which they ceased firing.

"While weltering in my blood they tore my sword off from me, and robbed me of my watch. My horse had been shot from under me at the commencement of the battle. My saddles, pistols, trunk, and all we had shared the fate of my sword and purse."

Mr. Whittlesey gives also an instructive paragraph upon the last moments of the dying soldier. In speaking of the battle of Shiloh, where he was in command of the 20th Ohio, he says: "On such fields there are great mental activities and agonies that must not be overlooked. Before the stupor of death comes on, there are preternatural flashes of memory, illuminating the path of life.

"The spirit of the dying soldier returns to the home he has left. Actions and thoughts that occupied many years, reappear with a rapidity comparable to nothing better than electricity. Some are silent, only a few utter groans; others sigh and pray, only rarely there are curses.

"A later stage is that of delirium with chatter and laughter, as indescribable as it is horrible, because it is a premonition of the end. Many who anticipated death, that did not come, spoke of a spiritual elevation, such as a mind partially liberated from the body might experience."

In his time HORACE GREELEY, through the influence of his paper and his oft personal visits in lecturing, was a great educational force on the Reserve. His discussions of new questions seem to be especially adapted to the tastes of the active minded progressive people of New Connecticut. His very oddities made him stand apart from other leaders of men: as his uncouth, careless attire, shambling, awkward gait, childlike simplicity of manner and speech. His personal presence, light pale eyes, complexion, and hair gave to him a sort of milkiess of aspect very unusual, and when he was seen in motion, wearing his old white coat and hat, he seemed, as he was, an original character who lived in his own philosophy and felt at peace with all mankind.

I got here in Warren an original anecdote that illustrates the Johnnie Applesseed spirit of this original Horace. It is from the Warren editor, Mr. F. M. Ritezel. "When," said he, "Greeley was lecturing over the line in Greencastle, Pa., I went thither and engaged him to come to Warren and give us a speech. I met him there on the street occupied eating a peach. As we walked along he continued eating and talking, and when he had dispatched the peach he threw the stone over into a field for its planting with the remark, 'There; somebody may have the good of it.'"

This anecdote of Mr. Ritezel brought another from me. Stories are fruitful of others, and this of mine was about fruit; the

subject was the same, Horace Greeley, only it was not about a peach, it was an apple that was concerned. At the period of the Harrison campaign, Greeley, from a raw country youth had quickly become a power in New York city, and, indeed, in the nation. My room-mate, near that period, told me he was walking on Nassau street when, just ahead of him, his attention was arrested by the quaint person of Greeley, as usual shuffling along, oblivious to all surroundings, busy eating an apple. Presently he paused on the edge of the pavement, threw his weight on his right leg, lifted the other and cast the apple-core as far behind as he could, and then, country boy like, looked behind to see what had become of it!

It is probable that this eccentric performance, in a crowded street of the great metropolis, was unknown to the actor himself. It was an automatic performance; his mind at the moment absorbed in thought upon some topic of public utility that was to appear as a leader in his next day's issue.

In spite of his eccentricities Greeley was a man who inspired respect from his force of intellect and high moral aims and his memory is held in honor, though in looking back upon his career in the light of our time we can see his judgments were often erroneous—a great man in some directions, but not a safe guide in a time of peril to a nation. Still everybody is glad that to help out our variety of beneficent characters that America has produced a Horace Greeley.

BIOGRAPHY.

SIMON PERKINS was born in Norwich, Conn., Sept. 17, 1771. His father was an

officer in the Revolutionary army, and died in camp in 1778. The son removed to Os-



GENERAL SIMON PERKINS.



GENERAL J. D. COX.



THE PERKINS HOMESTEAD, WARREN.

wego, N. Y., in 1795, where for three years he was occupied with large land agencies. In the spring of 1798 he went to the Western Reserve, to explore and report a plan for the sale and settlement of the lands of "The Erie Land Company." He entered Ohio July 4, and established "Perkins' Camp" on Grand River. Returning to Connecticut in October, he was given entire control of the lands of the company. For several years his summers were spent on the Reserve and the winters in Connecticut. March 18, 1804, he married Nancy Ann Bishop, of Lisbon, Conn., and with his wife settled the following July at Warren. His integrity and superior business judgment and capacity were highly appreciated by land proprietors. So extensive were the agencies entrusted to him, that in 1815 the State land tax paid by him was one-seventh of the entire State revenue.

He was the first postmaster on the Western Reserve. In 1807, at the request of Postmaster-General Granger, he established a line of expresses through the Indian country to Detroit. His efforts led to the granting, in a treaty held at Brownstown in 1808, the right of way to the United States for a road from the Western Reserve to the Rapids of the Maumee, the Indians ceding lands a mile in width all the way on each side of the road.

In May, 1808, he was commissioned a brigadier-general of militia. In the war of 1812, on learning of Hull's surrender, without waiting to hear from his superior officers, he issued orders to his colonels to prepare their regiments for active duty. To him was assigned the duty of protecting the Northwestern frontier. He held his position in the field until Gen. Harrison had been reinforced by regular troops and the militia were withdrawn. Gen. Harrison highly complimented his zeal and activity, and tendered him a colonelship in the regular army, which he declined.

From 1826 to 1838, Gen. Perkins was an active member of the "Board of Canal Fund Commissioners," serving without bond or pecuniary reward, issuing and selling State bonds to the amount of \$4,500,000.

November 24, 1813, he organized, and was

president for twenty-three years of the Western Reserve Bank, conducting its affairs, during trying financial periods, with such wise judgment and management that "As good as a Western Reserve bank bill" became a common saying. He died at Warren, Nov. 19, 1844. Lossing's "Field Book of the War of 1812" said of him: "Among the remarkable men who settled on the Western Reserve, Gen. Simon Perkins ever held one of the most conspicuous places, and his influence in social and moral life is felt in that region to this day."

Of his six sons and two daughters only two are now living—SIMON PERKINS, of Akron, and HENRY B. PERKINS, of Warren. The former removed to Akron in 1835, and took an active part in the affairs of the county. He projected the Cleveland, Zanesville and Cincinnati Railroad; was a partner of John Brown, the Abolitionist, in the wool business. He married a sister of Gov. Tod.

JACOB PERKINS, next to the youngest son of Gen. Perkins was a man of unusual ability and industry. He was active in the promotion of education; was president and principal factor in the construction of the Cleveland and Mahoning Railway, to which he devoted so much of his energies and strength that his health gave way, and he died at the early age of thirty-eight. A short time before his death he said to a friend, "If I die, you may inscribe on my tombstone, 'Died of the Mahoning Valley Railroad.'"

HENRY B. PERKINS, the youngest son of Gen. Simon Perkins, occupies the old "Perkins Homestead" at Warren. He is a very public-spirited man; has done much to promote the cause of education; is a man whose solid weight of character and moral influence has made a strong impression upon his fellow-men.

In 1878 he served on a commission to re-establish the boundary line between Ohio and Pennsylvania. In 1879, and again in 1881, he was elected to the Ohio Senate, and has occupied other important public offices; but in every instance the office has sought the citizen. A sketch of JOSEPH PERKINS, another son of Gen. Simon Perkins, is given in Cuyahoga County.

JACOB DOLSON COX was born in Montreal, Canada, October 27, 1828. His parents were natives of the United States, and had but a temporary residence in Canada. The following year his parents removed to New York. In 1846 he entered Oberlin College, graduating in 1851, and in 1852 removed to Warren as Superintendent of the High School, which position he held for three years; in the meanwhile he studied law; was admitted to the bar, and began practice in 1854.

In 1859 he was elected to the Legislature, where, not only on account of his record but also his marriage in 1849 to the daughter of President Finney, of Oberlin College, he was regarded as one of the "radical" leaders of the Senate. Col. Whittlesey, in his "War Memoranda," says: "Gen. Garfield represented the Portage county district in the upper house at the same time. They were very young men for those positions, but filled them so ably that they were acknowledged to be the leaders. Personally they were intimate friends; quite like college chums. Both were prominent as moralists and professors of religion, but of dif-

ferent sects. Both were close students and persuasive speakers. While they were firm in their convictions against negro slavery, they were not offensive nor disposed to treat their opponents with disrespect. Undoubtedly they agreed with Gov. Chase in regarding the rebellion as a fortunate opportunity for the legal extirpation of slavery."

Gen. Cox assisted in the organization of the State militia, and was commissioned by President Lincoln a brigadier-general of United States Volunteers. With the assistance of Gen. Rosecrans he laid out Camp Dennison, and was in command there until July 6, 1861, when he was assigned to the command of the "Brigade of the Kanawha" in Western Virginia. He drove out the Confederates under Gen. Wise, taking and repairing Gauley and other bridges which had been destroyed. He held his position; engaged in a succession of skirmishes until August, 1862, when he was assigned to the Army of Virginia under Gen. Pope. He served in the Ninth Corps at the battle of South Mountain, and when Gen. Reno fell, succeeded to the command, and in this and the subsequent battle of Antietam, the troops under his command so distinguished themselves that he was commissioned major-general. On April 16, 1863, Gen. Cox was placed in command of the district of Ohio, also a division of the Twenty-third Army Corps. He served in the Atlanta campaign, and under Gen. Thomas in the campaigns of Franklin and Nashville. March 14, 1865, he fought the battle of Kingston, N. C., and then united his force with Gen. Sherman's army.

He resigned from the army, after the close of the war, to accept the office of Governor of Ohio, and was inaugurated January 15, 1866.

In the controversy between President Johnson and Congress, he espoused the cause of the President.

From March, 1869, till December, 1870, he was Secretary of the Interior under President Grant, but resigned on account of disagreement with certain measures of the administration.

Returning to Cincinnati, he resumed his legal practice.

In 1873 he was elected President of the Toledo, Wabash and Western Railroad; removed temporarily to Toledo, where, in 1876, he was elected to Congress. Subsequently he resumed his law practice at Cincinnati, where he now resides. He has been honored by the degree of LL.D. from the University of North Carolina and Dennison University, Ohio. In person he is tall, graceful and well-proportioned; his manners are unassuming, pleasing and courteous.

Col. Whittlesey says: "The prolonged service of Gen. Cox in one grade is too well known to require repetition. His promotion was once determined on and reported to the Senate, but withdrawn. His rank among the brigadiers, however, gave him the command of a division, and finally a corps, by seniority, until a commission as major-general of volunteers arrived. Patience is certainly a military virtue, but there is no occasion where it is so difficult to practice as while an officer is being systematically overslaughed. . . . Two of Scribner's volumes of war history are of his composition. In the domain of science Gen. Cox has kept pace with the progress of the age in a way that is not demonstrative, but, like his other qualities, more profound than brilliant. Having occupied so many prominent situations, quite diverse from each other, he is still a comparatively young man. On the subject of assimilation of the white and colored races in the South, he differed from his Republican friends in the days of reconstruction. The state of society in the slave States since that period has proven the sagacity of his conclusions."

KENYON COX, a son of ex-Governor Cox, eminent as a painter and a writer upon art topics, was born at Warren, Oct. 27, 1857. He pursued art studies in Paris under instruction from Carolus-Duran and Gerome.

MILTON SUTLIFF was born in Vernon,

Trumbull county, Oct. 16, 1806, and died in Warren, April 24, 1878. When seventeen years of age he went South and taught school there some years. Returning to Ohio, he graduated from the Western Reserve College in 1833. Soon after leaving college he re-

ceived an agency from the Western Reserve Anti-Slavery Society, and for nine months travelled, at his own expense, promulgating anti-slavery doctrines, forming societies, giving public discussions and private interviews. He was classed with Garrison and Phillips as one of the able leaders of the anti-slavery movement.

In 1834 he was admitted to the bar at Warren. In 1850 he was elected to the Ohio Senate by the Free Soil party, and it was to him that Benj. F. Wade was chiefly indebted for his election to the U. S. Senate at this session. In 1857 Judge Sutliff was elected to the Supreme Bench of Ohio, which position he held for five years—the last year as chief justice. In the celebrated Bushnell-Langston slave rescue cases, he held, with Judge Brinkerhoff, that the prisoners ought to be discharged. In 1872 he supported Horace Greeley, and was the Democratic

candidate for Congress in opposition to Gen. Garfield.

EZRA B. TAYLOR was born in Nelson, Portage county, Ohio, July 19, 1823. He studied law with Judge R. F. Paine, and was admitted to the bar in 1845. He practiced law at Ravenna until 1862, when he removed to Warren. In 1864 he enlisted as a private in the 171st Ohio National Guard, which served three months. On its return he was elected colonel of the regiment.

In 1877 he was appointed Judge of Common Pleas, to fill a vacancy caused by the death of Judge Lewis; every lawyer in the district, Republican and Democrat, signed a petition for his appointment. In 1880 he was elected to Congress as Gen. Garfield's successor; has been re-elected to each succeeding Congress, and has served on some of the most important committees.

Niles in 1846.—Niles, on the Mahoning river and on the canal, five miles southerly from Warren, contains 3 churches, 3 stores, 1 blast furnace, rolling mill and nail factory, 1 forge and grist mill, and about 300 inhabitants. There is some water power here. In the vicinity are large quantities of excellent iron ore and coal. In Braceville township is a Fourierite association, said to be in a prosperous condition.—*Old Edition.*

NILES is five miles southeast of Warren on the north bank of the Mahoning river and on the N. Y. P. & O., A. & P., P. & W., P. P. & F., N. & N. L., and A. N. & A. Railroads. Its iron manufactures are among the most extensive in the State.

City Officers, 1888: William Davis, Mayor; M. J. Flaherty, Clerk; E. H. Hall, Treasurer; C. H. Strock, Solicitor; James W. McBride, Marshall. Newspaper: *Trumbull County Independent*, Independent, E. M. McCormick, editor. Churches: 1 Disciple, 1 Methodist Episcopal, Welsh do., 1 Primitive do., 1 Presbyterian Episcopal, 1 Presbyterian, 1 Catholic, 1 Cumberland Presbyterian.

Manufactures and Employees.—Thomas Furnace, pig iron, 70; Reeves Bros., steam boilers, etc., 38; Sykes Iron Roofing Co., 6; Falcon Iron and Nail Co., 715; Coleman, Shields & Co., skelp and tube iron, 165; Niles Fire Brick Co., 19.—*State Report, 1887.*

Population, 1880, 3,879. School census, 1888, 1,370; W. N. Wight, school superintendent. Capital invested in manufacturing establishments, \$380,000. Value of annual product, \$1,551,400.—*Ohio Labor Statistics, 1888.* Census, 1890, 4,308.

NILES is in the heart of the great mining industry of Ohio. The population in the main consists of the workmen in the iron establishments and their families, largely foreign—Irish, Welsh, and German, the Irish being the strongest element. The houses are mainly two-story buildings of wood, dingy from the smoke that hangs over the place. It has a public square not exceeding two acres, around which are Catholic, Methodist, and Disciple churches, the town hall (a plain wooden structure), an engine-house and alarm tower. Upon it is a soldiers' monument of granite about sixteen feet high, upon which is inscribed, "Erected in memory of our fallen heroes in the war of 1861 to 1865 by the McPherson Post, No. 16, Dept. of Ohio G. A. R., and the citizens of Weathersfield township." The city is a hive of industry of solid work and solid people.

In Niles was born, February 25, 1844, Major William McKinley, Jr. He enlisted in May, 1861, as a private soldier in the 23rd Ohio, at the time com-

manded by W. S. Rosecrans, and later by Rutherford B. Hayes. He served therein until the close of the war. (See Stark County.)

Newton Falls in 1846.—Newton Falls is nine miles westerly from Warren, on the Ohio and Pennsylvania canal, in the forks of the east and west branches of the Mahoning, which unite just below the village. This flourishing town has sprung into existence within the last twelve years; it was laid out by Thomas D. Webb, Esq., and Dr. H. A. Dubois. The water power is good; it is an important point of shipment on the canal, and its inhabitants are enterprising. It contains 1 Congregational, 1 Methodist, 1 Baptist and 1 Disciples church, 5 mercantile stores, 3 forwarding houses, 1 woollen factory, 1 paper mill, and about 900 inhabitants.—*Old Edition.*

NEWTON FALLS is nine miles southwest of Warren, on the Mahoning river and on the C. Y. & P. and P. & W. Railroads. Newspaper: *Echo*, Independent, Ralph R. Montgomery, editor and publisher.

Population, 1880, 575. School census, 1888, 221; L. P. Hodgeman, school superintendent.

GIRARD is ten miles southeast of Warren, on the Mahoning river, and on the P. & W., A. & P., P. & Y., and N. Y. P. & O. Railroads. Churches: 1 Methodist Episcopal, 1 Baptist, 1 Lutheran, and 1 Disciples. Bank: Girard Savings, R. L. Walker, president; O. Sheadle, cashier.

Manufactures and Employees.—Morris, Prindle & Co., flour, etc., 3; Trumbull Iron Co., 280; Girard Iron Co., 200; Girard Stove Works, 16; Krehl, Hauser & Co., tannery, 51.—*State Report for 1887.*

School census, 1888, 608; A. W. Kennedy, school superintendent. Capital invested in manufacturing establishments, \$565,000. Value of annual product, \$1,695,000.—*Ohio Labor Statistics, 1888.*

HUBBARD is thirteen miles southeast of Warren, on the Mahoning division of the N. Y. P. & O. R. R.

City officers, 1888: J. D. Cramer, Mayor; Robert J. Roberts, Clerk; C. W. Hammand, Treasurer; William Ray, Street Commissioner. Newspaper: *Enterprise*, W. R. Wadsworth, editor and publisher. Churches: 1 Baptist, 1 Presbyterian, 1 Welsh Congregational, 1 Methodist Episcopal, 1 Catholic. Banks: Hubbard Banking Co., Robert H. Jewell, president; S. Q. March, cashier.

School census, 1888, 678; L. L. Campbell, school superintendent.

KINSMAN is fifteen miles northeast of Warren, on the Youngstown branch of L. S. & M. S. R. R. Newspaper: *Citizen*, James M. Dow & Co., editors and publishers. Bank: Kinsman National, Allen Jones, president; G. W. Birrell, cashier. School census, 1888, 113.

MINERAL RIDGE is eight miles south of Warren, on the N. & N. L. R. R. It has churches: 1 Baptist, 1 Presbyterian, 1 Welsh Independent, 1 Catholic. Population, 1880, 1,150. School census, 1888, 376; A. A. Prentiss, school superintendent.

BLOOMFIELD P. O., North Bloomfield, is sixteen miles north of Warren. School census, 1888, 109.

CORTLAND is eight miles northeast of Warren, on the N. Y. P. & O. R. R., and a central point for dairy industries. Newspaper: *Herald*, Republican, F. A. Gilbert, editor and publisher. Churches: 1 Methodist Episcopal, 1 Congregational, 1 Disciples. Population, 1880, 616. School census, 1888, 197.

TUSCARAWAS.

TUSCARAWAS COUNTY was formed from Muskingum, Feb. 15, 1808. The name is that of an Indian tribe, and in one of their dialects signifies "*open mouth.*" This is a fertile, well-cultivated county, partly level and partly rolling and hilly. Iron ore, fire clay and coal abound. It was first permanently settled about the year 1803, by emigrants from Western Virginia and Pennsylvania, many of whom were of German origin.

Area about 520 square miles. In 1887 the acres cultivated were 131,347; in pasture, 114,832; woodland, 58,165; lying waste, 5,638; produced in wheat, 480,585 bushels; rye, 2,585; buckwheat, 663; oats, 552,788; barley, 1,995; corn, 652,929; broom-corn, 1,000 lbs. brush; meadow hay, 43,758 tons; clover hay, 7,627; flaxseed, 15 bushels; potatoes, 109,672; butter, 635,400 lbs.; cheese, 812,114; sorghum, 1,946 gallons; maple syrup, 1,683; honey, 5,645 lbs.; eggs, 550,117 dozen; grapes, 8,730 lbs.; wine, 370 gallons; sweet potatoes, 191 bushels; apples, 24,787; peaches, 15,998; pears, 1,307; wool, 381,026 lbs.; milch cows owned, 10,781. Ohio Mining Statistics, 1888: Coal, 546,117 tons, employing 870 miners and 134 outside employees; iron ore, 33,287 tons; fire clay, 21,950 tons. School census, 1888, 15,370; teachers, 304. Miles of railroad track, 163.

TOWNSHIPS AND CENSUS.	1840.	1880.	TOWNSHIPS AND CENSUS.	1840.	1880.
Auburn,		1,400	Perry,	1,381	1,208
Bucks,	1,547	1,129	Rush,	1,293	1,037
Clay,	864	1,293	Salem,	1,121	2,457
Dover,	2,247	4,107	Sandy,	1,415	1,864
Fairfield,	866	814	Sugar Creek,	1,450	1,462
Franklin,		1,166	Union,	945	714
Goshen,	1,885	5,226	Warren,	1,173	869
Jefferson,	992	1,258	Warwick,	864	1,525
Lawrence,	1,523	1,723	Washington,	978	1,089
Mill,	1,225	5,514	Wayne,	2,142	1,295
Oxford,	826	1,968	York,	865	1,080

Population of Tuscarawas in 1820 was 8,328; 1830, 14,298; 1840, 25,632; 1860, 32,463; 1880, 40,198; of whom 32,753 were born in Ohio; 1,716 Pennsylvania; 262 Virginia; 198 New York; 136 Indiana; 32 Kentucky; 2,073 German Empire; 442 England and Wales; 356 Ireland; 153 Scotland; 49 British America; 41 France, and 5 Sweden and Norway.

Census, 1890, 46,618.

PALÆOLITHIC MAN IN OHIO.

In the beginning of our first volume is an article by Prof. G. Frederick Wright, entitled "Glacial Man in Ohio," and in Hamilton County more upon the same general subject. In October, 1889, a discovery, by Mr. W. C. Mills, was made in Tuscarawas county, which helps to confirm the conclusions of Mr. Wright as to the existence of man in Ohio in the glacial era, say 8 to 10,000 years ago. Mr. Wright, in *The Nation*, for April 24, 1890, gave the following paper upon this discovery, dated at Oberlin ten days previously:

Two or three weeks ago Mr. W. C. Mills, Secretary of the Archæological Society of New Comerstown, Tuscarawas county, Ohio, sent to me a flint implement which, according to his description, seemed to have been found in the undisturbed gravel of the glacial terrace which everywhere lines the valley of the Tuscarawas

river. In order the more fully to judge of the significance of the discovery, I visited the locality last week, together with a small party of Cleveland gentlemen. The result of the investigation cannot fail to be of considerable public interest.

The flint implement referred to is a perfect representative of the palæolithic type found in Northern France and Southern England. It is four inches long, two inches wide, and an inch and a half through at its larger end, tapering gradually to a point and carefully chipped to an edge all round. Fig. 472 in Evans's "Ancient Stone Implements of Great Britain" would pass for a very good representation of it. The material is black flint, or chert, such as occurs in the "Lower Mercer" limestone strata not many miles away, and has upon all the surface that peculiar glazed appearance which indicates considerable age.

New Comerstown is situated upon the right bank of the Tuscarawas river, about one hundred miles directly south of Cleveland and forty miles south of the glacial boundary in Ohio. The latter part of the journey from the north to reach the place is such a complete demonstration of the now accepted theory concerning the origin of the terraces along this river, and others similarly situated, that a brief description of it will be profitable.

The headwaters both of the Tuscarawas itself and of the several branches which unite with it before reaching Canal Dover are all within the glaciated area, thus affording access to an unlimited quantity of débris brought by the continental ice-sheet from the Laurentian region in Canada. Immediately below the glacial boundary, all these streams are bordered with extensive terraces, the material of which consists of assorted matter from the glacial drift such as would naturally have been carried down during the closing floods of the glacial period.

From Canal Dover to New Comerstown the Tuscarawas river makes a long bend to the east, but the railroad cuts across the elbow, and for twenty miles or more finds its way through two small valleys tributary to the main line of drainage. The course of the railroad first strikes up the valley of Stone creek, following it for several miles. But no sooner does it enter this tributary valley than it leaves behind the terraces and other gravel deposits which mark the main valley and every tributary farther north. At length the road, after passing through a tunnel, strikes into the headwaters of Buckhorn creek, which runs southward to join the Tuscarawas at New Comerstown. Here, too, for several miles, there is a total absence of terraces or of any deposits of gravel. On approaching the mouth of the creek, however, a vast gravel deposit derived from the northern drift is encountered, in which the railroad company is making extensive excavations to get material for ballasting their track. Thus, in this short journey, there was demonstrated before our eyes the limitation of these peculiar gravel deposits to the main valley of the river, and so, by consequence, their glacial age and origin.

It was in this last-named gravel-bank, on the 27th of October, 1889, that Mr. Mills found the palæolith above described. The surface of the terrace is at this point thirty-five feet above the flood-plain of the Tuscarawas. The valley of the river is about a mile wide. This gravel had been deposited in a recess at the mouth of Buckhorn creek, where it was protected from subsequent erosion, and extended up the creek about a quarter of a mile, but, according to the law of such deposits, with gradually diminishing height as one recedes from the main line of deposition. The implement was found by Mr. Mills himself, in undisturbed strata, fifteen feet below the surface of the terrace; thus connecting it, beyond question, with the period when the terrace itself was in process of deposition, and adding another witness to the fact, that man was in the valley of the Mis-

sissippi while the ice of the glacial period still lingered over a large part of its northern area.

The importance of this discovery is enhanced by the fact that this is only the fifth locality in which similar discoveries have been made in this country, the other places being Trenton, N. J., Madisonville, Ohio, Medora, Ind., and Little Falls, Minn. But in many respects this is the most interesting of them all, especially as connected with previous predictions of my own in the matter, though it is proper to say that Mr. Mills was not, at the time he made the discovery, aware of what had been written on the subject.

When, in 1882, after having surveyed the glacial boundary across Pennsylvania, I continued a similar work in Ohio, I was at once struck with the similarity of the conditions in the various streams in Ohio flowing out of

the glaciated region (and especially in the Tuscarawas river), to those in the Delaware river, where Dr. C. C. Abbott had reported the discovery of palæolithic implements at Trenton, N. J. Attention was called to this similarity in various periodicals at the time, as well as in my Report upon the Glacial Boundary made to the Western Reserve Historical Society in 1883 (pp. 26, 27), where it was said that the Ohio abounds in streams situated similarly to the Delaware with reference to glacial terraces, and that "the probability is that if he [man] was in New Jersey at that time [during the deposition of the glacial terraces], he was upon the banks of the Ohio, and the extensive terrace and gravel deposits in the southern part of the State should be closely scanned by archæologists. When observers become familiar with the rude form of these palæolithic implements, they will doubtless find them in abundance." Whereupon a dozen streams, among them the Tuscarawas, were mentioned in which the conditions were favorable for such investigations. The present discovery, therefore, coming as it does in addition to those of Dr. Metz in the Little Miami valley and of Mr. Cresson in the valley of White river, Ind., has great cumulative weight, and forces, even on the most unwilling, the conviction that glacial man on this continent is not a myth, but a reality.

A glance at the physical features of the region in Ohio and Indiana where these palæoliths have been found, shows their eminent adaptation to the primitive conditions of life indicated by the implements themselves. The Tuscarawas valley has been formed by erosion through the parallel strata of sandstone and limestone here composing the coal formation. The summits of the hills on either side rise to heights of from 300 to 500 feet, and their perpendicular faces abound even now with commodious shelters for primitive man. But in pre-glacial times

the trough of the Tuscarawas was 175 feet deeper than at present, that amount of glacial gravel having been deposited along the bottom, thus raising it to its present level. Hence in pre-glacial times the opportunities for shelter must have been much superior even to those which are now in existence. The present forests of the region consist of beech, oak, tulip, maple and other deciduous trees. Evergreens are now totally absent, but the advancing ice of the glacial period found here vast forests of evergreen trees. Not many miles distant, terraces of the same age with this at New Comerstown have, within recent years, yielded great quantities of red-cedar logs, still so fresh as to be manufactured into utensils for household use.

The relation of glacial man to the mound-builders is so often made a subject of inquiry that a brief answer will here be in place. The above relic of man's occupancy of Ohio was found in the glacial terrace, and belongs to a race living in that distant period when the ice-front was not far north of them, and when the terraces were in *process of deposition*. Thus this race is unquestionably linked with the great ice age. The mound-builders came into the region at a much later date, and reared their imposing structures *upon the surface* of these terraces, when the settled conditions of the present time had been attained, and there is nothing to show that their occupancy began more than one or two thousand years since, while their implements and other works of art are of an entirely different type from the rude relics of the palæolithic age. If, therefore, interest in a work of art is in proportion to its antiquity, this single implement from New Comerstown, together with the few others found in similar conditions, must be ranked among the most interesting in the world, and will do much to render North America a field of archæological research second to no other in importance,

Several years previous to the settlement of Ohio, the Moravians had a missionary establishment in the present limits of this county, which was for a time broken up by the cruel massacre of ninety-six of the Indians at Gnadenhutten, March 8, 1782.

The Moravian Indians were not in ignorance of a probable expedition against their villages, and were warned to flee to a place of safety, but knowing themselves to be free from any offence against the whites, they did not believe they would be molested. Heckewelder says: "Four Sandusky warriors, who, on their return from the Ohio settlements, had encamped on a run some distance from Gnadenhutten, gave them notice where they had been, and added, that having taken a woman and child prisoner, whom they had killed and impaled on this side of the Ohio river, and supposing that the white people, in consequence of what *they* had done, might make up a party and pursue them, they advised them to be on their guard and make off with themselves as soon as possible."

THE MORAVIAN MISSION.

The following history of the Moravian Mission was written for our original edition by Hon. James Patrick, of New Philadelphia. His account we precede

with a personal notice, on the general principle of perpetuating the memories of those, so far as we are able, who assisted us in that olden time.

JAMES PATRICK was born in Belfast, Ireland, August 6, 1792, of Scotch-Irish parents. At the age of twenty-four he emigrated to America, and, having learned the printer's trade, engaged in journalism with the *Aurora*, in Philadelphia. In 1819 he established the *Tuscarawas Chronicle*, the first newspaper in the county. His paper had a wide influence and large circulation. He held many public offices: was County Recorder, County Auditor, U. S. Land Agent, and served seven years as Judge of Common Pleas. In 1846 he retired to private life. He died January 23, 1883. Three sons and three daughters survived him.

Hatred of Indians.—The first white inhabitants of Tuscarawas county were the Moravian missionaries and their families. The Rev. Frederick Post and Rev. John Heckewelder had penetrated thus far into the wilderness previous to the commencement of the revolutionary war. Their first visits west of the Ohio date as early as the years 1761 and 1762. Other missionary auxiliaries were sent out by that society for the purpose of propagating the Christian religion among the Indians. Among these was the Rev. David Zeisberger, a man whose devotion to the cause was attested by the hardships he endured and the dangers he encountered.

Had the same pacific policy which governed the Society of Friends in their first settlement of eastern Pennsylvania been adopted by the white settlers of the West, the efforts of the Moravian missionaries in Ohio would have been more successful. But our western pioneers were not, either by profession or practice, friends of peace. They had an instinctive hatred to the aborigines, and were only deterred, by their inability, from exterminating the race. Perhaps the acts of cruelty practised by certain Indian tribes on prisoners taken in previous contests with the whites might have aided to produce this feeling on the part of the latter. Be that as it may, the effects of this deep-rooted prejudice greatly retarded the efforts of the missionaries.

The Moravian Villages.—They had three stations on the river Tuscarawas, or rather three Indian villages, viz.: Shoenbrun, Gnadenhutten, and Salem. The site of the first is about two miles south of New Philadelphia; seven miles farther south was Gnadenhutten, in the immediate vicinity of the present village of that name; and about five miles below that was Salem, a short distance from the village of Port Washington. The first and last mentioned were on the west side of the Tuscarawas, now near the margin of the Ohio canal. Gnadenhutten is on the east side of the river. It was here that a massacre took place on the 8th of March, 1782, which, for cool barbarity, is perhaps unequalled in the history of the Indian wars.

The Moravian villages on the Tuscarawas were situated about midway between the white settlements near the Ohio, and some warlike tribes of Wyandots and Delawares on

the Sandusky. These latter were chiefly in the service of England, or at least opposed to the colonists, with whom she was then at war. There was a British station at Detroit, and an American one at Fort Pitt (Pittsburg), which were regarded as the nucleus of western operations by each of the contending parties. The Moravian villages of friendly Indians on the Tuscarawas were situated, as the saying is, between two fires. As Christian converts and friends of peace, both policy and inclination led them to adopt neutral grounds.

Forced Removal.—With much difficulty they sustained this position, partially unmolested, until the autumn of 1781. In the month of August, in that year, an English officer named Elliott, from Detroit, attended by two Delaware chiefs, Pimoacan and Pipe, with three hundred warriors, visited Gnadenhutten. They urged the necessity of the speedy removal of the Christian Indians farther west, as a measure of safety. Seeing the latter were not inclined to take their advice, they resorted to threats and in some instances to violence. They at last succeeded in their object. The Christian Indians were forced to leave their crops of corn, potatoes and garden vegetables, and remove, with their unwelcome visitors, to the country bordering on the Sandusky. The missionaries were taken prisoners to Detroit. After suffering severely from hunger and cold during the winter, a portion of the Indians were permitted to return to their settlements on the Tuscarawas, for the purpose of gathering in the corn left on the stalk the preceding fall.

Return to Harvest Crops.—About one hundred and fifty Moravian Indians, including women and children, arrived on the Tuscarawas in the latter part of February, and divided into three parties, so as to work at the three towns in the corn-fields. Satisfied that they had escaped from the thralldom of their less civilized brethren west, they little expected that a storm was gathering among the white settlers east, which was to burst over their peaceful habitations with such direful consequences.

WILLIAMSON'S EXPEDITION.

Several depredations had been committed by hostile Indians about this time on the frontier inhabitants of western Pennsylvania



Shepler & Son, Photo, Coshocton.

MONUMENT AT GNADENHUTTEN,
On the site of the Moravian Massacre.

and Virginia, who determined to retaliate. A company of one hundred men was raised and placed under the command of Col. Williamson, as a corps of volunteer militia. They set out for the Moravian towns on the Tuscarawas, and arrived within a mile of Gnadenhutzen on the night of the 5th of March. On the morning of the 6th, finding the Indians were employed in their corn-field, on the west side of the river, sixteen of Williamson's men crossed, two at a time, over in a large sap-trough, or vessel used for retaining sugar-water, taking their rifles with them. The remainder went into the village, where they found a man and a woman, both of whom they killed. The sixteen on the west side, on approaching the Indians in the field, found them more numerous than they expected. They had their arms with them, which was usual on such occasions both for purposes of protection and for killing game. The whites accosted them kindly, told them they had come to take them to a place where they would be in future protected, and advised them to quit work and return with them to the neighborhood of Fort Pitt. Some of the Indians had been taken to that place in the preceding year, had been well treated by the American governor of the fort, and been dismissed with tokens of warm friendship. Under these circumstances, it is not surprising that the unsuspecting Moravian Indians readily surrendered their arms, and at once consented to be controlled by the advice of Col. Williamson and his men. An Indian messenger was despatched to Salem, to apprise the brethren there of the new arrangement, and both companies then returned to Gnadenhutzen. On reaching the village a number of mounted militia started for the Salem settlement, but ere they reached it found that the Moravian Indians at that place had already left their corn-fields, by the advice of the messenger, and were on the road to join their brethren at Gnadenhutzen. Measures had been adopted by the militia to secure the Indians whom they had at first decoyed into their power. They were bound, confined in two houses, and well guarded. On the arrival of the Indians from Salem (their arms having been previously secured without suspicion of any hostile intention), they were also fettered and divided between the two prison-houses, the males in one, the females in the other. The number thus confined in both, including men, women and children, have been estimated from ninety to ninety-six.

Premeditated Murder.—A council was then held to determine how the Moravian Indians should be disposed of. This self-constituted military court embraced both officers and privates. The late Dr. Doddridge, in his published notes on Indian wars, etc., says: "Col. Williamson put the question, whether the Moravian Indians should be taken prisoners to Fort Pitt, or *put to death?*" requesting those who were in favor of saving their lives to step out and form a second rank. Only eighteen out of the whole number stepped forth as advocates of mercy. In these

the feelings of humanity were not extinct. In the majority, which was large, no sympathy was manifested. They resolved to *murder* (for no other word can express the act) the whole of the Christian Indians in their custody. Among these were several who had contributed to aid the missionaries in the work of conversion and civilization—two of whom emigrated from New Jersey after the death of their spiritual pastor, the Rev. David Brainard. One woman, who could speak good English, knelt before the commander and begged his protection. Her supplication was unavailing. They were ordered to prepare for death. But the warning had been anticipated. Their firm belief in their new creed was shown forth in the sad hour of their tribulation, by religious exercises of preparation. The orisons of these devoted people were already ascending the throne of the Most High!—the sound of the Christian's hymn and the Christian's prayer found an echo in the surrounding wood, but no responsive feeling in the bosoms of their executioners.

Preparing for Death.—George Henry Loskiel, who, from 1802, was for nine years a presiding Bishop of the American Moravian Church, and wrote the "History of the Moravian Mission among the North American Indians," says: "It may easily be conceived how great their terror was at hearing a sentence so unexpected. However, they soon recollected themselves, and patiently suffered the murderers to lead them into two houses, in one of which the brethren, and in the other the sisters and children, were confined like sheep ready for slaughter. They declared to the murderers that though they could call God to witness that they were perfectly innocent, yet they were prepared and willing to suffer death; but as they had, at their conversion and baptism, made a solemn promise to the Lord Jesus Christ that they would live unto Him, and endeavor to please Him alone in this world, they knew that they had been deficient in many respects, and therefore wished to have some time granted to pour out their hearts before Him in prayer and to crave his mercy and pardon.

Christian Resignation.—This request being complied with they spent their last night here below in prayer and in exhorting each other to remain faithful unto the end. One brother, named Abraham, who for some time past had been in a lukewarm state of heart, seeing his end approaching, made the following public confession before his brethren: 'Dear brethren, it seems as if we should all soon depart unto our Saviour, for our sentence is fixed. You know that I have been an untoward child, and have grieved the Lord and our brethren by my disobedience, not walking as I ought to have done; but still I will cleave to my Saviour, with my last breath, and hold Him fast, though I am so great a sinner. I know assuredly that He will forgive me all my sins, and not cast me out.'

"The brethren assured him of their love and forgiveness, and both they and the sisters

spent the latter part of the night in singing praises to God their Saviour, in the joyful hope that they would soon be able to praise Him without sin."

Hellish Self-Praise.—The Tuscarawas county history gives the following account of Abraham's death: "Abraham, whose long, flowing hair had the day before attracted notice and elicited the remark that it would 'make a fine scalp,' was the first victim. One of the party, seizing a cooper's mallet, exclaimed, 'How exactly this will answer for the business!' Beginning with Abraham, he felled fourteen to the ground, then handed the instrument to another, saying, 'My arm fails me; go on in the same way. I think I have done pretty well.'"

The Slaughter.—With gun, and spear, and tomahawk, and scalping-knife, the work of death progressed in these slaughter-houses, till not a sigh or a moan was heard to proclaim the existence of human life within—all, save two—two Indian boys escaped, as if by a miracle, to be witnesses in after times of the savage cruelty of the white man towards their unfortunate race.

Thus were upwards of ninety human beings hurried to an untimely grave by those who should have been their legitimate protectors. After committing the barbarous act, Williamson and his men set fire to the houses containing the dead, and then marched off for Shoenbrun, the upper Indian town. But here the news of their atrocious deeds had preceded them. The inhabitants had all fled, and with them fled for a time the hopes of the missionaries to establish a settlement of Christian Indians on the Tuscarawas. The fruits of ten years' labor in the cause of civilization were apparently lost.

Sympathy of Congress.—The hospitable and friendly character of the Moravian Indians had extended beyond their white brethren on the Ohio. The American people looked upon the act of Williamson and his men as an outrage on humanity. The American Congress felt the influence of public sympathy for their fate, and on the 3d of September, 1788, passed an ordinance for the encouragement of the Moravian missionaries in the work of civilizing the Indians. A remnant of the scattered flock was brought back, and two friendly chiefs and their followers became the recipients of public favor. The names of these chiefs were Killbuck and White Eyes. Two sons of the former, after having assumed the name of Henry, out of respect to the celebrated Patrick Henry, of Virginia, were taken to Princeton College to be educated. White Eyes was shot by a lad, some years afterwards, on the waters of Yellow creek, Columbiana county.

Three tracts of land, containing four thousand acres each, were appropriated by Congress to the Moravian Society, or rather to the Society for Propagating the Gospel among the Heathen, which is nearly synonymous. These tracts embrace the three Indian towns already described, and by the provisions of the patent, which was issued 1798, the

society was constituted trustees for the Christian Indians thereon settled. Extraordinary efforts were now made by the society in the good work of civilization. Considerable sums of money were expended in making roads, erecting temporary mills, and constructing houses. The Indians were collected near the site of the upper town, Shoenbrun, which had been burned at the time of the Williamson expedition, and a new village, called Goshen, erected for their habitations. It was here, while engaged in the laudable work of educating the Indian in the arts of civilized life, and inculcating the principles of Christian morality, that two of the missionaries, Edwards and Zeisberger, terminated their earthly pilgrimage. Their graves are yet to be seen, with plain tombstones, in the Goshen burying ground, three miles south of New Philadelphia.

Association with Whites.—The habits and character of the Indians changed for the worse, in proportion as the whites settled in their neighborhood. If the extension of the white settlements west tended to improve the country, it had a disastrous effect upon the poor Indian. In addition to the contempt in which they were held by the whites, the war of 1812 revived former prejudices. An occasional intercourse with the Sandusky Indians had been kept up by some of those at Goshen. A portion of the former were supposed to be hostile to the Americans, and the murder of some whites on the Mohican, near Richland, by unknown Indians, tended to confirm the suspicion.

The Indian settlement remained under the care of Rev. Abram Luckenback, until the year 1823. It was found impossible to preserve their morals free from contamination. Their intercourse with the white population in the neighborhood was gradually sinking them into deeper degradation. Though the legislature of Ohio passed an act prohibiting the sale of spirituous liquors to Indians, under a heavy penalty, yet the law was either evaded or disregarded. Drunken Indians were occasionally seen at the county-seat, or at their village at Goshen. Though a large portion of the lands appropriated for their benefit had been leased out, the society derived very little profit from the tenants. The entire expenses of the Moravian mission, and not unfrequently the support of sick, infirm or destitute Indians devolved on their spiritual guardians. Upon representation of these facts, Congress was induced to adopt such measures as would tend to the removal of the Indians, and enable the society to divest itself of the trusteeship in the land.

The Last of Moravian Indians in Ohio.—On the 4th of August, 1823, an agreement or treaty was entered into at Gnadenhutten, between Lewis Cass, then governor of Michigan, on the part of the United States, and Lewis de Schweinitz, on the part of the society, as a preliminary step towards the retrocession of the land to the government. By this agreement, the members of the society relinquished their right as trustees, condi-

tioned that the United States would pay \$6,654, being but a moiety of the money they had expended. The agreement could not be legal without the written consent of the Indians, for whose benefit the land had been donated. These embraced the remainder of the Christian Indians formerly settled on the land, "including Killbuck and his descendants, and the nephews and descendants of the late Captain White Eyes, Delaware chiefs." The Goshen Indians, as they were now called, repaired to Detroit, for the purpose of completing the contract. On the 8th of November they signed a treaty with Gov. Cass, in which they relinquished their right to the twelve thousand acres of land in Tuscarawas county, for twenty-four thousand acres in one of the Territories, to be designated by the United States, together with an annuity of \$400. The latter stipulation was clogged with a proviso which rendered its fulfilment uncertain. The Indians never returned. The principal part of them took up their residence at a Moravian missionary station on the river Thames, in Canada. By an act of Congress, passed May 26, 1824, their former inheritance, comprising the Shoenbrun, Gnadenhutten and Salem tracts, were surveyed into farm lots and sold. The writer of this article (James Patrick) was appointed agent of the United States for that purpose.

Changes Wrought by Civilization.—In the following year the Ohio canal was located,

and now passes close to the site of the three ancient Indian villages. The population of the county rapidly increased, and their character and its aspect have consequently changed. A few years more, and the scenes and actors here described will be forgotten, unless preserved by that art which is preservative of the histories of nations and of men. Goshen, the last abiding-place of the Christian Indians, on the Tuscarawas, is now occupied and cultivated by a German farmer. A high hill which overlooked their village, and which is yet covered with trees, under whose shade its semi-civilized inhabitants perhaps once "stretched their listless length," is now being worked in the centre as a coal mine. The twang of the bow-string, or the whoop of the young Indian, is succeeded by the dull, crashing sound of the coal-car, as it drops its burden into the canal boat. Yet there is one spot here still sacred to the memory of its former occupants. As you descend the south side of the hill, on the Zanesville road, a small brook runs at its base, bordered on the opposite side by a high bank. On ascending the bank, a few rods to the right, is a small enclosed graveyard, overgrown with low trees or brushwood. Here lie the remains of several Indians, with two of their spiritual pastors (Edwards and Zeisberger). The grave of the latter is partly covered with a small marble slab, on which is the following inscription:

DAVID ZEISBERGER,

Who was born 11th April, 1721, in
Moravia,

and departed this life 7th November, 1808,

aged 87 years, 7 months and 6 days.

This faithful servant of the Lord labored
among the Moravian Indians, as a
missionary, during the last
sixty years of his life.

Some friendly hand, perhaps a relative, placed the stone on the grave, many years after the decease of him who rests beneath it.

Site of the Massacre.—Gnadenhutten is still a small village, containing 120 souls, chiefly Moravians, who have a neat church and parsonage-house. About a hundred yards east of the town is the site of the ancient Indian village, with the stone foundations of their huts, and marks of the conflagration that consumed the bodies of the slain in 1782. The notice which has been taken of this tragical affair in different publications has given a mournful celebrity to the spot where it transpired. The intelligent traveller often stops on his journey to pay a visit to the graves of the Indian martyrs, who fell victims to that love of peace which is the genuine

attribute of Christianity. From the appearance of the foundations, the village must have been formed of one street. Here and there may be excavated burnt corn and other relics of the fire. Apple-trees, planted by the missionaries, are yet standing, surrounded by rough underbrush. A row of Lombardy poplars were planted for ornament, one of which yet towers aloft undecayed by time, a natural monument to the memory of those who are interred beneath its shade. But another monument, more suitable to the place and the event to be commemorated, will, it is hoped, be erected at no distant day.

A Monument Proposed.—Some eight or ten individuals of the town and neighborhood, mostly farmers and mechanics, met on the 7th of October, 1843, and organized a

society for the purpose of enclosing the area around the place where the bodies of the Christian Indians are buried, and erecting a suitable monument to their memory. The two prominent officers selected were Rev. Sylvester Walle, resident Moravian minister, president, and Lewis Peter, treasurer. The first and second articles of the constitution declare the intention of the "*Gnadenhutzen Monument Society*" to be—"to make judicious and suitable improvements upon the plat of the old Indian village, and to erect on that spot an appropriate monument, commemorating the death of ninety-six Christian Indians, who were murdered there on the 8th day of March, A.D. 1782." It is further provided, that any person paying annually the sum of one dollar shall be considered a member; if he pay the sum of ten dollars, or add to his one dollar payment a sum to make it equal to that amount, he is considered a member for life. Owing to the cir-

cumscribed means of the members, and the comparative obscurity of the village, the fund has yet only reached seventy dollars, whereas five hundred would be required to erect anything like a suitable monument. Whether it will be ultimately completed must depend on the liberality of the public. Sixty-five years have elapsed since the Moravian Indians paid the forfeit of their lives for adhering to the peaceable injunctions of their religion. Shall the disciples of Zeisberger, the philanthropist, the scholar and the Christian—he who labored more than half a century to reclaim the wild man of the forest from barbarism, and shed on his path the light of civilization—shall no monument perpetuate the benevolent deeds of the missionary—no inscription proclaim the pious fidelity of his converts? If the reader feels a sympathy for the cause in which each became a sacrifice, he has now the power to contribute his mite in transmitting the memory of their virtues to posterity.

GNADENHUTTEN MONUMENT.

In 1871 the Gnadenhutzen Monument Fund having reached the sum of \$1,300, the society contracted for the erection of a monument, to cost \$2,000, of which \$700 was to be raised by subscription. The dedication took place at Gnadenhutzen, Wednesday, June 5, 1872.

The stone is Indiana marble; the main shaft rising twenty-five feet above the base is one solid stone, weighing fourteen tons. The entire height of the monument is thirty-seven feet.

On the south side is the inscription, "HERE TRIUMPHED IN DEATH NINETY CHRISTIAN INDIANS. MARCH 8, 1782." On the north side is the date of dedication. The monument is located in the centre of the street of the original town.

Dedicatory Ceremonies.—Several thousand people witnessed the dedicatory ceremonies. The oration was delivered by Rev. Edmund de Schweinitz, D.D., of Bethlehem, Pa., Bishop of the Moravian Church. At its close a funeral dirge was chanted, and an Indian, at each of the four corners, with cord in hand, as the last notes of the requiem died away, detached the drapery, which fell to the ground, and the monument stood revealed to the gaze of the assembled multitudes. The four Indians were from the Moravian mission in Canada. One of them, John Jacobs, was the great-grandson of Jacob Schebosh, the first victim of the massacre ninety years before.

Centennial Memorial Exercises.—Memorial exercises were held at Gnadenhutzen, May 24, 1882, the centennial year of the massacre. The day was pleasant; excursion trains brought an audience of nearly 10,000 people. Henry B. Lugwenbaugh, a grandson of Rev. John Heckewelder, was present with his wife. In the village cemetery temporary indices were erected, pointing to the location of historical buildings. West of the monument, some thirty feet away, was a small mound labelled, "Site of Mission House." Fifteen feet east of the monument, "Site of Church." Seventy feet farther east, "Site of the Cooper Shop, one of the slaughter houses." Near the cemetery fence, some 200 feet south of the monument, was a mound, eighteen feet in width and five feet high, bearing the sign, "In a cellar under this mound, Rev. J. Heckewelder and D. Peter, in 1779, deposited the bones."

At eleven o'clock in the morning the assembly was called to order by Judge J. H. Barnhill. Bishop H. J. Van Vleck delivered an address of welcome. Hon. D. A. Hollingsworth, of Cadiz, was the orator of the day. In the afternoon Gov. Chas. Foster and other distinguished guests addressed the assembled people.

FIRST WHITE CHILD BORN IN OHIO.

Miss Mary Heckewelder, who was living at Bethlehem, in Pennsylvania, as late as 1843, is generally said to have been the first white child born in Ohio. She was the daughter of the noted Moravian missionary of that name, and was born in Salem, one of the Moravian Indian towns on the Tuscarawas, in this county, April 16, 1781.

Mr. Dinsmore, a planter of Boone county, Ky., orally informed us that in the year 1835, when residing in the parish of Terre Bonne, La., he became acquainted with a planter named Millehomme, who informed him that he was born in the forest, on the headwaters of the Miami, on or near the Loramie Portage, about the year 1774. His parents were Canadian French, then on their route to Louisiana.

The claim for Maria Heckewelder of having been the first white child born in Ohio has been so generally and widely accepted that she will always be spoken of as the "First White Child Born in Ohio."

Our original edition of 1846 perhaps cast the first doubt upon Miss Heckewelder's claim by the above paragraph. Bishop Edmund de Schweinitz's "Life of David Zeisberger," published in 1870, says: "A few weeks before the arrival of Schmick, there had been born in the midst of this mission family, on the 4th of July, 1773, at Gnadenhutten, the first white child in the present State of Ohio. Mrs. Maria Agnes Roth was his mother, and he received in baptism, administered by Zeisberger on the 5th of July, the name of John Lewis Roth." The author further remarks: "This interesting fact is established by the official diary of Gnadenhutten (in the archives of the Moravian Church), preserved at Bethlehem, Pa., which says: 'July 4, 1773.—To-day God gave Brother and Sister Roth a young son. He was baptized into the death of Jesus, and named John Lewis, on the 5th inst., by Brother David Zeisberger, who, together with Brother Jungman and his wife, came here this morning.'"

John Lewis Roth was taken to Pennsylvania when not quite one year of age. He educated himself at Nazareth Hall, Bethlehem, Pa.; later he removed to Bath, Pa., and died there in 1841. His tombstone bears the following inscription:

"Zum Anderken au Ludwig Roth, geboren 4th Juli, 1773. Gestorben 25th September, 1841, alter 68 Jahre, 2 M., 21 Tage."

A very interesting and careful investigation of this subject is embodied in an article by the late A. T. Goodman, entitled, "First White Child Born in Ohio," and published in the *Magazine of Western History*. Mr. Goodman calls attention to a passage in "The Narrative of Bouquet's Expedition" (see page 498): "Among the captives a woman was brought into the camp at Muskingum with a babe about three months old at her breast. One of the Virginia volunteers soon knew her to be his wife, who had been taken by the Indians six months before." Mr. Goodman says: "But it may be said, 'The Moravians had settled at Bolivar in 1761, and children may have been born unto them.' This inquiry is easily answered. Prior to 1764 there were but two white Moravians in Ohio, Heckewelder and Post. Heckewelder did not marry until 1780, and Post was married to an Indian squaw. Add to this the fact that there were no white women in the Moravian settlement prior to the year 1764, and we think the answer is complete. If any white children, whether French, English or American, were born within the limits of Ohio before the year 1764, we have been unable to find evidences of the fact. We think, therefore, we are safe in stating that the child of the Virginia captive born in 1764 was the first *known* white child born in Ohio."

The first white child born within Ohio after the Marietta settlement had been made, in 1788, was Leicester G. Converse. He was born at Marietta, February 7, 1789, resided there until 1835, when he removed to Morgan county. He

resided on a farm near McConnellsville at the time of his death, which occurred February 14, 1859.

THE MORAVIAN MISSIONARIES.

CHRISTIAN FREDERICK POST, the first of the Moravian missionaries in Ohio, was born in Conitz, Prussia, in 1710. He came to Pennsylvania in 1742, was a missionary to the Moravian Indians in New York and Connecticut from 1743 to 1749. He returned to Europe, but came again to Pennsylvania, and in 1758 engaged in Indian mission service. Post married an Indian woman named Rachel, who died in 1747, and two years later he married another Indian woman named Agnes; after her death, in 1751, he married a white woman. On account of his Indian marriages he did not secure the full co-operation of the Moravian authorities.

In 1761 he visited the Delawares at Tuscarawas (now Bolivar) for the purpose of instructing the Indians in Christian doctrine. He built a cabin in what is now Bethlehem township, Stark county, just over the Tuscarawas county line. He then journeyed to Bethlehem, Pa., and returned in the spring of 1762, with John Heckewelder, then about nineteen years of age, as an assistant in his work. Owing to the enmity of hostile Indians and the jealousy of the French, this attempt to establish a mission was a failure, and the following winter Heckewelder returned to Pennsylvania, Post having gone there some months before to attend an Indian conference at Lancaster.

Post then proceeded to establish a mission among the Mosquito Indians at the Bay of Honduras. He afterwards united with the Protestant Episcopal Church, and died at Germantown, Pa., April 29, 1785.

JOHN GOTTLIEB ERNESTUS HECKEWELDER was born in Bedford, Eng., March 12, 1743. When eleven years of age his parents removed to Bethlehem, Pa.

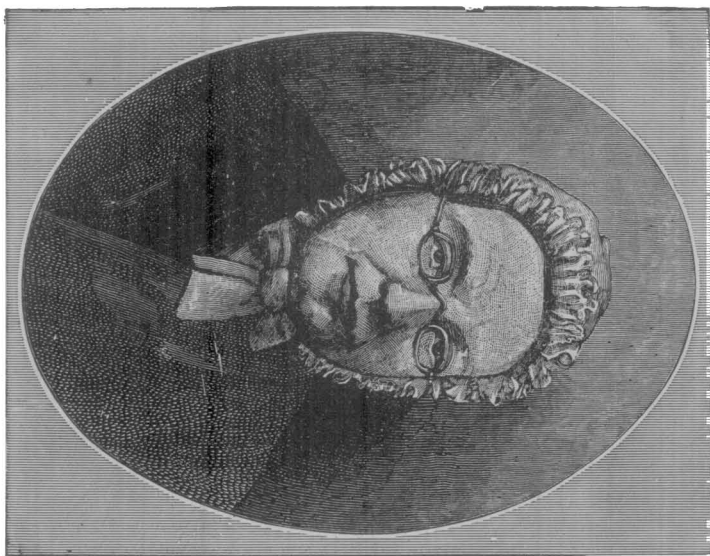
He attended school two years, and was serving an apprenticeship to a cooper, when he was called to assist Post. On his return from Ohio he was for nine years employed as a teacher at Missions. In 1771 he was appointed an assistant to Rev. David Zeisberger, at Freidenshuetten, Pa., and in 1772 assisted in establishing the Moravian mission of the Tuscarawas valley, where he labored for fifteen years.

In 1792, at the request of the Secretary of War, he accompanied Gen. Rufus Putnam to Post Vincennes to treat with the Indians. In 1793 he was commissioned to assist at a treaty with the Indians of the lakes. He held various civil offices in Ohio, and in 1808, at the organization of Tuscarawas county, was elected an associate judge, which position he resigned in 1810, when he returned to Bethlehem, Pa., and engaged in literary pursuits until his death, January 21, 1823. Among his published works are "History, Manners and Customs of the Indian Nations, who once Inhabited Pennsylvania and the neighboring States," "Narrative of the Mission of the United Brethren among the Delaware and Mohegan Indians." Many of his manuscripts are in the collections of the Pennsylvania Historical Society. Hon. Isaac Smucker, who has given much study to the subject of the Moravian missions in Ohio, the results of which have been published in the Secretary of State's report for 1878, says of Heckewelder:

"His life was one of great activity, industry and usefulness. It was a life of vicissitudes, of perils, and of wild romantic adventure. How it abounded in hardships, privations and self-sacrificing devotion to the interest of the barbarians of the Western wilderness! It would, indeed, be difficult to over-estimate the importance or value of the labors of Rev. Heckewelder in the various characters of philanthropist, philosopher, pioneer, teacher, ambassador, author and Christian missionary. He was a gentleman of courteous and easy manners, of frankness, affability, veracity; without affectation or dissimulation; meek, cheerful, unassuming; humble, unpretentious, unobtrusive; retiring, rather taciturn, albeit,



John Heckeelder.



Johanna Maria Stechevelde.

when drawn out, communicative and a good conversationalist. He was in extensive correspondence with many men of letters, by whom he was held in great esteem."

MARIA HECKEWELDER, daughter of Rev. John Heckewelder, was born at Salem, April 16, 1781. Her mother, Miss Sarah Ohneberg, had been sent as a mission teacher to Ohio, and was married to Rev. John Heckewelder in July, 1780. This was the first wedding of a white couple held in Ohio. The belief for many years that Miss Heckewelder was the first white child born in Ohio made her the object of unusual attentions. Visitors came from great distances to see and converse with her. Requests for her photograph and autograph were numerous. In 1785 her parents sent her to Bethlehem, where she was educated. She became a teacher in a Ladies' Boarding School at Litiz, Pa., but at the end of five years was obliged to give up her position on account of the loss of her hearing. After the death of her parents she resided at the Sisters' House in Bethlehem. "Aunt Polly Heckewelder," as she was called, was respected and beloved by all who knew her. She died September 19, 1868, at the age of eighty-seven years.

DAVID ZEISBERGER was born in Zauchtenthal, Moravia, April 11, 1721. In 1736 his parents emigrated with the second band of Moravians to Georgia, leaving their son in Europe to complete his education. Two years later he joined them, and in 1743 he became a student in the Indian school at Bethlehem, Pa., preparatory to engaging in the mission service. He became conversant with many of the Indian languages, including Delaware, Onondaga, Mohican and Chippewa. For sixty-two years he was zealously engaged in Indian mission work in various localities.

In the spring of 1771 he visited *Gekelemukpechunk*, the capital of the Delawares in the Tuscarawas valley. He was received with great favor; was the guest of Netawotwes, the chief of the nation, who granted him land whereon to establish a mission. In May, 1772, with five Indian families from Pennsylvania, he laid out the town of Schonbrunn, or "Beautiful Spring." A chapel was dedicated Sept. 19, 1772, and before the end of the year the village contained more than sixty houses. (Later Schonbrunn was destroyed, and in December, 1779, New Schonbrunn built about a mile farther up the Tuscarawas river.)

In October, 1772, Gnadenhutzen (Tents of Grace) was laid out. In 1780 Salem was laid out and its chapel dedicated May 22 of the same year.

In 1781, when the Moravian Indians were forcibly removed to Canada by the orders of the British government, Zeisberger and other missionaries were taken with them, and were finally settled on the Thames river.

In 1798 Zeisberger with thirty-three Indians returned to Ohio and founded Goshen, seven miles northeast of the site of Gnadenhutzen. Here Zeisberger died Nov. 17, 1808.

He was the chief minister of the Tuscarawas missions.

At the age of sixty he married Miss Susan Lecron, but they had no children. Heckewelder says of him: "He was blessed with a cool, active and intrepid spirit, not appalled by any dangers or difficulties, and a sound judgment to discern the best means of meeting and overcoming them. Having once devoted himself to the service of God among the Indians, he steadily, from the most voluntary choice and with the purest motives, pursued his object. He would never consent to receive a salary or become a 'hireling,' as he termed it, and sometimes suffered from the need of food rather than ask the church for the means to obtain it."

Other Tuscarawas missionaries were:

JOHN ROTH, born in Sarmund, Prussia, February 3, 1726, was educated a Catholic; joined the Moravian Church in 1748; emigrated to America in 1756, and entered the service of the Indian missions three years later; married Maria Agnes Pfingstag, August 16, 1770. In 1773 was stationed at the Indian mis-

sions in the Tuscarawas valley and remained one year. He died at York, Pa., July 22, 1791.

JOHN JACOB SCHMICK, born at Konigsburg, Prussia, October 9, 1714; graduated at University of Konigsburg; was pastor of Lutheran church at Livonia; in 1748 united with the Moravians. In 1751 came to America and entered the mission service. In August, 1773, with his wife, he entered the Tuscarawas valley field, where he remained until 1777. He was pastor of the mission at Gnadenhutten. He died at Litiz, Pa., January 23, 1778.

JOHN G. JUNGMAN, born in Hockenheim, Palatinate, April 19, 1720; emigrated to America in 1731, settling near Oley, Pa.; in 1745 married the widow of Gottlob Buttner. Went to Schonbrunn in 1772; remained there as assistant pastor until 1777, when he returned to Pennsylvania; again went to the Tuscarawas valley in 1780, and labored at New Schonbrunn. He was taken with the Christian Indians to Sandusky in 1782; retired from missionary work in 1784, and died at Bethlehem, Pa., July 17, 1808.

WILLIAM EDWARDS was born in Wiltshire, England, April 24, 1724. In 1749 he joined the Moravians and emigrated to America. He took charge of the Gnadenhutten mission in 1777; was taken to Sandusky in 1782; in 1798 returned with Heckewelder to the Tuscarawas valley and died at Goshen, October 8, 1801.

GOTTLÖB SENSEMAN was the son of Joachim and Catharine Senseman; the latter was a victim of the massacre. His father afterward became a missionary among the slaves of Jamaica.

In 1780 Gottlob was assigned to duty at New Schonbrunn; was carried into captivity with the Christian Indians, and died at Fairfield, Canada, January 4, 1800.

MICHAEL JUNG was born in Engoldsheim, Alsace, Germany, January 5, 1743. His parents emigrated to America in 1751. Ten years later he joined the Moravians, and in 1780 was sent to the Indian mission at Salem. He remained a missionary among the Indians until 1813, when he retired to Litiz, Pa., and died there December 13, 1826.

BENJAMIN MORTIMER, an Englishman, came as an assistant to Zeisberger, when he returned with the Indians in 1798, and remained at Goshen until 1809, when he became pastor of a Moravian church in New York city, where he died November 10, 1834. JOHN JOACHIM HAGAN became one of the missionaries at Goshen in 1804.

Heckewelder's "Narrative of the Manners and Customs of the Indians" has preserved much of value and some things quite amusing. Of the latter may be classed the speech of an aged Indian, in his article on Marriage and Treatment of their Wives.

An aged Indian, who for many years had spent much time among the white people, observed that the Indians had not only much easier way of getting a wife than the whites, but were also much more certain of getting a *good* one. "For," said he, in his broken English, "white man court—court—may be one whole year—may be two year, before he marry. Well may be, then *he* get a very good wife—may be not, may be very cross. Well, now suppose cross; scold as soon as get awake in the morning! Scold all day! Scold until sleep—all one, he must keep *him*! (The pronoun in the Indian language has no feminine gender.)

"White people have law against throwing

away wife, be *he* ever so cross—must keep *him* always.

"Well, how does Indian do? Indian, when he sees good squaw, which he likes, he goes to *him*, puts his forefingers close aside each other—make *two* look like *one*—look squaw in the face—see *him* smile—which is all one, *he* say yes. So he take *him* home—no danger *he* be cross! No! no! Squaw know very well what Indian do if *he* cross. Throw *him* away and take another. Squaw love to eat meat. No husband, no meat. Squaw do everything to please husband. He do the same to please squaw. Live happy! Go to Heaven!"

Half a mile below Bolivar, near the north line of the county, are the remains

of Fort Laurens, erected in the war of the revolution, and named from the president of the revolutionary Congress. It was the scene of border warfare and bloodshed. The canal passes through its earthen walls. The parapet walls are now (1846) a few feet in height, and were once crowned with pickets made of the split trunks of trees. The walls enclose about an acre of land, and stand on the west bank of the Tuscarawas. Dr. S. P. Hildreth gives the annexed history of this work in "Silliman's Journal :"

Erection of Fort Laurens.—Fort Laurens was erected in the fall of the year 1778 by a detachment of 1,000 men from Fort Pitt, under the command of Gen. McIntosh. After its completion a garrison of 150 men was placed in it, and left in charge of Col. John Gibson, while the rest of the army returned to Fort Pitt. It was established at this early day in the country of the Indians, seventy miles west of Fort McIntosh, with an expectation that it would act as a salutary check on their incursions into the white settlements south of the Ohio river. The usual approach to it from Fort McIntosh, the nearest military station, was from the mouth of Yellow creek, and down the Sandy, which latter stream heads with the former, and puts off into the Tuscarawas just above the fort. So unexpected and rapid were the movements of Gen. McIntosh, that the Indians were not aware of his presence in their country until the fort was completed. Early in January, 1779, the Indians mustered their warriors with such secrecy that the fort was invested before the garrison had notice of their approach. From the manuscript notes of Henry Jolly, Esq., who was an actor in this, as well as in many other scenes on the frontier, I have copied the following historical facts :

"An Indian Ambuscade.—When the main army left the fort to return to Fort Pitt, Capt. Clark remained behind with a small detachment of United States troops, for the purpose of marching in the invalids and artificers who had tarried to finish the fort, or were too unwell to march with the main army. He endeavored to take the advantage of very cold weather, and had marched three or four miles (for I travelled over the ground three or four times soon after), when he was fired upon by a small party of Indians very close at hand, I think twenty or thirty paces. The discharge wounded two of his men slightly. Knowing as he did that his men were unfit to fight the Indians in their own fashion, he ordered them to reserve their fire and to charge bayonet, which being promptly executed put the Indians to flight, and after pursuing a short distance he called off his men and retreated to the fort, bringing in the wounded." In other accounts I have read of this affair it is stated that ten of Capt. Clark's men were killed. "During the cold weather, while the Indians were lying about the fort, although none had been seen for a

few days, a party of seventeen men went out for the purpose of carrying in firewood, which the army had cut before they left the place, about forty or fifty rods from the fort. Near the bank of the river was an ancient mound, behind which lay a quantity of wood. A party had been out for several preceding mornings and brought in wood, supposing the Indians would not be watching the fort in such very cold weather. But on that fatal morning, the Indians had concealed themselves behind the mound, and as the soldiers passed round on one side of the mound, a part of the Indians came round on the other, and enclosed the wood party so that not one escaped. I was personally acquainted with some of the men who were killed."

The Fort Besieged.—The published statements of this affair say that the Indians enticed the men out in search of horses, by taking off their bells and tinkling them ; but it is certain that no horses were left at the fort, as they must either starve or be stolen by the Indians ; so that Mr. Jolly's version of the incident must be correct. During the siege, which continued until the last of February, the garrison were very short of provisions. The Indians suspected this to be the fact, but were also nearly starving themselves. In this predicament they proposed to the garrison that if they would give them a barrel of flour and some meat they would raise the siege, concluding if they had not this quantity they must surrender at discretion soon, and if they had they would not part with it. In this, however, they missed their object. The brave Col. Gibson turned out the flour and meat promptly, and told them he could spare it very well, as he had plenty more. The Indians soon after raised the siege. A runner was sent to Fort McIntosh with a statement of their distress, and requesting reinforcements and provisions immediately. The inhabitants south of the Ohio volunteered their aid, and Gen. McIntosh headed the escort of provisions, which reached the fort in safety, but was near being all lost from the dispersion of the pack-horses in the woods near the fort, from a fright occasioned by a *feu de joie* fired by the garrison, at the relief. The fort was finally evacuated in August, 1779, it being found untenable at such a distance from the frontiers ; and Henry Jolly was one of the last men who left it, holding at that time in the continental service the commission of ensign.

Recent investigations by Consul Willshire Butterfield, embodied in his "History of Ohio" from information derived from the Haldiman collection of

manuscripts in the British Museum, give a somewhat different version from the foregoing accounts of both the attack on Capt. Clark's detachment and the siege of Fort Laurens.

The attack on Capt. Clark's men was made by seventeen Indians, mostly Mingoes, led by Simon Girty. Butterfield says :

"The particulars were these:—On the twenty-first of the month Capt. John Clark, of the 8th Pennsylvania regiment, commanding an escort having supplies for Gibson, reached Fort Laurens. On his return, the captain, with a sergeant and fourteen men, when only about three miles distant from the fort, was attacked by the force just mentioned. The Americans suffered a loss of two killed, four wounded and one taken prisoner. The remainder, including Capt. Clark, fought their way back to the fort. Letters written by the commander of the post and others, containing valuable information, were captured by Girty." (These letters now form a part of the Haldimand Collection.)

"From the vicinity of Fort Laurens, after his successful ambuscading the detachment of Capt. Clark, the renegade Girty hastened with his prisoner and captured correspondence to Detroit, which place he reached early in February. He reported to Capt. Lernoult that the Wyandots upon the Sandusky (and other Indians) were ready and willing to attack the fort commanded by Col. Gibson, and that he had come for ammunition. He earnestly insisted on an English captain being sent with the savages 'to see how they would behave.'

"By the middle of February provisions began to grow scarce with Gibson. He sent word to McIntosh, informing him of the state of affairs, concluding with these brave words : 'You may depend on my defending the fort to the last extremity.' On the 23d he sent out a wagoner from the fort for the horses belonging to the post, to draw wood. With the wagoner went a guard of eighteen men.

The party was fired upon by lurking savages and all killed and scalped in sight of the fort, except two, who were made prisoners. The post was immediately invested after this ambuscade by nearly two hundred Indians, mostly Wyandots and Mingoes.

"This movement against Fort Laurens, although purely a scheme of the Indians in its inception, was urged on, as we have seen, by Simon Girty ; and Capt. Henry Bird was sent forward from Detroit to Upper Sandusky with a few volunteers to promote the undertaking. Capt. Lernoult, in order to encourage the enterprise, furnished the savages with 'a large supply of ammunition and clothing, also presents to the chief warriors.'

"The plan of the Indians was to strike the fort and drive off or destroy the cattle, and if any of the main army under McIntosh attempted to go to the assistance of the garrison, to attack them in the night and distress them as much as possible.

"By stratagem the Indians made their force so appear that 847 savages were counted from one of the bastions of the fort. The siege was continued until the garrison was reduced to the verge of starvation, a quarter of a pound of sour flour and an equal weight of spoiled meat constituting a daily ration. The assailants, however, were finally compelled to return home, as their supplies had also become exhausted. Before the enemy left, a soldier managed to steal through the lines, reaching Gen. McIntosh on the 3d of March, with a message from Gibson informing him of his critical situation."

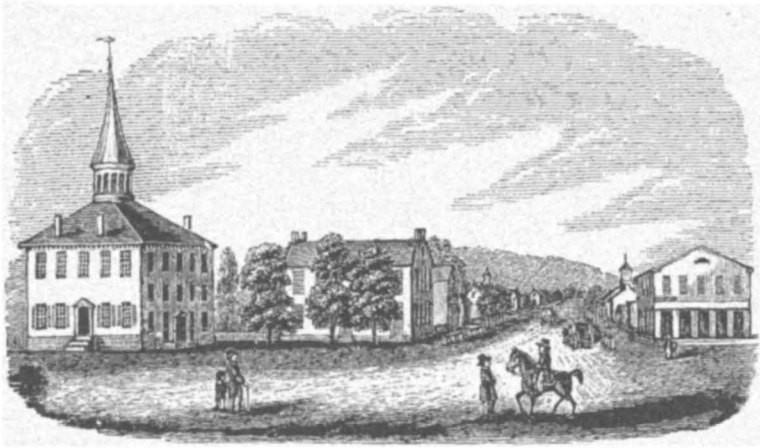
New Philadelphia in 1846.—New Philadelphia, the county-seat, is 100 miles northeasterly from Columbus. It is on the east bank of the Tuscarawas, on a large, level, and beautiful plain. It was laid out in 1804 by John Knisely, and additions subsequently made. The town has improved much within the last few years, and is now flourishing. It contains 1 Presbyterian, 1 Methodist and 1 Disciples church, 5 mercantile stores, 2 printing offices, 1 oil and 1 grist mill, 1 woollen factory, and a population estimated at over 1,000.—*Old Edition.*

In the late war, some Indians, under confinement in jail in this town, were saved from being murdered by the intrepidity of two or three individuals. The circumstances are derived from two communications, one of which is from a gentleman then present.

A Daring Leader.—About the time of Hull's surrender, several persons were murdered on the Mohican, near Mansfield, which created great alarm and excitement.

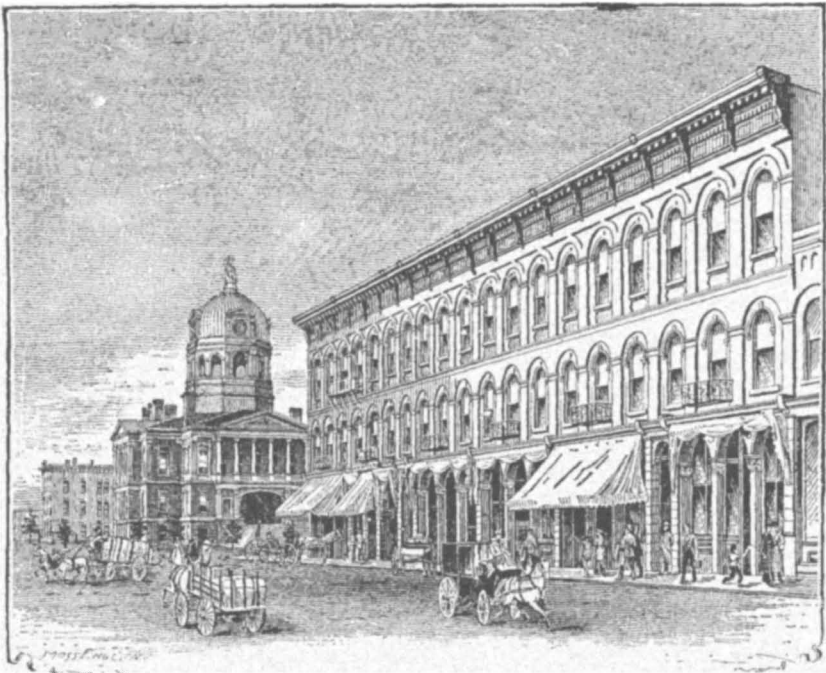
Shortly after this event, three Indians, said to be unfriendly, had arrived at Goshen. The knowledge of this circumstance created much alarm, and an independent company of cav-

alry, of whom Alexander M'Connel was captain, was solicited by the citizens to pursue and take them. Some half a dozen, with their captain, turned out for that purpose. Where daring courage was required to achieve any hostile movement, no man was more suitable than Alexander M'Connel. The Indians were traced to a small island near Goshen.



Drawn by Henry Howe in 1846.

CENTRAL VIEW IN NEW PHILADELPHIA.



Philip Stickmaker, Photo, 1887.

CENTRAL VIEW IN NEW PHILADELPHIA.

M'Connel plunged his horse into the river and crossed, at the same time ordering his men to follow, but none chose to obey him. He dismounted, hitched his horse, and with a pistol in each hand commenced searching for them. He had gone but a few steps into the interior of the island when he discovered one of them, with his rifle, lying at full length behind a log. He presented his pistol—the Indian jumped to his feet, but M'Connel disarmed him. He also took the others, seized their arms, and drove them before him. On reaching his company, one of his men hinted that they should be put to death. "Not until they have had a trial according to law," said the captain; then ordering his company to wheel, they conducted the prisoners to the county jail.

A Brave Judge.—The murder which had been perpetrated on the Mohiccan had aroused the feelings of the white settlers in that neighborhood almost to frenzy. No sooner did the report reach them that some strange Indians had been arrested and confined in the New Philadelphia jail, than a company of about forty men was organized at or near Wooster, armed with rifles, under the command of a Captain Mullen, and marched for New Philadelphia to despatch these Indians. When within about a mile of the town, coming in from the west, John C. Wright, then a practising lawyer at Steubenville (later Judge), rode into the place from the east on business. He was hailed by Henry Laffer, Esq., at that time sheriff of the county, told that the Indian prisoners were in his custody; the advancing company of men was pointed out to him, their object stated, and the inquiry made, "What is to be done?" "The prisoners must be saved, sir," replied Wright; "why don't you beat an alarm and call out the citizens?" To this he replied, "Our people are much exasperated, and the fear is, that if they are called out they will side with the company, whose object is to take their lives." "Is there no one who will stand by you to prevent so dastardly a murder?" rejoined Wright. "None but M'Connel, who captured them." "Have you any arms?" "None but an old broadsword and a pistol." "Well," replied W., "go call M'Connel, get your weapons, and come up to the tavern; I'll put away my horse and make a third man to defend the prisoners; we must not have so disgraceful a murder committed here."

Three Against Forty.—Wright put up his horse, and was joined by Laffer and M'Connel. About this time the military company came up to the tavern door, and there halted for some refreshments. Mr. Wright knew the captain and many of the men, and went along the line, followed by the sheriff, inquiring their object and remonstrating, pointing out the disgrace of so cowardly an act as was contemplated, and assuring them, in case they carried out their brutal design, they would be prosecuted and punished for murder. Several left the line, declaring they would have nothing more to do with the matter. The captain became angry,

ordered the ground to be cleared, formed his men and moved towards the jail. M'Connel was at the jail door, and the sheriff and Wright took a cross cut and joined him before the troops arrived. The prisoners had been laid on the floor against the front wall as a place of safety. The three arranged themselves before the jail door—M'Connel with the sword, Sheriff Laffer had the pistol, and Wright was without weapon. The troops formed in front, a parley was had, and Wright again went along the line remonstrating, and detached two or three more men. He was ordered off, and took his position at the jail door with his companions. The men were formed, and commands, preparatory to a discharge of their arms, issued.

Noble Courage.—In this position the three were ordered off, but refused to obey, declaring that the prisoners should not be touched except they first despatch them. Their firmness had its effect; the order to fire was given, and the men refused to obey. Wright again went along the line remonstrating, etc., while M'Connel and Laffer maintained their position at the door. One or two more were persuaded to leave the line. The captain became very angry and ordered him off. He again took his place with his two companions. The company was marched off some distance and treated with whiskey; and after some altercation, returned to the jail door, were arranged and prepared for a discharge of their rifles, and the three ordered off on pain of being shot. They maintained their ground without faltering, and the company gave way and abandoned their project. Some of them were afterwards permitted, one at a time, to go in and see the prisoners, care being taken that no harm was done. These three gentlemen received no aid from the citizens; the few that were about looked on merely. Their courage and firmness were truly admirable.

The Indians were retained in jail until Governor Meigs, who had been some time expected, arrived in New Philadelphia. He instructed Gen. A. Shane, then a lieutenant, recruiting for the United States service, to take the Indians with his men to the rendezvous at Zanesville. From thence they were ordered to be sent with his recruits to the headquarters of Gen. Harrison, at Seneca, at which place they were discharged.

Attempt at Poisoning Indians.—Another incident occurred in Lieutenant Shane's journey to headquarters, which illustrates the deep-rooted prejudices entertained by many at that time against the Indians. The lieutenant with his company stopped a night at Newark. The three Indians were guarded as prisoners, and that duty devolved by turns on the recruits. A physician, who lived in Newark, and kept a small drug shop, informed the officer that two of his men had applied to him for poison. On his questioning them closely what use they were to make of it, they partly confessed that it was intended for the Indians. It was at night when they applied for it, and they were

dressed in fatigue frocks. In the morning the lieutenant had his men paraded, and called the doctor to point out those who had meditated such a base act; but the doctor, either unwilling to expose himself to the enmity of the men, or unable to discern them,

the whole company being then dressed in their regimentals, the affair was passed over with some severe remarks by the commanding officer on the unsoldier-like conduct of those who could be guilty of such a dastardly crime of poisoning.

The foregoing account was, in the main, written for us by Judge JOHN C. WRIGHT, at the time editor of the *Cincinnati Gazette*. The judge was an old-fashioned gentleman, one of the first-class men of Ohio in his day. He had very little dignity of manners but excellent sense, united to a keen sense of humor, and a power of sarcasm that, when in Congress, made him about the only member that ventured to reply to the stinging words of John Randolph, which he was wont to do in an effective strain of amiable, ludicrous raillery.

The judge was of a strong social nature, and on an occasion some one said to him, "I think, judge, you are rather free in loaning your horses and carriage to so many people who have no claims upon you." "Oh, no," replied he; "when I am not using my turn-out, and my neighbor, who is not able to own one, wants to take his family out for an airing, I have no right to refuse him."

He was born in 1783, in Wethersfield, Conn., a town on the river Connecticut, early famous for its huge crops of onions which grew on the alluvial soil of the valley, and was better than a gold mine. In the onion-growing season, it was said, the women of the town were all down on their knees, from morning to night, busy weeding onions. Wright learned the printer's trade with his uncle, Thomas Collier, at Litchfield, edited the *Troy* (N. Y.) *Gazette*, studied law, came out to Ohio just after the State was organized, settled in Steubenville, and began the practice of the law in 1810. For many years he was Judge of the Supreme Court, and served in Congress as an Adams Democrat from 1823 till 1829, and then, as a Henry Clay Democrat, was defeated for re-election. Judge Wright's "Reports of the Supreme Court of Ohio" (1831-1834) was a work of fine repute; but he could not well disregard his fondness for humor in his reports of cases that would allow of its introduction. He lived until February, 1861, at the time being in Washington a delegate to the Peace Congress.

Judge Carter, in his "Reminiscences of the Court and Bar of Cincinnati," has given these anecdotes of the judge:

"In the days of the Tippecanoe and Tyler too" campaign, Judge Wright used to be called by the adversary press one of General Harrison's conscience keepers. This arose from the fact that he belonged to a committee of three, consisting of himself, Judge Burnet, and another, whom I just now forget, who were appointed by political friends to answer all political letters addressed to the general, who, at the time, a weak, infirm old man, was not thought fully able to attend to all the duties of the laborious campaign. As I know well, it did not at all disturb Judge Wright to be dubbed a conscience keeper of the general. "Better be a keeper of the good conscience of the general than the hunter-up of the conscience of Martin Van Buren," he would sometimes facetiously say.

I must not forget to narrate a story, though somewhat at the expense of my old friend and law preceptor, Judge Wright. I know if he were alive he would not take it amiss, because he frequently told the story upon himself. Judge Wright was formerly a member of Congress from Ohio, from the Steubenville district, and while there he had

for a fellow-representative from the State of Tennessee the long ago famous Davy Crockett. Judge Wright was not at all attractive in personal appearance. He was a diminutive man in stature, with a very large head, and a prominent face of not very handsome features, so that his looks, by no means prepossessing, were perhaps quite plain and homely, and not at all strikingly beautiful or picturesque. His mouth, chin and nose were extended somewhat, and this fact did not add to his beauty. Indeed, he had a reputation for being a very able and ill-looking congressman.

On one occasion Davy Crockett was visiting a menagerie of animals—not the House of Representatives—in Washington City, and he had a friend with him. They were looking around at the animals, and at last they came to the place where the monkeys were. Among these was one large, grinning, full-faced monkey, and as Crockett looked at him he observed to his friend, "Why, that monkey looks just like our friend, Judge Wright, from Ohio." At that moment he turned around, and who should be just behind him, admiring the same monkey, but Congressman

Judge Wright himself. "I beg pardon, Judge Wright," said Crockett, "I beg pardon; an apology is certainly due somewhere,

but for the life of me, *I cannot tell whether it is to you or the monkey.*"

Judge Wright and Judge Benjamin Tappan were brothers-in-law. Many anecdotes were related of Tappan in that day illustrating his sharp, pungent wit, which had peculiar force from his personal peculiarities, he being cross-eyed, with a pair of sharp black eyes, and talking through his nose in a whining, sing-song sort of style. The following legal anecdote appeared in our first edition, and, according to our memory, Wright contributed it, for he never would withhold a good story for relation sake. The scene of its occurrence was said to have been in New Philadelphia at an early day.

The court was held on this occasion in a log-tavern, and an adjoining log-stable was used as a jail, the stalls answering as cells for the prisoners. Judge T. was on the bench, and in the exercise of his judicial functions severely reprimanded two young lawyers who had got into a personal dispute. A huge, herculean backwoodsman, attired in a red flannel shirt, stood among the auditors in the apartment which served the double purpose of court and bar-room. He was much pleased at the judge's lecture—having himself been practising at *another bar*—and hallooed out to his worship—who happened to be cross-eyed—in the midst of his harangue, "Give it to 'em, old gimlet eyes!" "Who is that?" demanded the judge. He of the flannel shirt, proud of being thus noticed, stepped out from among the rest, and drawing himself up to his full height, vociferated, "*It's*

this 'ere old hoss!" The judge, who to this day never failed of a pungent repartee when occasion required, called out in a peculiarly dry nasal tone, "Sheriff! take that *old hoss*, put him in *the stable*, and see that he is *not stolen* before morning."

Col. Charles Whittlesey knew Benjamin Tappan well, and used to relate this of him: There came with Tappan from Massachusetts into Portage county an odd character whom, for the nonce, we may call John Dolby. He was not over bright, very garrulous, and was wont, when others were talking, to obtrude his opinions, often making of himself a sort of social nuisance. On an occasion of suffering of this kind, Tappan flew at him and whined out, "John Dolby, you shut up! you don't know anything about it! You was a fool forty years ago, when I first knew you, and you have been *failing every day since!*"

NEW PHILADELPHIA, county-seat of Tuscarawas, 100 miles northeast of Columbus, 100 miles south of Cleveland, is surrounded by a district rich in agricultural and mineral products. Cheese-making is a large industry. Its railroads are the C. L. & W. and C. & P.; also on the Ohio Canal.

County Officers, 1888: Auditor, John W. Kinsey; Clerk, John C. Donahey; Commissioners, William E. Lash, Robert T. Benner, Wesley Emerson; Coroner, B. D. Downey; Infirmary Directors, Ozias DeLong, J. Milton Porter, Louis Geckler; Probate Judge, John W. Yeagley; Prosecuting Attorney, James G. Patrick; Recorder, John G. Newman; Sheriff, George W. Bowers; Surveyor, Oliver H. Hoover; Treasurer, John Myers. City Officers, 1888: Daniel Kornis, Mayor; Israel A. Correll, Clerk; H. V. Schweitzer, Treasurer; H. E. Shull, Marshal; Philip Getzman, Street Commissioner. Newspapers: *Times*, Democratic, Samuel Moore, editor and publisher; *Der Deutsche Beobachter*, German, S. R. Minnig, editor and publisher; *Ohio Democrat*, Democratic, F. C. Ervine, editor and publisher; *Tuscarawas Advocate*, Republican, J. L. McIlvaine, editor and publisher. Churches: 1 Reformed, 2 Lutheran, 1 Disciples, 1 United Brethren, 1 Methodist, 1 Presbyterian, 1 German Reformed. Banks: Citizens' National, S. O. Donnell, president, Charles C. Welty, cashier; City, W. C. Browne, president; Exchange (A. Bates), John Hance, cashier.

Manufactures and Employees.—Criswell & Nagley, doors, sash, etc., 12 hands; New Philadelphia Iron and Steel Co., sheet iron and steel, 250; Charles Houpt, carriages, etc., 6; Warner, Lappin & Erwin, doors, sash, etc., 8; W. M. Hemmeger & Son, carriages, etc., 7; Sharp & Son, machine shop, 4; Sharp & Son & Kislig, foundry, 3; New Philadelphia Brewing Co., beer, 8; Welty & Knisely, straw paper, 22; A. Bates, harness leather, 3; New Philadelphia Pipe Works

Co., water and gas pipe, 125; River Mills, flour, etc., 10; J. P. Bartles & Son, carriages, etc., 7.—*State Report, 1887.*

Population, 1880, 3,070. School census, 1888, 1,384; W. H. Ray, school superintendent. Capital invested in manufacturing establishments, \$345,000. Value of annual product, \$375,000.—*Ohio Labor Statistics, 1888.*

Census, 1890, 4,476.

The country around New Philadelphia fills one with a sense of magnificence. The Tuscarawas here is about four hundred feet wide, the valley itself from two to three miles wide. The river hills low and with graceful rounding slopes, alternating with forests and cultivated fields. The town site is level as a floor, with broad streets and large home lots.

In the vicinity are three salt furnaces, the wells about 900 feet deep. The brines are "40 Salometer test," which is characteristic of the Ohio and Pennsylvania brines. The united production of these wells is about 75,000 barrels. *Bromine* is manufactured at the salt wells, and is more an article of profit than the salt. Large quantities were used in the hospitals in the war time. The fire-clay industry, in certain parts of the county, is growing in importance, and the materials are abundant—coal, clay and water. At Urichsville Sewer Pipe Works the clay is fourteen feet thick, under a four-feet seam of coal, in the drift mines there.

Dover in 1846.—Dover, three miles northwest of New Philadelphia, was laid out in the fall of 1807, by Slingluff and Deardorff, and was an inconsiderable village until the Ohio Canal went into operation. It is now, through the enterprise of its citizens and the facilities furnished by the canal, one of the most thriving villages upon it, by which it is distant from Cleveland ninety-three miles. Its situation is fine, being upon a slight elevation on the west bank of the Tus-



Drawn by Henry Howe in 1846

DOVER.

carawas, in the midst of a beautiful and fertile country. The view was taken on the line of the canal: Deardorff's mill and the bridge over the canal are seen on the right; in the centre of the view appears the spire of the Baptist church, and on the extreme left, Welty and Hayden's flouring mill. The town is sometimes incorrectly called Canal Dover, that being the name of the post-office. It contains 1 Presbyterian, 1 Lutheran, 1 Moravian, 1 Baptist and 1 Methodist church; 6 mercantile stores, 1 woollen factory, 2 furnaces, 1 saw and 2 flouring mills, 3 tanneries, 2 forwarding houses, and had, in 1840, 598 inhabitants, since which it is estimated to have doubled its population.—*Old Edition.*

CANAL DOVER is three miles northwest of New Philadelphia, on the west bank of the Tuscarawas river, the Ohio Canal, the C. & M., C. & P. and C. L. & W. Railroads.

City Officers, 1888 : J. H. Mitchell, Mayor ; Emanuel Amick, Clerk ; Wm. H. Vorharr, Treasurer ; John W. Goodman, Marshal ; John W. Criswell, Street Commissioner. Newspapers : *Iron Valley Reporter*, Independent, W. W. Scott, editor and publisher ; *Tuscarawas County Democrat*, Democratic, W. C. Gould, editor and publisher. Churches : 1 German Methodist, 1 Methodist Episcopal, 1 Lutheran, 1 Catholic, 1 Moravian, 1 German Evangelical. Banks : Exchange (P. Baker's Sons & Co.), Jesse D. Baker, cashier ; Iron Valley (A. Vinton, Stoult & Vinton).

Manufactures and Employees.—Cascade Mills, 5 hands ; City Mills, 17 ; Dover Brewing Co., 4 ; S. Tooney & Co., carriages, etc., 35 ; Christian Feil, carriages, etc., 4 ; Wible, Wenz & Co., doors, sash, etc., 7 ; The Penn Iron and Coal Co., 75 ; G. H. Hopkins, iron castings, 12 ; Sugar Creek Salt Works, 13 ; Deis, Bissmann, Kurtz & Co., furniture, 95 ; Dover Fire Brick Co., 30 ; Reeves Iron Co., 175.—*State Report, 1887.*

Population, 1880, 2,228. School census, 1888, 1,065. Capital invested in manufacturing establishments, \$412,000. Value of annual product, \$730,200.—*Ohio Labor Statistics, 1888.*

Census, 1890, 3,373.



Drawn by Henry Howe in 1846.

VIEW IN ZOAR.

[On the right is shown the hotel ; on the left, the store—beyond, up the street, is a building of considerable elegance, the residence of Mr. Bimeler. Among the carefully cultivated shrubbery in the gardens adjoining are cedar trees of some twenty feet in height, trimmed to almost perfect cylinders.]

THE GERMAN COMMUNIST SETTLEMENT AT ZOAR.

Eleven miles north of the county-seat and eight from Dover is the settlement of a German community, a sketch of which we annex from one of our own communications to a public print.

Strangers in a Strange Land.—In the spring of 1817 about two hundred Germans from Wirtemberg embarked upon the ocean. Of lowly origin, of the sect called Separatists, they were about to seek a home in the New World, to enjoy the religious freedom

denied in their fatherland. In August they arrived in Philadelphia, poor in purse, ignorant of the world, but rich in a more exalted treasure. On their voyage across the Atlantic, one young man gained their veneration and affections by his superior intelli-

gence, simple manners and kindness to the sick. Originally a weaver, then a teacher in Germany, and now intrusting his fortunes with those of like faith, Joseph M. Bimeler found himself, on reaching our shores, the acknowledged one whose sympathies were to soften and whose judgment was to guide them through the trials and vicissitudes yet to come. Acting by general consent as agent, he purchased for them on credit 5,500 acres in the county of Tuscarawas, to which the colonists removed the December and January following. They fell to work in separate families, erecting bark huts and log shanties, and providing for their immediate wants.

Strangers in a strange land, girt around by a wilderness enshrouded in winter's stern and dreary forms, ere spring had burst upon them with its gladdening smile, the cup of privation and suffering was held to their lips, and they were made to drink to the dregs. But although poor and humble, they were not entirely friendless. A distant stranger, by chance hearing of the distress of these poor German emigrants, sent provisions for their relief—an incident related by some of them at the present day with tears of gratitude.

Power of Associated Effort.—For about eighteen months they toiled in separate families, but unable thus to sustain themselves in this then new country, the idea was suggested to combine and conquer by the mighty enginery of associated effort. A constitution was adopted, formed on purely republican and democratic principles, under which they have lived to the present time. By it they hold all their property in common. Their principal officers are an agent and three trustees, upon whom devolve the management of the temporal affairs of the community. Their offices are elective, females voting as well as males. The trustees serve three years, one vacating his post annually and a new election held.

For years the colony struggled against the current, but their economy, industry and integrity enabled them to overcome every obstacle and eventually to obtain wealth. Their numbers have slightly diminished since their arrival, in consequence of a loss of fifty persons in the summer of 1832, by cholera and kindred diseases, and poverty in the early years of their settlement, which prevented the contracting of new matrimonial alliances.

Their property is now valued at near half a million. It consists of nine thousand acres of land in one body, one oil, one saw and two flouring mills, two furnaces, one woollen factory, the stock of their domain and money invested in stocks. Their village, named Zoar, situated about half a mile east of the Tuscarawas, has not a very prepossessing appearance.

Everything is for use—little for show. The dwellings, twenty-five in number, are substantial and of comfortable proportions; many of them log, and nearly all unpainted. The barns are of huge dimensions, and with the rest are grouped without order, rearing their brown sides and red-tiled roofs above

the foliage of the fruit trees, partially enveloping them. Turning from the village, the eye is refreshed by the verdure of the meadows that stretch away on either hand, where not even a stick or a chip is to be seen to mar the neatness and beauty of the green sward.

Plodding Industry.—The sound of the horn at daybreak calls them to their labors. They mostly work in groups, in a plodding but systematic manner that accomplishes much. Their tools are usually coarse, among which is the German scythe, short and unwieldy as a bush-hook, sickles without teeth, and hoes clumsy and heavy as the mattock of the Southern slave. The females join in the labors of the field, hoe, reap, pitch hay, and even clean and wheel out in barrows the offal of the stables. Their costume and language are that of Germany. They are seen about the village going to the field with implements of labor across their shoulders, their faces shaded by immense circular rimmed hats of straw—or with their hair combed straight back from their foreheads and tied under a coarse blue cap of cotton, toting upon their heads baskets of apples or tubs of milk.

Systematic division of labor is a prominent feature in their domestic economy, although here far from reaching its attainable perfection. Their clothing is washed together, and one bakery supplies them with bread. A general nursery shelters all the children over three years of age. There these little pocket editions of humanity are well cared for by kind dames in the sere and yellow leaf.

An Economical Boniface.—The selfishness so prominent in the competitive avocations of society is here kept from its odious development by the interest each strikingly manifests in the general welfare, as only thus can their own be promoted. The closest economy is shown in all their operations—for as the good old man Kreutzner, the Boniface of the community, once observed in broken English, when starting on a bee line for a decaying apple cast by a heedless stranger into the street—"saving make rich!" Besides acting as host in the neat village inn, this man Kreutzner is the veterinary Æsculapius of this society, carrying out the universal economy still further by practising on the homœopathic principles! Astonishing are the results of his skill on his quarto-limbed patients, who, from rolling and snorting under acute pains of the abdominal viscera, are, by the melting on the lips of their tongues of a few pills of an infinitesimal size, lifted into a comfortable state of physical exaltation.

With all the peculiarities of their religious faith and practice we are unacquainted; but, like most sects denominated Christian, there is sufficient in their creed, if followed, to make their lives here upright, and to justify the hope of a glorious future. *Separatists* is a term applied to them, because they separated from the Lutheran and other denominations. They have no prayers, baptisms nor sacraments, and, like Jews, eschew pork. Their log church is often filled winter even-

ings, and twice on the Sabbath. The morning service consists of music, instrumental and vocal, in which a piano is used, together with the reading and explanation of the Scriptures by one of their number. The afternoon exercises differ from it in the substitution of catechizing from a German work for biblical instruction.

A Beloved Leader.—They owe much of their prosperity to Bimeler, now an old man, and justly regarded as the patriarch of the community. He is their adviser in all temporal things, their physician to heal their bodily infirmities, and their spiritual guide to point to a purer world. Although but as one of them, his superior education and excellent moral qualities have given him a commanding influence, and gained their love and reverence. He returns the affection of the people, with whom he has toiled until near a generation has passed away, with his whole soul. He has few thoughts for his father-

land, and no desire to return thither to visit the home of his youth. The green hills of this beautiful valley enclose the dearest objects of his earthly affections and earthly hopes.

The community are strict utilitarians, and there is but little mental development among them. Instruction is given in winter to the children in German and English. They are a very simple-minded, artless people, unacquainted with the outer world, and the great questions, moral and political, which agitate it. Of scarcely equalled morality, never has a member been convicted of going counter to the judicial regulations of the land. Thus they pass through their pilgrimage with but apparently few of the ills that fall to the common lot, presenting a reality delightful to behold, with contentment resting upon their countenances and hearts in which is enthroned peace.

The condition of the Zoar community has not changed materially since the foregoing was written. Some of the former customs have been abandoned; they have become more prosperous; their log-houses have been largely replaced by spacious brick structures, and the larger part of the farm labor is done by hired help. German is still used in family and business discourse. Converts to their belief and mode of life are accepted into the society after a probationary period; and while accessions are continually being received desertions are not uncommon. The two iron furnaces operated by them have been abandoned for some years, they having proved financial failures. Joseph M. Bimeler, to whom they were so much indebted, died August 27, 1853. They now number about seventy-five families, and their record as law-abiding citizens still stands without a blemish. They are a very hospitable people and entertain many visitors.

DENNISON is ten miles southeast of New Philadelphia, on the P. C. & St. L. R. R., and was laid out for their use about the year 1864. City Officers, 1888: T. R. Woodborne, Mayor; D. A. Demuth, Clerk; W. M. Miser, Marshal; John W. Hill, Treasurer; J. T. Watters, Street Commissioner; T. H. Loller, Solicitor; S. S. Demuth, Weighmaster. Newspaper: *Paragraph*, Independent, W. A. Pittenger, editor. Churches: 1 Episcopal, 1 Catholic and 1 Presbyterian. Here are the repair shops of the P. C. & St. L. R. R., with 686 hands.

Population, 1880, 1,518. School census, 1888, 754. Chas. Hauptert, superintendent of schools. Capital invested in manufacturing establishments, \$12,000. Value of annual product, \$40,000.—*Ohio Labor Statistics*, 1888.

UHRICHVILLE is ten miles southeast of New Philadelphia, at the junction of the P. C. & St. L. and C. L. & W. Railroads, and joins on to Dennison. City Officers, 1888: T. D. Healea, Mayor; W. D. Collier, Clerk; Wm. McCollam, Treasurer; J. Marshall, Marshal; James Parrish, Street Commissioner. Newspaper: *Tuscarawas Chronicle*, Republican, J. E. Graham, editor and publisher. Churches: 2 Methodist Episcopal, 1 Christian Union, 1 Disciples, 1 Moravian, 1 Presbyterian. Banks: Farmers' and Merchants', Wm. B. Thompson, president, T. J. Evans, cashier; Union (Geo. Johnston), I. E. Demuth, cashier.

Manufactures and Employees.—Everett & Thompson, doors, sash, etc., 8 hands; Diamond Fire Clay Co., sewer pipe, etc., 40.—*State Report*, 1887.

Population, 1880, 2,790. School census, 1888, 1,345. R. B. Smith, superintendent of schools. Capital invested in manufacturing establishments, \$48,000. Value of annual product, \$83,000.—*Ohio Labor Statistics*, 1888.

PORT WASHINGTON is twelve miles southwest of New Philadelphia, on the

Tuscarawas river, the Ohio Canal and the P. C. & St. L. R. R. School census, 1888, 239.

NEW COMERSTOWN is seventeen miles southwest of New Philadelphia, on the Tuscarawas river, the Ohio Canal and P. C. & St. L. and C. & M. Railroads. City Officers, 1888: S. F. Timmons, Mayor; J. D. Longshore, Clerk; R. F. Dent, Treasurer; Lewis Gardner, Marshal; Thomas Knowls, Street Commissioner. Newspaper: *Index*, Independent, R. M. Taylor, editor and publisher. Churches: 1 Methodist Episcopal, 1 Methodist Protestant, 1 Baptist, 1 Lutheran. Bank: Oxford, George W. Mulvane, president; Theodore F. Crater, cashier. Population, 1880, 925. School census, 1888, 498. Capital invested in manufacturing establishments, \$9,000. Value of annual product, \$10,000.—*Ohio Labor Statistics*, 1888.

MINERAL CITY, P. O. Mineral Point, is ten miles northeast of New Philadelphia, at the crossing of the Valley and C. & P. Railroads. Newspaper: *Mineral Pointer*, Independent, W. Hosick, editor and publisher. Churches: 1 Methodist Episcopal, 1 United Brethren, 1 Lutheran, 1 Catholic, 1 German Reformed. School census, 1888, 420; S. R. Booner, superintendent of schools. It is a lively mining town, with extensive coal and fire-clay mines and extensive fire-brick works. Population about 1,000.

BOLIVAR is twelve miles north of New Philadelphia, on the Tuscarawas river, the Ohio Canal and W. & L. E. R. R. Newspaper: *News-Journal*, Independent, M. H. Willard, editor and publisher. Churches: 1 Lutheran, 1 Methodist, 1 German Lutheran and 1 Catholic. Population about 800.

WEST CHESTER, P. O. Cadwallader, is twenty miles southeast of New Philadelphia. Population, 1880, 216.

ZOAR is on the Tuscarawas river and W. & L. E. R. R., eleven miles north of the county-seat; has about 300 inhabitants.

SHANESVILLE is on the C. & C. Railroad, about eleven miles west of county-seat. It has churches, 1 Methodist, 1 Reformed and 1 Lutheran; 1 newspaper, *News*, Independent, John Doerschuk, editor; a bank and 500 inhabitants. School census, 1888, 139.

BLAKE'S MILLS is one-half mile south of New Philadelphia, on the Ohio Canal. It has 1 Methodist Episcopal church. School census, 1888, 179.

GNADENHUTTEN is eleven miles south of New Philadelphia, on the Tuscarawas river and on the P. C. & St. L. R. R. School census, 1888, 119. S. K. Mardis, superintendent of schools.

This name is pronounced *Noddenhiten*. There is here a Moravian church, and it is the site of the Moravian massacre. Near the monument yet stands an apple-tree, planted in 1774 by the Indians, and it has borne apples from that day to this. The apple is about two inches in diameter. Its skin is variegated in crimson and white, and the fruit pleasant in taste.

UNION.

UNION COUNTY was formed April 1, 1820, from Delaware, Franklin, Madison and Logan, together with a part of old Indian territory. The surface is generally level, and most of the soil clayey. The southwestern part is prairie land, and the north and eastern woodland of great fertility when cleared. In the eastern part are valuable limestone quarries.

Area about 420 square miles. In 1887 the acres cultivated were 124,261; in pasture, 53,807; woodland, 37,046; lying waste, 1,364; produced in wheat, 276,985 bushels; rye, 785; buckwheat, 362; oats, 180,250; barley, 79; corn, 1,111,352; broom corn, 800 lbs. brush; meadow hay, 28,045 tons; clover hay, 4,639; flax, 8,000 lbs. fibre; potatoes, 21,075 bushels; butter, 383,982 lbs.; cheese, 11,500; sorghum, 1,934 gallons; maple sugar, 26,092 lbs.; honey, 2,814; eggs, 551,631 dozen; grapes, 6,340 lbs.; wine, 35 gallons; sweet potatoes, 142 bushels; apples, 5,288; peaches, 200; pears, 770; wool, 354,274 lbs.; milch cows owned, 4,880. School census, 1888, 7,301; teachers, 247. Miles of railroad track, 63.

TOWNSHIPS AND CENSUS.	1840.	1880.	TOWNSHIPS AND CENSUS.	1840.	1880.
Allen,	714	1,333	Liberty,	922	1,398
Claiborne,	497	2,758	Mill Creek,	524	867
Darby,	736	1,171	Paris,	1,151	3,718
Dover,	457	1,006	Taylor,		1,367
Jackson,	352	1,454	Union,	894	1,535
Jerome,	868	1,503	Washington,	154	1,164
Leesburg,	720	1,552	York,	439	1,549

Population of Union in 1830, 3,192; 1840, 8,443; 1860, 16,507; 1880, 22,375; of whom 19,218 were born in Ohio; 618, Pennsylvania; 591, Virginia; 232, New York; 104, Indiana; 42, Kentucky; 379, German Empire; 222, Ireland; 131, England and Wales; 39, British America; 12, Scotland; 8, France, and 2, Norway and Sweden. Census, 1890, 22,860.

The first white men who ever made a settlement within the county were James Ewing and his brother Joshua. They purchased land and settled on Darby creek, in what is now Jerome township, in the year 1798. The next year came Samuel Mitchell, David Mitchell, Samuel Mitchell, Jr., Samuel Kirkpatrick, and Samuel McCullough; and in 1800, George Reed, Samuel Reed, Robert Snodgrass and Paul Houston.

James Ewing's farm was the site of an ancient and noted Mingo town, which was deserted at the time the Mingo towns, in what is now Logan county, were destroyed by Gen. Logan, of Kentucky, in 1786. When Mr. Ewing took possession of it, the houses were still remaining, and, among others, the remains of a blacksmith's shop, with coal, cinders, iron-dross, etc. Jonathan Alder, formerly a prisoner among the Indians, says the shop was carried on by a renegade white man named Butler, who lived among the Mingoes. Extensive fields had formerly been cultivated in the immediate vicinity of the town.

The county was erected through the exertions of COL. JAMES CURRY, who was then a member of the State legislature. He resided within the present boundaries of the county from the year 1811 until his death, which took place in the year 1834. He served as an officer in the Virginia continental line during the chief part of the revolutionary war. He was taken prisoner when the American army surrendered at Charleston, S. C. In early youth he was with the Virginia forces at Point Pleasant, at the mouth of the Kenawha, and took part in the battle with the Indians at that place. His account of that battle

differed, in one respect, from some of the accounts of it which we have read. His recollection was perfectly distinct that, when the alarm was given in the camp, upon the approach of the Indians in the morning, a limited number of men from each company were called for, and sent out with the expectation that they would have a fine frolic in the pursuit of what they supposed to be a mere scouting party of Indians. After the party thus detached had been gone a few minutes, a few scattering reports of rifles began to be heard. Momently, however, the firing became more rapid, until it became apparent that the Indians were in force. The whole available force of the whites then left the camp. During the forenoon Mr. C. received a wound from a rifle-ball which passed directly through the elbow of his right arm, which disabled him for the remainder of the day.

During his residence in Ohio he was extensively known, and had many warm friends among the leading men of the State. He was one of the electors by whom he vote of the State was given to James Monroe for President of the United States. The last of many public trusts which he held was that of associate judge for this county.—*Old Edition.*

Marysville in 1846.—Marysville, the county-seat, so named from a daughter of the original proprietor, is thirty miles northwest of Columbus, on Mill creek, a tributary of the Scioto. It contains 1 Presbyterian and 1 Methodist church, an academy, 1 newspaper printing office, 3 mercantile stores, and had, in 1843, 360 inhabitants; it is now estimated to contain about 600.

MARYSVILLE, county-seat of Union, twenty-five miles northwest of Columbus, is surrounded by a rich farming district, and is on the C. C. C. & I. R. R.

County Officers, 1888: Auditor, George M. McPeck; Clerk, Robert McCrory; Commissioners, Thomas M. Brannen, David H. Henderson, Berry Hannawalt; Coroner, Robert H. Graham; Infirmary Directors, John E. Harriman, William M. Winget, David R. White; Probate Judge, Leonidas Piper; Prosecuting Attorney, Edward W. Porter; Recorder, Jefferson G. Turner; Sheriff, Thomas Martin; Surveyor, Robert L. Plotner; Treasurer, Robert Smith. City Officers, 1888: W. M. Winget, Mayor; John C. Guthrie, Clerk; John H. Wood, Treasurer; Moses Cooledge, Marshal; Antone Vanderau, Street Commissioner. Newspapers: *Tribune*, Republican, J. H. Shearer, editor; *Union Co. Journal*, Democratic, A. J. Hare, editor and publisher. Churches: 1 Methodist, 1 Catholic, 1 Presbyterian, 1 Congregational, 1 Lutheran, 1 African Methodist Episcopal. Banks: Farmers', J. M. Southard, president, Chas. W. Southard, cashier; Bank of Marysville (Fullington & Phellis), R. M. Henderson, cashier; People's, A. J. Whitney, president, C. S. Chapman, cashier.

Manufactures and Employees.—Robinson, Curry & Co., doors, sash, etc., 15; Isaac Half, furniture, 42; C. F. Lentz, butter tubs, etc., 28; S. A. Cherry, lumber, 5; Fleck & Chapman, doors, sash, etc., 10; A. S. Turner, carriages and buggies, 7; Sprague & Perfect, flour, etc., 5; J. Z. Rodgers, machine repair shop.—*State Reports, 1888.*

Population, 1880, 2,061. School census, 1888, 928; W. H. Cole, school superintendent. Capital invested in industrial establishments, \$78,700. Value of annual product, \$159,600.—*Ohio Labor Statistics, 1887.* Census, 1890, 2,832.

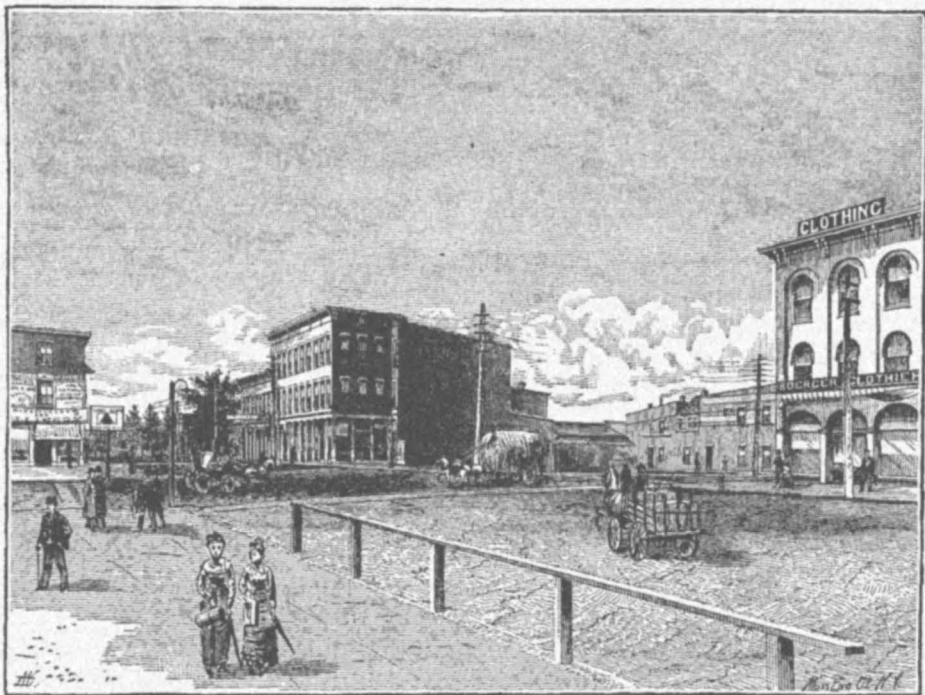
Marysville is sometimes called "the Shaded City," because its streets are so well shaded by maples. The county is remarkable for its excellent macadamized roads, extending in the aggregate 550 miles and made at a cost of a million and two hundred thousand dollars. The county court-house is a handsome substantial structure of Berea sandstone and pressed brick, and built in 1883 at a cost of \$150,000. It is the fourth county court-house. Its predecessor is shown in the old view of Marysville.

The Magnetic Springs recently opened at Marysville are said to be very similar to those of Saratoga in medicinal properties. They have a daily flow of 238,000



Drawn by Henry Howe in 1846.

CENTRAL VIEW IN MARYSVILLE.



W O Shearer, Photo, 1890.

CENTRAL VIEW IN MARYSVILLE.

Each picture was taken from the same standpoint.

gallons. A fine large bath-house has been erected and other preparations made for visitors.

HISTORIC AND BIOGRAPHIC MISCELLANIES.

The memorable "LOG-CABIN CAMPAIGN," during which the word "Buckeye" became the fixed sobriquet of Ohio, was intimately connected with the history of Union county, for here the first log-cabin was built.

The building of the log-cabin and its introduction into the campaign was brought about by a scurrilous newspaper article, describing Gen. Harrison's home life, and representing him as living in a log-cabin, drinking hard cider, and without ambition or ability to fill the highest office in the land. The people of Ohio were at this time just emerging from the log-cabin era; all the early associations and sentiment of their lives were identified with the log-cabin, where they had lived while they and their parents had fought the daily battle of privation and hardship in the wresting of the wilderness from barbarianism. The contemptuous reflection on this life they resented with great indignation, and enthusiastically supported Gen. Harrison.

At the Whig State Convention held in Columbus, February 22, 1840, every county determined to be well represented. They taxed their ingenuity to devise curious insignia of their party. Songs were written without number and sung to such an extent that the campaign also became known as "The Song Campaign." Two of these songs became famous throughout the length and breadth of the land for their exceeding aptness, sentiment and tuneful rhymes: these were "Tippecanoe and Tyler Too," by A. C. Ross, of Zanesville, and the "Log-Cabin Song," by Otway Curry, of Marysville.

The idea of constructing a log-cabin to be taken to the State Convention first occurred to the Union county delegates. Under the supervision of Levi Phelps, William W. Steele, A. C. Jennings, James W. Evans, Stephen

McLain and Mains Wason the cabin was constructed.

Jackson G. Sprague (living in Bloomfield, Ill., in 1889) built the cabin of buckeye logs, cut for the purpose from the forest in the vicinity of Marysville. It was built on the wagon which was intended to carry it in the procession to Columbus. (The Convention being a mass convention, each county was represented by hundreds of delegates.) Before the completion of the cabin, Mr. Curry was waited upon by a delegation of citizens and requested to compose a suitable song for the dedication ceremonies. Mr. Curry complied with the request and composed the "Log-Cabin Song" and played an accompaniment on the flute the first time it was sung.

On the morning of February 21st the log-cabin on a wagon drawn by four horses and accompanied by a large procession started for Columbus. The next morning on nearing Columbus the procession was augmented in numbers by a large delegation from Clarke county. A band of singers had been placed in the cabin, and on it printed copies of the song had been distributed, so that when the procession entered Columbus and moved through the city every person had learned the song, and the tuneful air rang out loud above the cheers that greeted the delegation on every side.

In a very short time every delegation had procured copies of the song, which was printed by the Columbus papers, and when these delegations returned to their homes the refrain was taken up and spread throughout the country with marvellous rapidity until the whole country was resounding with the air. Its effect in rousing the spirit of the people throughout the nation cannot be estimated.

LOG-CABIN SONG.

TUNE—*Highland Laddie.*

Oh, where, tell me where, was your Buckeye Cabin made?

Oh, where, tell me where, was your Buckeye Cabin made?

'Twas built among the merry boys who wield the plow and spade,

Where the Log-Cabins stand in the bonnie Buckeye shade.

Cho. : 'Twas built, etc.

Oh, what, tell me what, is to be your cabin's fate?

Oh, what, tell me what, is to be your cabin's fate?

We'll wheel it to the Capitol, and place it there elate,

As a token and a sign of the bonnie Buckeye State.

Cho. : We'll wheel it, etc.

Oh, why, tell me why, does your Buckeye Cabin go?

Oh, why, tell me why, does your Buckeye Cabin go?

It goes against the spoilsman—for well the builders know

It was Harrison that fought for the cabins long ago.

Cho. : It goes against, etc.

Oh, who fell before him in battle—tell me who?
 Oh, who fell before him in battle—tell me who?
 He drove the savage legions, and British army, too,
 At the Rapids and the Thames and old Tippecanoe.
 Cho. : He drove, etc.

By whom, tell me whom, will the battle next be won?
 By whom, tell me whom, will the battle next be won?
 The spoilsmen and leg-treasurers will soon begin to run!
 And the Log-Cabin candidate will march to Washington!
 Cho. : The spoilsmen, etc.

Oh, what, tell me what, then will little Martin do?
 Oh, what, tell me what, then will little Martin do?
 He'll follow in the footsteps of Price and Swartout too,
 While the log-cabins ring again with old Tippecanoe!
 Cho. : He'll follow, etc.

The "Log-Cabin Song" incited the production of many similar songs, but none of these shared its popularity except "Tippecanoe and Tyler, too." This was written by A. C. Ross, of Zanesville, on his return from the State Convention. Ross was a member of the Zanesville Tippecanoe Glee Club, and was asked to write an original song for them. A friend suggested "Little Pigs," as an air that would furnish a chorus well adapted for public meetings. "Tippecanoe and Tyler, too" was composed and first sung at a meeting of the Glee Club. It was received with great enthusiasm, but did not spread much beyond the Buckeye State until September. In that month at a political meeting held in Lafayette Hall, New York city, Mr. Ross was present, having gone east to purchase goods. The speakers, Prentiss of Mississippi, Talmadge of New York, and Otis of Massachusetts, were late in reaching the hall. Several songs were sung to hold the crowd, but the stock was soon exhausted and chairman Delevan requested any one present who could sing to come forward and entertain the people.

Ross said, "If I could get on the stand I would sing a song," and hardly had the words out before he found himself passing over the heads of the crowd to be landed on the platform. Questions of "Who are you?" "What's your name?" came from every hand. "I am a Buckeye from the Buckeye State," was the answer. "Three cheers for the Buckeye State!" cried out the president and they were given with a will. Ross requested the meeting to keep quiet till he had sung three or four verses, and it did. But the enthusiasm swelled up to an uncontrollable pitch, and at last the whole meeting joined in the chorus with a vim and a vigor indescribable. The song was encored and sung again and again, but the same verses were not repeated, as he had many in mind and could make them to suit the occasion. While he was singing in response to the third encore, the speakers, Otis and Talmadge, arrived and Ross improvised—

"We'll now stop singing, for Talmadge is here, here, here,
 And Otis, too,

We'll have a speech from each of them
 For Tippecanoe and Tyler, too."

He took his seat amid thundering applause and three times three for the Buckeye State. After the meeting was over the crowds in the streets, in the saloons, everywhere, were singing "Tippecanoe and Tyler, too."

Oh, what has caused this great commotion,
 motion, motion,
 All the country through?
 It is the ball a rolling on
 For Tippecanoe and Tyler, too.
 And with 'em we'll beat little Van!
 Van, Van is a used up man;
 And with 'em we'll beat little Van!

Like the working of mighty waters, waters,
 waters,
 On it will go,
 And in its course we'll clear the way
 For Tippecanoe and Tyler, too, etc.

See the Loco's standard tottering, tottering,
 tottering,
 Down it must go,
 And in its place we'll rear the flag
 Of Tippecanoe and Tyler, too, etc.

The Bay State boys turned out in thousands,
 thousands, thousands,
 Not long ago,
 And at Bunker Hill they set their seals
 For Tippecanoe and Tyler, too, etc.

Now you hear the Vanjocks talking, talking,
 talking,
 Things look quite blue,
 For all the world seemed turning around
 For Tippecanoe and Tyler, too, etc.

Let them talk about hard cider, cider, cider,
 And log-cabins, too.
 It will only help to speed the ball
 For Tippecanoe and Tyler, too, etc.

His latch-string hangs outside the door, door,
 door,
 And is never pulled in,

For it is always the custom of
Old Tippecanoe and Tyler, too, etc.

He always had his table set, set, set,
For all honest and true,
To ask you in to take a bite
With Tippecanoe and Tyler, too, etc.

See the spoilsmen and leg-treasurers, treas-
urers, treasurers,
All in a stew,
For well they know they stand no chance
With Tippecanoe and Tyler, too, etc.

Little Matty's days are numbered, numberèd,
numbered,
And out he must go,
For in his place we'll put the good
Old Tippecanoe and Tyler, too, etc.

The authorship of "Tippecanoe and Tyler, too" has been erroneously attributed to John Greiner, of Columbus, who wrote a large number of popular campaign songs.

Soon after the nomination of David Tod for governor by the Democrats in January, 1844, Samuel Medary, through the columns of his paper (*Ohio Statesman*), called "for a song from Greiner." The following unique lines were the result of that call:

GOVERNOR TOD.

Air: *Rosin the Bow.*

Soon after the great nomination
Was held at Columbus, so odd,
There was quite a jollification
At the homestead of Governor Tod.

His mother, good pious old lady,
Her spectacles threw on the sod—
"Good gracious! who'd thought that our
Davy
Would ever be Governor Tod."

His sisters, each other remarking,
Said proudly, "Those fellows may plod,
Who used to come up here a-sparking
The sisters of Governor Tod."

The little Tods, building play houses,
As they in their petticoats trod,
Said, "Oh, mother, now shan't we wear
trousers,
Since papa is Governor Tod?"

"Indeed, we will cut no more capers,
Because it would look very odd,
If we were to play with the neighbors,
And we all young Governors Tod."

"Be quiet, each little young sappy,
I'll tickle your backs with the rods;
It's only myself and your papa
Are Governors,—saucy young Tods.

So, now, if the people are hardened,
And shouldn't elect him, how odd;
They surely will never get pardoned
By Davy, the Governor Tod.

A Night of Suffering and Peril of Two Soldiers of the War of 1812.—The following account of the terrible suffering of two of the early residents of Union county is abridged from the "County History." It illustrates one of the many perils common to all pioneer settlements.

In the latter part of December, 1813, David Mitchell and James Mather, soldiers of the war of 1812, who had been honorably discharged at Fort Meigs, were on their way to their homes at the "Mitchell Settlement" on Big Darby creek, when they were overtaken by a heavy snow storm, accompanied by severe cold. Their path lay through an uninhabited region, with not even a blazed tree to guide them. To cross Mill creek, they had felled a tree for a foot bridge. The exertion had produced profuse perspiration. The tree did not quite reach the opposite bank, so that in crossing they were wet to the knees. When the opposite bank was reached Mitchell, who was in feeble health, was seized with a fit of sickness and vomiting, as a result of the chill caused by the wetting. Some six miles from "Mitchell's Settlement" he became too weak to proceed, and sank to the ground exhausted; believing that he could not survive, he besought Mather to leave him to his fate and seek his own safety. This Mather refused to do, but went courageously to work to do what he could for his companion. Gathering some dry leaves, he made a bed of them at the roots of a large tree, and, with brush, limbs and bark, constructed a rude shelter, to which he carried Mitchell. By rubbing his feet and legs he endeavored to get up a reaction through the circulation of the blood; then taking a pair of stockings from his own knapsack he put them on Mitchell's feet. In the meanwhile, night closed in, and, although the snow ceased falling, the cold increased in severity. Throughout the long, dreary night, Mather kept up his efforts to restore his comrade, but apparently without avail. When at last dawn began to break, although still alive, Mitchell was rapidly sinking, and again by words and signs besought Mather to seek safety and leave him to die alone. Mather again refused to do this, but as soon as sufficiently light started on a swift run to the settlement, and when nearing Judge Mitchell's house he met three brothers of Mitchell, to whom he communicated the condition of affairs. They immediately procured blankets and restoratives and hastened on horseback to the rescue, though scarcely expecting to find their brother alive.

Mitchell was still alive when found, was hastily conveyed to his father's house; medical aid was summoned, and by careful nursing he was restored to health, although he never recovered from the effects of his terrible experience. His feet and legs having been frozen, he was crippled to some extent. Mather suffered no permanent injury from the exposure.

Protection to a Slave.—In a biographical sketch of Captain Horatio Cox Hamilton,

given in the "Union County History," is related an account of his refusal to turn over to a jailer a slave that had sought protection from the Union army. It involves a question which was at the time a national one, and a subject for consideration in the cabinet of President Lincoln.

Capt. Hamilton was born in Irville, Muskingum county, O., September 24, 1830. When a boy of eight years he removed with his father's family to Richwood, Union county. He worked on his father's farm, spent two years in college at Delaware, taught school; married, June 3, 1856, Edmonia Dawson, daughter of Dr. Nelson Dawson, of Putnam, O.; commenced farming in Black Hawk county, Ia., in 1857; returned to his father's farm in 1861; July 22, 1862, was appointed by Gov. Tod to raise Union county's quota of volunteers; Aug. 7, 1862, was elected captain in the 96th O. V. I. The regiment was assigned to the command of Brig.-Gen. S. C. Burbridge, and the brigade was attached to Maj.-Gen. A. J. Smith's division of the Thirteenth Army Corps.

Capt. Hamilton resigned from the army Aug. 9, 1863, on account of disease contracted in the service. His wife died Jan. 29, 1877, and in 1879 he married Miss Molly Kendall, and they now live together in the village of Richwood. Capt. Hamilton has partially regained his health.

The account of Capt. Hamilton's refusal to return the fugitive slave is here quoted from the "County History":

"The 96th O. V. I. reached Kentucky on the 1st day of September, 1862. It will be remembered that at this time there was a sentiment among the new recruits that slaves and slave property were being wrongfully protected by the army, and that it was no part of a soldier's duty to protect rebel property, and catch and return slaves to their masters. It began to be noticed that negroes were turned out of our lines with an ever-increasing degree of reluctance; also that Capt. Hamilton was the friend of the oppressed, and that he did not always obey an order to do so inhuman a thing as to turn a fellow-man over to his rebel master, even in obedience to a positive command of a senior officer. Finally a boy, some fourteen years of age, came into the camp of the 96th Ohio, at Nicholasville, Ky., calling himself William Clay, and reporting that his master was a rebel, and that he had thrown an axe at him (Billy), and that he wanted protection. He found a friend in Capt. Hamilton, and remained with him, as a servant, for some time, until the army was ordered to move to Louisville. On the way, and as it passed through Versailles, a person dressed in the uniform of a Union soldier came, representing himself as being on Maj.-Gen. A. J. Smith's staff, and that as such he ordered Capt. Hamilton to deliver the boy Billy to him to be turned over to the jailer as an escaped slave. This he refused to do unless the order came in writing from Gen. Smith in the ordinary way, being countersigned by Gen. Burbridge and Col. I. W. Vance, of the 96th O. V. I. This the fellow refused to get, but

notified him that he would be back in fifteen minutes with a detachment of soldiers, and that he would take the boy by force. Upon this the captain turned to his company, and told them that if it was going to be a question of force, that they might load their guns and prepare for the affray.

That order the company made haste to execute, and as they did so one company after another did the same, until, as far as one could see, the road seemed to glisten with the light of the sun as it was reflected by the several thousand ramrods which were being used to send home the ball that was intended to perforate the hide of any man who would attempt to take Billy by force. The effect of this preparation was that the staff officer gave up his notion of taking the boy by force at that time, but notified the captain that the affair would be deferred until evening, at which time the boy would be taken by force, and the captain put under arrest for disobedience of orders. This kept the matter brewing in the minds of the soldiers. As soon as the army was encamped for the night, the soldiers held an impromptu meeting, at which speeches were made and resolutions passed approving the course of Capt. Hamilton, and resolving that they would stand by him to the death. A committee was appointed to inform him of their purpose, and he was soon waited on by a soldier who made known their action to him, and requested that, if any move should be made to take the boy by force, immediate notice should be given to the officers and soldiers whose names were found on a card which was handed to the captain. This uprising of the soldiers, occasioned by the refusal of Capt. Hamilton to give up the boy Billy, had the effect to stop all effort in the Army of Kentucky to arrest or return slaves to their masters.

On reaching Louisville, the army was ordered to go to Memphis and Vicksburg. The boy could not be taken, and the only thing that could be done was either to let him loose in Kentucky, to be seized upon and returned to slavery, or to send him home to Ohio. The latter the captain chose to do, but had to force his way across the river for fear of arrest; but he finally reached New Albany, Ind., and bought a railroad ticket to Marysville for the boy, paying for it all the money he had and going \$1.25 in debt. When the boy reached Richwood, it set everything in commotion. Some approved of the course pursued by the captain, others condemned. The party in opposition called a meeting, and resolved that the "nigger" should not be permitted to stay, and that they would return him to his master, etc. They also resolved that Capt. Hamilton should not be permitted to return to Richwood. The matter got into all the papers of the State, and of other States as well. Letters came to the captain from every quarter, some approving and some disapproving his course. One man, who was given to understanding the force of what he said, wrote him that it was supposed that an effort would be made to

take the boy by force and send him back to Kentucky, but he said that the captain need not be alarmed, for that many thousands of men were armed and ready for any move that might be made to return the boy.

Billy Clay and H. C. Hamilton both live in Richwood at this time, and this story would not have been told if it had not been for the fact of its having had so important a part in the war in overthrowing the slave power, and in developing liberal and Christian sentiment at home."

The name of OTWAY CURRY stood high among the people in the olden time as that of a man of singular purity and dignity of character, and a poet whose verses illustrated the thoughts and emotions of a devout and reverent spirit.

He was born on what is now the site of Greenfield, Highland county, March 26, 1804, and when a lad of seven years came with his father, Col. James Curry, into what is now Union county. His father the next year, 1812, was summoned to Chillicothe as a member of the legislature; an older brother went into the army to do battle for his country, and the rest of the family remained on the farm with their prudent and patriotic mother. Alone in the wilderness, surrounded by savages, they were never molested, though often alarmed. On one occasion their horses showed every indication of fear; their dogs barked furiously, now rushing into the corn-field and then retreating with bristling hair as if driven. The family, thinking that the Indians were near, decided to fight as well as pray.

The mother, in marshalling her forces, stationed young Otway and his brother Stephenson on guard, Otway at the house corner and Stephenson at the bars with loaded guns at rest and ordered them to take aim and fire as soon as they saw an Indian. Fortunately none appeared.

Otway learned the carpenter's trade at Lebanon, and followed that occupation for several years, part of the time in the lower Mississippi country. At this period he began writing verses anonymously for the newspapers, as "My Mother," and "Kingdom Come;" these gained popular favor and won the life-long friendship of William D. Gallagher. He married Miss Mary Noteman, and eventually settled on a farm in Union county, where he courted the muses in the intervals of agricultural labor. In 1836 he was elected to the legislature; again in 1837 and 1842. For a while he edited the *Xenia Torch Light*, and was associated with Gallagher in Columbus in the publication of the *Hesperian*, a monthly magazine of a high order, and therefore naturally of a short life.

In these years he studied the law, and

though entering the profession late evinced marked capacity. In 1850 he was elected a member of the second Ohio Constitutional Convention. In 1853 he purchased the *Scioto Gazette* and removed to Chillicothe, where he edited it for a year, and health failing, returned to Marysville and resumed the practice of the law. In 1854 he was president of the Ohio Editorial Convention, and died February 15, 1855. He was one of the choice spirits of the Methodist church. The late Bishop Thomson wrote of him "as a man without a spot in his character, of strong domestic nature, whose home to him was a paradise:—a man of fervent piety, and his poetry as the song of a religious soul: a faith that brings heaven near to earth and man into fellowship with angels."

Mr. Curry was tall and well proportioned, with a broad, lofty brow, and an open countenance. He was strikingly neat in his personal appearance, and careful and cautious in his speech and writings as though the eye of the Master was ever upon him in all his words and acts. Annexed is one of his poems, which has been a comfort to many devout souls:

THE GREAT HEREAFTER.

'Tis sweet to think when struggling
The goal of life to win,
That just beyond the shores of time
The better days begin.

When through the nameless ages
I cast my longing eyes,
Before me, like a boundless sea,
The Great Hereafter lies.

Along its brimming bosom
Perpetual summer smiles,
And gathers like a golden robe
Around the emerald isles.

There in the long blue distance,
By lulling breezes fanned,
I seem to see the flowering groves
Of old Beulah's land.

And far beyond the islands
That gem the wave serene,
The image of the cloudless shore
Of holy Heaven is seen.

Unto the Great Hereafter—
Aforetime dim and dark—
I freely now, and gladly, give
Of life the wandering bark.

And in the far-off haven,
When shadowy seas are passed,
By angel hands its quivering sails
Shall all be furled at last.

The manager of "the Associated Press," Mr. WM. HENRY SMITH, journalist, is from Union county. He was brought here in 1836 by his parents when a child, three years of age, from Columbia county, New York, where he was born

December 1, 1833. Francis F. Browne, author and editor of the *Dial*, thus outlines his career in "Appleton's Cyclopædia of American Biography :"

Mr. Smith had the best educational advantages that the State then afforded. He was tutor in a western college, and then assistant editor of a weekly paper in Cincinnati, of which, at the age of twenty-two, he became editor, doing also literary work on the *Literary Review*. At the opening of the civil war he was on the editorial staff of the Cincinnati *Gazette*, and during the war he took an active part in raising troops and forwarding sanitary supplies, and in political work for strengthening the government.

He was largely instrumental in bringing Gov. John Brough to the front as the candidate of the United Republicans and War Democrats; and at Brough's election, in 1863, he became the latter's private secretary. The next year he was elected secretary of the State of Ohio, and was re-elected in 1866. He retired from public office to establish the *Evening Chronicle* at Cincinnati, but, his health giving way, he was forced to withdraw from all active work. In 1870 he took charge of the affairs of the Western Associated Press, with headquarters at Chicago. In 1877 he was appointed by President Hayes collector of the port at that city, and was instrumental in bringing about important reforms in customs methods in harmony with the civil service policy of the administration.

In January, 1883, he effected the union of the New York Associated Press with the Western Associated Press, and became general manager of the consolidated association.

Mr. Smith is a student of historical subjects. He is author of "The St. Clair Papers" (2 vols., Cincinnati, 1882), a biography of Charles Hammond, and many contributions to American periodicals. He has partly completed (1888) a "Political History of the United States." By his investigations in the British Museum he has brought to light many unpublished letters of Washington to Col. Henry Bouquet, and has shown that those that were published by Jared Sparks were not correctly given.

Mr. Smith is of Scotch-Dutch descent, through both the male and female line. His father, William DeForest Smith, was a native of Litchfield county, Connecticut, where his family had settled about 1639. Mr. Smith's mother was Almira Gott, daughter of Deacon Story Gott, a lieutenant in the Revolutionary army, who was a descendant of Daniel Gott, who emigrated from Scotland and settled in the Connecticut Valley before the year 1690. After the close of the Revolutionary war Lieutenant Gott removed to Columbia county, N. Y.

At the northwest corner of Broadway and Dey streets, New York, stands the first of the tall buildings erected in that great metropolis. Here are the headquarters of the Western Union Telegraph Company and of the Associated Press. From this building radiate the business nerves of the whole world. Mr. Smith's office is on the fifth floor, but the editorial and operating rooms are on the eighth floor, and it was here that I found that gentleman surrounded by the men whose business it is to disseminate intelligence. Perhaps nowhere else in the world is such a striking contrast presented between the past and the present as in this place: for here are to be seen in practical operation the wonderful products of electrical science which bring into close relations all nations. I invited the executive head to put aside the contemplation of war rumors from St. Petersburg, Berlin and Paris, and of the acts of "a strictly business administration" at Washington, for a chat about himself and his recollections of Union county, and here follows the substance of the interview:

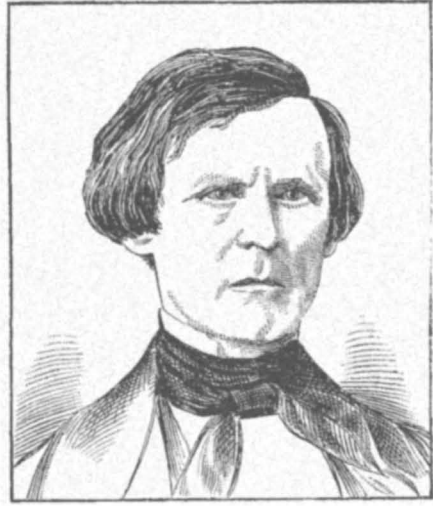
RECOLLECTIONS OF EARLY DAYS IN UNION COUNTY.

"Both branches of my family are of the oldest of the Connecticut settlers, and mingle freely, Dutch, Scotch and English blood. There are intermarriages with Johnsons, Stoddards, DeForests, Gotts, Wilcoxes, etc. The DeForests are descended from Isaac De le Forest, who came to New Amsterdam about 1635. The 'History of Ancient Woodbury' records many good old-fashioned names, but none more so than of my father's family. Thus, William DeForest, son of Lyman and Elizabeth DeForest Smith, born 1805; Lyman, son of Bethel and Deliverance Smith, born December 17, 1780; Bethel, son of Thomas and Patience Smith, baptized March 2, 1755, etc., until the founder is reached.

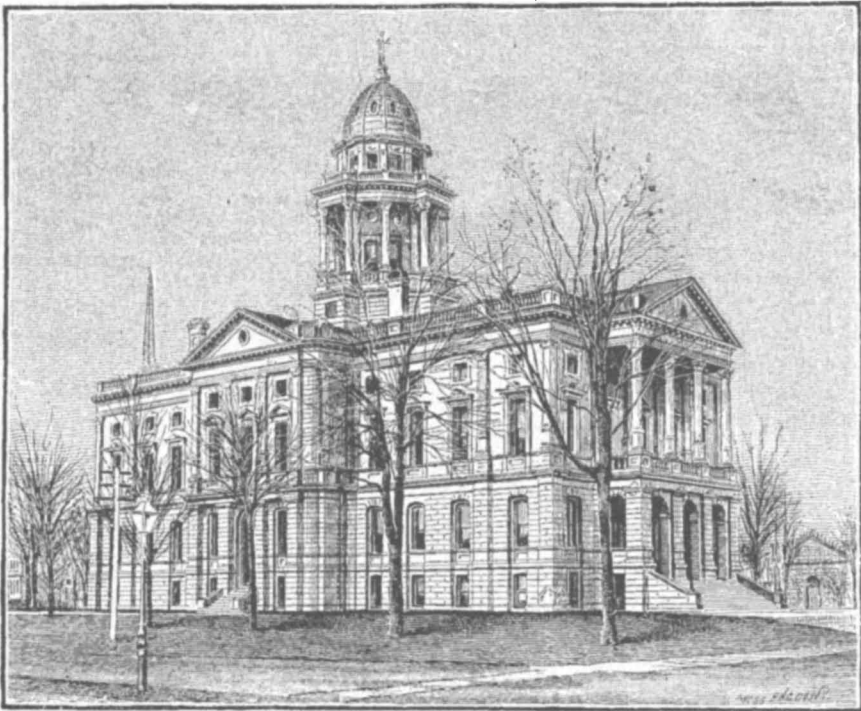
"My earliest recollections? I plucked a bunch of fox grapes in the garden of James C. Miller, in Union township, in 1836. It was in that hospitable family



WM. HENRY SMITH,
Journalist and Manager of the Associated Press.



OTWAY CURRY,
Journalist and Poet.



THE UNION COUNTY COURT-HOUSE, MARYSVILLE.

that we, the new emigrants from the East, were made welcome until a house could be provided for us. Compared with others, our people could hardly be called pioneers. My uncle, Dr. Benjamin Davenport, had induced my father to leave the Housatonic Valley for the fertile plains of the West, and he naturally sought a neighborhood where friends had previously located. The Colvers, Millers and Davenports were of kin, and by courtesy we were recognized as 'cousins' of these pioneer families. Our people had travelled in a Conestoga wagon, procured at Wilkesbarre, Pa., over the mountains to Pittsburg, thence by boat to Marietta, thence up the Muskingum to Zanesville, and thence across country in the wagon to the Darby Plains in the southern part of Marion county. We became citizens of the village of Homer, which was then an active and intelligent centre, much frequented by the citizens of the contiguous parts of Madison and Champaign counties. Then Homer had a saw mill, one large general store, a woollen and carding mill, with a spinning jenny, an extensive furniture manufactory and various other industrial shops. To these my father added a wagon and carriage manufactory, the first in the county, or, indeed, in that section of the State, for the manufacture of fine buggies and carriages. Later a second store and a large cheese factory were added. Cincinnati was the principal market for the cheese, which was transported in wagons and exchanged for merchandise. But time and a new civilization have obliterated all this activity, as there is not a trace left, and town lots have been merged into the adjoining farms.

"Pennsylvania and Virginia had the honor of supplying the first of the pioneers for the southern part of Union county. The Darby Plains—originally a prairie country—was a favorite Indian hunting-ground. Along the banks of the Little Darby were found great quantities of arrow heads, stone hatchets and other Indian relics; while along the Big Darby were burial grounds, some of which I explored when a boy. The first settlers in 1808 found the plains dotted with small patches of timber, chiefly bun-oak, jack-oak and hickory, plum thickets, etc., surrounded by a rank growth of tall grass. This was not changed much in 1836, as the amount of cultivated land was small. The number of inhabitants then in Union township did not probably exceed five hundred, and half of these resided in Milford Centre, which I believe was the first village to be laid out in the county. Here was located the post-office, to which the denizens of Homer repaired for their mail, and the mill which supplied the flour for bread. Not unfrequently in the spring of the year, when the black prairie roads were bottomless, the citizens of the southern part of the county found both mental and physical food run unpleasantly low. In the same section now are to be found free gravelled turnpikes equal to the best in any country. I have a personal satisfaction in this, inasmuch as the free turnpike law under which these roads were made received legislative sanction, after vigorous opposition, at my earnest solicitation when I was Secretary of State. But to return to our subject: Mitchell, Ewing, Curry, Reed, Snodgrass, Gabriel, Woods, Irwin, Stokes, Porter, Robinson, Witter, Winget, and McDowell were names connected with the beginning of civilization in that part of the county. Later New England and New York sent a larger number whose influence was controlling in social life—Sabine, Bigelow, Keyes, Fairbanks, Colver, Miller, Coolidge, Howard, Burnham, Hathway, Reynolds were representative names of this second immigration; and thenceforth the increase was from the East.

"The citizens of Union county were amongst the most intelligent in the State. The land they cultivated was very rich and productive, and although they were deprived of many luxuries, they lived comfortably and enjoyed life. I am speaking of the 30s and 40s. Farm wages were low, 37½ to 50 cents a day being the ruling rates; and yet there was prosperity. Of course there was exchange or barter, which rendered a liberal supply of currency less necessary. Cattle-raising was carried on extensively, and vast droves were annually taken across the mountains for the Eastern markets by Fullington, Stokes and others. This business secured for our section a better supply of money than was possible in other sec-

tions that depended upon grain-raising. There was less suffering on account of the mad tampering with banks during the 30s than in many other sections. We had schools, public and select, that ranked deservedly high, and in the promotion of these John F. Sabine, James C. Miller, my father, and a few other public-spirited gentlemen were active and enterprising. And, in order to keep up intellectual activity, we had also a society at whose weekly meetings were discussed questions of public interest. I recall the names of three or four who displayed a good deal of ability in these forensic contests: Samuel and Hiram Colver, sons of the early pioneer Samuel, young lawyers; Dr. Davenport, William Gabriel, Dr. Hathaway, Dr. Mann and Bushrod Washington Converse. The latter was a Vermonter, a Harvard graduate, with many rare natural gifts, including a most fascinating style of oratory. He was the head of our 'select school' at Homer; but so wide was his fame he was invited to meet divines and politicians in other counties, in church and on the stump, in defence of religion and Whig politics. These public meetings were a striking feature of the civilization of that day, and an important influence in the education of the people. They would frequently last for days, and the arguments advanced by the speakers would be rehearsed and criticised in the family circle for weeks afterward. The intellectual activity in that country in those days was quite as great and of as high an order as that prevailing in the cities, where the advantages were greater. But the leaders in the Darby Plains country, living neighbors in Union, Champaign and Madison counties, were no ordinary men. They came of the best American blood. Let me recall a few names as types: John F. Sabine came of one of the most widely-known New England families, and must have been born about the beginning of the century. He was a most charming gentleman, popular and influential. At his home were refinement, intelligent conversation, and the manifestation of a deep interest in everything that concerned the welfare of society. He was a model citizen, who was frequently called on to fill positions of trust. His two sons, Hylas and Andrew, have followed in his footsteps. The former has been a member of the Legislature and State Commissioner of Railroads and Telegraphs; and the latter had a distinguished career as surgeon and medical director during the war of the rebellion. William B. Irwine, another popular and useful citizen, was a native of Virginia, and was born while Washington was still President. He was an ingenious man, and as surveyor ran the lines in a large part of the Virginia military district. The families of Col. James Curry, Judge Mitchell and John W. Robinson were conspicuous in Jerome and Darby townships. Otway Curry, son of Col. James Curry, was associated with W. D. Gallagher in the publication of *The Hesperian*, and was a fellow-poet whose verse is still repeated. Col. W. L. Curry, a grandson of the Col. Curry of Revolutionary days, was a gallant soldier during the rebellion, and is a leading citizen of the county to-day. So, too, is James W. Robinson, a descendant of John W., whose career at the bar, as member of the Legislature and of Congress, has been an honorable one. There has been a pretty wide scattering of the descendants of these early families. They have helped to build up new States or to develop others. The Colvers, Cooledges and Davenports went to Oregon and Washington. My brother, Chas. Warren Smith, resides in Chicago, and is one of the railroad magnates of our new civilization. For thirty-four years he has been conspicuous in that field of enterprise, and has had under his control at one time as many as eight thousand miles of railroad. His administrative ability is of a high order. L. M. Fairbanks, son of Luther Fairbanks the pioneer, and most of his sons, are in Illinois. His son, Charles W. Fairbanks, a graduate of Wesleyan University of Delaware, married a daughter of Judge P. B. Cole, of Marysville, and resides at Indianapolis. He is an able member of the bar, and has accumulated a large fortune.

"You observe that my personal references have been chiefly to the settlers of the southern part of Union county. The northern part developed much more slowly, and the intercourse between the two parts was slight. As Marysville, the

county-seat, increased in population and the machinery of county government was more extensively employed, there was a greater degree of homogeneity. The most conspicuous family in the northern part was that of the Rev. William Hamilton, a Virginian, who settled in Claibourne township, and was a father in the Methodist Church. There were a good many sons born to this worthy man, some of whom have reached distinction. Dr. John W. Hamilton, the head of Columbus Medical College, and an eminent surgeon, I believe, is the oldest son. I. N. Hamilton and another son adopted the profession of medicine. But the 'flower of the flock' was Cornelius S. Hamilton, who possessed great intellectual and moral endowments. His energy, self-reliance and moral courage would have made him a leader in any community, albeit his lack of tact insured him a vigorous opposition. I remember him with warm feelings of friendship, as, while he was editing the Marysville *Tribune*, he encouraged me to write, and thus influenced my choice of a career. That was when I was fourteen years of age, and the friendship then formed continued during his life. His tragic death in 1867 cut short what promised to be a brilliant and useful public career. He was the first citizen of Union county to represent that district in Congress. Another able man who has reflected honor on Union county is Judge Philander B. Cole, who has often been called to high stations, and who commands the respect of all who know him.

"Our county was not free from eccentric people, but their eccentricity took on the character of religious fanaticism. These were the Farnhamites (also called 'The Creepers'), followers of Douglas Farnham; and later there were Millerites, who were always expecting the second coming. I could tell you many anecdotes of the Farnhamites, if we had the leisure and it were profitable. One will do as illustrating this phase of the times. The leaders taught the birth to sin, and salvation only through public confession and walking humbly and contritely before the world. The fanaticism consisted in the absurd acts which were inspired and performed. Sackcloth and ashes and creeping in the dirt were not the most objectionable. An estimable young lady was converted, and told that it was necessary to display the corrupt nature of her heart. She conceived this novel plan. One night she rode several miles to the farm of a well-known citizen, visited his corn-crib, filled a bag with corn, which she carried home. The next day, in the light of the sun, this bag of corn was placed upon the back of a horse, and upon that the young lady rode to the farmer's, to whom she confessed the theft in contrite words and with many tears. This fanaticism soon disappeared and left no evil effects, as it touched only a handful in the community.

"The controlling politics was National Republican and then Whig. But opposition to slavery found early supporters amongst us, and a branch of Levi Coffin's 'Underground Railroad' passed through the southern part of Union county, the adjoining part of Champaign county, and thence to Canada. The residences of Dr. Davenport and Anson Howard, in Rush township, Champaign county, were places of concealment for the poor fugitives, and from them was conducted an active missionary campaign which made sad inroads in the ranks of the Whigs. There were hot debates at our house. My father was a conservative Whig, a devoted follower of Henry Clay and Thomas Corwin; and when the Abolitionists defeated the former for President, in 1844, he was heart-broken. But the Piatt slave case, in which William Lawrence, a brilliant lawyer of Marysville, volunteered to defend the slave, who had been captured after an exciting chase in the vicinity of Milford Centre, did more to create an anti-slavery sentiment in that part of the country than all other influences."

TRAVELLING NOTES.

On visiting Marysville the second time I was warmly welcomed by an old friend in the person of John H. Shearer, editor of the *Tribune*. When I saw him in the olden time he was conducting a newspaper in Somerset, and Phil. Sheridan was a keen, nimble boy in a store hard by. Across the street was the Perry County Court-House, where over the door stood, and I believe yet stands, a proclamation carved in stone, from which the reader is led to infer that the dispensation of justice in Perry county was conditioned upon the heavens falling. (See Perry County.)

After I had left, Mr. Shearer supplied me by mail with a list of the first settlers of the county, "as far as recollected," ending with "John Lashley," and quite a number of dittos. Whether the Dittos were but a continuation of the Lashleys, I was undecided; but on reflecting that a wrong omission was safer than a wrong commission, I then cut off those people of repeating names, but now restore them in this edition. (See Perry County.)

Mr. Shearer, at the date of my writing out these notes, Dec. 20, 1890, is ten days beyond his seventy-fourth year of life. He was born in the then wilderness of Perry county, Dec. 10, 1816, and is of that solid stock that early crossed the Pennsylvania border, and by their numbers and strength of character largely formed the backbone of Ohio.

In the spring of 1836 Mr. Shearer was apprenticed to the printing business, and is now probably the oldest in service of any Ohio-born editor. He is the oldest representative in the Ohio Legislature, and may well be called the "Father of the House." In the winding up of his interesting autobiography in the "County History," he gives some melancholy words. "It may be," he says, "well enough to make an open acknowledgment as life is at best but a struggle to those who start out without assistance or even friendly advice. It matters little, however, in the end what the struggle may have been so it has been made honestly. The question after all that concerns us most is the one that has been asked tens of thousands of times along the earthly journey—'If a man die, shall he live again?'"

The question of Job, which Father Shearer quotes, comes with pressing force upon those of advanced years, for "the young may die and the old must." Reason alone may thus answer.

It is too appalling for belief that such a being as man, with so much of the spiritual in his nature, so well adapted for immortality, should but endure for this brief flash-like life, then be annihilated in eternal nothingness—to become as though he never had been.

If so, the yearnings of the pure, the good and the true; the prayers and tears of the forsaken and the helpless; the nobility and intellectuality of man; and the loveliness and devotion of woman; the innocence and trustfulness of childhood; the sweet strains of music; the glory of the day and the sublimity of the night; indeed, all moral and all material beauty have been and are as a fleeting phantasmagoria of deceit, so monstrous that one shudders in view of its atrocity. And bad as man may be, if he had the power he would not create but to destroy; would not present such hopes; unfold such beauty; elevate by such strains; lift such a delicious cup to the lips, then dash it in fragments forever!

JUSTICE is eternal!

Justice can but demand immortality.

Therefore MAN is immortal, and LOVE is over all.

It is pleasant to know that the greatest of intellects of antiquity, as Plato, Socrates, Cicero, etc., had the assurance of immortality from their inner consciousness alone. Cicero, who was born a hundred years before Christ, said: "When I consider the faculties with which the human mind is endowed, I have a conscious conviction that the active, comprehensive principle cannot be of a mortal nature. . . . I am so well convinced that my dear, departed friends are so far from having ceased to live, that the state they now enjoy can alone with propriety be called life. . . . I am far from regretting that this life was bestowed upon me, and I have the satisfaction of thinking I have employed it in such a manner as not to have lived in vain. . . . In short, I consider this world as a place which nature never intended for my permanent abode; and I look upon my departure from it, not as being driven from my habitation, but as simply leaving an inn."

He spake, when light from darkness flashed ;
Mountains from oceans skyward sprang ;
While star sang unto star,
As each in glory on its course began.

And that power man can trust, and as his
last day nears its setting sun, feel that
"while the earth grows chill the shadows
point to the morning."

MAGNETIC SPRINGS is a small village eleven miles northeast of Marysville, on Bokes' creek. In 1879, in sinking an artesian well, the waters which gushed forth unexpectedly proved highly medicinal. As a result, the place has become quite a favorite resort for invalids. It has a large bath-house and several hotels for their accommodation. The water possesses high magnetic properties, and it is said that a knife blade, held in it for a few moments, becomes so highly charged that a nail may be lifted by it. Several other medicinal springs have been discovered having distinct mineral ingredients, one a sulphur spring, about a mile distant from the village.

RICHWOOD is fifteen miles northeast of Marysville, on the N. Y. P. & O. R. R. It is situated in the centre of a rich agricultural region, made up of thrifty small landowners as in New England. Newspapers: *Gazette*, Independent, W. H. Stoutt, editor and publisher; *Leader*, Democratic, Young & Woodruff, editors and publishers; *Octographic Review*, Disciples, W. B. F. Treat and L. F. Bittle, editors; *Educational Sun*, educational, H. V. Spicer, editor. Churches: 1 Methodist Episcopal; 1 Presbyterian; 1 Methodist Protestant; 1 Baptist; 2 Disciples; 1 Adventist, and 1 African Baptist. Bank of Richwood: James Cutler, president; B. L. Talmage, cashier. Richwood Deposit: W. H. Conkright, president; H. E. Conkright, cashier. Population in 1880, 1,317. School census, 1888, 469; S. L. Boyers, Jr., superintendent.

MILFORD CENTRE is five miles southwest of Marysville, at the crossing of the C. C. C. & I. and C. St. L. & P. Railroads. It has 4 churches. Newspapers: *Ohioan*, Republican, W. L. McCampbell, editor and publisher. Bank (Fullington & Phellis), F. G. Reynolds, cashier.

Manufactures and Employees.—C. Michaels, drain tile, 5 hands; A. J. Rigdom, lumber, 4; Elliott & Moore, flour, etc., 3; C. Erb. & Bro., carriages and buggies, 6.—*State Report, 1888*.

Population in 1880, 490. Capital invested in manufacturing establishments, \$18,000. Value of annual product, \$49,000.—*Ohio Labor Statistics, 1888*.

BROADWAY is nine miles northwest of Marysville, on the N. Y. P. & O. R. R. Newspapers: *Enterprise*, Independent, C. F. Monroe, editor and publisher. Population, 300.

UNIONVILLE is eight miles southeast of Marysville, on the C. St. L. & P. R. R. Population in 1880, 200.

YORK is on Bokes creek, in the northwest part of the county. By the census of 1890 it had 1498 inhabitants; Richwood, 1415; Marysville, 2832; Milford Centre, 718.

VAN WERT.

VAN WERT COUNTY was formed April 1, 1820, from old Indian territory. The surface is level, and the top soil loam, and the sub-soil blue marl and very deep, and, what is remarkable, of such tenacity that water will not sink through it. Hence, in wet seasons, the crops are poor from the water standing on the soil. When the country is cleared and drained, this difficulty will be obviated. The soil is very rich, and the surface covered with a great variety of timber. The principal product is Indian corn.

Area about 400 square miles. In 1887 the acres cultivated were 113,011; in pasture, 15,839; woodland, 63,566; lying waste, 1,202; produced in wheat, 222,667 bushels; rye, 13,763; buckwheat, 692; oats, 396,763; barley, 502; corn, 1,201,750; broom corn, 1,000 lbs. brush; meadow hay, 17,055 tons; clover hay, 4,928; flax, 8,000 lbs. fibre; potatoes, 54,454 bushels; butter, 446,769 lbs.; cheese, 150; sorghum, 5,222 gallons; maple syrup, 326; honey, 8,551 lbs.; eggs, 571,773 dozen; grapes, 3,878 lbs.; wine, 36 gallons; sweet potatoes, 354 bushels; apples, 16,506; peaches, 29; pears, 177; wool, 49,388 lbs.; milch cows owned, 6,141. School census, 1888, 9,545; teachers, 254. Miles of railroad track, 102.

TOWNSHIPS AND CENSUS.	1840.	1880.	TOWNSHIPS AND CENSUS.	1840.	1880.
Harrison,	168	1,481	Ridge,	211	1,587
Hoagland,	40	1,180	Tully,	99	1,610
Jackson,		800	Union,		1,026
Jennings,	88	1,236	Washington,	47	3,815
Liberty,	117	1,553	Willshire,	434	1,963
Pleasant,	192	5,413	York,	181	1,364

Population of Van Wert in 1830, 39; 1840, 1,577; 1860, 10,238; 1880, 23,028: of whom 19,072 were born in Ohio; 888, Pennsylvania; 606, Indiana; 241, New York; 215, Virginia; 73, Kentucky; 768, German Empire; 329, England and Wales; 109, Ireland; 57, France; 45, British America; 9, Scotland; and 3, Norway and Sweden. Census, 1890, 29,671.

Three of the northwestern counties of the State, Williams, Paulding and Van Wert, were named from the three captors of Major Andre. The details of the capture will be found under the head of Paulding county. ISAAC VAN WERT, who gave name to this county, was a farmer in West Chester county, N. Y., and was born in Greenburg in 1760, and died May 23, 1828, aged 68. For many years he was an active member of the Greenburg church, and served as chorister until his death. The three captors for their service received the thanks of Congress and an annual pension of \$200 and a silver medal bearing on one side the word "Fidelity," and on the other the legend "Vincit Amor Patria." He spelt his name Van *Wert*. A monument was erected to his memory by the people of Greenburg.

Below is the entire description of the county as it appeared in our original edition. It was written for it by Mr. James Watson Riley, who laid out Van Wert, and of whom a notice is given under the head of Celina, Mercer county.

SKETCH OF VAN WERT COUNTY IN 1846.

[From the Old Edition.]

Van Wert received its present boundaries and name in the spring of 1820, two years after the lands of the northwestern part of Ohio were purchased from the Indians, by the treaty of St. Mary's. With most of the fourteen counties

formed by the same act it was almost an entire wilderness, the surveyors' marks upon the township lines being, with a few exceptions, the only traces of civilization in the whole region.

The ridge upon which stand the towns of Van Wert and Section Ten is a subject of curiosity to strangers. It is of great utility to the people of this county, and the others (Putnam, Hancock, Wyandot to Seneca) through which it passes, being at all seasons the best natural road in this part of Ohio. It is composed entirely of sand and gravel, and has an average width of about half a mile. Its highest point is generally near the south side, from which it gradually slopes to the north. The timber is such as is usually found upon the river bottoms, and although upon it are as large trees as elsewhere, yet in their character they form a striking contrast with the forest on either side.

At a depth of about sixteen feet, through sand and gravel, pure cold water is found, while through the clayey soil in the country adjacent it is often necessary to dig from twenty to forty feet. The ridge passes out at the northwest corner of the county and is temporarily lost in the high sandy plain near Fort Wayne. Crossing the Maumee, it can be distinctly traced, running in a northeasterly direction; when, although frequently eccentric and devious in its course, it runs nearly parallel with the river, being distant from it from one to ten miles; it is again lost in the sandy plains nearly north of Napoleon. Has not this ridge been the boundary of a *great bay of Lake Erie!* when its waters were, perhaps, 180 feet higher than now? The sand, gravel, round smooth stones and shells, all bear evidence of having been deposited by water, and the summit of the ridge is everywhere at the same level, or relative altitude.

Van Wert in 1846.—Van Wert, the county-seat, is 136 miles northwest of Columbus, and was founded in 1837, by James Watson Riley, Esq. It is handsomely situated on a natural ridge, elevated about twenty feet above the general surface of the country, on a fork of the Little Auglaize. It contains 2 stores, 1 grist and 2 saw mills, and about 200 inhabitants.

The site of the town of Van Wert has evidently been an Indian town, or a place for winter quarters; the timber standing when first visited by the writer, and probably by white men, in 1825, was all small and evidently of a growth of less than fifty years, and several wooden houses, covered with bark, were in pretty good repair when the town was laid out in 1837; numerous graves, on a commanding bluff upon the bank of the creek, as well as the deep-worn trails upon the ridge up and down the creek, and in various other directions, bear witness that this deeply sequestered yet pleasant spot, unknown to the whites in all the wars, from St. Clair's defeat to the close of the late war, and, in fact, until after the treaty of St. Mary's, was cherished by the Indians as a peaceful and quiet home, where they could in security leave their women and children when they sallied out upon the warpath, or hunting excursions.

At the time of laying out the town plat an old Indian of the Pottawatomie tribe was encamped near, and told the writer that he had with his family spent forty winters there and had expected there to leave his bones; but, added he, the game will soon disappear after your chain has passed over the ground; in a few days I shall take my leave, and, added he, while tears almost choked his utterance, I shall never return again to this place, and the haunts of the deer, the bear, and the raccoon, will soon be broken up, and brick houses take the place of my wigwam!! This Indian had been a brave, said "he owned a farm on the river Raisin, in Michigan, which he bought from the government." He had a red-haired French woman, of near his own age, a prisoner taken from Montreal, in infancy, for his wife; but every winter he returned to his native haunts.

Soon after the first settlement of Van Wert a spring of clear pure well-water was found, which had been carefully hidden years before by the Indians with a piece of bark about six feet square. This bark had been peeled from a black walnut, flattened out, the earth scraped away from around the spring for about sixteen

inches in depth, the bark laid flat over all, and then the whole carefully covered with earth so that no trace of the spring could be seen. After removing the bark the spring again overflowed and resumed its old channel to the creek.

CAPT. JAMES RILEY was the first white man who settled in Van Wert county ; he moved his family into the forest, on the St. Mary's river, in January, 1821, and began clearing up a farm and the erection of mills. In 1822 he laid out a town on the west bank of the river, opposite his mills, and named it Willshire in honor of his benefactor, who redeemed him from African slavery. His sufferings during his shipwreck on the coast of Africa, and subsequent captivity among the Arabs, have been detailed in a volume by himself, with which the public are already familiar. In 1823 he was elected as a single representative to the State legislature, from the territory which now comprises the counties of Preble, Miami, Darke, Shelby, Mercer, Allen, Van Wert, Putnam, Paulding, Defiance, Williams, Henry, Wood and Lucas, fourteen counties, which now, with a largely increased ratio of votes, send eight representatives and four senators. During that session, which is justly pointed to as pre-eminent in usefulness to that of any one previous or subsequent, he bore a conspicuous part, and assisted in maturing the four great measures of the session, viz. :

The act for improving the State by navigable canals.

The revenue act, in which the first attempt to establish an *ad valorem* system of taxation was made.

The act providing a sinking fund, and an act for the encouragement of common schools.

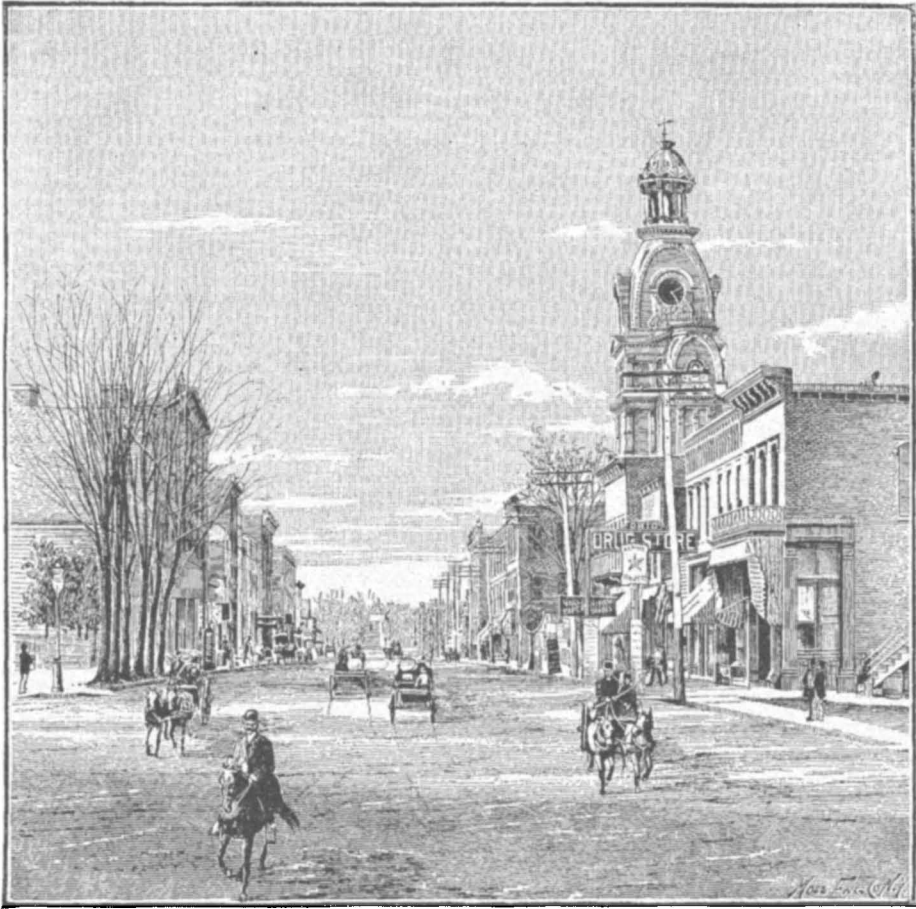
The last named and so much of the first as relates to the Miami canal, were originated by him, and called his measures.

Capt. Riley lived at Willshire seven years, but his health and constitution had been destroyed by his sufferings in Africa, and in the spring of 1828 he was carried to Fort Wayne for medical aid ; after lingering on the verge of death for several months he was taken on a bed to New York, and in 1830 had so far recovered as to resume his nautical life. In 1831 he made a voyage to Mogadore, to visit his benefactor, Mr. Willshire, established a trade there, and subsequently made nine voyages to that country, during one of which he sent his vessel home in charge of another and travelled through Spain, to Montpelier, in France, for the benefit of surgical aid. The winter of 1839-40 he spent at Mogadore and the city of Morocco, which latter town he visited in company with Mr. Willshire, and in consequence of this visit the emperor granted him a license to trade with the people of his seaports, during life, upon highly favorable conditions, never before granted to any Christian merchant. On the 10th of March, 1840, he left New York in his brig, the Wm. Tell, for St. Thomas, in the West Indies, died when three days out, and was consigned to the ocean. The vessel returned to Mogadore for the cargo provided by him, and was wrecked and lost while at anchor in the harbor ; all on board, save one, perishing.

Willshire, founded in 1822, by Capt. James Riley, is in the southwest corner of the county, on the St. Mary's river, and contains 1 church, 2 stores, 2 grist and 1 saw mill, and about 100 inhabitants. Section Ten is on the Miami Extension canal, and has a good canal water-power, as well as being the best accessible point on the canal from the county towns of Van Wert, Putnam and Allen. It was laid out in 1845 by O. H. Bliss and B. F. Hollister, and has about 300 inhabitants.—*Old Edition.*

VAN WERT, county-seat of Van Wert, about 130 miles northwest of Columbus, at the crossing of the P. Ft. W. & C. and C. J. & M. Railroads.

County officers, 1888 : Auditor, Lewis A. Harvey ; Clerk, Charles F. Manship ; Commissioners, Albert J. Roller, William Freck, John C. Robinson ; Coroner, Alexander S. Kirkpatrick ; Infirmary Directors, Abraham Alspaugh, Andrew J. Stewart, Andrew Lybold ; Probate Judge, Barritt J. Brotherton ; Prosecuting Attorney, Jacob Y. Todd ; Recorder, Jesse W. Baird ; Sheriff, Isaac



Jas. J. Ream, Photo., 1888.

CENTRAL VIEW IN VAN WERT.

R. Tudor; Surveyor, Marion P. McCoy; Treasurer, John F. Sidle. City officers, 1888: J. O. Browder, Mayor; Henry Robinson, Clerk; Jacob Fox, Treasurer; Geo. W. Clippinger, Marshal; A. N. Grandstaff, Street Commissioner; Geo. E. Wells, Solicitor. Newspapers: *Bulletin*, Republican, Summersett & Arnold, editors and publishers; *Republican*, Republican, E. L. & T. C. Wilkinson, editors and publishers; *Gazette*, Prohibition, C. E. Detter, editor and publisher; *Times*, Democratic, Geo. W. Kohn & W. H. Troup, editors. Churches: 1 Methodist, 1 Baptist, 1 Catholic, 1 Presbyterian, 2 Lutheran, 1 Evangelistic, 1 German Reformed, 1 Friends.

Manufactures and Employees.—Eagle Stave Co., staves and heading, 78; H. Butler & Co., staves and heading, 28; Oil Well Supply Co., sucker rods, etc., 20; J. A. Gleason & Brother, wagon wood-work, etc., 8; A. & F. Gleason, building material, 14; People's Milling Association, flour, etc., 6; D. Spangler, building material, 5; Rupright Brothers, drain tile, 6; Van Wert Foundry and Machine Works, foundry work, etc., 16; L. F. Ross, drain tile, 5; Union Mills Flouring Co., flour, etc., 5; W. A. Clark, flour, etc., 4.—*State Report*, 1888.

Population in 1850, 268; in 1860, 1,015; in 1870, 2,625; in 1890, 5,548. School census, 1888, 1,614; D. E. Cowgill, school superintendent. Capital invested in industrial establishments, \$215,000. Value of annual product, \$735,000.—*Ohio Labor Statistics*, 1887.

The town and county at this time are highly prosperous. The industries of the city are largely of wood.

HISTORICAL MISCELLANY.

The reminiscences of W. Willshire Riley (whose father made the first settlement in Van Wert county) are very interesting and instructive in the graphic pictures they give of the journey into the Ohio wilderness, and the manners and customs of the first settlers. They have been published in the "County History," from which we make the following extracts:

OUTRAGES ON TRAVELLERS.

My father removed his family from Upper Middletown, Middlesex county, Conn., in May, 1820, to the town of Chillicothe, O., in two-horse covered wagons via. New York city; thence through New Jersey and Pennsylvania to Cumberland, Md. and thence followed the line of the Cumberland or National Road (which was being built in different sections, and large gangs of Irish laborers with some negroes were at work). These men often committed outrages on travellers by felling trees across the road, and demanding pay for their removal. They tried the game on father, but as he was a large and powerful man, well armed and resolute, he soon taught them better manners, and we were suffered to pass, where others had been forced to pay these highwaymen. There were very few houses (cabins) along the road, and our journey was very slow. We usually encamped at night, sleeping in our wagons, building camp fires and setting a watch to guard against horse thieves, then numerous in the mountains. Near the top of Laurel Hill we passed a new grave, surrounded with new pickets made out of oak, said to be the grave of a traveller murdered for his horse and money but a few days before. . . .

A FAMILY DISGRACE.

We crossed the Scioto river, and went,

via Springfield and Troy, to Piqua, on the Great Miami river. Here were a few log-cabins strung along the west bank. A hewed two-story log-house was TOMPKIN'S TAV-ERN, where we took lodging, one stone house, the old Council House, occupied by Dr. Shappie as a residence, John Johnston, Esq. (Indian agent), Samuel Young, Stephen Widney, an Irish gentlemen, and some few others. While we were at supper, in rushed Mrs. Widney, wringing her hands, crying out: "Oh, gentlemen, my poor son John is lost in the woods; och hone! och hone! What shall I do? The opossums will kill him, and the deer will eat him; och hone! och hone! It will be such a disgrace to the family!" All turned out, fired guns, made a bonfire, and in about half an hour John Widney made his appearance, a strapping fellow of sixteen years of age.

"DEVIL'S RACE GROUND."

Proceeding on their journey, Capt. Riley's party arrived, in January, 1821, at the temporary cabin which had been prepared for them, "about one-fourth of a mile south of the present bridge in the town of Willshire." . . . The wolves prowled around us all night, keeping the children pretty well scared. This was the first night of the first settlers in Van Wert county at the "Devil's Race Ground." The winter proved rather a mild

one, and by spring a large two-story cabin had been built on the east bank of the river, at the foot of the rapids, near the site of the mill. This cabin was, I think, sixty feet in length, built in three sections of twenty feet each. The floors were split and hewed puncheons, with clapboard doors, with windows with sash and glass, the first glass windows seen north of Piqua.

A GUARDIAN SPIRIT.

The woods swarmed with Indians, who came to grind their knives and tomahawks on the grindstone, the only one north of Piqua. They would camp around for weeks, but we never allowed them to have any whiskey, although it was always on hand by the barrel, and each hand had to have his rations. They always treated us with the utmost kindness. My mother often doctored their papooses, and they appreciated it. My father's portrait, a very fine likeness, looking straight at the beholder, hung in our big room. The Indians had all seen him while surveying, and all crowded in to see him, or his spirit, as they believed was there to report to him in the woods that they were depredating upon his fields or insulting his family. Finding that to be the case, he did not deny it, and in the whole eight years that we were surrounded by thousands of them, we were never injured to the value of a dollar, but treated politely and kindly by all tribes.

A GRAND RAISING.

During the winter, men were engaged hewing and hauling timber for a large frame grist mill. Father and his surveyors were in the forests on the Auglaize until the time for raising the frame of the mill arrived, when all hands came in, and invitations were sent to Fort Wayne, St. Mary's, and Fort Recovery, and great preparations were made for their entertainment by the hunters and Indians bringing in venison, wild turkeys, ducks, geese, and plenty of wild honey, maple-sugar and molasses, not forgetting eggs and whiskey with which to make egg-nog, without which no crowd could be gotten together; all used it, and tobacco, when they could get it, except my father, brother, and the Quakers in his employ, Messrs. Louis and Powell, who used neither. On the appointed day, people came from Fort Wayne, Fort Recovery, St. Mary's and Piqua, to the number of about fifty, which, with the surveyor, settlers and millwright, swelled the number to over one hundred. But very few had assisted in raising a frame of such large timbers; they were very awkward.

The frame of the mill had been partly raised when some of the timbers fell, fortunately without injuring anyone, although Capt. Riley narrowly escaped being crushed to death. All agreed to adjourn in gratitude for their narrow escape and complete the raising the next day. Accordingly brush and bark camps were made along the bank of the

river to sleep in over night. Long tables were set out, made by putting legs or pins through slabs, and standing them in rows, with similar ones not so high for seats. With abundance of provisions, well cooked, and good coffee, all served in tin cups, and on tin plates, all partook of a hearty meal before dark.

A MOONLIGHT DANCE.

Then they determined to have a dance on the green by torch and moonlight; bright fires were burning, so that the smoke might drive away mosquitoes and give light, and many hickory bark torches, held by lookers-on, which they would swing furiously through the air to rekindle once in a while, afforded a fine light, and to all a novel, grand and beautiful sight. A man named Freshour, from towards Fort Recovery, furnished music on a violin, and, as there were no women to dance, men personated them by wearing their chip hats or fur caps. The dances were Scotch reels, Irish jigs, and Old Virginia hoe-downs, and, as there was ample room, many were dancing at one time. Their joints were limbered by occasional tin cups of egg-nog. One man, Fielding Corbin, who had all day been lying down groaning with rheumatism, became so much excited with the dance, or the stimulating effects of the *nog*, that he forgot his lameness when an Irish jig was played, and jumped up and danced it to perfection, touching every note, keeping perfect time, and excelling all, so that ever after the settlers called him LIMBER JIMMY. Many of the company danced until daylight, and in the morning, in a few hours, the frame was raised in sections, a hearty dinner partaken, and all started for their homes, delighted with the idea that they would soon have corn meal without pounding, and that they had been to the raising of the first frame building ever erected north of Dayton, Ohio. The irons and millstones were hauled from Dayton, taking four yoke of cattle to haul them through mud and swamps, which they had to bridge with corduroy (poles laid crossways).

MULTITUDES OF FISH.

Finally the mill was set running, and people came from all quarters with bags of corn and some buckwheat (no wheat had been raised as yet) from great distances to get their corn ground, camping out when more than a day's travel. The race was one-quarter of a mile in length, and no sooner was it closed at the mill than the fish began to accumulate below the dam, which was eight feet high, and they could not besent over. That being the only obstruction from Lake Erie, the river seemed to be perfectly filled with pike, pickerel, lake salmon, white fish, large muskallonge, black bass and suckers. Father saw that by opening his waste gates at the mill and letting the water in at the dam, he could soon have the race full, when, by shutting the upper gate and opening the lower a little, they would be on dry land, and could be picked up with the

hand. He immediately set men to make barrels, and dispatched a two-horse wagon to Piqua for salt. Opening his gates, the fish fairly swarmed, until they became so thick that, with a dip-net, they could be thrown out as fast as a man could handle his net. Owing to the time taken by the team, the fish were so thick that they began to die in great quantities. Father caught and salted all that he could with the salt on hand, raised the gate into the pond, and let them go; thus losing an opportunity to have made a fine fortune for that time. The salt did not arrive for several weeks, as he had to go to Dayton, ninety miles and back. The mill proved of inestimable value to the surrounding country, supplying the settlers with corn meal and sawing lumber, which was rafted down to Fort Wayne and Defiance. Capt. Riley, however, did not reap much benefit from the enterprise.

A SECOND BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

Settlers began to arrive, and about 1824 a Mr. Hoover settled on the road to Shane's Crossing, about a mile south of Willshire. He came from Pennsylvania, and brought with him a tin-plate stove, the first one ever seen in the country—a great curiosity. Next came Ansel Blossom, from Maine. He had a wife named Mercy, and a large family. He had taught school in Maine, and imagined himself a second Benjamin Franklin, and imitated him even to the sticking his thumbs in his waistcoat armholes, and on no account would go faster than a walk, even to escape a thunder shower, as it was undignified to run. And to make sure that his children would bear great names—I will give such of them as I remember, in the order of their ages, I believe, viz.: Horatio Gates, Edward Preble, Ira Allen, Benjamin Franklin, Smith Mathias, James Monroe, and John Quincy Adams; Catharine Bethiah, and Mary—I don't remember the other. Benjamin worked for father, and the rest, clearing their land and farming. The first wedding was that of Philip Troutner and Miss Bolenbaugh. About a week before, Mr. Blossom, by his own vote, became justice of the peace, and was entitled to perform the marriage ceremony. Philip had postponed his nuptials rather than go to St. Mary's or Fort Wayne, but one morning the squire, on going to his milk house, saw a "Weathersfield kitten," *i. e.*, polecat, quietly drinking milk from a milk pan, when he very deliberately walked into the house and asked Mercy to hand him the fire shovel. To her inquiry, "What do you want it for?" he replied, "You'll be addressed presently." He found the animal with his head over the pan, and brought the shovel down upon his neck, cramming his head into the milk, intending to drown him; but the animal gave him such a sprinkling as to render him blind for a time, and to perfume his clothes, including his only white cotton shirt, with a high collar, which he wore on great occasions starched, so as to

give his bald head the appearance of being held up by the ears. He instantly called for Mercy to help him into the house, and changed his clothes as soon as possible, to deodorize them by burying. This caused Poor Phil, as he was called, to put off his wedding, the whole settlement having heard of the squire's battle with the odoriferous little animal.

"MOST GREAT MEN WERE BALD."

Ansel Blossom was peculiar even in his having the ague, chills or shakes all together, and instead of wrapping up in blankets he would take off his coat, and shake until the perspiration would stand in beads upon his bald head and smooth-shaven face, so that children often went to enjoy the sight when told the squire had pulled off his coat to *shake*. One night, just after he had been elected justice, he spent the evening with my father. The subject of great men was his theme. He remarked, "Capt. Riley, have you ever noticed that most all great men were bald? I remember many were. Julius Cæsar of old, our John Quincy Adams, and also Benjamin Franklin, two of our decidedly great men, are bald." Raising his hat, which he always wore even in the house, "Did you ever notice that I am bald?" Father humored his conceit, and told him that in many respects he reminded him of Franklin, etc. He left for home through the woods. He heard some one call to him "Who, who, who, who, who are you, ah?" "I am Esquire Ansel Blossom." "Who, who, who, ah," was repeated from a limb, and he heard the cracking of the mandibles of a huge white owl, the emblem of wisdom.

HELL LOCATED.

The first religious services were held at our house by missionaries, who visited Fort Wayne whenever the Indians were to receive their annuity, when there were a great many Indians and traders assembled from all parts of the country. The missionaries were generally Methodists, but every denomination was invited by my mother to hold meetings (she being a Congregationalist); one, Mr. Antrem, a Methodist preacher, most frequently. He was a large, powerful man, and was considered a revivalist. The Holy Spirit, as he called it, manifested its saving power by giving ladies what they called the jerks, which would commence with a loud groaning, and then the head would jerk back and forth, causing their long hair, which they braided, to crack like a whip-lash, they jumping up and down and shouting, while the preacher called on the congregation to alternately sing and pray. He would exhort them, telling that hell was raging just beneath them with fire and brimstone. "Yes," said Freshour; "I know it's just under Shane's prairie, 'cause I dug a well last week, and the water was so full of brimstone and sulphur that they could not use it, and it turned every-

thing black, and caved in. I don't believe but hell's right under there." To this awful discovery Antrem quoted several passages from the Bible; read from Dante, John Bunyan and Milton. Several young women from the prairie jerked until they fell exhausted, frothing at the mouth, with every nerve twitching. They were pronounced by Antrem to be most powerfully converted; and that appeared to be the uniform working of the Spirit at all his meetings in Ohio, Indiana or Kentucky.

A QUEER COFFIN.

In the winter of 1841 there died of pneumonia a poor fellow of the name of Jacob D—. His wife was too poor to purchase a

shroud or coffin. Some of the neighbors were consulted as to what should be done; they advised that a clean shirt and white drawers be substituted for a shroud. For a coffin, in absence of planks, it was recommended that a white oak tree be felled, six to seven feet cut off, split in the middle, each half dug out trough fashion, and the body placed within. These recommendations were adopted, and the next day a funeral procession, consisting of four men, two women, a yoke of oxen and a sled, upon which was placed the strangely-coffined corpse, proceeded to the grave at the headwaters of Blue creek. Here poor Jake was reverently slid feet foremost into his last resting-place, and the grave duly filled.

In the summer of 1854 that terrible scourge, the ASIATIC CHOLERA, became epidemic throughout the country; in some localities the mortality was very great; in Chicago over 900 died, in Brooklyn 650. The epidemic spread throughout Ohio, with more or less fatal results in different parts of the State; the greatest fatalities were in the Black Swamp region, and an account of its ravages in one locality is typical of all others. A description of the conditions preceding its advent, and its results in Willshire, is given by Dr. J. W. Pearce, in the "Van Wert County History," from which the following abridged account is taken:

WEATHER EXTREMES.

The winter preceding the epidemic had been unusually cold. Rivers, creeks and fountains of water were all frozen, and when the spring freshets came the St. Mary's river rose to overflowing, and being gorged with ice and driftwood, the waters spread out and thousands of acres of land became inundated.

This was followed by a season of drought. From the latter part of May until July 28 no rain fell; everything was dried up by the scorching rays of the cloudless sun.

GLOOMY APPREHENSIONS.

The condition of our village, like all others unprovided with town ordinances, was in a most unhealthy condition. Our streets, alleys and byways were filled with animal and vegetable remains, and the laws of hygiene were entirely overlooked. Thus it was when hot weather and drought set in. The atmosphere in time became surcharged with malaria, or the germ of disease, which commenced pouring out its unmeasured fury on the fatal 19th. At this date, Dame Nature, with all her surrounding concomitants, appeared unmistakably to shadow forth something unusual. Men's countenances were overshadowed with fearful suspense, and there was a fearful looking for something out of the common order of things. The red glare and almost scathing heat of the sun's rays were poured down, and reflected back, as if in mockery, from the already parched earth. The cattle went lowing to and fro, as if in search of food and water. The birds flew screaming through the air, as though pursued by some demon

of hunger. The very dogs, as if in mockery of the fearful doom that awaited us, sent up from their kennels their doleful howls. Willshire up to this time had remained in *statu quo*, whilst her people retained their accustomed measure of the milk of human kindness and their liberal share of hospitality and generous feeling, for which she had always been proverbial; yet we must confess that, in point of morals and religion, Willshire had never been so low.

UNACCOUNTABLE PHENOMENON.

The first case was that of a hard-working, also hard-drinking man, who was attacked on the evening of July 19, and expired within a few hours. Dr. Pearce says: "We will call attention to one of the most remarkable, as also the most unaccountable phenomenon connected with the history of cholera, viz., the migration or disappearance of the entire feathered tribe, together with the house-flies. By the 25th of the month not a bird or house-fly could be seen or heard anywhere, and they remained in blissful seclusion until about August 7, when our ears were again solaced by the merry song and musical chirp of the birds. But, alas for Willshire, out of a population of about seventy-five souls, forty had migrated to that 'bourne from whence no traveller returns.'" On the 21st, at the suggestion of L. D. Pearce, a committee, consisting of Ira Blossom, R. McMannis and Willis Major, was negotiated with to oversee the burying of the dead, and to assist those in distress, as occasion might require. And never in the history of any age did three great spirits merit a greater share of gratitude than did this brave

trio, as they went forth in the discharge of their perilous undertaking. No money consideration alone could have induced them to enter the cabin of Starker, and remove therefrom five dead bodies, already in an advanced stage of decomposition, and that, too, after they had received orders to fire the building.

They believed, however, that humanity and order demanded of them a different course. Two of them have long since gone to their reward. All lived, however, to receive the plaudit and homage they so richly deserved from a generous community. At this time, Dr. Melcheimer and myself were the only practising physicians in town, and, as might be expected, our sleep we got in the saddle. Dr. Pearce thus relates the sickness and death of his wife :

RAPID COURSE OF THE DISEASE.

A short time after we had left the house, a lady friend called for medicine. Mrs. Pearce at this time was in apparent good health, and left her parlor for the office, where she prepared the lady's medicine. On turning to hand her the same, she was noticed to reel and stagger, when, on beholding her countenance, the lady was horrified to see the change from the florid red to a dark leaden hue. Mrs. P. was now in the last stages of cholera, and was led to her bed in a dying condition. Messengers were immediately dispatched for us, where we were found seven miles in the country. By the fleetness of our horse, we were able to be by her bedside in a few minutes, when and where she expired within a three hours' illness.

A strange coincidence connected with her death : one hour after Mrs. Pearce had ceased to breathe, as she lay with her hands crossed upon her bosom, so powerful had been the contraction of the muscular system during the last throes of the fell destroyer, that the innate action of the nervo-vital fluid, brought to bear upon the extensor muscle of the arm, was sufficient to raise the right arm from her bosom, and lay it at the full length upon my breast as we sat by her bedside. Nevertheless life had been extinct for one hour.

A DISAGREEABLE SURPRISE.

We had a poor drunken fellow in our town called "Bill." To get drunk and whip his wife was the order of his time. He was a terror to his family, and a pest of the town. Bill took the cholera, and we were called to see him. This was the first time he had ever been sick, and to him it was a disagreeable surprise. This was our time, as we verily believed, to assist him in passing in his checks ; hence we rolled up eight or ten pills of assafoetida and red pepper, and ordered them to be given two hours apart, and tried as best we could to prepare the mind of the prospective widow for the great change that awaited the little family circle, and departed.

On calling around in due time to see if Bill

was still alive, to our great surprise and no little chagrin we found him about well, and in due time he was restored to his whiskey and shillalah ; and it has ever been a question with us whether Bill got well from pure contrariness, or whether assafoetida and red pepper was the proper treatment for cholera.

Mother Ruby lay dead three days, one mile from town, before burial then, wrapped in a sheet. She was buried in her own garden.

PROFITABLE PHILANTHROPY.

On the 22d of the month, the old Widow Dutcher, a stranger to fear, who kept a saloon, agreed to open her doors for the reception of all in distress, upon condition that she be allowed to go anywhere in town to take what she needed for their benefit. This appeared reasonable, and the arrangement was entered into. The old lady's house was soon filled with cholera patients, six of whom died. But mark the sequel. When the disease subsided, and the people began to return with their families to their deserted homes, they had nothing to eat. The old woman had appropriated the entire stock of provisions to her own use, and had laid in a stock of groceries and provisions sufficient to stand a five-year siege. Nevertheless, she received our united thanks.

OUTRAGEOUS INHUMANITY.

George Miller found he was taking the cholera, and left for his sister's in the country, where he was refused admission. He forced his way in, and threw himself on the trundle bed. The inmates left, and, on their return next morning, George was found dead on the floor beside his bed. He was buried in the garden, without coffin or box. Inhumanity at that time could not be overlooked. The author of this outrage was driven from the country, and not allowed to return.

DESOLATE HOMES.

Thus it was with our town and vicinity until the twenty-eighth day, when, to our unutterable joy, the heavens became aglare with lightning, the thunder rolled its deafening roar, the long-coveted rain began to descend upon the parched earth, and the atmosphere became cold and healthy. The malaria germ was either burned up or beaten down to be trodden under foot, for the disease now disappeared as if by magic. Men with their families began to return to their once happy, but now desolate, homes. There were to be found but two remaining families. Desolation and destitution were everywhere to be seen ; doors were thrown wide open ; deathbeds were standing in the streets ; sidewalks were white with lime used as disinfectant ; no merry song or cheerful voice to be heard ; sorrow and gloom reigned supreme. Stout hearts quailed before the desolation and gloom that everywhere met their gaze.

"Rachel weeping for her children, and would not be comforted because they were not," for about forty kind friends from the town and vicinity had left, never more to return.

AN OLD-TIME FOURTH OF JULY CELEBRATION,
Held in the Woods at Willshire, O., Independence Day, 1825.

Mr. Riley, in his "Reminiscences," gives an account of the first celebration of Independence held in Van Wert county. His father, Capt. James Riley, filled with patriotic ardor, proposed the celebration and was appointed orator. An arbor was erected under some oak trees on the river bank, just north of the mill, and a very long table of boards formed. The meats were bear, venison, roast pig, turkey, with chicken pies baked in tin milk basins in old New England style, fish—black bass and pickerel and salmon—with all kinds of vegetables obtainable at that season, wild gooseberries, honey, coffee made in a large sugar kettle, maple sugar and syrup, pumpkin and cranberry pies. The speakers' stand faced the east and was between two large oak trees. A salute was fired by charging the hole in a blacksmith anvil, which made a very loud report.

THE ORATION.

The oration is of historical value. It shows the feelings of pride and self-congratulation of those old-time American people, when they came together to celebrate their achievement of breaking away from the yoke of Great Britain and establishing a nation of their own. It illustrates the then intense hate against the English government and the "myrmidons of Britain." It is, too, a literary curiosity, being in the style of the proud-swelling oratory so popular at that day, and universal with Fourth of July orators. It was exactly what was wanted to fill the demands of the market. "Thunder! how we did lick the British!" was on that day the cry of every small boy in the land, as he looked up to the fluttering of the flag on the "liberty pole," and after the boom of every cannon run a race to secure the burning wads.

The early part of the oration is occupied with a rapid sketch of the history of America, from the discovery of Columbus down to the war of the Revolution, which is also described, and he then says:

These battles, through which our fathers waded in blood, cemented the Union of American Confederacy, now the happy and prosperous United States. The pride of Britain being humbled, although she called to her aid all the savages of our vast Northwest frontier, who broke in upon us with the tomahawk and scalping-knife, making indiscriminate slaughter of helpless men, women and children, she was forced in 1783, after the most sanguinary conflict, to acknowledge that the United States were free, sovereign and independent.

The Declaration of Independence was signed and promulgated through the Union on the 4th of July, 1776, after which the war continued six years, waged in the most cruel and unfeeling manner by the British. Those amongst our citizens who adhered to the British king were styled *TORIES*. These men, destitute alike of every feeling and principle, attacked, in a sudden manner, the citizens of their own towns, wreaking their bloodthirsty vengeance alike on their parents, brothers and sisters; burning towns, villages and the dwellings of their nearest relatives with relentless fury, and plunging the dagger to the hearts of their countrymen. Oh, shame, where is thy blush!

But let us turn from these disgusting pictures. Peace was proclaimed, the soldier of the Revolution returned to his home after his severe trials penniless; his ardent patriotism did not forsake him; he mingled again with his fellow-citizens, and though neglected by the government, which was poor and without means, he uttered not a murmur, but strove to gain a subsistence by his daily labor.

He saw everywhere around him the fruits of his toils and sacrifices. Towns, villages and cities reared their majestic temples where the forests had covered the country, and the beasts of the field, as well as the original inhabitants, fled before civilization and the arts; every

house was opened and every hand greeted the war-worn veteran. After a lapse of years he is made to partake of the bounty of a grateful government.

Another war, rendered memorable by many battles and by sacrifices of a brave and generous people, has tested the strength and stability of our political institutions.

It was waged by our old enemy. Our navy, though compared to hers was but a pigmy to a giant, yet it rode triumphant on the ocean. Our militia and raw troops again beat the proudest veterans the world could produce, with less than equal numbers, and the boasting conquerors of ensanguined Europe were themselves conquered.

The genius of the free government of our country is daily developing its powers; its flag waves over every sea. Its commerce extends over the whole globe, and equals that of the proudest nations of the earth; while the inventive faculties of the American mind in our immortal Fulton furnished to the astonished world the novel spectacle of ships propelled by fire, traversing every sea, and approximating the extremities of the longest river to a span. Our free and happy population has increased beyond any former example. In less than a half a century two millions of people have become twelve millions.

Sciences and the arts have even outstripped our most sanguine expectations, and we now behold our beloved country, blessed by the fostering hand of an overruling Providence, one of the most prosperous, flourishing and powerful nations of the earth.

Examples interest our country in many directions, for the spark that kindled the flame of our Revolution has spread its benign influence over the entire world. In Europe it has been smothered and kept down by bigotry, ignorance, superstition and tyranny, through the most destructive wars occasioned by the French Revolution.

The entire host of tyrants and religious fanatics in the Old World have marshalled themselves against our principles—they are arrested in Europe—they sleep but to rise again with redoubled vigor, when, bursting asunder their chains, they are destined to overwhelm their tyrants and oppressors throughout the universe.

In their steady march the principles contained in our Declaration of Independence in the New World have fully triumphed, and under the genial influence of our example the republics of Buenos Ayres, Chili, Columbia, Mexico and Peru have recently sprung into existence.

The land of the children of the sun is free; the holy horrors inflicted by bigoted and mercenary Spain under her Christian Cortez and Pizarro, upon the Mexicans and Peruvians, have returned upon her devoted head; led by the virtuous and patriotic Bolivar, St. Martin, Hieras, Lare, O. Higgins and a host of other worthies the legions of liberty have established their independence.

Kingly tyrants and religious fanatics have received a mortal stab in that portion of the world. The blood of Montezuma, the Incas and hosts of innocents has cried for vengeance, and the Almighty arm has avenged their injuries.

Already the cry of liberty of conscience has been proclaimed, and may we indulge the pleasing hope that this monstrous struggle will satisfy the civilized nations of the beauties and benefits of self-government, destined to extend throughout the globe.

We are assembled to commemorate the day and the patriots who proclaimed and established the most perfect system of equal rights and privileges; civilization keeps pace with the moral and religious freedom and toleration, and is the most conclusive proof that these States have outstripped the other quarters of the world.

Look at the American female character! The fairest work of creation here have all the advantages of polite and useful education, and of moral and religious liberty; as wives, mothers and daughters they hold the rank of equals with their nearest relations, and by their virtues and goodness are esteemed as the greatest blessing a bountiful Providence could bestow on man.

THE DINNER, DANCE, AND SONG.

The oration being ended, the people, to the number of about seventy-five, took their places at the table, which had been loaded with all the luxuries the country afforded, and well cooked. Mr. Golden Green, of Shane's Crossing, asked a blessing, and those who were skilled commenced to do the carving. A small roasted pig happening to be in front of one old gentleman, the skin beautifully

browned (it was roasted before the fire), he deliberately took off the skin and placed it on his plate, remarking, "Some folks like meat best, and some folks like skin best; for my part I like skin best," and carved the pig for the rest, no one objecting to his gratifying his taste, and all went off delightfully.

After dinner toasts were drank, using what we called metheglin, made from honey, very delicious, but not intoxicating. I only remember my father's toast, which was, "The State of Ohio, the first-born of the ordinance of 1787. May she lead the van in the cause of freedom and equality until our glorious Declaration shall be fulfilled, and we can with truth 'proclaim liberty throughout all the land to all the inhabitants thereof.'" All cheered the sentiment; then followed many more of like patriotic sentiments. My father, brother James, Uncle Roswell Riley, J. W. Milligan, Dr. Edmiston, Tom Sweeny, and James Hagar, with mother, and sisters Amelia and Phebe, Mrs. Milligan, Mrs. Roswell Riley, and Mrs. Edmiston were all good singers. Uncle Roswell sang comic songs as well as I ever heard since on the stage. He sang several, and then "Perry's Victory" and "Hull's Surrender." Mrs. Edmiston sang "The Meeting of the Waters" (Vale of Avoca). She was a highly accomplished musician, and all wound up with Burns' "Auld Lang Syne," shaking hands across the table. Those that did not know the words joined in the chorus. A plank floor had been laid upon scantling on the ground, and a dance by torchlight wound up the first celebration of the Fourth of July in Van Wert county, Ohio.

There must have been present nearly every person then in the county, including the infantry in arms. As stated above, "about seventy-five took their places at the table." As by the census of 1830, five years later, the entire population of Van Wert county was but forty-nine, it is surmised the surplus were "distinguished guests from abroad."

The large and flourishing town of DELPHOS lies on the line of this and Allen county, about equally divided between the two. The post-office is in this county. Delphos is described in Allen county, vol. i., page 249.

WILLSHIRE is fourteen miles southwest of Van Wert, on the T. St. L. & K. C. R. R. It has 1 Methodist and 1 Baptist church. Population, 1880, 508. School census, 1888, 224.

CONVOY is eight miles northwest of Van Wert, on the P. Ft. W. & C. R. R. It has churches: 1 Lutheran, 1 Methodist, 1 Baptist and 1 Catholic. Population, 1880, 386. School census, 1888, 189.

MIDDLEPOINT is eight miles east of Van Wert, on the Little Auglaize river and on the P. Ft. W. & C. R. R. Population, 1880, 386. School census, 1888, 152.

SCOTT is eight miles north of Van Wert, on the C. V. W. & J. R. R. School census, 1888, 136.

VINTON.

VINTON COUNTY was formed March 23, 1850, from Gallia, Athens, Hocking, Ross, and Jackson counties, comprising eleven townships, with a combined population of 9,353. It is watered by branches of the Scioto and Hocking rivers. Its surface is mostly hilly, with some broad, fine, fertile, level land on the streams. The land is well adapted to grazing, and it is a good county for sheep, horses, cattle and hogs. While the hills are generally sloping, in many places they are cultivated to their summits, and have been successfully devoted to grape culture and other fruit. Its great wealth is in its coal, fire-clay and iron. There are four furnaces in the county: Eagle, Hope, Vinton, and Hamden, but not now in operation.

Area, 402 square miles. In 1887 the acres cultivated were 41,645; in pasture, 69,217; woodland, 48,376; lying waste, 6,794; produced in wheat, 80,134 bushels; rye, 352; buckwheat, 412; oats, 45,907; corn, 202,241; broom-corn, 50,050 lbs. brush; meadow hay, 11,155 tons; clover hay, 38; potatoes, 15,658 bushels; tobacco, 850 lbs.; butter, 194,689; sorghum, 4,525 gallons; maple sugar, 2,248 lbs.; honey, 2,104; eggs, 189,694 dozen; grapes, 550 lbs.; sweet potatoes, 386 bushels; apples, 11,232; peaches, 1,451; pears, 78; wool, 163,853 lbs.; milch cows owned, 2,541. Ohio Mining Statistics, 1888: Coal, 108,695 tons, employing 225 miners and 57 outside employees; iron ore, 11,761 tons. School census, 1888, 5,931; teachers, 158. Miles of railroad track, 68.

TOWNSHIPS AND CENSUS.	1850.	1880.	TOWNSHIPS AND CENSUS.	1850.	1880.
Brown,	648	1,241	Knox,		947
Clinton,	886	1,608	Madison,		2,217
Eagle,	476	1,044	Richland,	493	1,668
Elk,	1,221	2,000	Swan,	1,154	1,095
Harrison,	580	1,172	Vinton,	460	1,131
Jackson,	835	1,288	Wilkesville,	1,037	1,812

Population of Vinton in 1860, 13,631; 1880, 17,223: of whom 14,839 were born in Ohio; 594, Pennsylvania; 500, Virginia; 115, Kentucky; 81, New York; 32, Indiana; 327, Ireland; 160, German Empire; 94, England and Wales; 13, British America; 12, Scotland; and 11, France. Census, 1890, 16,045.

This county is named in honor of SAMUEL FINLEY VINTON, one of Ohio's eminent statesmen of a past generation. Mr. Vinton is a direct descendant of John Vinton, of Lynn, Mass., whose name occurs in the county records of 1648. The tradition is that the founder of the family in this country was of French origin, by the name of De Vintonne, and he was exiled from France on account of his being a Huguenot. Mr. Vinton was born in the State of Massachusetts, September 25, 1792, graduated at Williams College in 1814, and soon after 1816 established himself in the law at Gallipolis. In 1822 he was, unexpectedly to himself, nominated and then elected to Congress, an office to which he continued to be elected by constantly increasing majorities for fourteen years, when he voluntarily withdrew for six years, to be again sent to Congress for six years longer, when he declined any further Congressional service, thus serving in all twenty years.

Mr. Vinton originated and carried through the House many measures of very great importance to the country. During the period of the war with Mexico, he was Chairman of the Committee of Ways and Means, and at this particular juncture his financial talent was of very great service to the nation. During his entire course of public life he had ably opposed various schemes for the sale of

the public lands that he felt, if carried out, would be squandering the nation's patrimony. He originated and carried through the House, against much opposition, the law which created the Department of the Interior. Hon. Thomas Ewing wrote of him: "Though for ten or fifteen years he had more influence in the House of Representatives, much more than any man in it, yet the nation never has fully accorded to him his merits. He was a wise, persevering, sagacious statesman; almost unerring in his perceptions of the right, bold in pursuing and skilful in sustaining it. He always held a large control over the minds of men with whom he acted."

In 1851 Mr. Vinton was the unsuccessful Whig candidate for Governor of Ohio. In 1853 he was for a short time President of the Cleveland and Toledo Railroad, and then, after 1854, continuously resided in Washington City until his death, May 11, 1862. There he occasionally argued cases before the Supreme Court, and with remarkable success, from his habits of patient investigation and clear analysis. He exhausted every subject he discussed and presented his thoughts without rhetorical flourish, but with wonderful lucidity. His use of the English language was masterful, and he delighted in wielding words of Saxon strength.

In accordance with his dying request he was buried in the cemetery at Gallipolis, beside the remains of his wife, Romaine Madeleine Bureau, the daughter of one of the most respected French immigrants. His only surviving child is Madeleine Vinton Dahlgren, noticed on page 681 of this work. "Mr. Vinton was of slight frame, but of great dignity of presence. His mild and clear blue eye was very penetrating, and his thin, compressed lips evinced determination of character. His manner was composed and calm, but very suave and gentle, scarcely indicating the great firmness that distinguished him."

OHIO SOUTHERN BOUNDARY LINE.

The question as to what constitutes Ohio's Southern boundary line is one that has never been satisfactorily settled, and the argument made by the Hon. SAMUEL F. VINTON on this question is one of great importance to the people of Ohio, as well as to those of West Virginia, Kentucky, Indiana and Illinois.

In 1820, when the case of *Handly's Lessee vs. Anthony et al.* was tried in the U. S. Supreme Court, Chief-Justice Marshall decided that "When a great river is the boundary line between two nations or States, if the original property is in neither, and there be no convention respecting it, each holds to the middle of the stream. But when, as in this case, one State is the original proprietor, and grants the territory on one side only, it retains the river within its own domains, and the newly created State extends to the river only. The river, however, is its boundary."

As between high and low water mark as the boundary line Justice Marshall in this case set it at the low water mark.

In 1783 the Legislature of Virginia empowered its delegates in Congress "to convey, transfer, assign, and make over unto the United States in Congress assembled, for the benefit of said States (proposed new States northwest of the Ohio), all right, title and claim, as well of soil as of jurisdiction, which this Commonwealth hath to the territory or tract of country within the limits of the Virginia Charter, situate, lying and being to the northwest of the river Ohio."

In 1845 Richard M. Garner and others,

who were captured by Virginia officers at the north bank of the Ohio river, near Marietta, in the act of assisting runaway slaves to escape, were tried in the Virginia courts. The case was decided against them in the lower courts, and on an appeal to the Virginia Supreme Court was argued at the December term, 1845, by Hon. S. F. Vinton, for the defendants, being assigned to that duty by the Governor of Ohio.

Vinton's argument was based on the ground that Virginia never had a valid claim to the lands northwest of the Ohio river. He held that Chief-Justice Marshall's decision was based on an erroneous historical assumption. Vinton says: "All the parties to that case (*Handly's Lessee vs. Anthony*), both the court and the bar assumed, without any historical investigation in the court below, that Virginia was the original proprietor of the country beyond the Ohio river, and that the question of boundary was to be decided by the laws of Virginia, and by her deed of cession to the United States." He further states that the "Virginia Charter," upon which Virginia's claims were based, was granted in 1609 to "The Treasurer and Company of Adventurers and Planters of the City of London." In 1724 this grant was dis-

solved by the Court of the King's Bench; henceforth, until the Revolution, Virginia was a crown colony with no claim to the territory northwest of the Ohio, and that after the Declaration of Independence the territory came under the jurisdiction of the United States by right of conquest.

In May, 1890, the Supreme Court of the United States reaffirmed the decision of Justice Marshall in a controversy between Kentucky and Indiana as to jurisdiction over Green River island, in the Ohio river, some six miles above Evansville. The court held that Kentucky's boundary extended to the low water mark on the north bank at the time Kentucky became a State, and Commissioners were appointed to ascertain and run the boundary line as designated, and to report to the court.

Shortly after this decision had been rendered, ex-Governor Cox wrote a letter to Governor Campbell, drawing his attention to the interests involved, and suggesting that he request Attorney-General Watson to intervene in the suit (it not being actually closed until the Commissioners' report had been accepted), and that Illinois and West Virginia be made parties. Measures were at once taken by Governor Campbell and Attorney-General Watson to interplead in Ohio's behalf before the United States Supreme Court.

Ex-Governor Cox denied the validity of Virginia's claim, and in his letter stated some of the complications likely to ensue if the decision of the Supreme Court was permitted to stand without question.

"The reasons for making the median line of a stream the boundary between private properties are infinitely stronger when it comes to nations and States. Cincinnati has six or eight miles of river front, on which she

has built levees and public landings, and our merchants and manufacturers have made docks, coal chutes, etc. If the ancient meandered line of the low water mark be rigidly renewed, the whole commercial front of this great city may possibly be held to be cut off from Ohio by some narrow strip sufficient to fence us in.

"If Kentucky prudently does not urge such a claim, we may still hold our territory, rather by sufferance than by title of a better kind. Railways have been built up and down the river on the Ohio shore. It can hardly be possible, in the nature of constructions of such a sort, that they have not trenched upon the water line. Shall a *quo warranto* in Kentucky forfeit their Ohio charters and rights of way? Kentucky companies plant bridge piers so close to Ohio that the value of adjacent property is destroyed. Must the Kentucky jury on the opposite shore have sole jurisdiction to assess damages?

"Suppose the war of secession had resulted in the independence of the South, and the Ohio had been the boundary, as the South claimed. The idea of a boundary on the north shore would have made peace forever impossible. The river is too important a highway of commerce to permit any separation of jurisdiction except in the middle of the stream. It has always been admitted that such also is the general rule of law. But an exceptional interpretation is claimed exactly where the reasons for the rule are most overwhelming. There could have been no good reason for Virginia and Kentucky controlling the whole river, and it cannot be supposed that the cession of Virginia saved such jurisdiction for bad reasons. I believe the publicists of the world would be shocked to see the claim of Virginia recognized as a rule of law."

EARLY HISTORY.

Nearly half a century elapsed after its first settlement before Vinton county was formed. The first settlers centred most strongly around McArthur and Vinton townships. A Mr. Musselman was one of the earliest. Of him but little is known, except that he was the discoverer of the burr stone. He worked a few years quarrying these stones, as did most of the early settlers.

It was in 1805 that Musselman came. He settled in Elk, the pioneer township of the county. He was a miller; being something of a geologist he discovered the fine burr stone, and in the spring of 1806 began his quarrying operations.

The first permanent settler in Elk was Levi Kelsey, who came about 1802, and was probably the very first settler in the county. Isaac and John Phillips came in 1806 and 1807. Levi Johnson came in 1811, put up the first distillery, and, being justice of the peace, performed the first marriage ceremony. Then came, and a little later, Jacob and Paul Shry, Geo. Fry, James and William Mysick, Edward Satts, Thaddeus Fuller, David Richmond, Rev. Joshua Green, Lemuel and Allen Lane, Joseph Gill, and Isaac West.

We copy here the personal recollections of early times in Vinton county by one of her pioneer women, Mrs. Charlotte E. Bothwell, given in 1874 at McArthur, when she was 86 years of age. She, with her husband, his brother, and their two children, emigrated here in the summer of 1814 from Silveysport, Md. She was then twenty-six years of age, and her husband twenty-nine.

They came down the Monongahela and Ohio rivers by pirogue, which he bought, hired a pilot, landed at Gallipolis, and came thence by wagon, having been just thirty-two days on the way.

It was on a Tuesday morning when they left Gallipolis with Mr. Pierson, her sister's husband, who had come with his wagon to help them on their way. The next morning they took breakfast at what is now Jackson. It was then nothing but "a salt works, a number of rough, scattering cabins, and long rows of kettles of boiling water."

The roads all the way were but mere paths, and the three men compelled to cut out roads with axes, and drive along hillsides, when it was all the men could do to keep the wagons from upsetting. After leaving Jackson, it was nine miles to Mr. Paine's, the first house. The remainder of her narrative we give in her own words.

About the middle of the day it began raining very hard, and rained all day ; everything was soaking with water. My youngest child lay in my arms wet and cold, and looked more like it was dead than alive. Several times we stopped the wagon to examine to see if it was dead. But we had to go on. There was no house to stop at till we got to Mr. Paine's. It was more than an hour after dark when we got there, wet, cold, and still raining. We found Mrs. Paine one of the best and kindest of women. An own mother could not have been more kind. After breakfast next morning, we started and got to my brother-in-law's the evening of the 5th of August, when four days afterward our child died.

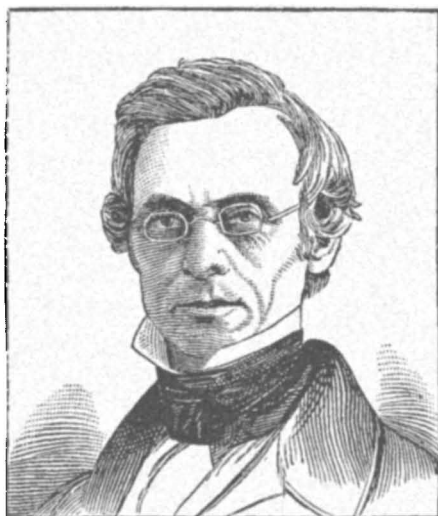
My husband had been here the spring previous, entered 160 acres of land, being now (1874) the farm once owned by David Ray, and reared the walls of a cabin upon it. When we got here, it had neither door, floor, window, chimney, nor roof. My husband hired two men to make clapboards to cover it, and puncheons for a floor, we remaining with my brother-in-law until this was done. We then moved into our new house, to finish it at our leisure. Isaac Pierson then "scutched" down the logs, my husband chinked it, and I daubed the cracks with clay.

There was no plank to be had, the nearest saw-mill being Dixon's, on Salt creek, twenty miles away. So I hung up a table-cloth to close the hole left for the window, and a bed-quilt for a door. The back wall of a fire-place occupied nearly one whole side of the house ; but the chimney was not built on it, and sometimes the smoke in the house would almost drive me out. We lived in this way five months. I was not used to backwoods life, and the howling of the wolves, with nothing but a suspended bed-quilt for a door, coupled with other discomforts of border life, made me wish many a time I was back at my good old home.

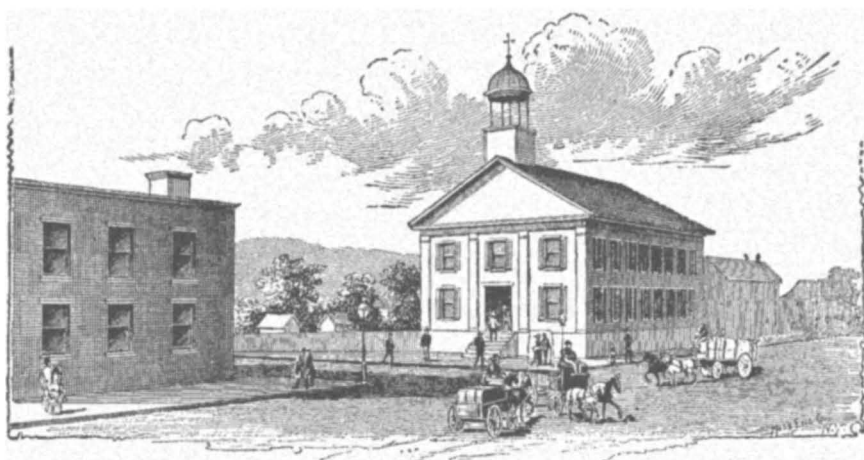
On the 14th of January, 1815, the chimney was built. My husband had some plank and sash, and made the door and window. The hinges and latches were of wood. Our cabin was the only one in the whole country around that had a glass window. On the same day, while the men were working at the house, I finished a suit of wedding clothes for David Johnson, father of George and Benjamin Johnson, who still live here. I had the suit all done but a black satin vest when he came here. I didn't know it was a wedding suit, and tried to put him off ; but he would not be put off. The next day my third child, Catherine, who is the widow of Joseph Foster, and lives near Sharonville, was born.

My husband was a cabinetmaker and painter, but bedsteads and chairs and painting were not in use here in that day, and his business was confined to making spinning-wheels and reels. He did not get his shop till the first of May, and as he had not worked for a year our little accumulated earnings were all spent. However, we were now comfortably fixed. I had some pipe-clay and white-washed the inside of the cabin, and some of our neighbors regarded us as very rich and very aristocratic—thought for this country we put on too much style !

I had learned the tailoring business and found plenty of work at it. There



SAMUEL F. VINTON.



Drawn by Henry Howe, 1886.

VINTON COUNTY COURT HOUSE, MCARTHUR.

was not much money in the settlement, and I was more often paid in work than in cash ; but we wanted our farm cleared up and therefore needed work. It cost us about \$10 per acre to clear the land, beside the fencing. Lands all belonged to the government and could be entered in quarter sections or 160 acres, at \$2 per acre, to be paid in four annual payments of \$80 each.

When we first came here there were perhaps fifty families in and around this settlement, most of them quarrying and making millstones. There was no person making a business of farming. All had their little patches of garden, but making millstones was the principal business. Isaac Pierson, father of Sarah Pierson, of Chillicothe, had the principal quarry. Afterward Aaron Lantz and Richard McDougal had large quarries. A man named Musselman first discovered the stone in 1805 and in 1806 employed Isaac Pierson to work for him. This was on section seven. There were no white people here at that time and the two camped out. Musselman quit, but the next year Pierson, finding the business to be very profitable, moved out, built the first cabin and made the first permanent settlement.

He employed hands to help him, and soon the settlement began to grow. The business was very profitable, and all engaged in it would have become independently rich but for one thing—*whiskey* ! Most of them drank ; and nearly every pair of millstones that was sold must bring back a barrel of whiskey, whether it brought flour or not. If the flour was out they could grind corn on their hand-mills, but they made it a point never to get out of whiskey.

Trading was done principally at Chillicothe. There was no store closer than Chillicothe or Athens. Everything we bought that was not produced in the country was very dear. The commonest calico, such as now sells at 6 to 10 cents, was 50 cents a yard ; coffee, 40 cents ; tea, \$1.25 ; we made our own sugar. We made it a point, however, to spend as little as possible. Our salt we got at Jackson ; gave \$2 for fifty pounds of such mean, wet, dirty salt as could not find a market now at any price.

All kinds of stock ran loose in the woods. Each person had his stock marked. My husband's mark was to point one ear and cut a V-shaped piece out of the other. I marked my geese by splitting the left web of the left foot. These marks were generally respected. There was good wild pasturage for the cattle, and hogs grew fat upon the mast. When one was wanted for use it was shot with the rifle.

A wilder country than this in the early days it would be hard to imagine, with its great systems of rocks and intermingled forests. Indians, wolves, wild game and snakes were more numerous than interesting. I remember distinctly one time, my son Thompson was a baby, I put him to sleep one afternoon in his cradle and went out to help my husband in the field. He had an Irishman working in the shop. In a little while after he went into the house to get some tobacco. He came soon running out to us, hallooing in the field, "Oh, mon ! come quick ; the devil he is in the house !" We hastened to the door, and found a large rattlesnake which had been lying by the cradle. Our presence disturbed it, and it ran under the bed, and my husband got a club and dragged it out and killed it.

MCARTHUR, county-seat of Vinton, about sixty miles southeast of Columbus, about 105 miles east of Cincinnati, is on the Ohio River Division of the C. H. V. & T., and three miles north of the C. W. & B. R. R. It is in the midst of a rich iron and coal region. The surrounding country is largely devoted to raising fine wool sheep, cattle and swine.

County Officers, 1888 : Auditor, John McNamara ; Clerk, David H. Moore ; Commissioners, William J. Cox, Lyman Wells, Henry C. Robbins ; Coroner, Jacob D. Christ ; Infirmary Directors, Nathan B. Westcook, John Bray, E. McCormack ; Probate Judge, John N. McLaughlin ; Prosecuting Attorney, William S. Hudson ; Recorder, Cyrus C. Moore ; Sheriff, Enos T. Winters ; Surveyor, Simon R. Walker ; Treasurer, Eli Reynolds. City Officers, 1888 : H.

W. Horton, Mayor; John S. Morrison, Clerk; V. R. Sprague, Treasurer; John Lowry, Marshal. Newspapers: *Democrat-Enquirer*, Democratic, Alexander Pearce, editor; *Plaindealer*, Democratic, J. W. Bowen, editor; *Vinton Record*, Republican, A. Barleon, editor. Churches: 1 Christian, 1 Methodist Episcopal, 1 Presbyterian and 1 Episcopal. Banks: Vinton Co. National, Daniel Will, president, J. W. Delay, cashier. Population, 1880, 900. School census, 1888, 343; Joseph Rea, school superintendent. Census, 1890, 888.

McArthur was named from Gov. Duncan McArthur, a sketch of whom will be found under the head of Ross County. It is sometimes called the "Mineral City," and is on a pleasant elevation of table land, between two branches of Elk fork of Raccoon creek. It is environed by low hills, with coal banks from every direction facing the town. Previous to the year 1815, this spot was mostly a forest, where two brothers, William and Jerry Pierson, built cabins, and possibly some others. Burrstone quarries were then being worked in the north part of the county by the first settlers, and two of the roads coming together here made it of some importance as a stopping-place.

McArthur was laid out in 1815 under the name of McArthurstown, after Gov. McArthur. The name was changed, Feb. 7, 1851, by act of the legislature, and the place incorporated. By the census of 1850 it had 424 inhabitants.

Robert Sage, Esq., gave us some interesting items, which we noted as he talked to us on our visit to McArthur, Tuesday, 5 P.M., March 30, 1886. He said: "McArthur was laid out in 1815 by Moses Dawson, Levi Johnson, Isaac Pearson, George Will, J. Beach, and Samuel Lutz the surveyor, who is now living at Circleville. His age is 98, is in good health, and within a year has surveyed land. [He died in 1889, aged over 101 years.] The acknowledgment of the laying out was taken before Joseph Wallace, on Saturday, the day before the battle of Waterloo, which was fought Sunday, June 18, 1815. My father, Joel Sage, built the first house that was built after the laying out, and in the ensuing fall began to keep therein what is believed to have been the first tavern opened in the limits of the county. I have been a justice of the peace twenty-one years, and was the first boy who had a home here.

"Phillips & Winzer, about the year 1817, opened a store on the lot now owned by Dr. A. Wolf. At that period James Stancliff, the first justice of the peace, started the first school. The population of the county is, I think, more largely than usual of the old American stock, and we claim for them extraordinary health and vigor. Living is very cheap. Retail prices for sirloin steak 10 cents a pound; best pork steak at 8 to 10 cents; chickens, 15 to 25 cents each; turkeys, 6 cents per pound; eggs, 8 to 10 cents per dozen, and coal delivered at 5 cents per bushel."

From the "History of the Hocking Valley" we learn that the 18th Ohio, which was formed from this and the adjoining counties, had a somewhat unusual experience while stationed, May 1, 1862, just outside of Athens, Georgia. Being attacked by a superior force, they were ordered to retire towards Huntsville. Their route took them through Athens, whereupon the citizens, seeing them fall back, insulted them, the men throwing up their hats and the women waving their handkerchiefs and all jeering and hooting at them, while some shots were fired from the houses. The men were so abused that the officers could with difficulty restrain them. Gen. Turchin came to their support with the 19th Illinois and some artillery, when they faced about and drove the enemy out of town and vicinity. This was the occasion when Turchin's brigade "went through Athens."

Some of the Illinois companies were composed of Chicago roughs; with such men for leaders, the soldiers, feeling outraged by their treatment from the citizens, who had been well treated by them, retaliated. This was in accord with Col. Turchin's European ideas of war customs, so in the result there was scarcely a store or warehouse that they did not pillage.

Col. Turchin laid in the Court-house yard while the devastation was going on. An aid-de-camp approached, when the colonel remarked.

"Vell, lieutenant, I think it is dime dis dam billaging vas shtop."

"Oh, no, colonel," replied he, "the boys are not half done *jerking*."

"Ish dat so? Den I schleep for half an hour longer," said the colonel, as he rolled his fat, dumpty body over on the grass again.

The boys of the 19th Illinois used the word "jerk" in the sense of steal or pillage. This gave the 18th Ohio and 19th Illinois the appellation of "Turchin's Thieves." For this act Turchin was court-martialled and dismissed

from the service by orders of Buell; but Lincoln, recognizing his soldierly qualities, restored him with the rank of brigadier-general. This retaliation secured better treatment from the citizens.

A gentleman of many years and experience, who has long known Vinton county, Mr. S. W. Ely, agricultural editor of the Cincinnati *Gazette*, who made it a visit in the summer of 1886, has put in print these valuable facts:

"Since our last issue we have enjoyed the opportunity of visiting the county of Vinton, Ohio, which is situate on the C. B. & W. Railway, within 150 miles east of this city, and contrasting conditions and appearances at present with those existing thirty years ago. At that time the county had recently been formed from Ross, Athens, Hocking and Jackson, and a scattering country village, almost unapproachable from the outer world, located as its 'court-house,' with a patronymic derived from one of Ohio's early governors.

"McArthur was situate on the long and difficult hilly and muddy road which extended sixty miles from Chillicothe to Athens, nearly equidistant between those pioneer boroughs. A few of its early settlers were known to the Scioto valley stock feeders as reliable breeders of 'sassafras' bovines and mountain sheep, and occasionally a caravan of 'Salt Creekers,' with their few hundred feet of 'plank,' their feathers, eggs, 'parilla, and maple molasses came into the 'Ancient Metropolis' for marketing purposes.

"It was understood before that time, however, that Vinton county territory abounded in both sylvan and mineral riches. The first geological survey of the State under Prof. Mather, assisted by the veterans, Briggs, Whittlesey, etc., had been finished and particular mention made of the millstone, coals, iron ores, and other mineral riches of the new county and its neighboring shires. But not until the Marietta and Cincinnati Railroad was completed to the Ohio river did the newly opened territory begin earnestly to improve.

"Trade in the 'black diamonds' with the communities towards the west opened and rapidly increased. The finest timber and best tanbark—the prey most greedily coveted on our new railway lines—were soon wheeled off and utilized. An English colony introduced its 'best methods' at Zaleski, and 'astonished the natives' by erecting a gas-house and indulging in expensive gradation of streets before their hamlet was fairly started, following up with a large blast furnace, in which they vainly strove to make good pigs with a raw sulphurous coal—a task they had to abandon, so that their stack soon crumbled down to the foundation, and a slowly-growing village, kept alive by a portion of the railway machine shops, ensued their bright expectations.

"Within a few years the Columbus and Hocking Valley Railroad has been thrust southwardly, across Vinton county, from Logan, through McArthur to Pomeroy, reinforcing the old Portsmouth branch of the C. B. & W. in connecting this interesting region with steamboat navigation. And this brings us to the point of our paragraph. In no respect has this county more positively improved since our earliest acquaintance with it than in that of its agriculture. On every hand, within sight of the railroad, the lands have been largely cleared, and the fields are clothed with rich coats of cultivated grasses, including blue grass, orchard grass, red-top, timothy, etc., while great attention is paid to the clover crop.

"A gentleman who kindly drove us over a considerable scope of country remarked: 'Our farmers formerly paid more attention to the cereals, but after three or four crops of corn on the same ground they found that their warranty deeds were not strong enough to *hold their lands*, so they have resorted to grass, hay, pasturage, and cattle and sheep breeding and fattening, so that the old gullies washed in our hillsides are filled up, smoothed over, and 'all dressed in living green.' Meantime agricultural methods have greatly improved in most other

respects. The fields we cultivate are well plowed, harrowed, and the clods broken, before the seed is sown or planted. Our crops are larger and more sure than before; the values of lands have increased correspondingly, and our farmers pay their taxes, and become rich and independent.'

"We observe that great attention is paid to orchard and fruit raising. Our friend, on sixty-six acres, has 1,100 apple trees, a moiety of which are the Hughes Virginia Crab, from each of which he will make this year a barrel of cider, worth ten dollars in market. This, he thinks, will pay better than grain or grapes. His place adjoins the town of McArthur, and is remarkably fertile, underlaid also by good, workable coal. It is in a lovely region. It is probable, we think, that no part of our great State can boast of a greater degree of agricultural improvement, effected in the same period, than Vinton county. The construction of railroads through her territory has led in this desirable direction. In picturesque beauty she can now challenge the most favored regions, while in all other respects we have reason to believe her people have advanced. Good agriculture is at once the basis and proof of civic improvement. The population of this part of the State is very rapidly increasing, and the inducements for the exercise of industry and energy are excellent."

ZALESKI is on the C. W. & B. R. R., forty-two miles east of Chillicothe and about six northeast from McArthur. It is named from Peter Zaleski, a banker in Paris, a native of Poland, and financial agent for Polish exiles of wealth in France. He was a leading member of the Zaleski Mining Company, which bought large quantities of mineral land hereabout and laid out the town on their land in 1856. For many years it was simply a mining town, the company building houses for rent to their employees. The ores proving unremunerative, the houses have fallen into the ownership of individuals, and it has lost its identity as a mining town. The greatest industry here is the repairing shops of the railroad, which employs many workmen. It has 1 Episcopal Methodist, 1 Catholic and 1 Mission Baptist Church.

City Officers, 1888: Sylvester Shry, Mayor; Peter Hoffman, Clerk; Jacob Dorst, Treasurer; John McCoy, Marshal and Street Commissioner.

Population, 1880, 1,175. School census, 1888, 374; J. W. Delay, school superintendent.

HAMDEN P. O., Hamden Junction, is seven miles southwest of McArthur, on the C. W. & B. R. R. It has 1 Presbyterian and 1 Disciples church. City Officers, 1888: S. F. Cramer, Mayor; H. D. Wortman, Clerk; R. R. Brown, Treasurer; J. B. Watts, Marshal; William Ogier, Commissioner. Newspaper: *Hamden Enterprise*, Independent; K. J. Cameron, editor and publisher. Population, 1880, 520. School census, 1888, 250; D. B. Dye, school superintendent.

WILKESVILLE is fifteen miles southeast of McArthur. It has 1 Methodist Episcopal, 1 Presbyterian, 1 United Brethren, and 1 Catholic church. Population, 1880, 309; school census, 1888, 104. The hills there are rich in iron and coal.

WARREN.

WARREN COUNTY was formed from Hamilton, May 1, 1803, and named in honor of Gen. Joseph Warren, who fell at the battle of Bunker Hill.

The surface is generally undulating, but Harlan township embraces a part of an extensive region formerly known as "The Swamps," now drained and cultivated. The greater portion of the county is drained by the Little Miami river. The soil is nearly all productive, much of it being famed for its wonderful strength and fertility.

Area, about 400 square miles. In 1887 the acres cultivated were 136,739; in pasture, 32,696; woodland, 30,282; lying waste, 5,724; produced in wheat, 394,588 bushels; rye, 715; buckwheat, 193; oats, 304,601; barley, 1,306; corn, 1,453,744; broom corn, 7,550 lbs. brush; meadow hay, 16,042 tons; clover hay, 2,871; flaxseed, 64 bushels; potatoes, 25,599; tobacco, 246,863 lbs.; butter, 524,454; sorghum, 925 gallons; maple syrup, 5,689; honey, 1,946 lbs.; eggs, 373,189 dozen; grapes, 9,400 lbs.; wine, 50 gallons; sweet potatoes, 3,886 bushels; apples, 3,940; peaches, 70; pears, 1,682; wool, 83,761 lbs.; milch cows owned, 5,587. School census, 1888, 7,611; teachers, 168. Miles of railroad track, 100.

TOWNSHIPS AND CENSUS.	1840.	1880.	TOWNSHIPS AND CENSUS.	1840.	1880.
Clear Creek,	2,821	2,782	Salem,	2,955	2,052
Deerfield,	1,875	2,011	Turtle Creek,	4,951	5,799
Franklin,	2,455	4,148	Union,	1,617	1,110
Hamilton,	1,718	2,523	Washington,	1,306	1,390
Harlan,		2,242	Wayne,	3,392	2,904
Massie,		1,431			

Population of Warren in 1820 was 17,838; 1830, 21,474; 1840, 23,073; 1860, 26,902; 1880, 28,392; of whom 23,256 were born in Ohio; 643 Virginia; 573 Pennsylvania; 539 Kentucky; 364 Indiana; 188 New York; 574 German Empire; 520 Ireland; 180 England and Wales; 32 Scotland; 24 France; 24 British America, and 4 Norway and Sweden.

Census, 1890, 25,468.

On September 21, 1795, William Bedle, from New Jersey, set out from one of the settlements near Cincinnati with a wagon, tools and provisions, to make a new settlement in the Third or Military Range. This was about one month after the fact had become known that Wayne had made a treaty of peace with the Indians. He travelled with a surveying party under Capt. John Dunlap, following Har-mar's trace to his lands, where he left the party and built a block-house as a protection against the Indians, who might not respect the treaty of peace.

Bedle's Station was a well-known place in the early history of the county, and was five miles west of Lebanon and nearly two miles south of Union village. Here several families lived in much simplicity, the clothing of the children being made chiefly out of dressed deerskin, some of the larger girls being clad in buckskin petticoats and short gowns. Bedle's Station has generally been regarded as the first settlement in the county. About the time of its settlement, however, or not long after, William Mounts and five others established Mounts' Station, on a broad and fertile bottom on the south side of the Little Miami, about three miles below the mouth of Todd's Fork, building their cabins in a circle around a spring as a protection against the Indians.

Deerfield, now South Lebanon, is probably the oldest town in the county. Its proprietors gave a number of lots to those who would erect houses on them and

become residents of the place. On January 25, 1796, the proprietors advertised in the *Centinel of the Northwest Territory* that all the lots they proposed to donate had been taken, and that twenty-five houses and cabins had been erected. Benjamin Stites, Sr., Benjamin Stites, Jr., and John Stites Gano were the proprietors. The senior Stites owned nearly ten thousand acres between Lebanon and Deerfield. Andrew Lytle, Nathan Kelly and Gen. David Sutton were among the early settlers at Deerfield. The pioneer and soldier, Capt. Ephraim Kibbey, died here in 1809, aged 55 years.

In the spring of 1796 settlements were made in various parts of the county. The settlements at Deerfield, Franklin and the vicinities of Lebanon and Waynesville, all date from the spring of 1796. It is probable that a few cabins were erected at Deerfield and Franklin in the autumn of 1795, but it is not probable that any families were settled at either place until the next spring.

Among the earliest white men who made their homes in the county were those who settled on the *forfeitures* in Deerfield township. They were poor men, wholly destitute of means to purchase land, and were willing to brave dangers from savage foes, and to endure the privations of a lonely life in the wilderness to receive gratuitously the tract of 106 $\frac{2}{3}$ acres forfeited by each purchaser of a section of land who did not commence improvements within two years after the date of his purchase. In a large number of the sections below the third range there was a forfeited one-sixth part, and a number of hardy adventurers had established themselves on the northeast corner of the section. Some of these adventurers were single men, living solitary and alone in little huts, and supporting themselves chiefly with their rifles. Others had their families with them at an early period.

THE PERILOUS ADVENTURE OF CAPT. BENHAM.

Capt. Robert Benham, the subject of one of the most romantic stories in the history of the Ohio valley, died on a farm about a mile southwest of Lebanon, in 1809, aged 59 years. He is said to have built, in 1789, the first hewed log-house in Cincinnati, and established a ferry at Cincinnati over the Ohio, February 18, 1792. He was a member of the first Territorial Legislature, and of the first board of county commissioners of Warren county. He was a native of Pennsylvania and a man of great muscular strength and activity. He was one of a party of seventy men who were attacked by Indians near the Ohio, opposite Cincinnati, in the war of the Revolution, the circumstances of which here follow from a published source.

In the autumn of 1779, a number of keel boats were ascending the Ohio under the command of Maj. Rodgers, and had advanced as far as the mouth of Licking without accident. Here, however, they observed a few Indians standing upon the southern extremity of a sandbar, while a canoe, rowed by three others, was in the act of putting off from the Kentucky shore, as if for the purpose of taking them aboard. Rodgers immediately ordered the boats to be made fast on the Kentucky shore, while the crew, to the number of seventy men, well armed, cautiously advanced in such a manner as to encircle the spot where the enemy had been seen to land. Only five or six Indians had been seen, and no one dreamed of encountering more than fifteen or twenty enemies. When Rodgers, however, had, as he supposed, completely surrounded the enemy, and was preparing to rush upon them from several quarters at once, he was thunderstruck at beholding several hundred savages suddenly spring up in front, rear, and

upon both flanks. They instantly poured in a close discharge of rifles, and then throwing down their guns, fell upon the survivors with the tomahawk. The panic was complete, and the slaughter prodigious. Maj. Rodgers, together with forty-five others of his men, were quickly destroyed. The survivors made an effort to regain their boats, but the five men who had been left in charge of them had immediately put off from shore in the hindmost boat, and the enemy had already gained possession of the others. Disappointed in the attempt, they turned furiously upon the enemy, and, aided by the approach of darkness, forced their way through their lines, and with the loss of several severely wounded, at length effected their escape to Harrodsburgh.

Among the wounded was Capt. Robert Benham. Shortly after breaking through the enemy's line he was shot through both hips, and the bones being shattered, he fell to the ground. Fortunately, a large tree had

lately fallen near the spot where he lay, and with great pain he dragged himself into the top, and lay concealed among the branches. The Indians, eager in pursuit of the others, passed him without notice, and by midnight all was quiet. On the following day the Indians returned to the battle-ground, in order to strip the dead and take care of the boats. Benham, although in danger of famishing, permitted them to pass without making known his condition, very correctly supposing that his crippled legs would only induce them to tomahawk him upon the spot in order to avoid the trouble of carrying him to their town. He lay close, therefore, until the evening of the second day, when perceiving a raccoon descending a tree near him, he shot it, hoping to devise some means of reaching it, when he could kindle a fire and make a meal. Scarcely had his gun cracked, however, when he heard a human cry, apparently not more than fifty yards off. Supposing it to be an Indian, he hastily reloaded his gun and remained silent, expecting the approach of an enemy.

Presently the same voice was heard again, but much nearer. Still Benham made no reply, but cocked his gun and sat ready to fire as soon as an object appeared. A third halloo was quickly heard, followed by an exclamation of impatience and distress, which convinced Benham that the unknown must be a Kentuckian. As soon, therefore, as he heard the expression, "Whoever you are, for God's sake answer me!" he replied with readiness, and the parties were soon together. Benham, as we have already observed, was shot through both legs. The man who now appeared had escaped from the same battle *with both arms broken!* Thus each was enabled to supply what the other wanted. Benham, having the perfect use of his arms, could load his gun and kill game with great readiness, while his friend having the use of his legs, could kick the game to the spot where Benham sat, who was thus enabled to cook it. When no wood was near them, his companion would rake up brush with his feet, and gradually roll it within reach of Benham's hands, who constantly fed his companion and dressed *his* wounds as well as his own, tearing up both of their shirts for that purpose. They found some difficulty in procuring water at first, but Benham at length took his own hat, and placing the rim between the teeth of his companion, directed him to wade into the Licking, up to his neck, and dip the hat into the water by sinking his own head. The man who could walk was thus enabled to bring water, by means of his

teeth, which Benham could afterwards dispose of as was necessary.

In a few days they had killed all the squirrels and birds within reach, and the man with the broken arms was sent out to drive game within gunshot of the spot to which Benham was confined. Fortunately, wild turkeys were abundant in those woods, and his companion would walk around and drive them towards Benham, who seldom failed to kill two or three of each flock. In this manner they supported themselves for several weeks, until their wounds had healed so as to enable them to travel. They then shifted their quarters, and put up a small shed at the mouth of Licking, where they encamped until late in November, anxiously expecting the arrival of some boat, which should convey them to the falls of Ohio.

On the 27th of November they observed a flat boat moving leisurely down the river. Benham hoisted his hat upon a stick and hallooed loudly for help. The crew, however, supposing them to be Indians—at least suspecting them of an intention to decoy them ashore—paid no attention to their signals of distress, but instantly put over to the opposite side of the river, and manning every oar, endeavored to pass them as rapidly as possible. Benham beheld them pass him with a sensation bordering on despair, for the place was much frequented by Indians, and the approach of winter threatened them with destruction, unless speedily relieved. At length, after the boat had passed him nearly half a mile, he saw a canoe put off from its stern, and cautiously approached the Kentucky shore, evidently reconnoitring them with great suspicion. He called loudly upon them for assistance, mentioned his name, and made known his condition. After a long parley, and many evidences of reluctance on the part of the crew, the canoe at length touched the shore, and Benham and his friend were taken on board. Their appearance excited much suspicion. They were almost entirely naked, and their faces were garnished with six weeks' growth of beard. The one was barely able to hobble upon crutches, and the other could manage to feed himself with one of his hands. They were taken to Louisville, where their clothes (which had been carried off in the boat which deserted them) were restored to them, and after a few weeks' confinement, both were perfectly restored.

Benham afterwards served in the Northwest throughout the whole of the Indian war—accompanied the expeditions of Harmar and Wilkinson—shared in the disaster of St. Clair and afterwards in the triumph of Wayne.

Lebanon, the county-seat, is pleasantly located in the beautiful Turtle creek valley. The first one hundred lots of the town were surveyed in September, 1802, by Ichabod B. Halsey, on the lands of Ichabod Corwin, Ephraim Hathaway, Silas Hurin and Samuel Manning. On the organization of the county, six months later, it was made the seat of justice.

The town was laid out in a forest of lofty trees and a thick undergrowth of spice-bushes. At the time of the survey of the streets, it is believed that there

were but two houses on the town-plat. The one first erected was a hewed log-house, built by Ichabod Corwin in the spring of 1800. It stood near the centre of the town-plat, on the east of Broadway, between Mulberry and Silver streets, and, having been purchased by Ephraim Hathaway, with about ten acres surrounding it, became the first tavern in the place. The courts were held in it during the years 1803 and 1804. This log-house was a substantial one, and stood until about 1826. The town did not grow rapidly the first year. Isaiah Morris, afterward of Wilmington, came to the town in June, 1803, three months after it had been made the temporary seat of justice. He says: "The population then consisted of Ephraim Hathaway, the tavern-keeper; Collin Campbell, Joshua Collett and myself." This statement, of course, must be understood as referring to the inhabitants of the town-plat only. There were several families residing in the near vicinity, and the Turtle creek valley throughout was perhaps at this time more thickly settled than any other region in the county. The log-house of Ephraim Hathaway was not only the first tavern, under the sign of a *black horse*, and the first place of holding courts, but Isaiah Morris claims that in it he, as clerk for his uncle, John Huston, sold the first goods which were sold in Lebanon. Ephraim Hathaway's tavern had, for a time at least, the sign of a *Black Horse*. At an early day the proprietor erected the large brick building still standing at the northeast corner of Mulberry and Broadway, where he continued the business. This building was afterward known as the *Hardy House*.

Samuel Manning, about 1795, purchased from Benjamin Stites the west half of the section on which the court-house now stands, at one dollar per acre. Henry Taylor built the first mill near Lebanon, on Turtle creek, in 1799.

The first school-house was a low, rough log-cabin, put up by the neighbors in a few hours, with no tool but the axe. It stood on the north bank of Turtle creek, not far from where the west boundary of Lebanon now crosses Main street. The first teacher was Francis Dunlevy, and he opened the first school in the spring of 1798. Some of the boys who attended his school walked a distance of four or five miles. Among the pupils of Francis Dunlevy were Gov. Thomas Corwin, Judge George Kesling, Hon. Moses B. Corwin, A. H. Dunlevy, William Taylor (afterward of Hamilton, Ohio), Matthias Corwin (afterward clerk of court), Daniel Voorhis, John Sellers and Jacob Sellers.

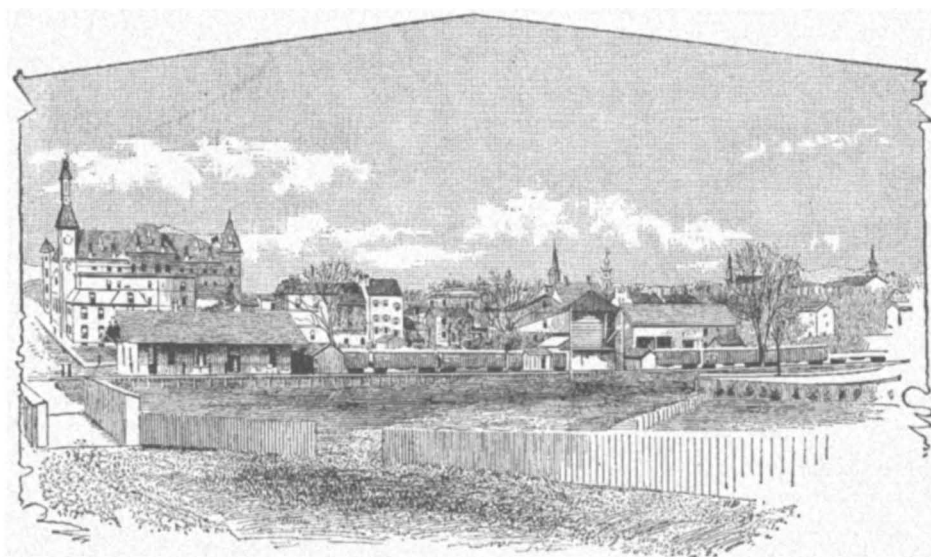
The first lawyer was Joshua Collett, afterward Judge of the Supreme Court of Ohio, who came to Lebanon in June, 1803. The first newspaper was started in 1806 by John McLean, afterward Justice of the U. S. Supreme Court. The first court-house was a two-story brick building on Broadway, thirty-six feet square, erected in 1805, at a cost of \$1,450. The lower story was the court-room, and was paved with brick twelve inches square and four inches thick. The proceeds of each alternate lot in the original town-plat were donated to aid in the erection of this court-house. In this quaint old building Corwin and McLean made their earliest efforts at the bar, and Francis Dunlevy, Joshua Collett and Geo. J. Smith sat as president judges under the first Constitution of Ohio. (It was destroyed by fire September 1, 1874.) The Lebanon Academy was built in 1844.

Lebanon in 1846.—Lebanon, the county-seat, is twenty-eight miles northeast of Cincinnati, eighty southwest of Columbus, and twenty-two south of Dayton, in a beautiful and fertile country. Turnpikes connect it with Cincinnati, Dayton and Columbus. It is also connected with Middletown, nineteen miles distant, by the Warren County Canal, which, commencing here, unites there with the Miami Canal. The Little Miami Railroad runs four miles east of Lebanon, to which it is contemplated to construct a branch. The Warren County Canal is supplied by a reservoir of thirty or forty acres north of the town. Lebanon is regularly laid out in squares and compactly built. It contains 1 Presbyterian, 1 Cumberland Presbyterian, 2 Baptist, 1 Episcopal Methodist and 1 Protestant Methodist church, 2 printing-offices, 9 dry goods and 6 grocery stores, 1 grist and 2 saw



Drawn by Henry Howe in 1846.

CENTRAL VIEW, LEBANON.



Clander, Photo, 1886.

CENTRAL VIEW, LEBANON.

mills, 1 woollen manufactory, a classical academy for both sexes, and had, in 1840, 1,327 inhabitants.—*Old Edition.*

LEBANON, county-seat of Warren, about seventy miles southeast of Columbus, twenty-nine miles northeast from Cincinnati, on the P. C. & St. L. R. R. It is the seat of the National Normal University.

County Officers, 1888 : Auditor, Alfred H. Graham ; Clerk, Geo. L. Schenck ; Commissioners, Nehemiah McKinsey, Wm. J. Collett, James M. Keever ; Coroner, George W. Carey ; Infirmary Directors, Henry J. Greathouse, Peter D. Hatfield, Henry K. Cain ; Probate Judge, Frank M. Cunningham ; Prosecuting Attorney, Albert Anderson ; Recorder, Charles H. Eulass ; Sheriff, Al. Brant ; Surveyor, Frank A. Bone ; Treasurer, Charles F. Coleman. City Officers, 1888 : I. N. Walker, Mayor ; S. A. Chamberlin, Clerk ; John Bowers, Marshal ; J. M. Oglesby, Treasurer. Newspapers : *Gazette*, Republican, R. W. Smith, editor and publisher ; *Patriot*, Democratic, T. M. Proctor, editor and publisher ; *Western Star*, Republican, William C. McClintock, editor and publisher. Churches : 3 Baptist, 2 Presbyterian, 1 Catholic, 1 Methodist Episcopal, 1 African Methodist Episcopal, 1 German Lutheran. Bank : Lebanon National, John M. Haynor, president, Jos. M. Oglesby, cashier. Has no manufactures. Population, 1880, 2,703. School census, 1888, 853 ; J. F. Lukens, school superintendent.

Census, 1890, 3,174.

The National Normal University, of Lebanon, Ohio, Alfred Holbrook, president, is an educational institution that has met with a large measure of success. It is conducted as an independent institution, without aid from church or State. It is well equipped with suitable buildings, a fine large library, and an efficient corps of teachers, thirty-five in number. In 1889 the University had 1,940 male and 1,069 female students, and since its founding in 1855 has educated at a very small cost thousands who are now engaged as teachers in professions and in business in all parts of the country.

During the trial at Lebanon, in 1871, of McGehan, who was accused of the murder of a man from Hamilton named Myers, the Hon. Clement L. Vallandigham, who had been retained by the defence, accidentally shot himself. The accident occurred on the evening of June 16, in one of the rooms of the Lebanon House. Mr. Vallandigham, with pistol in hand, was showing Gov. McBurney how Myers might have shot himself, when the pistol was discharged, the ball entering the right side of the abdomen, between the ribs. Mr. Vallandigham lived through the night and expired the next morning at ten o'clock.

In an old graveyard west of Lebanon were buried many early pioneers. Here are the graves of Judge Francis Dunlevy, Elder Daniel Clark, Judge Joshua Collett, Judge Matthias Corwin (the father of Gov. Corwin), and Keziah Corwin (grandmother of the governor). In this yard was buried a daughter of Henry Clay, the inscription upon whose tombstone is as follows : "In memory of Eliza H. Clay, daughter of Henry and Lucretia Clay, who died on the 11th day of August, 1825, aged twelve years, during a journey from their residence at Lexington, in Kentucky, to Washington City. Cut off in the bloom of a promising life, her parents have erected this monument, consoling themselves with the belief that she now abides in heaven."

Here lie the remains of four maiden sisters, instantly killed by lightning, as stated on an adjoining page.

Mary Ann Klingling, who bequeathed \$35,000 to establish the Orphans' Home, one mile west of town, was buried here, and at her request no tombstone marks her grave. In the Lebanon Cemetery, northwest of the town, are the graves of Gov. Corwin and Gen. Durbin Ward.

Lebanon is proud as having been the home of Thomas Corwin. The mansion in which he lived is on its western edge, on the banks of a small stream, *Turtle* creek, some two rods wide, now the residence of Judge Sage, of the U. S. District Court, his son-in-law.

In Memory of ANN, Daughter of Henry and Elizabeth HARNER, Who died May 30, 1841, Aged 27 years, 3 months, and 26 days.	In Memory of ELIZABETH, Daughter of Henry and Elizabeth HARNER, Who died May 30, 1841, Aged 35 years, 6 months, and 18 days.	In Memory of MARY, Daughter of Henry and Elizabeth HARNER, Who died May 30, 1841, Aged 38 years, 2 months, and 28 days.	In Memory of SARAH, Daughter of Henry and Elizabeth HARNER, Who died May 30, 1841, Aged 40 years, 7 months, and 14 days.
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MONUMENTS IN MEMORY OF FOUR MAIDEN SISTERS KILLED BY LIGHTNING.

They stand side by side in the old burial-ground west of Lebanon. They lived in a log-house of four rooms, half a mile west of the town, and each was in a separate room at the time of the destructive bolt, and all instantly killed.

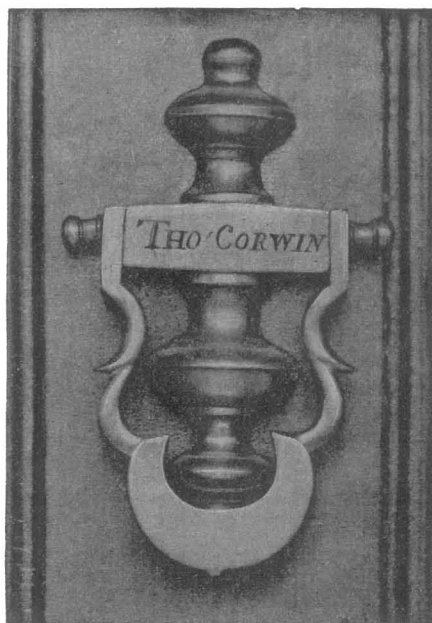


Clauder, Photo., 1886.

THE CORWIN MANSION.



THOMAS CORWIN.



Clauder, Photo.

THE DOOR-KNOCKER.

As I approached the spot not a soul was in sight. I came to the broad door of the mansion, and there faced me a huge brass knocker, on which was engraved THOMAS CORWIN. A quarter of a century has passed, and of all those who have come since and grasped that knocker not one has inquired for Thomas Corwin. The heart of every one has answered as he read—"dead!" The sight affects as a funeral crape; nay more. It is not only an emotion of melancholy that comes with the sight of that name, but one of sublimity in the comprehension of the character that appears to the vision.

Corwin was the one single, great brave soul who, on the floor of Congress, dared to warn his countrymen, in words of solemn eloquence, from pursuing "a flagrant, desolating war of conquest" against a half-civilized, feeble race. He implored them "to stay the march of misery." No glory was to be attained by such a war. "Each chapter," said he, "we write in Mexican blood may close the volume of our history as a free people."

To the plea that the war must be continued because we wanted more room, more territory for our increasing population, he replied: "The Senator from Michigan (Mr. Cass) says we will be two hundred millions in a few years, and we want room. If I were a Mexican, I would tell you, '*Have you not room in your own country to bury your dead men? If you come into mine, we will greet you with bloody hands, and welcome you to hospitable graves.*'"

Then he warned them of the inevitable consequences of the war; the acquisition of new Territories; a fratricidal war between the forces of Slavery and the forces of Freedom for the right to enter and possess the land. His closing words were as follows:

Should we prosecute this war another moment, or expend one dollar more for the purchase or conquest of a single acre of Mexican land, the North and the South are brought into collision on a point where neither will yield. Who can foresee or foretell the result? Who so bold or reckless as to look such a conflict in the face unmoved? I do not envy the heart of him who can realize the possibility of such a conflict without emotions too painful to be endured. Why then shall we, the representatives of the sovereign States of this Union—the chosen guardians of this confederated Republic—why should we precipitate this fearful struggle, by continuing a war the results of which must be to force us at once upon it?

Sir, rightly considered, THIS is treason; treason to the Union; treason to the dearest interests, the loftiest aspirations, the most cherished hopes of our constituents. It is a crime to risk the possibility of such a contest. It is a crime of such infernal hue that every other in the catalogue of iniquity, when compared with it, whitens into virtue.

Oh, Mr. President, it does seem to me, if hell itself could yawn and vomit up the fiends that inhabit its penal abodes, commissioned to disturb the harmony of the world, and dash the fairest prospect of happiness that ever allured the hopes of men, the first step in the consummation of this diabolical purpose would be, to light up the fires of internal war, and plunge the sister States of this

Union into the bottomless gulf of civil strife!

We stand this day on the crumbling brink of that gulf—we see its bloody eddies wheeling and boiling before us. Shall we not pause before it be too late? How plain again is here the path, I may add, the only way of duty, of prudence, of true patriotism. Let us abandon all idea of acquiring further territory, and by consequence cease at once to prosecute this war.

Let us call home our armies, and bring them at once within our acknowledged limits. Show Mexico that you are sincere when you say that you desire nothing by conquest. She has learned that she cannot encounter you in war, and if she had not, she is too weak to disturb you here. Tender her peace, and, my life on it, she will then accept it. But whether she shall or not, you will have peace without her consent. It is your invasion that has made war; your retreat will restore peace.

Let us then close forever the approaches of internal feud, and so return to the ancient concord, and the old way of national prosperity and permanent glory. Let us here, in this temple consecrated to the Union, perform a solemn lustration; let us wash Mexican blood from our hands, and on these altars, in the presence of that image of the Father of his country that looks down upon us, swear to preserve honorable peace with all the world, and eternal brotherhood with each other.

This great solemn appeal of Corwin fell upon dulled sensibilities. The greed of conquest had possession; the popular cry was, "Our country, right or wrong."

It brought down upon him a torrent of execration from every low gathering of the unthinking, careless multitude. "To show their hate," to use his own words, uttered years later, he was "burned in effigy often, but not burned up." He lived on too high a plane of statesmanship for their moral comprehension. All he predicted came to pass. It was as a prophecy of great woe. The woe ensued. Half a million of young men, the flower of the land, perished; and the Mexican war only ended with the surrender at Appomattox. Thenceforward could the old bell on Independence Hall, for the first time, truly ring forth, "Liberty throughout all the land." No thanks to those who brought the woe; glory to those who fought for the bright end.

Mr. Corwin was a great man every way; heavy, strong in person, with a large, benevolent, kindly spirit, and an intellect that illustrated genius. He was his own complete master; never lost himself in the crevices of his own ideas, but could at will summon every quality of his creative brain, and bring each to bear as the occasion seemed to demand. Like Lincoln, a great humorist, he was at heart a sad man; and his jokes and witticisms were but used as a by-play, to relieve a mind filled with the sublimities and awe-inspiring questions that ever face humanity.

As his old age approached he thought his life had been a failure. Financially, existence had become a struggle; his aspirations for a theatre for the exercise of a benevolent statesmanship had been denied, and he wrongfully ascribed his failure to his love of humor. That did not in the case of Lincoln injure him nor Corwin, and it never does where a great brain and a great soul are at the helm. Then truth often enters through a witticism when it is denied to an argument.

On an occasion after observing in a then young speaker, Donn Piatt, a disposition to joke with a crowd, he said: "Don't do it, my boy. You should remember the crowd always looks up to the ringmaster and down on the clown. It resents that which amuses. The clown is the more clever fellow of the two, but he is despised. If you would succeed in life you must be solemn, solemn as an ass. All the great monuments of earth have been built over solemn asses."

Corwin did not practice as he preached, was better than his sermon, and when a witticism demanded utterance put on a lugubrious face and out it came. And then it was a joke and its echo, a double dose bringing laughter with each, the last laugh by the comical by-play of his countenance that invariably succeeded.

Witticisms are immortal. They never die; are translated. Mark Twain's Jumping frog, Daniel Webster, however slow its motion, may by a century hence have digested his shot and hopped so far as to appear in Chinese literature; be a delight to the Pig Tails.

Indeed, a crying demand exists for humor. Chauncey Depew presents one of his comic creations at a public dinner in New York, and the next morning numberless households have it in print at their breakfast tables, to help dispel the gloomy vapors of the night and start the new-born day in cheerfulness. Therefore, if anybody has anything extra good to say, it is their solemn duty to say it, irrespective of their fears of dire disaster to themselves for the saying.

It was once my good fortune to hear Corwin speak in an open field to an assemblage of his neighbors and friends, largely Warren county farmers; and a jolly, happy set of listeners they were. All knew him, and, it was evident, idolized him. Many had taken part in the old Whig campaign of '40, had helped to make him Governor, had sung:

"Tom Corwin, our true hearts love you;
Ohio has no nobler son,
In worth there's none above you."

And now had come the troubles connected with the introduction of slavery into Kansas, and it was these he was discussing.

In one place he made a comical appeal for the exercise of charity in our feelings toward our Southern brethren, that we should not cherish bitterness toward them because of slavery. "They were born into it; never knew anything else. Think of that? Grown up with the black people, many had taken in their earliest nourishment from dusky fountains, kicking their little legs while about it, and it seemed to have quite agreed with them. Then as children they had played together and had their child quarrels; sometimes it was young massa on top and at others pickaninny on top. Then they must remember the climate down there was dreadfully hot and enervating. Nobody loves to work there. Even some of you fellows up here in old Warren, I am sorry to say, seem to shirk work at every chance, and then you hang around the street corners and groan 'hard times.' This is what makes it so handy to have some other fellows around to do it for them—people of about my color." Corwin was of a dark, swarthy complexion, and it was common for him to allude to himself as a black man, and then to pause, stroke his face, and look around upon the crowd with a comical expression that brought forth roars of laughter.

"Yes, people around of about my complexion; when you want anything done, all you have to do is to yell, 'Ho! Sambo,' and 'Sambo' answers, 'Comin' Massa,' and he comes grinning and does what you order. It may be you've dropped down on a lounge for an after-dinner nap, on a hot summer afternoon, your face all oozing a sticky sweat from the close, horrid heat, and the flies are bothering you, and one particularly persistent old fly

has lit on your nose, has travelled from its starting-place at the top and finding the bridge a free bridge crossed it without paying any toll and is in the opening of the act of tickling your nostrils, gives a sudden jab—when it stings; gracious me! Oh! how it stings! It is under that infliction after using, I fear, some swear words, that you have yelled, 'Ho! Sambo, ho!' And then Sambo comes and he stands and waves over you, gently waves, a long-handled brush of peacock feathers. It acts like a benign spirit of the air with its fanning wings. The flies vanish, the sweat dries, the locomotive starts slow—whew! whew!—then quick and away you go. You enter an elysium. Oh, it is very comfortable.

"No wonder our brethren down there love that sort of thing. Their ministers quote Scripture and say it is all right. Paul comes along and seems to help them out. Then the owning gives the owner consequence; it is a sort of title of nobility. If to own a fine horse puffs up one of you folks up here, think how big you would feel to own a man, a cash article always at hand when one's hard up—a pickaninny \$250, an old aunty \$500, and a Sambo \$1,000, that is if the preliminary examination of Sambo's teeth and gums shows he has not aged too much. And now the question arises about allowing these Southern brethren of ours to take along to the new lands which their arms have helped to obtain, their Sambos, old black nurses, and pickaninnies, so as to keep up the old style of family arrangements. It is a very troublesome question to discuss, but we must do it in all charity."

These were not his words nor illustrations, but about their spirit, as in my memory—the by-play of an earnest, judicial talk upon the great trouble that was setting the people North and South at loggerheads "befo' de wah."

An old-style door-knocker hanging from the door of an old family mansion! What a sense of dignity it confers upon the spot, and what a history it could give if it could talk and tell of those who have come, the young and old, the rich and poor, and of their varied errands of sociality or business; if socially, what sort of a time they had; if business, were they duns?

The very act of knocking is a prayer, a petition to enter; and with it are two mysteries: "Who is that knocking at my door?" that is the inner mystery. "Who will answer my knock?" that is the outer mystery. The echo of your own knock has come to you, so you know somebody must have heard it. The family may be away, and the only answer you get is, perhaps, from a little creature in the hallway who has flown up just behind the door, scratches it and gives a "bow-wow." Noah had no door-knocker to his mansion; nor did our Buckeye pioneers. Their latch-strings were always out, it was but a pull and then came open hospitality. "Hospitality," said Talleyrand, "is a savage virtue," and the pioneers had it, too.

The door-knocker was a direct evolution from the earliest origin—*knuckles*—and now comes the button for a shove and its answering ting-a-ling.

When I lifted the old brass knocker, "Thomas Corwin," I felt it an honor;

it did its duty nobly. Its echo had scarce come to me when the door opened and there stood a judge in the land, and he bade me welcome. Judge Sage is genial.

The mansion was built, I think, about 1818, is venerable in its appearance and appointments. The judge took me into the "historic room," which is about twenty feet square and elegant for its day. The mantelpiece is of wood, painted white and elaborately carved by hand. Family portraits from the long ago hang from the walls, and among them, side by side, those of Mr. and Mrs. Corwin. "There," said the judge, "in front of their portraits is the spot where they stood when married." A few moments later he added, "In the room over this George Hunt Pendleton (Gentleman George) passed several days when an infant."

Of the many eminent characters in the palmy days of Mr. Corwin, as William Henry Harrison, Henry Clay, Thomas Ewing, Judge Burnet, Bellamy Storer, Senator Crittenden, etc., who have enlivened this room by their presence no one now can tell, but socially with such a host it must have been a bright enjoyable spot in the town of Lebanon. The old-time people are gone. The place is silent. But as of yore the creek, Turtle creek, runs under the window, and in the seasons of the spring freshets, "the voice of the Turtle is still heard in the land," while the waters run to the sea.

Union Village, four miles west of Lebanon, is a settlement of Shakers, or, as they call themselves, "the United Society of Believers." They came here about



SHAKERS DANCING.

[This picture has a history. It was drawn and engraved by John W. Barber from seeing the Shakers at Lebanon, Conn., dancing, and published, in 1838, in his "Historical Collections of Connecticut." Used a second time to illustrate the Shakers at New Lebanon, New York, and published in Barber & Howe's work on that State; and used a third time in this work. If it had artistic beauty it would lose truth and interest.]

the year 1805, and now (1846) number near 400 souls. The village extends about a mile on one street. The houses and shops are very large, many of them brick, and all in a high degree neat and substantial. They are noted for the cleanliness and strict propriety of conduct characteristic of the sect elsewhere, and take no part in politics or military affairs, keeping themselves completely aloof from the world, only so far as is necessary to dispose of their garden seeds and other products of agriculture and articles of mechanical skill. They own here about 3,000 acres of land, and hold all their property in common.

The community is divided into five families, each family having an eating-room and kitchen. A traveller thus describes their ceremonies at the table:

"Two long tables were covered on each side of the room, behind the tables

were benches, and in the midst of the room was a cupboard. At a signal given with a horn the brothers entered the door to the right and the sisters the one to the left, marching two and two to the table. The sisters in waiting, to the number of six, came at the same time from the kitchen, and ranged themselves in one file opposite the table of the sisters; after which, they all fell on their knees, making a silent prayer, then arose, took hold of the benches behind them, sat down and took their meal in the greatest silence. I was told this manner was observed at all their daily meals. They ate bread, butter and cakes, and drank tea. Each member found his cup filled before him—the serving sisters filling them when required. One of the sisters was standing at the cupboard to pour out the tea—the meal was very short, the whole society rose at once, the benches were put back, they fell again on their knees, rose again, and wheeling to the right, left the room with a quick step. I remarked among the females some very pretty faces, but they were all, without exception, of a pale and sickly hue. They were disfigured by their ugly costume, which consists of a white starched bonnet. The men likewise had bad complexions.”

The Shaker settlement described above has gradually declined in population. In 1829 the society numbered five hundred members, but has since steadily declined, until now there are between seventy and eighty, and the day is probably not far distant when the community will have ceased to exist.

The history of the origin of this society in Ohio is very interesting, and is here abridged from a fuller account by Mr. Josiah Morrow, to whom we are indebted for much concerning the history of Warren county.

In the spring of 1802 there came to the Turtle Creek Presbyterian Church a new pastor, the Rev. Richard McNemar. This man was a leading spirit in the great revival. He came from Kentucky, where he had seen and assisted in some of its most remarkable scenes. He was tall and gaunt, but commanding in appearance, with piercing, restless eyes, and an expressive countenance. He was a classical scholar, and read Latin, Greek and Hebrew with ease.

The strange physical phenomena which, from the first, attended the revival in Kentucky, followed McNemar's preaching in Warren county. The singular bodily exercises and convulsions which accompanied this revival on both sides of the Ohio, wherever there was undue excitement, have often been described. The Turtle Creek pastor approvingly represents his flock as “praying, shouting, jerking, barking, or rolling, dreaming, prophesying and looking as through a glass at the infinite glories of Zion.” The whole congregation also sometimes prayed together, with such power and volume of sound, that, if the pastor does not exaggerate, “the doubtful footsteps of those in search of the meeting might be directed sometimes to the distance of miles around.” Some time in the year 1804 they began to encourage one another to praise God in the dance.

On the 22d of March, 1805, there arrived at Turtle Creek three strangers with broad-brimmed hats and a fashion of dress like that of the followers of George Fox, in England, a generation before. They were John Meacham, Benjamin S. Youngs and Issachar Bates, the first of the sect of Ann Lee ever seen west of the Alleghany mountains. They had set out from New Lebanon, N. Y., on Jan. 1, and had made a journey of 1,000 miles on foot. They had already visited Kentucky, but had not fully proclaimed their principles or objects. Nowhere did they find the conditions so favorable for carrying out the purposes of their mission as at Turtle Creek.

The first convert was Malcham Worley, a man of liberal education, independent fortune and unblemished character, but his excitable temperament had led him into such wild exercises during the revival that many doubted his sanity. The pastor soon followed, and in a month a dozen families had embraced Shakerism. Husbands and wives abandoned the family relation and gave all their property to the church. Many who became members owned considerable tracts of land, which they consecrated to the use of the church, and the Shaker Society at Union Village

is in possession of 4,000 acres of excellent land surrounding the spot where stood the Turtle Creek church.

The missionaries were successful elsewhere. They established several communities both in Ohio and Kentucky. Four of the ministers who had been foremost in the revival work became their converts, and died in the Shaker faith, having passed in four years from the creed of Calvin and Knox to that of Ann Lee. The Shaker Society at Union Village was regularly organized May 25, 1805. In the month following there were a number of converts at Eagle Creek, in Adams county, including Rev. John Dunlavy; in August the work broke out in Kentucky, and, in the spring of 1806, at Beaver Creek, in Montgomery county, Ohio. The society at Union Village is the oldest and has always been the largest of the Shaker communities west of the Alleghanies.

Nearly all the members of the Turtle Creek church, who resided in the immediate vicinity of Bedle's Station, became Shakers. Their meetings were held for some time at the house of McNemar—the space between the two apartments of his double cabin being used for their dancing exercises. Afterward a floor was built near by, much like an early threshing-floor, on which their meetings were held until their first church was erected.

Richard McNemar, who, by his gifts as a speaker and his scholarship, exercised so great an influence as a preacher on both sides of the Ohio river, continued in the faith of the Shakers, and a leader among them, until his death in 1839.

Of late years the society has not increased in numbers. They look with hope on the progress of modern Spiritualism. They say there is nothing new in its manifestations, for long before the era of table-turnings and spirit-rappings they had, as they continue to have, a living intercommunication with the world of spirits.

The Shaking Quakers are a sect founded in England in 1747, at which time an English woman, Ann Lee, joined them. She claimed to be in person the second coming of Christ, had divine revelations, and called herself "Ann, the word." She declared the wrath of the Almighty against marriage. For this she was imprisoned and put in a mad-house. In 1770 she emigrated to this country and founded here the sect. She died in 1784, after converting many.

About six miles east of Lebanon, on the Little Miami river, is a very extensive ancient fortification called *Fort Ancient*. The extreme length of these works, in a direct line, is nearly a mile, although, following their angles—retreating and salient—they reach probably a distance of six miles. The drawing and description annexed are from the article of Caleb Atwater, Esq., in the "*Archæologia Americana*."

The fortification stands on a plain, nearly horizontal, about 236 feet above the level of the river, between two branches with very steep and deep banks. The openings in the walls are the gateways. The plain extends eastward along the State road, nearly level, about half a mile. The fortification on all sides, except on the east and west where the road runs, is surrounded with precipices nearly in the shape of the wall. The wall on the inside varies in its height, according to the shape of the ground on the outside, being generally from eight to ten feet; but on the plain it is about nineteen and a half feet high inside and out, on a base of four and a half poles. In a few places it appears to be washed away in gutters, made by water collecting on the inside.

At about twenty poles east from the gate, through which the State road runs, are two mounds, about ten feet eight inches high,

the road running between them nearly equidistant from each. From these mounds are gutters running nearly north and south that appear to be artificial, and made to communicate with the branches on each side. North-east from the mounds, on the plain, are two roads, *B*, each about one pole wide, elevated about three feet, and which run nearly parallel, about one-fourth of a mile, and then form an irregular semicircle round a small mound. Near the southwest end of the fortification are three circular roads, *A*, between thirty and forty poles in length, cut out of the precipice between the wall and the river. The wall is made of earth.

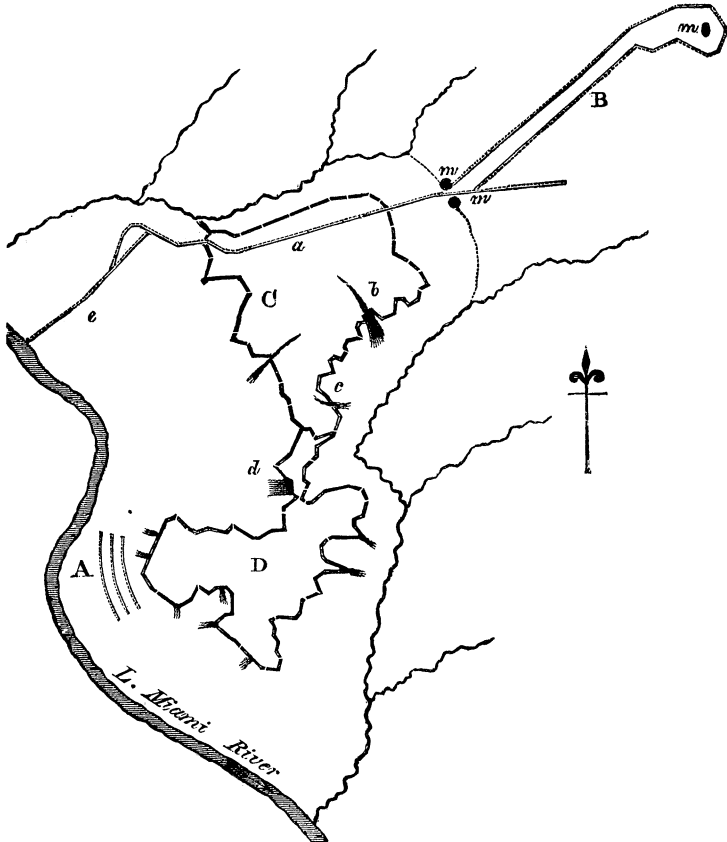
Many conjectures have been made as to the design of the authors in erecting a work with no less than fifty-eight gateways. Several of these openings have evidently been occasioned by the water, which had been collected on the inside until it overflowed the walls

and wore itself a passage. In several other places the walls might never have been completed.

The three parallel roads, *A*, dug, at a great expense of labor, into the rocks and rocky soil adjacent, and parallel to the Little Miami river, appear to have been designed for persons to stand on, who wished to annoy those

Fortifications," to which they appear to have higher claims than almost any other, for reasons too apparent to require a recital.

The two parallel lines, *B*, are two roads very similar to modern turnpikes, and are made to suit the nature of the soil and make of the ground. If the roads were for foot-races, the mounds were the goals from



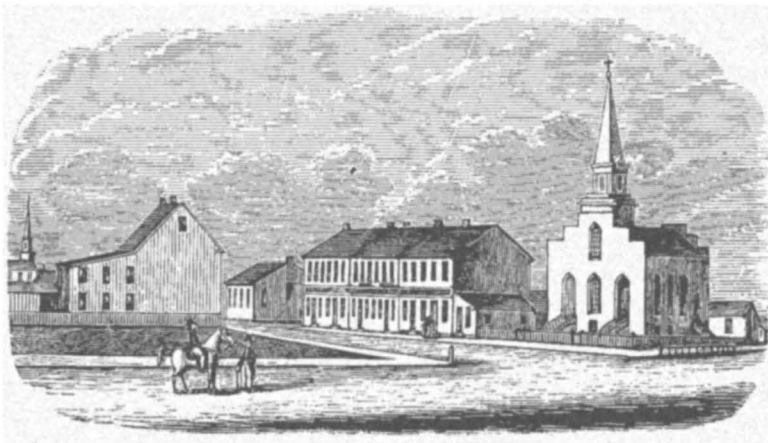
FORT ANCIENT.

who were passing up and down the river. The Indians, as I have been informed, made this use of these roads in their wars with each other and with the whites. Whether these works *all* belong to the same era and the same people I cannot say, though the general opinion is that they do. On the whole, I have ventured to class them among "Ancient

whence the pedestrians started, or around which they ran. The area which these parallel walls enclose, smoothed by art, might have been the place where games were celebrated. We cannot say that these works were designed for such purposes; but we can say that similar works were thus used among the early inhabitants of Greece and Rome.

Franklin in 1846.—Franklin is twelve miles northwest of Lebanon, on the Dayton and Cincinnati turnpike, with the Miami Canal running east of it and the Miami river bounding it on the west. It was laid out in 1795, a few months after the treaty of Greenville, within Symmes' purchase, by its proprietors, two young men from New Jersey, Daniel C. Cooper and William C. Schenck. The first cabin was built by them, on or near lot 21 Front street. In the spring of '96 six or eight cabins stood on the town-plot. A church, common for all denominations, on the site of the Baptist church, was the first erected; it was built about the year 1808.

The town is on a level plot and regularly laid out. The view shows on the right the Methodist church, next to it Merchants' block, beyond the Baptist church, and on the extreme left the spire of the Presbyterian church. Franklin



Drawn by Henry Howe in 1846.

VIEW IN FRANKLIN.

contains 3 churches, a high school, 4 dry goods and 2 grocery stores, 2 forwarding and commission houses, and had, in 1840, 770 inhabitants.—*Old Edition.*

FRANKLIN is twelve miles northwest of Lebanon, on the Great Miami river, the Miami Canal, the C. C. C. & I., N. Y. P. & O. and C. J. & M. Railroads. The Franklin Hydraulic was built in 1870.

City Officers, 1888: John M. Dachtler, Mayor; J. A. Rees, Clerk; W. S. Van Horne, Treasurer; Lew Hurst, Marshal. Newspaper: *Chronicle*, Independent, Calderwood & Harding, editors and publishers. Churches: 1 Catholic, 1 Presbyterian, 1 Christian, 1 Methodist Episcopal and 1 Baptist. Banks: First National, L. G. Anderson, president, W. A. Boynton, cashier; D. Adams & Son.

Manufactures and Employees.—Buehner & Duffy, job machinery, 6 hands; The Eagle Paper Co., wood pulp, 10; The Harding Paper Co., rag sorting, etc., 80; The Harding Paper Co., writing papers, 98; J. S. Van Horn, builders' woodwork, 10; Rantzahn and Brother, flour, 4; The Friend and Forge Paper Co., paper, 61; The Franklin Paper Co., wood pulp, 10; The Franklin Paper Co., paper, 70; The Perrine Paper Co., paper, 19; The Eagle Paper Co., paper, 87.—*State Report, 1888.*

Population, 1880, 2,385. School census, 1888, 850; Hampton Bennett, superintendent of schools. Capital invested in manufacturing establishments, \$100,000. Value of annual product, \$125,000.—*Ohio Labor Statistics, 1888.*

Gen. Wm. C. Schenck, the founder of Franklin, was at that time a young surveyor, only twenty-three years of age. He was the father of Gen. Robert C. Schenck and Admiral James F. Schenck, each of whom were born here. Mrs. Mary Small Campbell, mother of Hon. Lewis Campbell and grandmother of Gov. James E. Campbell, one of the pioneer women of Franklin, died April 20, 1886, aged one hundred years and one month. She saw the growth of the town from a collection of straggling huts to a centre of wealth and comfort.

BIOGRAPHY.

JEREMIAH MORROW was born in Gettysburg, Pa., October 6, 1771. He was of Scotch-Irish descent, the family name being originally Murray. In 1795 he

removed to the Northwest Territory and settled at the mouth of the Little Miami river, but soon moved up to what is now Warren county.

In 1801 he was elected to the Territorial Legislature; was a delegate to the first constitutional convention in 1802; was elected to the State Senate in 1803, and in the same year to Congress, serving for ten years as the sole representative of Ohio in the Lower House.



JEREMIAH MORROW.

In 1814 he was commissioner to treat with all of the Indians west of the Miami river. From 1813 to 1819 he was a member of the United States Senate, and served as Chairman of the Committee on Public Lands. In 1822 he was elected governor and re-elected at the end of his term. He served as canal commissioner in 1820-22. He was also the first president of the Little Miami Railroad Company.

In 1841 he was again elected to Congress. He died March 22, 1852.

While in Congress, Mr. Morrow drafted most of the laws providing for the survey and disposal of public lands. He introduced measures which led to

the construction of the Cumberland road; and in February, 1816, presented the first report recommending a general system of internal improvements.

As governor of Ohio, he industriously furthered the interests of the public works, which were commenced during his administration.

Hon. William Henry Smith delivered an address at Marietta, April 7, 1888 (Ohio Centennial Celebration), in which he gave an interesting and instructive sketch of the life and services of Gov. Morrow, and from which we make a few extracts. Speaking of the first meeting of Gov. Morrow and the Duke of Saxe-Weimar, in 1825, Mr. Smith gives an account, as related by the duke some years later to a party of Ohioans, who made his acquaintance while travelling abroad.

"And thereupon he related how, taking a carriage at Cincinnati, he travelled to Columbus to pay his respects to the governor, but, on the advice of a Cincinnati friend, he called *en route* at the farm of Gov. Morrow. When he reached the farm he saw a small party of men in a new field, rolling logs. This scene of a deadening, or clearing, is familiar to those of us fortunate enough to have been brought up in Ohio, but to a European, raised in courts, it must have been an amazing sight. Accosting one of the workmen, a homely little man in a red flannel shirt, and with a smutch of charcoal across his cheek, he asked, 'Where is your master, sir?' 'Master!' exclaimed the other, 'I own no

master—no master but Him above.' The duke then said, rather testily, 'It is the governor of the State, Gov. Morrow, I am inquiring for.' 'Well, I am Jeremiah Morrow,' replied the son of toil, with unaffected and unconscious simplicity. The Grand Duke stood amazed. This little man, in a red flannel shirt and home-made tow-linen trousers, leaning on a dogwood hand-spike, with a coal-smutched face and the jeweled sweat-drops of real labor now on his brow, and a marked Scotch-Irish brogue when he spoke! He the governor of Ohio? Was it possible? He could scarcely credit his senses."

In our edition of 1847 we gave the following extract from the "Travels of the Duke:"

The dwelling of the governor consists of a plain frame-house, situated on a little elevation not far from the shore of the Little Miami, and is entirely surrounded by fields.

The business of the State calls him once a month to Columbus, the seat of government, and the remainder of his time he passes at his country-seat, occupied with farming—a

faithful copy of an ancient Cincinnatus; he was engaged at our arrival in cutting a wagon-pole, but he immediately stopped his work to give us a hearty welcome. He appeared to be about fifty years of age; is not tall, but thin and strong, and has an expressive physiognomy, with dark and animated eyes. He is a native of Pennsylvania, and was one of the first settlers in the State of Ohio. He offered us a night's lodging at his house, which invitation we accepted very thankfully. When seated round the chimney-fire

in the evening, he related to us a great many of the dangers and difficulties the first settlers had to contend with. . . . We spent our evening with the governor and his lady. Their children are settled, and they have with them only a couple of grandchildren. When we took our seats at supper, the governor made a prayer. There was a Bible and several religious books lying on the table. After breakfasting with our hospitable host, we took our leave.

We again quote from Mr. Smith's address as follows :

These homely ways occasionally led ambitious and officious politicians to the conclusion that he would be as potters' clay in their hands. His pastor, the Rev. Dr. MacDill, of the Associate Reformed, or United Presbyterian Church, of which Mr. Morrow was a life-long and consistent member, relates that "when his first gubernatorial term was nearly expired, some gentlemen about Columbus, who seemed to regard themselves as a board specially appointed to superintend the distribution of offices in the State of Ohio, had a meeting, and appointed a committee to wait on him and advise him as to his duty. The committee called, and speedily made known their business. It was to

prevail on him (for the public good, of course) not to stand as a candidate for a second term, but to give way in favor of another. They promised that if he would do this they would use their influence to return him to the United States Senate, where, they assured him, he would be more useful to the State. Having patiently heard them through, he calmly replied : 'I consider office as belonging to the people. A few of us have no right to make bargains on the subject, and I have no bargain to make. I have concluded to serve another term, if the people see fit to elect me, though without caring much about it.' "

Mr. Smith, in summing up Gov. Morrow's career, gave the following eloquent tribute to the value of character :

"This all too briefly related is the story of a useful life. There is not a trace of genius; nothing of evil to attribute to eccentricity. It is clear that Mr. Morrow was not 'a child of destiny,' but a plain man, who feared God and loved his fellow-men. And here, friends of Ohio, I wish to proclaim in this age of unbelief, of the false and meretricious, the ancient and divine doctrine of CHARACTER as being the highest type of manhood. Wit may edify, genius may captivate, but it is *truth* that blesses and endures and becomes immortal. It is not what a man seems to be, but what he is, that should determine his worth."

The following incident is related by A. H. Dunlevy :

"When Gov. Morrow was first elected governor of Ohio, in the fall of 1822, a number of the citizens of Lebanon determined to visit him immediately, announce to him the fact of his election, and give him a proper ovation on the occasion. To that end, some dozen of the most respected citizens speedily prepared to go together as a company of cavalry, on horseback, to the governor's residence, some ten miles from town. Among these was William M. Wiles, an eccentric man, but a man of ready talent at an off-hand speech. Wiles was anxious to make the address, and took the night previous to the visit to prepare it. Early next morning the cavalcade set off, and reaching Gov. Morrow's residence they found he was at his mill, a mile distant. Thither they went, determined that Wiles should not miss the chance of making his prepared speech. But when they reached the mill, they found the govern-

or-elect in the forebay of his mill, up to his middle in water, engaged in getting a piece of timber out of the water-gate, which prevented the gate from shutting off the water from the wheel. This, however, was soon effected, and up came the governor, all wet, without coat or hat; and in that condition the cavalcade announced to him his election. Thanking them for their interest in his success, he urged them to go back to his residence and take dinner with him. But Wiles, disgusted at finding the governor in this condition, persuaded the party from going to dinner, and started home, declaring that he could not make his speech to a man who looked so much like a drowned rat. When he saw *that*, he said, all his eloquent speech vanished from his mind and left it a naked blank. This speech would have been a curiosity, but no one could ever induce Wiles to show it."

JUDGE FRANCIS DUNLEVY, who died at Lebanon, in 1839, was born in Virginia in 1761. When ten years of age his family removed to Western Pennsylvania. At the early age of fourteen years he served in a campaign against the Indians, and continued mostly in this service until the close of the revolution. He assisted in building Fort McIntosh, about the year 1777, and was afterwards in the disastrous defeat of Crawford, from whence, with two others, he made his way alone through the woods without provisions, to Pittsburg. In '87 he removed to Kentucky, in '91 to Columbia, and in '97 to this neighborhood. By great perseverance he acquired a good education, mainly without instructors, and part of the time taught school and surveyed land until the year 1800. He was returned a member of the convention from Hamilton county which formed the State constitution. He was also a member of the first legislature in 1803; at the first organization of the judiciary was appointed presiding judge of the first circuit. This place he held fourteen years, and though his circuit embraced ten counties, he never missed a court, frequently swimming his horse over the Miamies rather than fail being present. On leaving the bench he practised at the bar fifteen years and then retired to his books and study. He was a strong-minded philanthropic man, of great powers of memory, and a most useful member of society.

WHY PRESIDENT JEFFERSON REMOVED GOVERNOR ST. CLAIR.

The venerable Hon. A. H. Dunlevy (son of Judge Dunlevy), beginning with the issue of January 24, 1867, communicated to the *Western Star* (Lebanon) his reminiscences of the early history of Lebanon and vicinity. In this series he gave the reasons for the removal of Gov. St. Clair from the Governorship of the Northwest Territory and the appointment of Gen. Wm. Henry Harrison in his place. This change occurred as follows, as stated by him :

"In the winter of 1802-3, when the last territorial legislature was in session at Chillicothe, there had been some warm disputes about the proposed boundaries of the State of Ohio, soon to be organized, and a mob had assembled one night in the streets, as was first thought originating in this dispute, but afterwards found to have no connection with it.

"The next morning Gen. St. Clair came into the room occupied by Gov. Morrow, Judge Dunlevy, and the late Judge Foster, of Hamilton county, and attributing this mob to political disputes took occasion to abuse our democratic institutions in very indecorous terms and expressing the opinion that they could not last and that we must soon return to a stronger government, such as had made England the model of nations

"No reply was made to Gov. St. Clair; but immediately Judge Dunlevy sat down and drew up in writing a faithful report of Gov. St. Clair's declarations. The paper was signed by himself, Gov. Morrow and Judge Foster, sworn to before a justice of the peace, and forwarded to Thomas Jefferson, then President; and Gov. St. Clair was immediately removed and Gen. Harrison appointed in his place.

"Though this removal was charged to the party intolerance and prescription of the

Republicans of that day and much noise made on account of it by Gov. St. Clair's personal and political friends, the movers in it never thought it necessary to make any explanation, and it remained a secret until two of the three actors had passed away. Then the last, Gov. Morrow, communicated it to me, as no longer necessary to be kept unexplained."

Mr. Dunlevy then quotes from Judge Burnet's "Notes," wherein the judge charges St. Clair's removal as done to gratify the malice of St. Clair's enemies, by Mr. Jefferson, "who has been," wrote the judge, "his friend and adviser. That removal was one of the first evidences given by the new administration that politics were stronger than friendships and partisan services more availing than talents."

"But friendships and enmities had nothing to do with this removal. The men who had brought it about were real republicans and had faith in republican institutions, then for the first time in the history of the world on trial in their purity; and they could not hear this form of government rudely assailed as it had been by one, who, in his place, should be its protector and be silent. They spread the facts before Mr. Jefferson, and he agreeing with them, Gov. St. Clair was at once removed and Gen. Harrison put in his place."

WM. C. SCHENCK, father of Gen. R. C. Schenck and Admiral Jas. F. Schenck,

was born near Freehold, N. J., January 11, 1773. He studied both law and medicine, undetermined which to make his life-profession, and finally adopted that of surveyor. He came to Ohio as agent for his uncle, Gen. John N. Cumming, probably also of Messrs. Burnet, Dayton and Judge Symmes. He became one of the most competent surveyors in the West. In 1796 he surveyed and laid out the town of Franklin; in 1797 he set out to survey what was known as the "Military Tract;" in the winter of 1801-2 surveyed and laid out the town of Newark; in 1816 surveyed and laid out Port Lawrence, now known as Toledo. In 1799 Gen. Schenck was elected secretary of the first territorial legislature; was a member of the first senate of Ohio. In 1803 he removed from Cincinnati to Franklin, where he lived till his death, in 1821. During the war of 1812 he held a commission in the militia. Owing to the confused and imperfect condition of the records in the office of the adjutant-general of Ohio, it has thus far been impossible to determine just what services Gen. W. C. Schenck performed with the army or what rank he held. Some time previous to the war he had resigned a commission of brigadier-general of militia, which rank he held for a long time. At the outbreak of the war he was present with his troops in the field at an early date.

Gen. Schenck was one of the early and active promoters of the Ohio canal system. In 1820 he was appointed by Governor Brown one of the commissioners "to survey the route of a canal."

In further prosecution of the project, Gen. Schenck made a speech before the legislature, to which he had been elected from Warren county, warmly advocating the immediate construction of the canal. At the close of his speech he left the House, and went to his lodgings, was seized with a sudden attack of sickness and died in a few hours. He was highly esteemed throughout the State as a man of a high order of mental ability, unimpeachable integrity and an active, useful citizen.



JOHN McLEAN.

JOHN McLEAN was born in Morris county, N. J., March 11, 1775. In 1789 his father, a man of humble circumstances, with a large family, removed to the West, settling first at Morganstown, Va., then near Nicholasville, Ky., later at Mayslick, Ky., and finally, in 1799, in what is now Warren county, O. Here he occupied and cleared a farm. Young McLean worked on this farm until eighteen years of age, in the meanwhile obtaining such education as the meager opportunities afforded.

He received instruction in the classics during the last two years, paying tuition and supporting himself by his own labor.

When eighteen years of age he went to Cincinnati, and by writing in the county clerk's office supported himself

while studying law. In 1807 he was admitted to the bar and began practising at Lebanon.

In October, 1812, he was elected to Congress from his district, which then included Cincinnati, by the Democratic party. In 1814 he was re-elected, receiving the vote on every ballot cast in the district.

He gave a warm support to the administration of Madison; originated the law to indemnify individuals for property lost in public service; introduced a resolu-

tion which led to granting of pensions to widows of fallen officers and soldiers. He sometimes voted against his political friends; yet so highly was his integrity and judgment esteemed that he lost no party support.

In 1815 he declined a nomination to the U. S. Senate; the year following he was unanimously elected, by the Ohio Legislature, a judge of the Supreme Court.

Judge McLean occupied the Supreme bench of Ohio until 1822, when President Monroe appointed him commissioner of the general land office, and in July of the following year Postmaster-General.

This department he brought, by untiring industry and energy, from great disorder into a greatly improved condition, introducing an economical, efficient, and systematic mail service, which met with such general approval that Congress raised his salary from \$4000 to \$6000 a year. He continued in this office until 1829, when President Jackson tendered him the departments, first of war and then of the navy; these he declined, not being in sympathy with Gen. Jackson in the disposition of offices, holding that the man best suited to the place should have it, irrespective of party affiliations. President Jackson appointed him an associate justice of the U. S. Supreme Court. He entered upon his duties in January, 1830. His charges to grand juries were distinguished for eloquence and ability. The most important of these were in regard to the aiding and abetting "unlawful military combinations against foreign governments," referring to the Canadian insurrection and its American abettors; his opinion dissenting from that of Chief-Justice Taney in the Dred Scott case, in which he held that slavery had its origin in power, was contrary to right and upheld only by local law.

He was long identified with the party opposed to slavery and his name was prominently before the Free Soil Convention, held at Buffalo in 1848, as a candidate for the Presidential nomination. He was also a candidate in the Republican National Conventions of 1856 and 1860.

In person Judge McLean was tall and commanding; his habits were simple, and his manners genial and courteous. During a part of his public life he resided on his farm in Warren county. He died at Cincinnati, April 4, 1861.

THOMAS CORWIN was born in Bourbon county, Ky., July 29, 1794, and died in Washington, D. C., December 18, 1865. When four years of age, his father, Matthias, removed to Lebanon, and represented his district in the Legislature for many years.

Shortly after his arrival at Lebanon young Corwin was sent to a school taught by Francis Dunlevy. Corwin acquired knowledge with great ease, and learned perfectly the whole alphabet the first day at school. He did not long continue at this school.

In 1806 he again attended school, and was taught by an English Baptist clergyman, the Rev. Jacob Grigg. This teacher encouraged recitations and dialogues by the scholars, and it was in these exercises that Corwin, then but twelve years of age, first distinguished himself by his oratorical powers.

Corwin's father was too poor to make a scholar of more than one son of his large family, and so the elder brother Matthias was kept at school and Thomas set at work on his father's farm. It was necessary at that time that during certain seasons of the year supplies and produce should be transported by wagon to and from Cincinnati. It was the custom for five or six teams of neighboring farmers to go together, and young Corwin drove his father's. It was thus that he first acquired the name of "Wagon Boy." During the war of 1812 he drove his wagon, filled with supplies for the army of Gen. Harrison, to the camp on the waters of St. Mary's of the Maumee. This was no small undertaking for a youth of eighteen, as the journey was attended with many difficulties and dangers.

Corwin continued on his father's farm until 1814, when he entered the county clerk's office, then in charge of his brother Matthias.

The next year he began the study of law in the office of Judge Joshua Collett, and was admitted to the bar in May, 1818.

It was a common custom in many of the early settlements to have debating societies, and Mr. Corwin was a member of one in Lebanon, where he soon gained a very high reputation for eloquence. He was an earnest student of English history and prose and poetic classics. His ability and eloquence as an advocate soon gained him an extensive practice. His public career began in 1822, when he was elected to the Ohio Legislature, serving seven years. In 1830 he was chosen to Congress as a Whig, and was subsequently re-elected until he had served ten years.

In 1840 he was nominated for governor by the Whigs, and canvassed the State with Gen. Harrison, addressing large gatherings in every county, and exerting great influence with his unsurpassed oratory.

He was elected governor by a majority of 16,000, but two years later was defeated for the governorship by Wilson Shannon, his former opponent.

In 1844 Mr. Corwin was elected to the United States Senate, where, in 1847, he made his celebrated speech against the Mexican war, in which he made use of the figure of speech, "Welcome you with bloody hands to hospitable graves."

He served in the Senate until 1850, when he was called to the head of the treasury department by President Fillmore, a position he held until 1852, when he retired to private life and his law practice at Lebanon.

In 1858 he was again elected to Congress and re-elected in 1860.

He was appointed minister to Mexico by President Lincoln, where he served during the whole of President Lincoln's first term. In 1865 he came to the United States on leave of absence, and did not return, remaining in Washington and practising law until his decease.

ANECDOTES OF CORWIN.

During Corwin's first term in the Ohio Legislature some member introduced a bill to repeal the whipping law. Corwin gave the bill his earnest support. A member, who had formerly resided in Connecticut, opposed the bill, and said he had observed that when a man was whipped in his State he immediately left it. Whereupon Corwin rose and said, "I know a great many people have come to Ohio from Connecticut, but I have never before known the *reason* for their coming."

Mr. Addison P. Russell, of Wilmington, Ohio, whose charming literary works have gained for him the sobriquet of the "American Charles Lamb," has written a fine sketch, entitled "Thomas Corwin," from which we make the following extracts:

The Crary Speech.—His famous speech in 1840, in reply to Crary, of Michigan, who had been so unwise as to attack the military reputation of Gen. Harrison, then the Whig candidate for the Presidency, immediately gave him a national reputation. Sometime before, at home, he had defended, in a case before a country magistrate, a militiaman who had been charged with an assault and battery, alleged to have been committed upon his captain at a general muster. Although the defendant was unquestionably guilty, Corwin gained his discharge mainly by his overwhelming ridicule of the unfortunate captain, who was the prosecuting witness, and had provoked the assault by the airs which he took upon himself while exercising the functions of his office. With a vivid recollection of the affair, he fell upon Crary

with the same weapons, in the same satirical vein, selecting his most successful images, and polishing his rhetoric, till the best part of the speech must stand as a model of that kind of eloquence. The next day after its delivery, John Quincy Adams referred to the vanquished militia general as "the late Mr. Crary, of Michigan." The speech caused a broad grin upon the face of the nation.

His irony, in the use of Scriptural illustrations, was sometimes terrible. The novel distinction he gave, in his great anti-war speech, to Cain, will be recollected. "Sir," said he, "the world's annals show very many ferocious sieges and battles and onslaughts before San Jacinto, Palo Alto or Monterey. Generals of bloody renown have frightened the nations before the revolt of Texas or our invasion of Mexico; and I suppose we Amer-

icans might properly claim some share in this martial reputation, since it was won by our own kindred, men clearly descended from Noah, the great 'Propositus' of our family, with whom we all claim a very endearing relation. But I confess I have been somewhat surprised of late that men, read in the history of man, who knew that war has been his trade for six thousand years (prompted, I imagine, by those noble 'instincts' spoken of by the Senator from Michigan), who knew that the first man born of woman was a hero of the first magnitude, that he met his shepherd brother in deadly conflict, and most heroically beat out his brains with a club; I say," etc.

Comic Illustration from the Example of Noah.—Once, when speaking of the corruption of the times to terrify wrong-doers, he took occasion to dwell long upon Noah—the one only man, amidst the general corruption of the race, who was found by the Almighty to be righteous. With great particularity and earnestness, he described the venerable patriarch as the only preacher of righteousness at the time of the Deluge; who incessantly preached and declared to men, not only by his discourses but by his unblamable life, and by the building of the ark, in which he was employed one hundred and twenty years, that the cloud of Divine vengeance was about to burst upon them; how his preaching produced no effect; that when the Deluge came it found mankind practising

their usual enormities. During the wonderful narrative, you saw the loafing crowd of dissolute idlers that, every day and all the time, for the hundred and twenty years the ark was building, lounged over the timbers, and interrupted the workmen with their gibes and skeptical inquiries; and you saw, as distinctly, the hoary priest, in his solemn loneliness, when "the waters were dried up from off the earth," building the first "altar unto the Lord." There he stood, before the people in their very midst, in an Ohio forest, the one righteous man—the last preacher of righteousness before the destruction of mankind—the first to set up an altar afterward—the saved, the trusted and blessed. The silence was oppressive; the audience was transfixed; something must occur to relieve it. Just then the orator, observing an unbelieving auditor doubtfully blinking his eyes, turned upon him with a look of inimitable drollery and irony, arching his eyebrows grotesquely, working, at the same time, in a most ludicrous manner, the laughing machinery of his mouth, and said to him, in a familiar, inquiring tone, "But I think I hear you say, my *unbelieving Democrat*, that the *old commodore did once get tight!*"

That was sufficient. The tears that had gathered in hundreds of eyes during the delivery of passage after passage of unsurpassed sublimity fell at once over faces convulsed with laughter. Again and again the multitude laughed—stragglingly and in chorus.

His observation and experience, too, had taught him the uncertainty of public life, and he was loth to encourage young men to aspire to it; especially he discouraged them from seeking or holding positions which are subordinate and only clerical, as sure to weaken their manhood and unfit them for independent, honorable occupations. It was while he was Secretary of the Treasury that a young man presented himself to him for a clerkship. Thrice was he refused, and still he made a fourth effort. His perseverance and spirit of determination awakened a friendly interest in his welfare, and the secretary advised him, in the strongest possible terms, to abandon his purpose and go to the West, if he could do no better outside the departments.

Advice to a Young Office-Seeker.—"My young friend," said he, "go to the Northwest; buy 160 acres of government land, or, if you have not the money to purchase, squat on it; get you an axe and mattock; put up a log-cabin for a habitation, and raise a little corn and potatoes; keep your conscience clear, and live like a freeman—your own master, with no one to give you orders, and without dependence upon anybody. Do that, and you will be honored, respected, influential and rich. But accept a clerkship here, and you sink at once all independence; your en-

ergies become relaxed, and you are unfitted in a few years for any other and more independent position. I may give you a place to-day, and I can kick you out to-morrow; and there is another man over there at the White House who can kick me out, and the people, by-and-by, can kick him out; and so we go. But if you own an acre of land, it is your kingdom, and your cabin is your castle; you are sovereign, and you will feel it in every throbbing of your pulse, and every day of your life will assure me of your thanks for having thus advised you."

His great speech in opposition to the war with Mexico produced a profound sensation throughout the country. The war proved to be popular, as all wars will, in an aggressive popular government. They make tests for patriotism that are apprehensible to everybody, besides opening a way for violences of every sort. The moral tone of the speech was too high, too radical, for politics—even for the

party to which it was especially addressed. The virus of slavery had tainted the whole body politic. Twenty years must elapse before it could be attacked by constitutional remedies.

The speech and the author of it were violently assailed. Mr. Corwin was denounced as a traitor by the scurvy politicians and press of the country. The distinguished men of his party who promised to stand by him deserted him. Not so with the anti-slavery Whigs of the Miami valley; they applauded his sentiments, and asked him to speak to them at Lebanon on the subject of the war.

Wonderful Eloquence of Corwin.—We dare say, no orator ever had such an audience of friends. The meeting was not very large—not so great but that it could be held in the court-house—but it was composed in great part of the leading anti-slavery Whigs in that part of the country. The good Gov. Morrow, we believe, presided. Mr. Corwin's speech on that occasion was regarded by his friends, familiar with his oratorical achievements, as the greatest of his life. There was no reporter present, and no attempt was ever made to recover any part of the incomparable effort. There was not a humorous word in it; it was grave, sober, serious, tragic. The struggles of the orator, at times, to express himself were painful to witness. The great veins and muscles in his neck enlarged; his face was distorted; his arms wildly reached, and his hands desperately clutched, clutched, in paroxysms of unutterable emotion. Men left their seats and gathered close around

him, standing through most of the speech; and many of them unconsciously repeated with their lips, almost audibly, every word that he uttered, the tears streaming over their faces. Every man in the audience was his personal friend. The speech was a long one, lasting two or three hours. He reviewed with much particularity and candor his sentiments and acts in relation to the war, and concluded by alluding with great feeling to old friendships—to his growing attachment to his old home and to old home-friends—how they had assisted him in every effort and fortified him in every trial—but, grateful as he felt to them, loving them as he did, if they were all to implore him, upon their bended knees, to change his sentiments, and were to remain in that posture till their bones bored the oaken floor, still he would not retract one syllable of truth he had uttered as he should answer to God!

The audience dissolved of itself, swarming over the streets and sidewalks, nearly every auditor going his own way alone. Schenck and Stevenson walked down the street together, but did not speak a word for a block or two. All at once Schenck ejaculated, "What a speech!" "Yes!" responded Stevenson, with Kentucky emphasis, "what a speech! I was born and bred in a land of orators; have been accustomed all my life to hear such giants as Clay and Menifee, Crittenden and Marshall; but, blessed be God! I never heard a speech like that!"

EXTRAORDINARY SCENE AT THE DEATH OF THOMAS CORWIN.

The following letter, descriptive of Mr. Corwin's death, appeared anonymously in the *Ohio State Journal*:

WASHINGTON, D. C., Dec. 19, 1865.

Dear Sir:—It has never been deemed an invasion of the sanctuary of private life to preserve for the world and history the last utterances and acts of the men of history. That license which admits the treasuring up of the "last things" of great and historic lives induces me to write down what I do here.

It was never my lot before to be thrilled, by seeing brought together in startling proximity life and death, mirth and mourning, fame and frailty, as I saw them brought together in the circumstances attending the last conscious moments of Thomas Corwin. How strange it seems to me now! At a collection of men of Ohio, in which were Chase and Wade and Sherman, and Schenck and Bingham and Swayne, and fifty others of the

public men of the State, Gov. Corwin was present. Upon his entering the room, he, of course, became, what he for forty years had been everywhere, where his presence was, the centre of interest and of admiration. In ten minutes after he had entered the room I saw from some distance (for I did not soon go to him) men collected and compacted around him in eager, excited and, in some cases, ridiculous attitudes; chief justice and associate justices of the Supreme Court of the United States, members of the Cabinet, major-generals of the armies of the United States, senators in Congress, and members of the House of Representatives were in a circle. Some were seated by him; some stood erect about his chair; some leaned and pressed eagerly forward between the more inner circles of listeners, and pushed their

ears forward to hear the words and whispers which came from the centre figure of the circle. Some sat, some stood, some kneeled, and all leaned forward to listen.

I watched occasionally the effect upon this little company of men, of what was drawing them to that centre. The strange magician had taken up once more, and the last time, his wand, to try its spell upon a little company of its subjects. It was the same one with which so often before, in the mere wantonness and sport of his powers, he had toyed and played with the storms of human passions which it conjured up, controlled and allayed at will.

His youth, with its inimitable charms and graces, seemed for a moment to have come to him again. There were once more the flow of humor, the sparkle of merriment, the glow of enthusiasm, the flash of wit, and the charms of anecdote and illustration; and there the wondrous play of features which made him Corwin. Men came repeatedly out from his presence at that seat, that night, exclaiming, "There is but one Corwin!" For a moment men, who a thousand times before had bowed before the spell of his genius, or had been swept off by its irresistible force, and then, when the spell was gone, wondered at their frailties, here again became its victims.

When at last the press about him lessened, I sat down by his side. What he happened first to say to me furnishes one of those strange coincidences which help to invest our lives with a tinge of the mysterious and awful, and which make us superstitious. One of his first utterances to me was a startling description of what Tom Corwin was to be in twenty-five minutes after its utterance. It was this: He said, "You are more bald than when I saw you last, the day before I sailed from Mexico." I said, "Yes." He said, with the semi-solemn, semi-comical face which has become historical, "But then Julius Cæsar was bald." I said, "But Cæsar had fits." Then he assumed a more serious manner, and said, "Twenty years ago I saw a man fall in apparently unconscious paralysis, when in the midst of excited discourse. He was carried out by his friends in this condition, and his first act of consciousness was to utter the words you have just said, 'Cæsar had fits!'"

In twenty-five minutes after, I assisted in carrying Corwin out in the precise condition he had so strangely described.

He then went into a general conversation with those around him, asked after old friends in Ohio, etc. . . . Then he was invited to the refreshment-room. He arose and asked me to accompany him, which I did, Senator Wade joining us at the foot of the stairs. I urged him to be seated on a sofa at the

table, which he expressed reluctance in taking, owing to the presence of ladies standing. On this sofa his last words were uttered in a few minutes after. The scene I have alluded to as occurring below was here speedily repeated. Eager men again pressed about him and leaned forward, and held their breath to catch his last utterance. Once or twice they shouted with laughter and clapped their hands in boisterous merriment, and every eye and ear in the brilliant assemblage was directed to the seat where Tom Corwin was playing with skilled fingers upon that mystic harp whose chords are human passion, sympathy and emotion with all the wizard skill and power which was his of old. In a moment afterward his voice suddenly sank to whispers, and then he raised suddenly from his seat, reached forward his hands, asked for fresh air, and fell into the arms of surrounding friends; and I helped carry him, speechless, from the chamber where his last auditory had just hung in love and admiration upon his lips, and stooped forward to get his last whispers. And we carried him into the death-chamber, whence a soul, more eloquent than Patrick Henry's, more beautiful than Sheridan's, more graceful than Cicero's, went back to God who made it.

When we laid him down he soon said to us, by a significant act, what he could not say by speech, "One side of me is dead!" This he did by raising up one arm, grasping tightly his hand and shaking his clenched fist. This he did twice, looking, at the same time, earnestly and rather wildly into the faces of the immediate bystanders. When he did this with his left hand, his right one was lying dead at his side. This act was instantly read by all as saying to us, "One side is powerless, but the other is not." This was the last communication to his fellow-men ever made by him, unless subsequent grasps of recognition may have indicated to a few that he knew them. And there at midnight I parted from that stricken man! He who had touched with the sceptre of his imperial and godlike intellect States, Nations, Peoples, Courts, and Senators, and made them all bow to the majesty of his power, was now touched—in his turn—touched by the sceptre of *his* Lord, and instantly bowed his head, and laid himself submissively down and died.

I, a sojourner here at the National Capital for a few days, and who happened to witness "The Last of Earth" to Corwin, wrote down this. Let it be preserved or thrown away as may be fit; but whether preserved or thrown away,

"Our hearts, though stout and brave,
Still, like muffled drums, are beating
Funeral marches to the grave."

EDWARD DEERING MANSFIELD, author, journalist and statistician, was born in New Haven, Conn., 17th August, 1801; died in Morrow, O., 27th October, 1880. He graduated at West Point in 1818 and then entered a classical course at

Princeton, graduating in 1822, and later studied the law on Litchfield Hill, at Gould's famed law school.

He removed to Cincinnati and commenced the practice of law, after having been admitted to the bar in Connecticut in 1825. In 1835 he became professor of constitutional law and history in Cincinnati College. He was editor of the *Cincinnati Chronicle*, 1836-49; of the *Atlas*, 1849-52; and of the *Railroad Record*, 1854-72. For a long term of years was correspondent of the *Cincinnati Gazette*, not in the line of news, but in the form of disquisitions upon living topics.

While editing the *Chronicle* and *Atlas* he encouraged many young writers who have since attained celebrity by publishing their productions in the columns of his papers; among these was Harriet Beecher Stowe.

From 1859 to 1868 he was commissioner of statistics for Ohio, and an associate of the French "Société de Statistique Universelle." His writings covered a wide range of subjects, such as mathematics, politics, education and history. In 1854 Marietta College conferred upon him the degree of LL.D. Among his published works are "A Treatise on Constitutional Law," and "A Political Grammar of the United States" (Cincinnati, 1835); "The Legal Rights, Duties and Liabilities of Married Women" (Salem, 1845); "The Life of Gen. Winfield Scott" (New York, 1848); "The History of the Mexican War (1849); "The Memoirs of Daniel Drake" (Cincinnati, 1855); "Personal Memoirs, Social, Political and Literary, with Sketches of Many Noted People, 1803-1843" (Robert Clarke & Co., 1879). This was written for his family and friends. It is mainly autobiographical and most readable and instructive, mainly upon Ohio events and characters.

TRAVELLING NOTES.

RECOLLECTIONS OF YAMOYDEN.

YAMOYDEN was the country-seat of the late E. D. Mansfield and where his family lived the last thirty years of his life, from about 1850 to 1880. Cincinnati was his business point, but his home was the place of his literary work.

Yamoyden is an Indian name which he gave to it from its euphony and that romantic sentiment that he associated with the heroic qualities of the best types of the original red man. It was the same sentiment that led the parents of a late lamented chieftain of our own, just passed away, to name their infant son "Tecumseh," *i. e.*, Shooting Star. Out of this sentiment came Mr. Mansfield's affection for that fine poetic conception of Philip Freneau, the noted song-writer of the Revolution, the "Indian Death Song," sung while undergoing the pangs of torture. This he would often repeat while sitting under the porch at Yamoyden, and with an unction that showed his heart sympathized with the defying spirit and sublime faith of the dying chieftain:

The sun sets at night and the stars shun the day,
But glory remains when their lights fade away.
Begin, ye tormentors! your threats are in vain,
For the son of Alknomock can never complain.

Remember the woods where in ambush he lay,
And the scalps which he bore from your nation away.
Why do ye delay? till I shrink from my pain?
Know the son of Alknomock can never complain.

Remember the arrows he shot from his bow;
Remember your chiefs by his hatchet laid low.
The flame rises high—you exult in my pain!
But the son of Alknomock will never complain.

I go to the land where my father has gone;
His ghost shall exult in the fame of his son.
Death comes like a friend; he relieves me from pain;
And thy son, oh Alknomock! has scorned to complain.



EDWARD DEERING MANSFIELD,
The Sage of Yamoyden.



Drawn by Henry Howe in 1886.

YAMOYDEN, NEAR MORROW.

Yamoyden is about a mile north of Morrow, on a spur of the river hills and some two hundred feet above the stream on the west. The view is down the valley extending for miles, and beautiful is the site for the home of a literary man, filled with a love of nature and a love of man. It was his habit early in the morning in pleasant summer weather to take a seat under the porch, and look down south and east over the beautiful valley for miles away and meditate; and anon, at times as he sat there meditating, there would come up from the valley below the sound of falling waters from an old dam once used for a long gone mill. And the monotonous melody fell as a sort of lullaby to soothe his senses as he gazed upon the outspreading scene of peace and loveliness.

Then after sitting there a while in thought he would withdraw to his study and write instructively upon some living topic to go out fresh from his pen to the people. It was there he wrote those weekly letters during the war period to the *New York Times* over the signature of "Veteran Observer," dating them from "The Beeches." These papers so bright and cheerful lifted the hearts of multitudes during the dark distressing periods. Addison Russell, at the time financial agent of Ohio in New York (see page 429, Vol. I.), tells of their influence upon the magnates of the great metropolis, those men of cash and elegance, with whom he was in daily association. "Who is the Veteran Observer?" inquired they, and "where are the Beeches?"

It is a cherished memory of the early period of the war my passing several days in June enjoying the hospitalities of Yamoyden with my young children, and the Mansfields with theirs. Mr. Mansfield and myself were of kin, and of early association. Under the head of Mansfield in Richland county is an allusion to that association, and a sketch of his father, Col. Jared Mansfield, the old Surveyor-General of the Northwest Territory. The Mansfields were charming people. Mrs. Mansfield was the daughter of Governor Worthington, and she was born in and passed her youth at Adena, the old family-seat on the hills near Chillicothe. See Vol. III., p. 173. She was of the best of old Virginia stock, and illustrated it. I had known her mother, and Mrs. Mansfield was an honoring daughter of honoring parents. In person Mrs. Mansfield was large and commanding, a blonde, with a sweet smile and ways and fine moral sensibilities, a Christian woman of the finest type. And Margaret, as he called her, was admirably adapted from her executive capacity to be the helpmeet of him whom the country around called the "Sage of Yamoyden," because so philosophical in his thoughts and utterances, and so filled with many knowledges. So great was his absorption in study that he was unfitted to give his mind to those business affairs so important to the man of family.

Mr. Mansfield was a blonde, rather tall and extremely near-sighted. Although he wore the deepest of double concave glasses, he could only read by placing the print close to his eyes. He was a man without guile, never felt the emotion of malice, and was simple as a child. In his fifty years of journalism not a drop of bitterness flowed from his pen. In his religious sentiments he walked in the faith of his fathers. "I trust," said he, "in the bridge that brings me safely over." He saw God everywhere. Existence under His government was a joy. Nature and faith had given him an exuberant flow of spirits and hopefulness. In the dark period of the rebellion his pen was as a torch of light.

His faith in republican institutions never failed him, and beyond all spots he loved Ohio. One of his great things was his address delivered at Philadelphia, August 9, 1876, "Ohio in the Centennial."

In this he showed the history, resources and present status of Ohio; it was interspersed with statistics and information upon every point of value. He concluded with saying: "A State which began long after the Declaration of Independence in the then unknown wilderness of North America presents to-day a picture of what a republican government with Christian civilization can do!"

And then finished with the query: "Where is the civilization of the earth which can equal this?"

Mr. Mansfield inherited from his father a never-failing fountain of cheerfulness, and much the same mannerisms. He had the same love of humor, and the same hearty laugh. He believed in the gospel of work. "I want," he said, "engraved on my tombstone: 'Here lies a workingman.'" And he was right. Outside of work there is no satisfaction except in the earned rest and recreation that has come from work, and which prepares the spirit for more work, better work in the beyond.

DURBIN WARD was born at Augusta, Ky., Feb. 11, 1819. The family removed to Fayette county, Ind., and there young Ward was brought up on a farm, obtaining his education in country schools. At eighteen he had prepared himself for college, and entered Miami University, paying his way by teaching during vacations. He left college at the end of two years without graduating, removed to Lebanon, O., studied law with Thomas Corwin, whose partner he became on being admitted to the bar in 1842. The partnership was dissolved in 1845 on Ward's election as prosecuting attorney of Warren county, an office he held for six years, when he was elected to the Ohio Legislature.

He was an active and influential member of the House.

He was defeated as a Democratic candidate for Congress in 1856, also for the office of attorney-general of Ohio in 1858.

In 1860 he was a delegate to the Charleston and Baltimore conventions, warmly supporting Stephen A. Douglas.

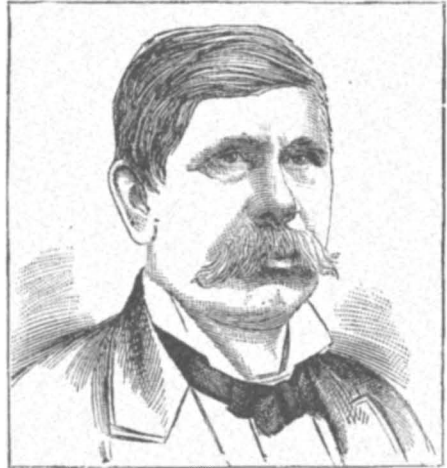
At the outbreak of the war he enlisted in the Union army as a private, served in West Virginia and in the campaigns of Gen. Geo. H. Thomas. He was appointed major of the 17th O. V. I., August 17, 1861, and lieutenant-colonel, December 31, 1862.

He was shot through the body at Chickamauga, and his left arm disabled for life. Without his knowledge he was mustered out of the army, but had the order recalled, and in November, 1863, was made colonel of his regiment. He served till the close of the war, being brevetted brigadier-general October 18, 1865.

In 1866 he was defeated for Congress by Gen. Robert C. Schenck. In November of the same year he was appointed United States District Attorney for Southern Ohio, holding office for three years, when he was removed by President Grant. In 1870 he was elected to the Ohio Senate, declining a re-election at the expiration of his term.

He was a candidate for the nomination for governor in 1877, but was defeated by R. M. Bishop. General Ward was frequently mentioned as a candidate to office by his party, but his firm adherence to principle, regardless of personal popularity, often led to his defeat by less able men. He was a student and thinker on political questions, an eloquent orator and able lawyer. The plan of the present circuit court system of Ohio was drafted by him.

He died at Lebanon, May 22, 1886. He began a work on constitutional law, to be entitled "The Federal Institutes," but did not live to complete it. His



DURBIN WARD.

life and speeches were published by his widow (A. H. Smythe, Columbus, Ohio, 1888).

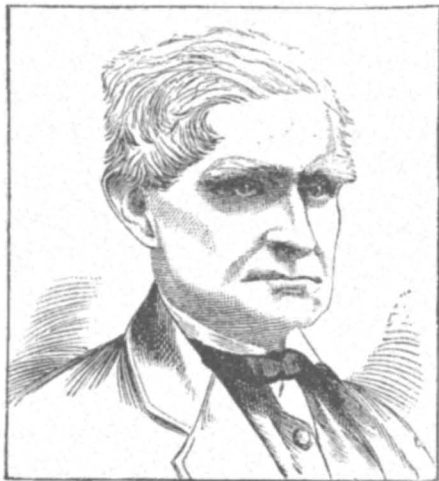
JAMES SCOTT was born April 15, 1815, in Washington county, Pa., of Scotch-Irish parentage. He died in Lebanon, December 16, 1888. He removed to Morrow, Warren county, O., in 1843, and in 1851 to Lebanon, practising medicine in both places. In 1857 he edited the *Western Star*. He served in many public offices, was for sixteen years a member of the Legislature, and one of the best informed men on State affairs, and one of the most useful the State ever had.

During the war he applied to Governor Tod for a captain's commission, but was told to stay where he was, that he was worth more in the Ohio House than he could be with any commission in the field. He was called "The watchdog of the treasury," and did much to hold down public expenses, to simplify and arrange the system of State finance and business.

He is best known as the author of the Scott law, passed in 1882, taxing the liquor traffic. He is the author of many of the laws on the Ohio statute books of to-day.

ACHILLES PUGH was born in Chester county, Pa., March 10, 1805. Four years later his father settled in Cadiz, O., and at the age of seventeen Achilles entered the office of the *Cadiz Informant* to learn the printers' trade, and in 1827 went to Philadelphia to perfect himself in the business. In 1830 he found employment in Cincinnati, and soon became manager of the Evangelist periodical. In 1832 he married Miss Anna Maria Davis, daughter of John Davis, of Bedford county, Va. A few years later he formed a partnership in the job printing business with Morgan & Sanxay.

It was then that trouble overtook him. The Ohio Anti-slavery Society was organized in April, 1835. Its business was conducted by an executive committee, who started a newspaper, *The Philanthropist*, at New Richmond in Clermont county, and after printing a few numbers applied to him to take the press and type and print the paper in Cincinnati. His partners refusing, the



ACHILLES PUGH.

connection was dissolved, and he contracted to print it alone. Unable to hire a building for the purpose owing to the obloquy attached to the cause, he erected one in the rear of his residence on Walnut street, be-

tween Sixth and Seventh streets. He undertook the printing as a matter of business. "If," reasoned he, "slavery cannot stand discussion, then slavery is wrong; therefore, as a printer, it is in the line of my business to print this paper, charging only the ordinary rates for the work." Soon as the paper appeared it was evident from the attitude of the city press that a storm was brewing, and at midnight of the 12th of July, 1836, a band of men broke into his office, frightened into silence a boy sleeping there, destroyed the week's issue, and dismantled and carried away parts of the press.

Not to be balked so easily, Mr. Pugh had a new press purchased, and was at work at 11 o'clock the next day printing off his weekly issue. A few days after he removed his press to his job office, corner of Seventh and Main streets. At sundown on the night of the 29th a second mob assembled, broke into his office, pitched the type-cases and press into the middle of the street, and were about to set it on fire when his honor the Mayor, Samuel W. Davies, mounted the pile and addressed the mob. He complimented them for having done so well thus far, but advised against the conflagrating process, as it would endanger the adjacent property. Thereupon they hauled the press by a rope, and with much noise and shoutings cast it into the Ohio river. After the second attack he for a while printed the paper at Springboro, in Warren county, and brought down "the abominable sheet" by canal to the city. In the exciting era he was a marked man, and very much wanted as an object of adornment with tar and feathers; but by keeping in

after dark, and keeping out of certain parts of the city when it was light, and possessing moreover a powerful muscular physique, he was blessed to escape being made a subject of "high art." Scowls and cold shoulders were given him in abundance. These he bore with equanimity; and, as the cause of anti-slavery gradually advanced, many a dollar was privately slipped into his hand, which were applied to aid the flight of colored fugitives by the underground railroad. Some of the money was supplied even by those engaged in the Southern trade. No questions were asked, only for the money, the parties giving seeming strangely incurious as to its application, only as they gave they winked and smiled and looked queer.

Until 1875 Mr. Pugh was closely identified with the printing business in Cincinnati. In 1837 he formed a partnership with Mr. Dodd, and began the publication of the *Weekly Chronicle*, E. D. Mansfield and Benjamin Drake, editors. This paper was afterwards converted into a daily and continued until 1846 with Mr. Pugh as printer. Just as the paper commenced to make financial returns for the expense of its establishment, at the instigation of his church and his own desire to avoid the appearance of evil, every advertisement regarding the sale of spirituous liquors was taken out of the paper, and "with them nearly all the profits of the business." Thus he ever was ready to sacrifice worldly gain for the cause of righteousness.

In 1869, in company with John Butler, he was chosen by the Executive Committee of the Orthodox Friends' Commission, in connection with the duties assumed under the invitation of President Grant, to make a tour

of examination through the Indian Agencies of the Central Superintendency. One day, when riding unarmed in a buggy through the Indian country, accompanied only by a guide and ambulance driver, they were overtaken by two wild Indians of the plains, Kiowas, who rode up, one on each side of them, with their bows strung and arrows in their hands, evidently designing mischief. Mr. Pugh resorted to a stratagem to get rid of them. Placing his hands to his mouth he drew therefrom a complete set of false teeth, and thrust them towards the nearest savage, at the same time dropping his heavy beetling brows in a ferocious scowl, while his mouth, being deprived of its support, the chin and nose came in close proximity. The Indians were horrified at the act, and, putting spurs to their ponies, in a twinkling were nowhere to be seen.

From very early life he was a member of the religious Society of Friends, and was actively and devotedly engaged in church and Sabbath-school interests, mission as well as his own; but his broad Christian character and loving heart made him particularly unsectarian. He was a life-member of the American Bible Society, and was constantly and unselfishly interested in the dissemination of Bible truth.

The poor and unfortunate found in him a most generous friend; and he was so genial and well informed that his company was a pleasure and instruction. Though suffering much before his death, he was not confined to bed, and joined his family in worship on that day, requesting that the 14th chapter of John be read. We trust he is with the Saviour of whom he loved to hear.

REMINISCENCES.—The above sketch of Achilles Pugh is from a lady friend. His family home was in Waynesville, his business point Cincinnati, where I knew him for many years and greatly valued him for his sound sense, integrity and social spirit. I believe he was married into Quakerdom, and not born into it. No Friends would naturally christen a son "*Achilles*."

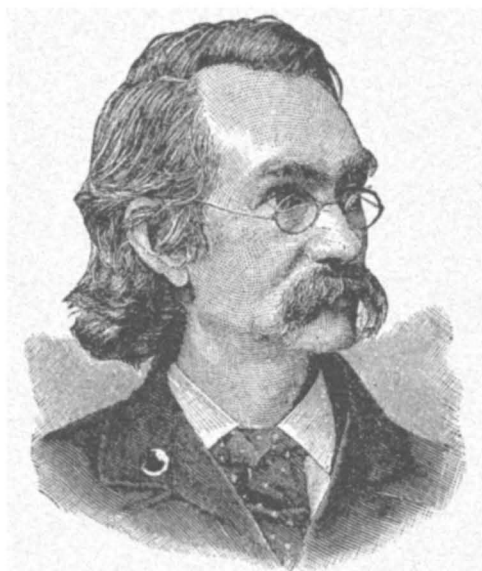
He once said to me it was impossible to realize the trying position of the old-time anti-slavery people. To walk the streets and feel as you passed along that you were hated by many in the throngs you met, looked upon as a sort of moral fire-brand sowing dissension between the North and South, was by no means a comfortable position for any man; and the natural effect upon the recipient was to engender in return a bitter, defiant spirit.

To live under the ban of public opinion, even for a righteous cause, requires a strength of moral heroism rarely possessed, so withering is it to the spirits. King David wrote, "In my haste I said all men are liars;" he might have said with equal pungency, and been in no especial hurry about the saying, "All men are moral cowards."

Mr. Pugh was a high-spirited, sensitive gentleman, and would not tamely submit to a wrong. On an occasion he was harshly attacked by a newspaper managed by an association of printers for the manner in which he conducted his own office. He brought suit for libel, and was adjudged \$500 damages. On being asked why he did not call for the

money, he replied, "I don't want their money. My object was to establish a principle."

This, by a sort of indirect association, reminded me of an anecdote of John Van Buren, son of Martin Van Buren. They called him "Prince John." He was a brilliant, waggish young lawyer, with no great



WILLIAM HENRY VENABLE.



THE OLD STYLE WARREN COUNTY SCHOOLHOUSE
In "the Forties."

weight of moral purpose, and when his father was nominated the Freesoil candidate for President in 1848 he took the stump in advocacy of the "old gentleman's" cause. The prince told the people he had now got hold of a *moral principle*—FREE SOIL; it was the first time in his life he had got hold of such a thing. It was to him a novel sensation, quite refreshing, and he was going to work that *moral principle* for all it was worth.

In the sketch of Mr. Pugh is told how he scared two wild Indians of the plains who were threatening his life by taking out his set of false teeth, moving them in both hands slowly toward them, at the same time scowling ferociously. In telling me of the incident he laughingly said, "Soon as I did that they spurred up their ponies, and were out of sight in a twinkling. I suppose they thought the next thing to happen was I would take off my head and throw it at them."

"How came you to think of it?" I inquired.

About three miles southwest of Waynesville, near the Little Miami, stood, on April 29, 1836, a small log-house, and on that day joy was under its roof, for there a boy babe was born. The father was a Quaker, an Abolitionist; had begun as a surveyor, then a teacher, and finally a farmer. This new comer was to grow, and finally, when the Quaker father had passed away, to thus write of him as—

"His eye in pity's tears
Would often saintly swim;
He did to others as he would
That they should do to him.

"At rural toils, he strove;
In beauty, joy he sought.
His solace was in children's words,
And wise men's pondered thought."

Of the mother he also wrote, "She was of Scottish descent, a practical, energetic lady, and handsome." Of course she was. To every dutiful lad his mother's face is handsome. Such were the parents of WILLIAM HENRY VENABLE, LL.D., sometimes called the Teacher Poet. He was born early enough to have a part in the Harrison campaign of 1840. His father, an old-time Whig, who had named him, after Gen. Harrison, William Henry, took him to a mass-meeting in a grove near Lebanon, and introduced him to the general, who patted him on the head, and though but four years old he remembers that interview, for long after that memorable day he wore a Tippecanoe medal with a portrait of Harrison, and on the other side a log-cabin, and the other boys called him "Tip," much to his disgust.

When the Mexican war broke out he was ten years old, and the air was saturated with anecdotes of Tom Corwin, and even the small boys of Warren county could feel the force of that great orator's eloquence, and enjoy the ludicrous comicality of his grotesque faces. The universal talk caused by Corwin's great speech against the Mexican war infused even the children of that period, for it was, Venable writes, "very violent talk." He says: "I was going to school at Ridgeville, and I remember some of the boys stained their hands and faces blood-red with pokeberry juice, and then cried out, 'If I were a Mexican, as I am an American, I would welcome the American soldiers with *bloody hands* to hospitable graves.' Several of the big boys of the Ridgeville school, Lew Staley, Amos Kelsey and Joe Githens, enlisted and went to Mexico in 1846. One day some of us 'little shavers' fancied we heard ominous booming sounds of a cannon far away, and having vague ideas of distances we fancied that a battle was going on at Monterey, and wondered whether Joe Githens would be killed."

When a lad of but seven, although of very delicate constitution, he was active in body and alert in mind. It was his delight to ramble along "Newman's Run" and the "Big Woods," hunting squirrels, fishing, and gathering wild flowers and May berries; or in winter, tracking rabbits or sliding over the "Old Swimming Hole." Inheriting from his father a love for books, he soon learned to read. The first that attracted him were those of travel and adventure, as "Robbins' Journal," "Lewis & Clark's Journal" and "Bruce's Travels." Although the school duties were irksome he was a faithful scholar, and "decidedly enjoyed the company of the pretty girls, with one or another of whom he was forever in love." Thus early with him began, as some one has called it, "the most wisely ordained, inspiring humbug of life."

At the age of seventeen he became a school-teacher to earn money to continue his education, and began, Nov., 1854, in a little, miserable old school-house at Sugar Grove, near Waynesville; compensation, sixty cents a day. Then for several years he was a teacher and student in Alfred Holbrook's noted Normal Academy at Lebanon. From 1862 to 1886, twenty-four years, he was a professor of natural science in Chickering's famous institute in Cincinnati, and on the death of the latter remained for five additional years its principal and proprietor.

Mr. Venable's educational and literary career began early, and he has achieved a fine reputation as a teacher, writer and lecturer. His quick eye for character, his delicious humor and swift imagination, and his dramatic instinct of scene and situation make him an interesting story-teller, whether in speaking or in writing, as witness his "Thomas Tadmore," a narrative lecture of the humor and pathos of boy life, with which he has delighted hundreds of audiences. A late writer says of him:

Possessing decided executive ability, he organized in Cincinnati the Society for Political Education, of which he was the first president. In the winter of 1882-3 he formed and conducted an "African School in Popular Science and History," in which fifteen eminent lecturers took part, and which was patronized by many ladies and gentlemen. In 1881 Mr. Venable was elected a member of the American Association for the Advancement of Science. In June, 1886, the Ohio University bestowed upon him the degree of Doctor of Laws.

Prof. Venable is the author of a "History of the United States," pronounced by *The Nation* "the best of its class," and of two volumes of poems, "June on the Miami," and "Melodies of the Heart." The poem by which he first became generally known, "The Teacher's Dream," has been praised by Longfellow, Holmes, Garfield and other noted men, and is popular with teachers everywhere. It is far surpassed in poetical merit by many of the author's later pieces. A New England critic writes of his recent

volume: "It seems to me I have never yet read a book of verses which satisfied me more, and I am sure I have read from no minor poet on either side of the ocean so many satisfactory strains. Such equal strength in love, patriotism, religion and humor is rarely found."

Another says his "Melodies of the Heart" is as a little open chest, "filled with simplicity, beauty, melody, purity, pathos and humor, the whole perfumed with love."

Mr. Venable has just issued from the press of Robert Clarke & Co. "Beginning of Literary Culture in the Ohio Valley," a work of singular value and interest.

The "Teacher Poet" is happily married to a woman in every way worthy of him. The marriage was a love-match not without its romance. A very pleasant glimpse of the Venable home at Mount Tusculum is given by the Hon. Coates Kinney, the author of the far-famed lyric, "Rain on the Roof:"

"Mr. Venable has a poet's home and a poet's wife—a talented woman who appreciates him and inspires him with her loving admiration. Just east of Cincinnati, on the Little Miami Railroad, there is a picturesque suburb named (by some admirers of Cicero) Tusculum. Leaving the station, climbing the up-hill street of the town, turning into the wood, passing down through a glen, winding about, and again climbing by stone steps up gentle slopes, across rustic plank bridges, under overhanging trees, and you come to the poet's home—a commodious country house almost on top of the hill, looking down over all the landscape of slopes, and glens, and ravines, and woods that you have just come through.

"This is the poet's home; and a delightful home it is, full of love and poetry and children. Venable is, in the city, a man of business and bustle in the daytime, but a dreamer here on the hills at night. An evening with him there in his cozy library, overlooking the brown ravine, is a rest and refreshment not soon to be forgotten."

THE TEACHER'S DREAM.

The weary teacher sat alone
While twilight gathered on;
And not a sound was heard around;
The boys and girls were gone.

The weary teacher sat alone,
Unnerved and pale was he;
Bowed 'neath a yoke of care, he spoke
In sad soliloquy:

"Another round, another round
Of labor thrown away,
Another chain of toil and pain
Dragged through a tedious day.

"Of no avail is constant zeal,
Love's sacrifice is lost,
The hopes of morn, so golden, turn
Each evening into dross.

"I squander on a barren field
My strength, my life, my all;
The seeds I sow will never grow,
They perish where they fall."

He sighed, and low upon his hands
His aching brow he pressed;
And o'er his frame ere long there came
A soothing sense of rest.

And then he lifted up his face,
But started back aghast—
The room by strange and sudden change
Assumed proportions vast.

It seemed a senate hall, and one
Addressed a listening throng;
Each burning word all bosoms stirred,
Applause rose loud and long.

The 'wildered teacher thought he knew
The speaker's voice and look,
"And for his name," said he, "the same
Is in my record book."

The stately senate hall dissolved,
A church rose in its place,
Wherein there stood a man of God,
Dispensing words of grace.

And though he heard the solemn voice,
And saw the beard of gray,
The teacher's thought was strangely wrought,
"My yearning heart to-day

"Wept for this youth, whose wayward will
Against persuasion strove,
Compelling force, love's last resource,
To stablish laws of love."

The church, a phantasm, vanished soon:
What saw the teacher then?
In classic gloom of alcoved room
An author plied his pen.

"My idlest lad," the teacher said,
Filled with a new surprise—
"Shall I behold *his* name enrolled
Among the great and wise?"

The vision of a cottage home
The teacher now descried;
A mother's face illumined the place
Her influence sanctified.

"A miracle! a miracle!
This matron well I know
Was but a wild and careless child
Not half an hour ago.

"And when she to her children speaks
Of duty's golden rule,
Her lips repeat, in accents sweet,
My words to her at school."

The scene was changed again, and, lo!
The school-house rude and old;
Upon the wall did darkness fall;
The evening air was cold.

"A dream," the sleeper, waking, said,
Then paced along the floor,
And, whistling low and soft and slow,
He locked the school-house door.

And, walking home, his heart was full
Of peace and trust and love and praise,
And, singing slow and soft and low,
He murmured, "After many days."

LET'S SHAKE.

You thought you would take me, you say, by
surprise!
You rascal! I knew you the moment my eyes
Lighted on your old back, Bill, I couldn't
mistake
Your voice nor your motions. How are you?
Let's shake!

You are a friend that sticks to his friend,
Living or dying, world without end;
Through flood and through fire I'd go for
your sake.
Give us your hand here, old fellow,
Let's shake!

Don't it beat all? Now why did you wire
Me not to expect you, you measureless liar?
Come up to my den, and by jolly, we'll make
A night of it talking of old times—
Let's shake!

How have you been? Let me look in your
face;
Have you won, have you lost, in life's dusty
race?
Have you knocked the persimmons and taken
the cake?
No? Here is my wallet—we'll share it—
Let's shake!

Here is my heart—it is truer than gold;
Hotter it grows as the world waxes cold;
Come, tell me your troubles, and let me par-
take
Your inmost perplexities, William—
Let's shake!

Tell me your sorrows, and talk of your joys;
Don't you remember the days we were boys?
What has become of Sam, Tom, Joe and
Jake?
Shake to their memory, brother,
Let's shake!

Say, are you married, or are you in love?
Speak out, for you know we are like hand and
glove;
I used to think you and Belle Esmond would
wed.
Yes, yes, as I wrote you, the baby is dead;
I thought for a while that my wife's heart
must break;
Your hand, dear old comrade—don't mind
me,
Let's shake!

God bless you! I'm awfully glad you are
here.

You must not make fun of this womanish
 tear ;
 'Twas only a baby, scarce two Aprils old,
 But, Billy, I tell you, they *do* get a hold
 Of the heart-strings, these babies, and since
 ours went,
 Why, somehow or other, we're not quite
 content

With this planet ; but when all the worry and
 strife
 Are over, I hope we may strike a new life
 Up yonder, where hearts never hunger nor
 ache,
 You'll give me the grip there, old fellow,
We'll shake!

WAYNESVILLE is nine miles northeast of Lebanon, on the Little Miami river, and one and a half miles from Corwin Station on the P. C. & St. L. R. R. Newspapers: *Miami Gazette*, neutral, T. J. Brown, editor and publisher; *News*, Republican, Drew Sweet, editor and publisher. Churches: 1 Methodist Episcopal; 1 Episcopal; 1 Christian; 2 Friends' meeting houses. Banks: (T. H. Harris) J. J. Mosher, cashier; Waynesville National, S. S. Haines, president; W. H. Allen, cashier. Population, 1880, 793. School census, 1888, 237. Wm. M. Harford, school superintendent.

Waynesville was laid out in February, 1796, by Samuel Highway, an emigrant from England, and Dr. Evan Banes. More than a year later Highway hired two wagons, a guide and three or four woodmen to cut a road from Columbia to the projected town, there to make the first settlement. The wagons were three or four days on the journey, arriving at the site of the new town March 8, 1797. Francis Baily, a young Englishman, was with the party, and gives an interesting account of the founding of Waynesville in his "Journal of a Tour in the Unsettled Parts of North America in 1796 and 1797." While the sound of the axe was heard felling the trees for the first residences, Baily and Dr. Banes went hunting and killed one bear and two or three deer, and saw a great number of wild turkeys. Francis Baily later became a celebrated astronomer, and President of the "Royal Astronomical Society."

Rev. James Smith visited Waynesville October 11, 1797, and found fourteen families settled there. He says: "We lodged with a Mr. Highway, an emigrant from England, who with a number of his country people suffered inconceivable hardships in getting to this country. It was curious to see their elegant furniture and silver plate glittering in a small, smoky cabin." A large number of the early settlers in this vicinity were Friends.

MORROW is ten miles southeast of Lebanon, on the Little Miami river, at the junction of the Little Miami and the C. & M. V. divisions of the P. C. & St. L. R. R.

Morrow was laid out by Wm. H. Clement and others when the Little Miami R. R. was completed to the mouth of Todd's Fork in 1844, and was named in honor of Gov. Morrow, then president of the railroad.

Churches: 1 Catholic; 1 Methodist; 1 Presbyterian. Bank: Morrow (A. N. & Theo. Couden), E. C. Dunham, cashier. Population, 1880, 946. School census, 1888, 385; O. W. Martin, superintendent schools.

HARVEYSBURG is twelve miles northeast of Lebanon. It was laid out by William Harvey in 1828. Near the town are "the fifty springs" of mineral waters.

Churches: 1 United Brethren; 1 Methodist Episcopal; 1 Colored Methodist Episcopal; 1 Baptist; 1 Orthodox Friends; 1 Hicksite Friends. Population, 1880, 539. School census, 1888, 196.

SPRINGBORO is eight miles north of Lebanon. Population, 1880, 553. School census, 1888, 188.

Springboro was laid out by Jonathan Wright in 1815, and took its name from one of the finest springs in the State, the water of which has been utilized in running a flouring-mill and woollen factory.

RIDGEVILLE was laid out in 1815 by Fergus McLean, father of Justice John McLean, and is situated on one of the most elevated ridges on the line of the L. & N. R. R., in the north part of the county.

BUTLERVILLE was laid out by Abram B. Butler in 1838.

MURDOCH was named from the distinguished actor and reader, who resided there about twenty-five years. It is on the line of the L. M. R. R., in the southeast corner of the county.

MASON is eight miles southwest of Lebanon, on the C. L. & N. R. R. Population, 1880, 431. School census, 1888, 178. It was laid out in 1815 by Major William Mason, and first called Palmyra.

MAINEVILLE is nine miles south of Lebanon. Population, 1880, 324. School census, 1888, 132. It was first called Yankeetown, being founded by emigrants from Maine, the first of whom, Dr. John Cottle, came in 1818.

FOSTER'S CROSSINGS is ten miles southeast of Lebanon, on the L. M. R. R., and long famous as a point for the raising of sweet potatoes of a superior quality; and

KINGS MILLS, near it, also on the railroad and river, where gunpowder is largely manufactured.

WASHINGTON.

WASHINGTON COUNTY was formed July 26, 1788, by proclamation of Gov. St. Clair, being the FIRST COUNTY formed within the limits of Ohio.

The surface is generally hilly and broken, excepting the broad strips of alluvial land on the Ohio and Muskingum. In the middle and western part are extensive tracts of fertile land. The uplands near the large streams are commonly broken, but well adapted to pasturage. The principal products are corn, wheat, oats, potatoes, dairy produce, fruit and wool.

Its original boundaries were as follows: "*Beginning on the bank of the Ohio river, where the western boundary line of Pennsylvania crosses it, and running with that line to Lake Erie; thence along the southern shore of said lake to the mouth of Cuyahoga river; thence up the said river to the portage between it and the Tuscarawas branch of the Muskingum; thence down that branch to the forks, at the crossing place above Fort Laurens; thence with a line to be drawn westerly to the portage on that branch of the Big Miami on which the fort stood that was taken by the French in 1752, until it meets the road from the lower Shawnese town to Sandusky; thence south to the Scioto river, and thence with that river to the mouth, and thence up the Ohio river to the place of beginning.*" This area comprised more than the eastern half of the now State of Ohio.

Area about 650 square miles. In 1887 the acres cultivated were 106,805; in pasture, 137,758; woodland, 81,026; lying waste, 10,562; produced in wheat, 322,846 bushels; rye, 3,415; buckwheat, 643; oats, 216,603; corn, 564,769; broom-corn, 8,475 lbs. brush; meadow hay, 19,776 tons; clover hay, 3,599; potatoes, 120,664 bushels; tobacco, 314,475 lbs.; butter, 681,224; cheese, 4,815; sorghum, 14,032 gallons; maple sugar, 1,043 lbs.; honey, 6,837; eggs, 916,793 dozen; grapes, 22,040 lbs.; wine, 882 gallons; sweet potatoes, 26,439 bushels; apples, 9,726; peaches, 3,946; pears, 926; wool, 445,771 lbs.; milch cows owned, 7,825. Ohio Mining Statistics, 1888: Coal, 2,432 tons, employing 15 miners. School census, 1888, 14,140; teachers, 394. Miles of railroad track, 88.

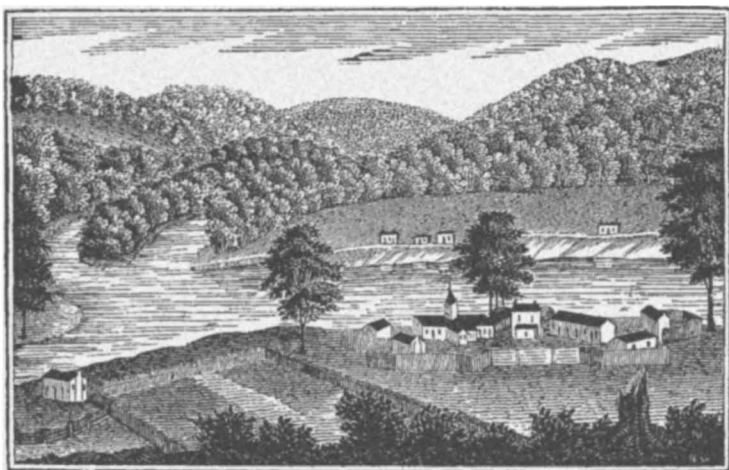
TOWNSHIPS AND CENSUS.	1840.	1880.	TOWNSHIPS AND CENSUS.	1840.	1880.
Adams,	791	1,856	Ludlow,	539	1,375
Aurelius,	886	999	Marietta,	2,689	8,830
Barlow,	880	1,200	Muskingum,		
Belpre,	1,296	2,636	Newport,	1,678	2,548
Decatur,	439	1,504	Palmer,		591
Dunham,		900	Roxbury,	1,225	
Fairfield,		731	Salem,	881	1,638
Fearing,	1,019	1,275	Union,	888	
Grand View,	514	2,663	Warren,	931	1,903
Independence,	335	1,792	Waterford,	1,166	2,128
Jolly,	582		Watertown,	1,128	1,894
Lawrence,	571	2,335	Wesley,	991	1,482
Liberty,	515	1,614			

Population of Washington in 1820 was 10,425; 1830, 11,731; 1840, 20,694; 1860, 36,268; 1880, 43,244: of whom 35,103 were born in Ohio; 1,549, Pennsylvania; 1,115, Virginia; 319, New York; 100, Indiana; 75, Kentucky; 2,002, German Empire; 515, Ireland; 216, England and Wales; 177, Scotland; 36 British America; 31, France; and 5, Norway and Sweden. Census, 1890, 42,380.

This county was the first settled in Ohio and under the auspices of the New England Ohio Company. Its earliest settlers were from New England, the descendants of whom constitute the largest part of its present population.

THE ERECTION OF FORT HARMAR.

In the autumn of 1785 a detachment of United States troops, under the command of Maj. John Doughty, commenced the erection, and the next year completed Fort Harmar, on the right bank of the Muskingum, at its junction with the Ohio. It was named in honor of Col. Josiah Harmar, to whose regiment Maj. Doughty was attached. It was the first military post erected by Americans within the limits of Ohio, excepting Fort Laurens, built in 1778, near the



FORT HARMAR.

present Bolivar, Tuscarawas county. The outlines of the fort formed a regular pentagon, embracing within the area about three-quarters of an acre. Its walls were formed of large horizontal timbers, and the bastions of large upright timbers, of about fourteen feet in height, fastened to each other by strips of timber tree-nailed into each picket. In its rear Maj. Doughty laid out fine gardens. It continued to be occupied by United States troops until September, 1790, when they were ordered to Cincinnati. A company under Captain Haskell continued to make the fort their head-quarters during the Indian war, sending out occasionally small detachments to assist the colonists at Marietta, Belpre and Waterford, in guarding their garrisons against the Indians. The barracks and houses not needed for the accommodation of the troops were occupied by the inhabitants living at Marietta, on the opposite side of the Muskingum.

In the autumn of 1787 the directors of the Ohio Company organized in New England, preparatory to a settlement. Upon the 23d of November they made arrangements for a party of 47 men to set forward under the superintendence of Gen. Rufus Putnam; and not long after, in the course of the winter, they started on their toilsome journey. Some of these, as well as most of those who followed them to the colony, had served in the war of the revolution, either as officers or soldiers, being men who had spent the prime of their lives in the struggle for liberty.

"During the winter of 1787-8 these men were pressing on over the Alleghanies by the old Indian path which had been opened into Braddock's road, and which has since been followed by the national turnpike from Cumberland westward. Through the dreary winter days they trudged on, and by April were all

gathered on the Yohiogany, where boats had been built, and started for the Muskingum. On the seventh of April they landed at the spot chosen, and became the founders of Ohio, unless we regard as such the Moravian missionaries.

"As St. Clair, who had been appointed governor the preceding October, had not yet arrived, it became necessary to erect a temporary government for their internal security; for which purpose a set of laws was passed, and published by being nailed to a tree in the village, and Return Jonathan Meigs was appointed to administer them. It is a strong evidence of the good habits of the people of the colony that during three months but one difference occurred, and that was compromised. Indeed, a better set of men altogether could scarce have been selected for the purpose than Putnam's little band. Washington might well say, 'no colony in America was ever settled under such favorable auspices as that which was first commenced at the Muskingum. Information, property and strength, will be its characteristics. I know many of the settlers personally, and there never were men better calculated to promote the welfare of such a community.'

"On the second of July a meeting of the directors and agents was held on the banks of the Muskingum, for the purpose of naming the new-born city and its public squares. As the settlement had been merely 'The Muskingum,' the name Marietta was now formally given to it, in honor of Marie Antoinette.

"On the fourth of July an oration was delivered by James M. Varnum, who, with S. H. Parsons and John Armstrong, had been appointed to the judicial bench of the territory, on the 16th of October, 1787. Five days later the governor arrived and the colony began to assume form. The ordinance of 1787 provided two district grades of government for the northwest territory, under the first of which the whole power was in the hands of the governor and three judges, and this form was at once organized upon the governor's arrival. The first law, which was 'for regulating and establishing the militia,' was published upon the 25th of July; and the next day appeared the governor's proclamation, erecting all the country that had been ceded by the Indians east of the Scioto river into the county of Washington.

"From that time forward, notwithstanding the doubt yet existing as to the Indians, all at Marietta went on prosperously and pleasantly. On the second of September, the first court was held, with becoming ceremonies," which was the first civil court ever convened in the territory northwest of the Ohio.

"The procession was formed at the Point (where most of the settlers resided), in the following order:—1st, The high sheriff, with his drawn sword; 2d, the citizens; 3d, the officers of the garrison at Fort Harmar; 4th, the members of the bar; 5th, the supreme judges; 6th, the governor and clergyman; 7th, the newly appointed judges of the court of common pleas, Generals Rufus Putnam and Benj. Tupper.

"They marched up a path that had been cut and cleared through the forest to Campus Martius Hall (stockade), where the whole counter-marched, and the judges (Putnam and Tupper) took their seats. The clergyman, Rev. Dr. Cutler, then invoked the divine blessing. The sheriff, Col. Ebenezer Sproat (one of nature's nobles), proclaimed with his solemn 'O yes,' that a court is

opened for the administration of even-handed justice to the poor and the rich, to the guilty and the innocent, without respect of persons: none to be punished without a trial by their peers, and then in pursuance of the laws and evidence in the case. Although this scene was exhibited thus early in the settlement of the State, few ever equalled it in the dignity and exalted character of its principal participants. Many of them belong to the history of our country, in the darkest as well as most splendid periods of the revolutionary war. To witness this spectacle, a large body of Indians was collected, from the most powerful tribes then occupying the almost entire west. They had assembled for the purpose of making a treaty. Whether any of them entered the hall of justice, or what were their impressions, we are not told."

"The progress of the settlement [says a letter from the Muskingum] is sufficiently rapid for the first year. We are continually erecting houses, but arrivals are faster than we can possibly provide convenient covering. Our first ball was opened about the middle of December, at which were fifteen ladies, as well accomplished in the manners of polite circles as any I have ever seen in the old

States. I mention this to show the progress of society in this new world ; where, I believe, we shall vie with, if not excel, the old States, in every accomplishment necessary to render life agreeable and happy."

CAMPUS MARTIUS.

Soon after the landing, preparations were made to build the stockaded fort, *Campus Martius*, to which allusion has already been made ; and although it was begun in the course of that year, it was not entirely completed with palisades and outworks, or bastions, until the winter of 1791.

The walls formed a regular parallelogram, the sides of which were 180 feet each. At each corner was erected a strong block-house, surmounted by a tower and sentry box. These houses were 20 feet square below and 24 feet above, and projected 6 feet beyond the curtains, or main walls of the fort. The intermediate curtains were built up with dwelling-houses, made of wood, whip-sawed into timbers four inches thick, and of the requisite width and length. These were laid up similar to the structure of log-houses, with the ends nicely dove-tailed or fitted together so as to make a neat finish. The whole were two stories high, and covered with good shingle roofs. Convenient chimneys were erected of bricks, for cooking and warming the rooms. A number of the dwelling houses were built and owned by private individuals, who had families. In the west and south fronts were strong gateways ; and over that, in the centre of the front looking to the Muskingum river, was a belfry. The chamber underneath was occupied by the Hon. Winthrop Sargent, as an office, he being secretary to the governor of the N. W. Territory, General St. Clair, and performing the duties of governor in his absence. This room projected over the gateway, like a block-house, and was intended for the protection of the gate beneath in time of an assault.

At the outer corner of each block-house was erected a bastion, standing on four stout timbers. The floor of the bastion was a little above the lower story of the block-house. They were square, and built up with thick planks to the height of a man's head, so that when he looked over he stepped on a narrow platform, or "banquet," running round the sides of the bulwark. Port-holes were made for musketry, as well as for artillery, a single piece of which was mounted in the southwest and northeast bastions. In these the sentries were regularly posted every night, as more convenient of access than the towers ; a door leading into them from the upper story of the block-houses. The lower room of the southwest block-house was occupied for a guard-house. Running from corner to corner of the block-houses was a row of palisades, sloping outwards, and resting on stout rails. Twenty feet in advance of these was a row of very strong and large pickets, set upright in the earth.

Gateways through these admitted the inmates of the garrison. A few feet beyond

the outer palisades was placed a row of abatis, made from the tops and branches of trees, sharpened and pointing outwards, so that it would have been very difficult for an enemy to have penetrated even within their outworks. The dwelling houses occupied a space from 15 to 30 feet each, and were sufficient for the accommodation of forty or fifty families, and did actually contain from 200 to 300 persons, men, women and children, during the Indian war.

Before the Indians commenced hostilities, the block-houses were occupied as follows :—the southwest one by the family of Gov. St. Clair ; the northwest one for public worship and holding of courts. The southeast block-house was occupied by private families ; and the northeast as an office for the accommodation of the directors of the company. The area within the walls was 144 feet square, and afforded a fine parade-ground. In the centre was a well, 80 feet in depth, for the supply of water to the inhabitants in case of a siege. A large sun-dial stood for many years in the square, placed on a handsome post, and gave note of the march of time. It is still preserved as a relic of the old garrison.

After the war commenced, a regular military corps was organized, and a guard constantly kept night and day. The whole establishment formed a very strong work, and reflected great credit on the head that planned it. It was in a manner impregnable to the attacks of Indians, and none but a regular army with cannon could have reduced it. It is true, that the heights across the Muskingum commanded and looked down upon the defences of the fort ; but there was no enemy in a condition to take possession of this advantage.

The garrison stood on the verge of that beautiful plain on the east side of and overlooking the Muskingum, on which are seated those celebrated remains of antiquity ; and erected probably for a similar purpose, the defence of the inhabitants. The ground descends into shallow ravines on the north and south sides ; on the west is an abrupt descent to the river bottoms, or alluvions ; and the east passed out on to the level plain. On this the ground was cleared of trees beyond the reach of rifle shots, so as to afford no shelter to a hidden foe. Extensive fields of corn were growing in the midst of the standing girdled trees beyond. The front wall of the garrison was about 150 yards from the

Muskingum river. The appearance of the fort from without was grand and imposing ; at a little distance resembling one of the military palaces or castles of the feudal ages. Between the outer palisades and the river were laid out neat gardens for the use of Gov. St. Clair and his secretary, with the officers of the company.

Opposite the fort, on the shore of the river, was built a substantial timber wharf, at which was moored a fine cedar barge for twelve rowers, built by Capt. Jonathan Devoll, for Gen. Putnam ; a number of pirogues, and the light canoes of the country ; and last, not

least, "the *May-Flower*," or "*Adventure Galley*," in which the first detachment of colonists were transported from the shores of the Yohiogany to the banks of the Muskingum. In these, especially the canoes, during the war, most of the communications were carried on between the settlements of the company and the more remote towns above on the Ohio river. Travelling by land was very hazardous to any but the rangers or spies. There were no roads nor bridges across the creeks, and for many years after the war had ceased the travelling was nearly all done by canoes on the rivers.

The names of the first forty-eight settlers at MARIETTA are, General Rufus Putnam, superintendent of the colony ; Colonels Ebenezer Sproat, Return J. Meigs, and Major Anselm Tupper and John Mathews, surveyors ; Major Haffield White, steward and quartermaster ; Captains Jonathan Devol, Josiah Munro, Daniel Davis, Peregrine Foster, Jethro Putnam, William Gray and Ezekiel Cooper ; Jabez Barlow, Daniel Bushnell, Phineas Coburn, Ebenezer Cory, Samuel Cushing, Jervis Cutler, Israel Danton, Jonas Davis, Allen Devol, Gilbert Devol, Jr., Isaac Dodge, Oliver Dodge, Samuel Felshaw, Hezekiah Flint, Hezekiah Flint, Jr., John Gardner, Benjamin Griswold, Elizur Kirtland, Theophilus Learned, Joseph Lincoln, Simeon Martin, William Mason, Henry Maxon, William Miller, Edmund Moulton, William Moulton, Amos Porter, Allen Putnam, Benjamin Shaw, Earl Sproat, David Wallis, Joseph Wells, Josiah White, Peletiah White, Josiah Whitridge.

Other settlers who came the first season to Marietta, as far as recollected, were as follows:

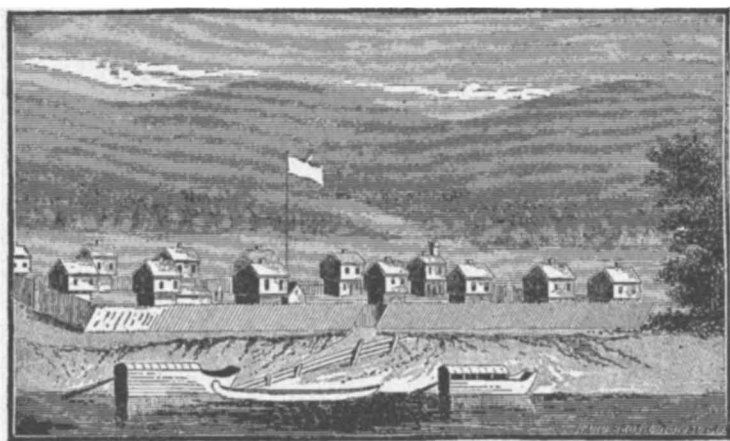
Of the *agents*, were Winthrop Sargeant, secretary of the territory, Judges Parsons and Varnum of the settlers, Capt. Dana, Joseph Barker, Col. Battelle, Major Tyler, Dr. True, Capt. Lunt, the Bridges, Thomas Cory, Andrew M'Clure, Thomas Lord, Wm. Gridley, Moody, Russels, Deavens, Oakes, Wright, Clough, Green, Shipman, Dorrance, the Maxons, Wells, etc. The first boat of families arrived on the 19th of August, in the same season, consisting of Gen. Tupper's, Col. Ichabod Nye's, Col. Cushing's, Major Coburn's, and Major Goodale's.

In the spring of 1789 settlements were pushed out to Belpre, Waterford, and Duck creek, where they began to clear and plant the land, build houses and stockades. Among the first settlers at WATERFORD were Benjamin Convers, Gilbert Devol, sen., Phineas Coburn, Wm. Gray, Col. Robert Oliver, Major Haffield White, Andrew Story, Samuel Cushing, John Dodge, Allen and Gideon Devol, George, William, and David Wilson, Joshua Sprague, with his sons William and Jonathan, Capt. D. Davis, Phineas Coburn, Andrew Webster, Eben Ayres, Dr. Farley, David Brown, A. Kelly, James and Daniel Convers.

At Belpre (the French for "beautiful meadow") were three stockades, the upper, lower, and middle ; the last of which was called "farmer's castle," which stood on the banks of the Ohio, nearly, if not quite, opposite the beautiful island, since known as "Blannerhasset's," the scene of "Burr's con-

spiracy." Among the persons at the upper were Capt. Dana, Capt. Stone, Col. Bent, Wm. Browning, Judge Foster, John Rowse, Mr. Keppel, Israel Stone. At farmer's castle were Col. Cushing, Major Haskel, Aaron Waldo Putnam, Col. Fisher, Mr. Sparhawk, and it is believed George and Israel Putnam, jr. At the lower were Major Goodale, Col. Rice, Esq. Pierce, Judge Israel Loring, Deacon Miles, Major Bradford, and Mr. Goodenow. In the summer of 1789 Col. Ichabod Nye and some others built a block-house at Newberry, below Belpre. Mr. Nye sold his lot there to Aaron N. Clough, who, with Stephen Guthrie, Jos. Leavins, Joel Oakes, Eleazer Curtis, Mr. Denham, J. Littleton, and a Mr. Brown, were located at that place during the subsequent Indian war.

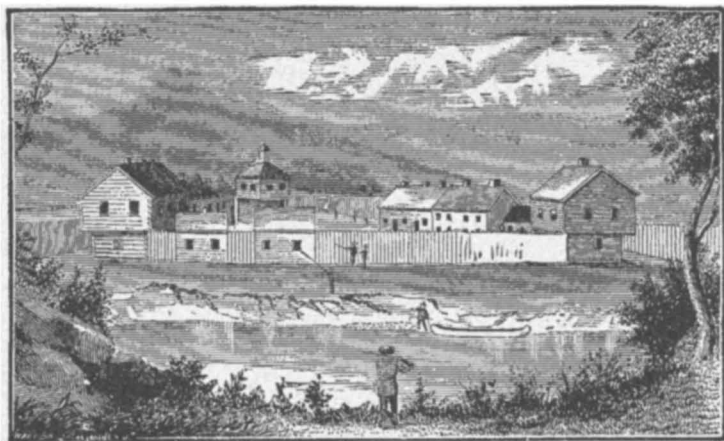
Every exertion possible for men in these circumstances was made to secure food and prepare for future difficulties. Col. Oliver, Major Haffield White, and John Dodge, of the Waterford settlement, began mills on Wolf creek, about three miles from the fort, and got them running ; and these, the first mills in Ohio, were never destroyed during the subsequent Indian war, though the proprietors removed their families to the fort at Marietta. Col. E. Sproat and Enoch Shephard began mills on *Duck creek*, three miles from Marietta, from the completion of which they were driven by the Indian war. Thomas Stanley began mills higher up, near the Duck Creek settlement ; these were likewise unfinished. The Ohio Company built a large horse mill near Campus Martius, and soon after, a floating mill.



FARMER'S CASTLE (BELPRE), 1791.

Belpre, 12 miles below Marietta, was the next place settled after it. The garrison was under military discipline, and religious services and schools were at once established. Over two hundred men, women and children lived in Farmer's Castle and in Goodale and Stone's garrisons, two smaller defences on either side of the castle.

Nye's Reminiscences.—During the Indian war, which soon succeeded the first settlements, the inhabitants suffered much for the necessities of life. Although some of the settlers were killed, and others carried into captivity, yet the massacre at Big Bottom (see Morgan County) was the most alarming event. The escape of the settlers from greater suffering from this source was owing to the strong fortifications erected, and the admirable judgment and foresight they displayed in taking precautions against danger. Among the incidents connected with the troubles with the Indians, to which we have barely space to allude, was the



FORT FRYE, WATERFORD, 1792.

taking prisoner at Waterford of Daniel Convers (then a lad of 16, now (1846) of Zanesville), who was carried to Detroit; the murder of Warth while at work near Fort Harmar; the taking prisoner of Major Goodale, of Belpre, who was, it is supposed, murdered; the death of Capt. Rogers, who was out with Mr. Henderson, as a spy, and was killed near the Muskingum, about a mile from Marietta; the death of a Mr. Waterman, near Waterford, and the narrow escape of Return

J. Meigs, into Fort Harmar, by his fleetness of foot while pursued by the enemy. On the other hand retaliation was in a measure inflicted upon the Indians, and among those most active in this duty was Hamilton Carr, a man eminently distinguished as an Indian hunter and spy.

During the war a stockade was erected near the mouth of Olive Green creek, above Waterford, which became the frontier garrison, and had in it about seven or eight men and boys able to bear arms, called Fort Frye. Just before Wayne's victory, Aug. 4, 1794, they lost one man, a Mr. Abel Sherman, who went into the woods incautiously, and was killed by the Indians. A tombstone with a scalped head rudely carved upon it marks the spot where he lies.

Among the inmates of this garrison was Geo. Ewing, Esq., father of the Hon. Thos. Ewing. His fortune and history were similar to that of many of the revolutionary officers who emigrated to the West at that early day. He inherited a handsome patrimony and sold it, investing the proceeds in bonds and mortgages, and entered the continental army as a subaltern officer in 1775, he being then but

little over twenty-one years of age. He continued to serve, with a few short intermissions, during the war. When the bonds fell due, they were paid in continental money, which, proving worthless, reduced him to poverty. In 1785 he migrated to the West, and remained on the Virginia side of the Ohio until 1792, when he crossed over and settled at Olive Green.

From the communication of one of the early settlers at Olive Green we annex some facts respecting their privations and the discovery of a salt well.

The inhabitants had among them but few of what we consider the necessities and conveniences of life. Brittle wares, such as earthen and glass, were wholly unknown, and but little of the manufactures of steel and iron, both of which were exceedingly dear. Iron and salt were procured in exchange for ginseng and peltry, and carried on pack horses from Ft. Cumberland or Chambersburg. It was no uncommon thing for the garrison to be wholly without salt for months, subsisting upon fresh meat, milk and vegetables, and bread made of corn pounded in a mortar—they did not yet indulge in the luxury of the hand-mill.

There had been an opinion, founded upon the information of the Indians, that there were salt springs in the neighborhood, but the spot was carefully concealed. Shortly after Wayne's victory, in 1794, and after the inhabitants had left the garrison and gone to

their farms, a white man, who had been long a prisoner with the Indians, was released and returned to the settlements. He stopped at Olive Green, and there gave an account of the salt springs, and directions for finding them. A party was immediately formed (of whom George Ewing, Jr., then a lad of 17, was one), who, after an absence of seven or eight days, returned, to the great joy of the inhabitants, with about a gallon of salt, which they had made in their camp kettle. This was, as I think, in August, 1795. A supply, though a very small one, was made there that season for the use of the frontier settlement.

Whether this salt spring was earlier known to the whites I am unable to say. It may have been so to spies and explorers, and perhaps to the early missionaries; but this was the first discovery which was made available to the people.

Marietta in 1846.—Marietta, the county-seat, and the oldest town in Ohio, is on the left bank of the Muskingum, at its confluence with the Ohio, 104 miles southeast of Columbus. It is built principally upon a level plot of ground, in the midst of most beautiful scenery. Many of the dwellings are constructed with great neatness, and embellished with handsome door-yards and highly cultivated gardens. Its inhabitants are mostly of New England descent, and there are few places in our country that can compare with this in point of morality and intelligence—but few of its size with so many cultivated and literary men. Marietta contains 1 Presbyterian, 1 Episcopal, 1 Baptist, 1 Methodist, 1 German Methodist, 1 Universalist and 1 Catholic church; a male and female academy, in excellent repute; a college, 2 public libraries, 1 bank, 1 or 2 printing offices, a variety of mechanical and manufacturing establishments, about 20 mercantile stores, and in 1840 had a population of 1814. Ship-building, which was carried on very extensively at an early day, and then for a season abandoned, has again been commenced, and is now actively prosecuted. From the year 1800 to 1807 the

business was very thriving. Com. Abm. Whipple, a veteran of the revolution, conducted the one first built, the *St. Clair*, to the ocean.—*Old Edition*.

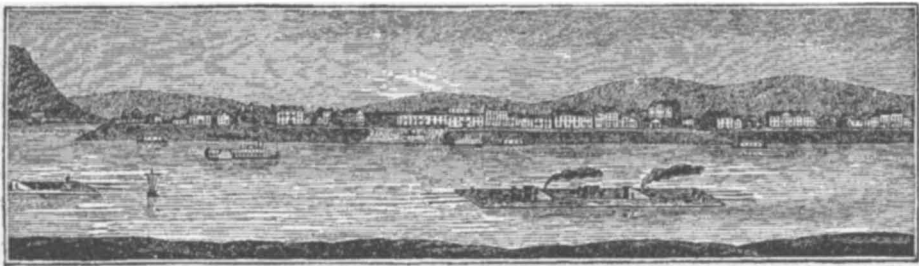


Drawn by Henry Howe in 1846.

MARIETTA COLLEGE.

At that time Marietta was made "a port of clearance," from which vessels could receive regular papers for a foreign country. "This circumstance was the cause of a curious incident, which took place in the year 1806 or 1807. A ship, built at Marietta, cleared from that port with a cargo of pork, flour, etc., for New Orleans. From thence she sailed to England with a load of cotton, and being chartered to take a cargo to St. Petersburg, the Americans being at that time carriers for half the world, reached that port in safety. Her papers being examined by a naval officer, and dating from the port of Marietta, Ohio, she was seized upon the plea

of their being a forgery, as no such port was known in the civilized world. With considerable difficulty the captain procured a map of the United States, and pointing with his finger to the mouth of the Mississippi, traced the course of that stream to the mouth of the Ohio; from thence he led the astonished and admiring naval officer along the devious track of the latter river to the port of Marietta, at the mouth of the Muskingum, from whence he had taken his departure. This explanation was entirely satisfactory, and the American was dismissed with every token of regard and respect."



Drawn by Henry Howe in 1846.

MARIETTA, FROM THE WEST VIRGINIA SHORE.

Marietta College was chartered in 1835. It was mainly established with a view to meet demands in the West for competent teachers and ministers of the

gospel. The institution ranks high among others of the kind, and its officers of instruction are such as to merit the confidence of the enlightened patrons of thorough education. A new college edifice has lately been reared, and from the indications given, the prospects of the institution for a generous patronage are highly auspicious. The catalogue for 1846-7 gives the whole number of students at 177, of whom 60 were undergraduates, and 117 in the preparatory academy. The officers are Henry Smith, M. A., president; John Kendrick, M. A., J. Ward Andrews, M. A., and Hiram Bingham, M. A., professors; Samuel Maxwell, M. A., principal of the academy, and Geo. A. Rosseter, M. A., tutor.—*Old Edition.*

The first president was Rev. Dr. Joel H. Lindsey, from 1835 to 1846; then Rev. Dr. Henry Smith, until 1855. He was succeeded by Rev. Dr. J. W. Andrews, who held the office until 1885, when Hon. John Eaton succeeded him.

From its beginning the college has been doing a beneficent work. The following copy of a letter from the late Rev. Dr. Andrews, ex-president, to Henry Howe is in point:

MARIETTA COLLEGE, O., June 4, 1887.

Dear Sir: At the request of President Eaton, the following names of some of the more eminent of the graduates of Marietta College are sent to you. As your request had reference to what the college has accomplished, the list includes a few who are not now living.

JOSEPH PERKINS, Esq., late of Cleveland, an eminent citizen and philanthropist as well as a man of business. He was one whom all men delighted to honor. REV. JOSEPH F. TUTTLE, D. D., LL. D., President of Wabash College, and Trustee of Lane Theological Seminary.

Professor EBENEZER B. ANDREWS, LL. D., for many years Professor of Geology in the college, and afterwards one of the State Geological Corps.

Rev. GEORGE M. MAXWELL, D. D., since 1865 a Trustee of the College, and for many years President of the Trustees of Lane Seminary.

Professor GEORGE R. ROSSETER, LL. D., from 1868 till his death in 1882 Professor of Mathematics in the college. Gen. WILLARD WARNER, LL. D., a distinguished officer in the Union army, a former Senator of the United States from Alabama, and an eminent and successful manufacturer. Rev. ALOAN H. WASHBURN, D. D., a distinguished clergyman of Cleveland, who lost his life at the Ashtabula disaster. Hon. JOSEPH G. WILSON, LL. D., one of the Supreme Judges of Oregon, and member-elect of Congress at the time of his death in 1873. Hon. WILLIAM IRWIN, LL. D., late Governor of California. Professor GEORGE H. HOWISON, LL. D., Professor of Metaphysics in the University of California. Hon. MARTIN D. FOLLETT, one of the Supreme Judges of Ohio, and a Trustee of Marietta College since 1871.

Hon. ALFRED T. GOSHORN, LL. D., Director-General of the National Centennial Exposition of 1876, and Trustee of the College. Hon. JOHN F. FOLLETT, LL. D., a lawyer of Cincinnati, and late Member of Congress. Rev. JOHN H. SHEDD, D. D., missionary to Persia. Gen. BENJAMIN D. FEARING, a distinguished officer in the Union army. Professor DAVID E. BEACH, D. D., Professor of Moral and Intellectual Philosophy at Marietta. Professor JOHN N. LYLE, Ph. D., Professor of Mathematics in Westminster College, Mo. Gen. RUFUS R. DAWES, an eminent officer in the army, late Member of Congress, and Trustee of the College since 1871. Professor WILLIAM G. BALLANTINE, D. D., Professor of Old Testament Language and Literature, Oberlin Theological Seminary. Doctor LEONARD WALDO, Astronomer at the Yale Observatory.

Professor OSCAR H. MITCHELL, Ph. D., Professor of Mathematics at Marietta.

Yours truly,

J. W. ANDREWS.

HENRY HOWE, Esq.

MARIETTA, county-seat of Washington, is on the Ohio river, at the mouth of the Muskingum river, about ninety miles southeast of Columbus, 206 miles east of Cincinnati, at the termini of the C. W. & B., C. & M. and M. C. & N. Railroads. It is the seat of Marietta College.

County Officers, 1888: Auditor, David H. Merill; Clerk, Wesley G. Barthallow; Commissioners, J. Warren Thornily, Thomas Fleming, Mason Gorby; Coroner, John J. Neuer; Infirmary Directors, William T. Harness, James F. Briggs; Robert T. Miller, Jr.; Probate Judge, William H. Leeper; Prosecuting Attorney, John W. McCormick; Recorder, John W. Steele; Sheriff, Arthur B. Little; Surveyor, William Eldridge; Treasurer, Thomas J. Connor. City

Officers, 1888 : Sidney Ridgway, Mayor ; George Weiser, Clerk ; Charles Connor, Treasurer ; Jacob H. Dye, Marshal ; John M. Hook, Street Commissioner. Newspapers : *Register*, Republican, E. R. Alderman & Sons, editors and publishers ; *Leader*, Republican, T. F. Davis, editor and publisher ; *Times*, Democratic, Samuel McMillen, editor and publisher ; *Yankee Trader*, A. L. Rider, editor and publisher ; *Marietta College Olio*, Societies of Marietta College, publishers. Churches : 1 Protestant Episcopal, 1 Presbyterian, 2 Congregational, 2 Methodist Episcopal, 2 Evangelist, 1 Baptist, 1 Catholic, 1 United Brethren, and 1 Unitarian. Banks : Dime Savings Society, Jewett Palmer, president, C. H. Newton, treasurer ; First National, Beman Gates, president, E. M. Booth, cashier.

Manufactures and Employees.—*Marietta Register*, printing, etc., 15 ; Jacob Brand & Co., oak harness leather, 6 ; A. T. Nye & Son, stoves, etc., 41 ; Phoenix Milling Co., flour and feed, 17 ; Marietta Chair Co., chairs, 465 ; Smith & Foreman, doors, sash, etc., 6 ; Marietta Chair Co., chair material, 36 ; Strauss, Elston & Co., flour, etc., 6.—*State Report*, 1888.

Population in 1880, 5,444. School census, 1888, 1,725 ; Charles K. Wells, school superintendent. Capital invested in industrial establishments, \$488,500. Value of annual product, \$657,500.—*Ohio Labor Statistics*, 1887. Census, 1890, 10,050. This census includes the population of Harmar, which was annexed to Marietta in June of 1890, and then had 1,777 people.

Marietta has to-day much the appearance of an old-time New England town. The residences are largely single dwellings on streets very broad and well shaded with elms and maples, while the grounds, public and private, are well kept. Gardens abound with fruits and flowers, and everything about the place illustrates thrift, comfort and intelligence. It is, we think, the best shaded town in the State. The view on an adjoining page well represents its position. It was taken from the high hill in Harmar on the west bank of the Muskingum, and is looking across the stream east and showing the Ohio in the distance. The Muskingum here is not far from two hundred yards wide. It falls into the Ohio by a dam of about eleven feet, and two bridges cross it, the lower a railroad bridge. The river joining this county is dotted with a line of nine small but beautiful and fertile islands, some of these of sufficient size for fine farms and gardens. One, and very beautiful it is, is just above the city, and twelve miles below is the historic Blennerhassett just below Parkersburg. The beauty of the river scenery with its embosoming islands, whose dense foliage often in the June freshets hangs over laying in the passing waters, was a pleasing sight to the early settlers, unlike anything within their previous experience.

The business part of Marietta is along the Muskingum, or below the upper bridge to its junction with the Ohio, which from an early day has been called "the Point," where the first houses were erected. Campus Martius was three quarters of a mile inland from the Point up the Muskingum. It was originally connected with the Point by a narrow winding path through the forest, with substantial bridges crossing the rivulet that still intersect the lower part of the city. The ancient works, of which a picture is shown, are on the second plateau from the Muskingum. They are above the back of the dwellings, which last are largely on the gently sloping ground between the two levels. The general business of the city is in supplying the wants of a rich agricultural region of diversified productions. A marked feature around the place are the noble orchards that greet the eye on the hillsides and rolling grounds.

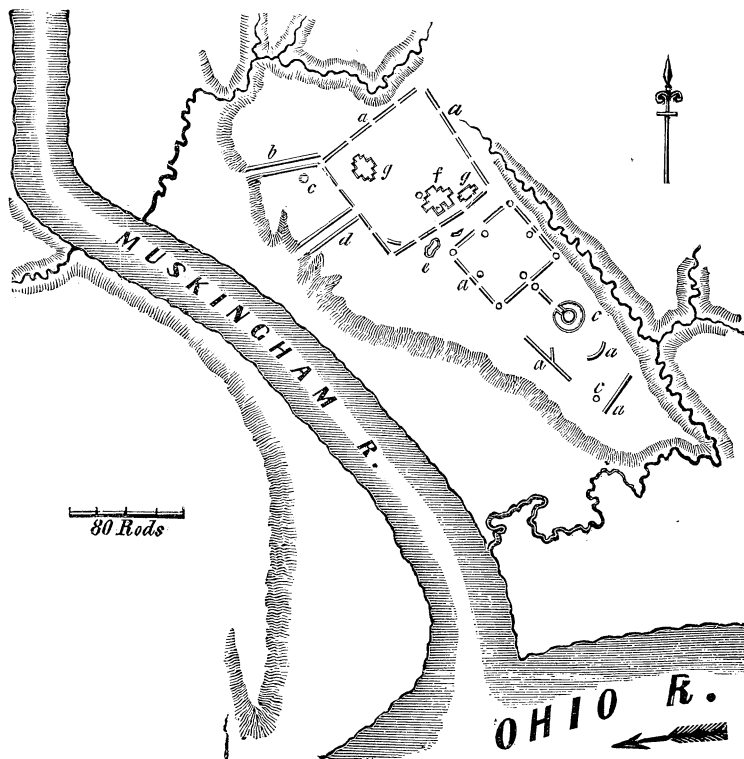
THE ANCIENT WORKS.

The ancient works at Marietta, which, although not more remarkable than others in the State, and not as extensive as some, are more generally known from having been so frequently described and alluded to by travellers. The description which follows is from Harris's Tour, and the engraved plan from the Arch-

æologia Americana of Caleb Atwater. They have been largely obliterated, but still enough remains to interest the visitor :

"The situation of these works is on an elevated plain, above the present bank of the Muskingum, on the east side, and about half a mile from its junction with the Ohio. They consist of walls and mounds of earth, in direct lines, and in square and circular forms.

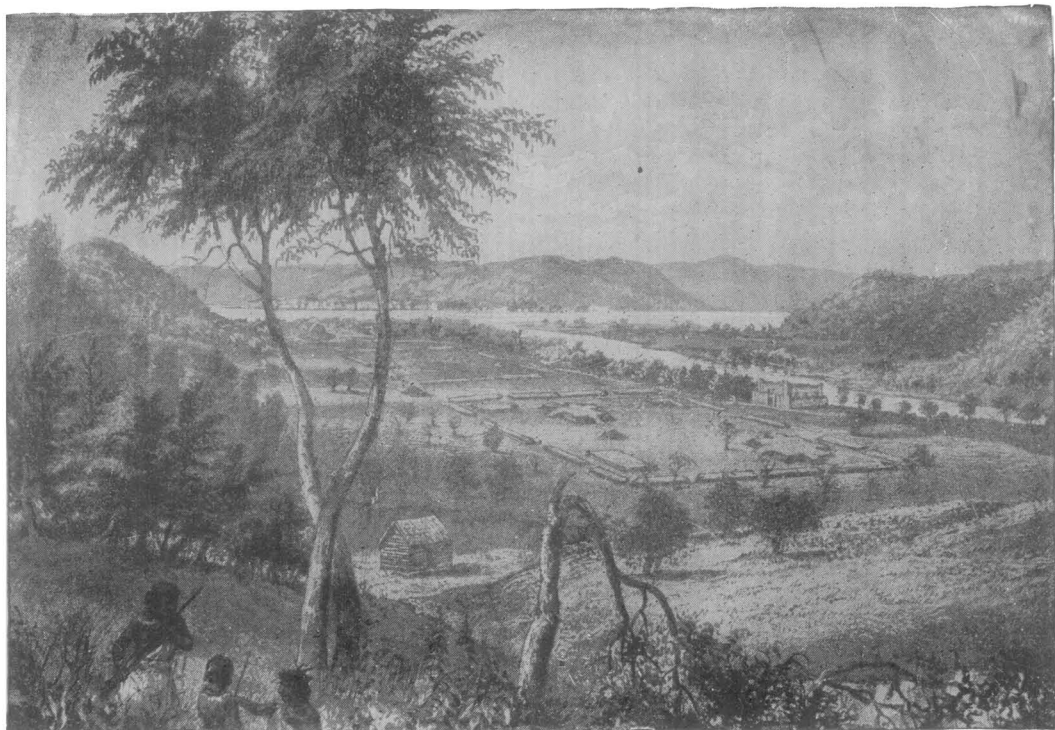
"The largest square fort, by some called the town, contains forty acres, encompassed by a wall of earth from six to ten feet high, and from twenty-five to thirty-six feet in breadth at the base. On each side are three openings, at equal distances, resembling twelve gateways. The entrances at the middle are the largest, particularly on the side next to the Muskingum. From this outlet is a covert way, formed of two parallel walls of earth, 231 feet distant from each other,



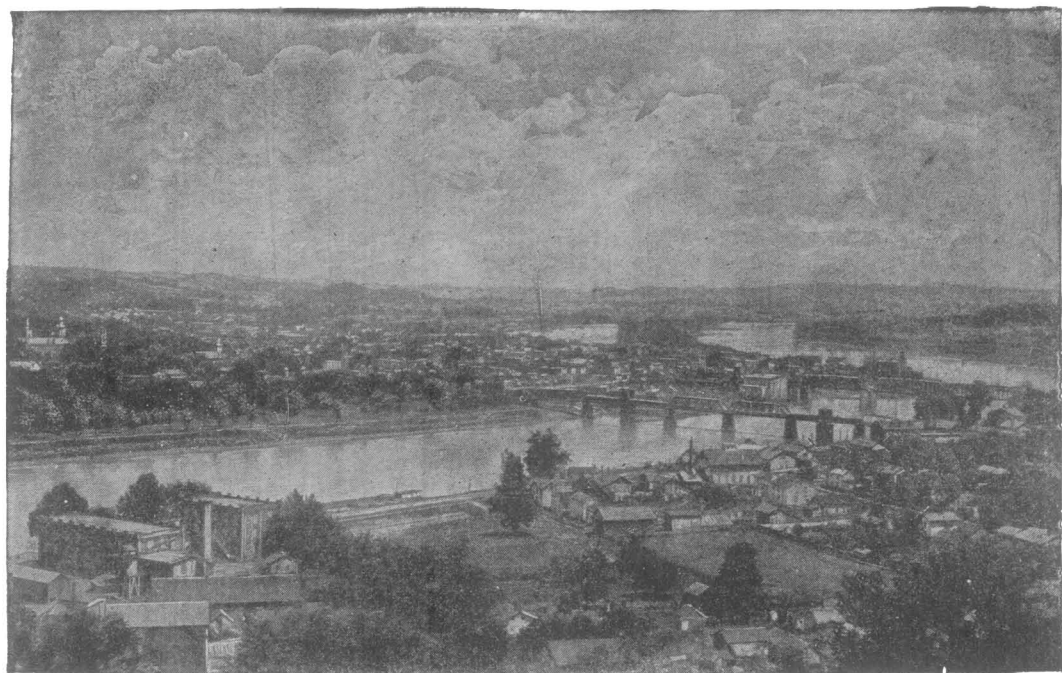
ANCIENT WORKS, MARIETTA.

measuring from centre to centre. The walls at the most elevated part, on the inside, are twenty-one feet in height, and forty-two in breadth at the base ; but on the outside average only five feet in height. This forms a passage of about 360 feet in length, leading by a gradual descent to the low grounds, where, at the time of its construction, it probably reached the river. Its walls commence at sixty feet from the ramparts of the fort, and increase in elevation as the way descends towards the river ; and the bottom is crowned in the centre, in the manner of a well-founded turnpike road.

"Within the walls of the fort, at the northwest corner, is an oblong elevated square, 188 feet long, 132 broad, and 9 feet high ; level on the summit, and nearly perpendicular at the sides. At the centre of each of the sides the earth is projected, forming gradual ascents to the top, equally regular, and about six feet in width. Near the south wall is another elevated square, 150 feet by 120, and eight feet high, similar to the other, excepting that instead of an ascent to go up



SITE OF MARIETTA AND HARMAR, 1788.



SITE OF MARIETTA AND HARMAR, 1888.



COMMODORE ABRAHAM WHIPPLE.

on the side next the wall, there is a hollow way ten feet wide, leading twenty feet towards the centre, and then rising with a gradual slope to the top. At the southeast corner is a third elevated square, 108 by 54 feet, with ascents at the ends, but not so high nor perfect as the two others. A little to the southwest of the centre of the fort is a circular mound, about thirty feet in diameter and five feet high, near which are four small excavations at equal distances, and opposite each other. At the southwest corner of the fort is a semi-circular parapet, crowned with a mound, which guards the opening in the wall. Towards the southeast is a smaller fort, containing twenty acres, with a gateway in the centre of each side and at each corner. These gateways are defended by circular mounds.

"On the outside of the smaller fort is a mound [shown in the engraving] in form of a sugar-loaf, of a magnitude and height which strike the beholder with



Drawn by Henry Howe in 1846
THE MOUND AT MARIETTA.

astonishment. Its base is a regular circle, 115 feet in diameter; its perpendicular altitude is thirty feet. It is surrounded by a ditch four feet deep and fifteen feet wide, and defended by a parapet four feet high, through which is a gateway towards the fort twenty feet in width."

THE MOUND CEMETERY.

The early settlers at Marietta established a graveyard around their now famed mound; also another at Harmar. It is one of the most interesting spots of the kind in the country. Here lie the remains of many of the eminent characters who laid the foundations of the commonwealth. In 1846, when I first saw it, there were comparatively few memorials; now it is thickly studded with them.

On Thursday, May 12, 1886, I copied those here printed. The most imposing monument is that of Rufus Putnam. It is a noble structure of Quincy granite, of massive simplicity, and worthy of the character whose memory it commemorates:

GEN. RUFUS PUTNAM, a revolutionary officer, and the leader of the colony which made the first settlement in the Territory of the Northwest at Marietta, April 7, 1788. Born April 9, 1738. Died May 24, 1824.

Here lies the body of his Excellency RETURN JONATHAN MEIGS, who was born at Middletown, Connecticut, November, 1766, and died at Marietta, March 29, 1825.

For many years his time and talents were devoted to the service of his country. He successfully filled the distinguished places of Judge of the Territory northwest of the Ohio, Judge of the Supreme Court of the State of Ohio, Senator in the Congress of the United States, Governor of the State of Ohio, and Postmaster-General of the United States.

To the honored and revered memory of an

ardent patriot, a practical statesman, an enlightened scholar, a dutiful son, an indulgent father, an affectionate husband, this monument is erected by his mourning widow, Sophia Meigs.

In memory of Rev. DANIEL STORY, died at Marietta, Dec. 30, 1804, aged 49 years.

A native of Boston, Mass., graduated at Dartmouth College. He was the first minister of Christ who came to labor in the vast field known as the Northwest Territory, excepting the Moravian missionaries. Came to Marietta in 1789, as a religious teacher under an arrangement with the Ohio Company. Accepted a call from the Congregational church, and was ordained as their first pastor at Hamilton, Mass., Aug. 15, 1798. Erected by a relative of Dr. Story in Mass., 1878.

The following is on a large fine-grained sandstone slab mounted horizontally on six pillars:

In memory of Capt. NATHANIEL SALTON-STALL. Born in New London, Conn., A. D. 1727; died A. D. 1807.

Was first commandant Fort Trumbull. During the Revolution he commanded the Warren frigate and ship Putnam, but was not commodore of the fleet burned at Penobscot. Also, Lucretia Lattimore, wife of the above. Born 1737; died 1824. And two children, Polly and John.

This was a tall marble monument with the insignia, a broken sword, left in full relief. The inscription is upon its spiral and shaft:

"In honor of Col. JESSE HILDEBRAND, of

Hildebrand was a man of local note, at one time county sheriff and also an extensive mail contractor. He was in person large and imposing and fond of military matters: before the war he was General of Ohio militia, but he had but little more following than his staff, with whom he was wont to turn out and gallop through the streets of Marietta, a gay cortege to touch the imagination of the young.

His brigade was surprised at Shiloh, receiving the first shock, but he gathered its fragments and fought heroically all day. "I never saw such coolness as he then evinced," says our informant, an officer under him. "At one time he was in our advance, sitting quietly on his horse, looking calmly around in full view of the enemy, with the bullets flying and the shells screeching around him. I was then sent with a message to him. I expected to get killed, but got back unharmed. He seemed to care nothing for his peril." General Sherman said he was "the bravest man he ever knew."

Two months after his decease, June 10, 1863, John Brough delivered his great speech at Marietta, opening the noted Vandalia campaign. His very beginning paragraph was this beautiful tribute to the memory of Hildebrand:

the 77th Regt. O. V. I. Born at Cold Springs, Indian Reservation, on the Alleghany river, May 29, 1800. Died in the service at Alton, Ill., April 18, 1863. A kind husband and father, a patriot and soldier. His life was given that our nation might live. 'Lord, thy will be done,' his dying words."

SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF
COMMODORE ABRAHAM WHIPPLE

whose naval skill and courage will
ever remain

THE PRIDE AND BOAST OF HIS COUNTRY

In the Revolution he was

THE FIRST ON THE SEAS

To hurl defiance at proud Britain. Gallantly leading the way to wrest from the mistress of the ocean her sceptre, and there to wave the star spangled banner. He also conducted to the sea the first square-rigged vessel* built on the Ohio, opening to commerce resources beyond calculation.

Born, Sept. 26, A. D. 1733.

Died, May 27, A. D. 1819.

Aged 85 years.

Erected by Nathan Ward, 1859.

This is the second stone erected to Commodore Whipple. The inscription is copied from that on the first stone. The author is unknown; but it is an illustration of the grandiloquent in grave-yard literature common seventy years ago.

* Dr. Farquhar's square-rigged vessel; greater wonder in that age, than the Great Eastern in ours.

"Alas," said he, "in all this vast crowd I miss the familiar face and the cordial grasp of the hand that would have delighted me much to meet. He was the loved companion of my boyhood; the political and personal friend of my manhood; one whose soul was full of honor and integrity; an original and life-long Democrat and supporter of Jackson, when it was thought almost a crime to be one—a Democrat without guile; and yet when the crisis of his country came he did not stop to consider party lines—he did not stop to falter as to his duty, but went forth at the head of his regiment to the field of battle, only to meet disease and death in the camp and be brought back beneath the pall and laid amid the graves of his fathers . . . One who knew him well and loved him dearly desires here alike to drop a tear and an evergreen upon his grave."

Dr. SAMUEL P. HILDRETH. Born in Methuen, Mass., Sept. 30, 1783; died July 24, 1863.

"Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord." "Friend after friend departs. Who hath not lost a friend?"

The above is the inscription for the venerable historian.

Sacred to the memory of DUDLEY WOODBRIDGE, who was born in Norwich, Connecticut, Nov. 10, 1778. Died in Marietta, Ohio, Sabbath morning, April 30, 1853. Aged 74 years.

"Man's chief end is to glorify God and enjoy him for ever."

Major ANSELM TUPPER. Early in life he entered the Revolutionary army as an officer. Emigrated to Marietta in 1788, and at one time was commander of the stockade fort at this place. Born at Easton, Mass., Oct. 11, 1763; died Dec. 25, 1808.

Gen. BENJAMIN TUPPER, born at Sharon, Mass., in 1738; died June 7, 1792. Aged 54 years.

The cemetery at Harnar was the first established and is the oldest in the Northwest Territory. It is in a secluded spot of about four acres at the base of a rugged hill. It is still in use and among the monuments is a handsome granite shaft to the memory of Gen. B. D. Fearing, of the Union army in the civil war.

In memory of LYDIA McKAWEN, wife of Chas. McKawen, who died Nov. 24, 1823. Aged 66 years.

Reader repent, thy follies fly,
Prepare thyself and learn to die.
Slight not the warning of this stone
But make thy peace with Christ alone.

In memory of RUTH CLARK, who was born March 13, 1792. Departed this life, April 9, 1837. Aged 45 years.

Behold me now though soon forgot
I have passed the vale which you have not.
Remember reader you are born to die
And turn to dust as well as I.

In memory of DUDLEY TYLER, who died Aug. 8, 1826. Aged 39 years.

How strange O God that rules on high
That I should come so far to die.
To leave my friends where I was bred
And lay my bones with strangers dead.

Capt. STANTON PRENTISS. Born Nov. 17, 1750; died July 26, 1826, in the 76th year of his age. A patriot of the Revolution.

The following was on a flake from a sandstone slab, that lay on the ground beside the stone and all that could be read.

My soul through my Redeemer's love
Saved from the second death, I feel
My eyes from tears of dark despair,
My feet from falling into hell.

In memory of JOHN GREEN. Born in Lancaster, Mass., 1759; died Nov. 11, 1832.

A soldier from his youth. First in the cause
That freed our country from a tyrant's laws;
And then through manhood to his latest breath
In the blest cause which triumphs over death.

HISTORIC MISCELLANY.

OUTLINE HISTORY OF THE ORDINANCE OF 1787.

In 1776 Congress made an appropriation of lands to the officers and soldiers of the Revolutionary army; in 1780 the act was extended.

By the terms of these appropriations those who had fought or would fight for independence were to receive tracts of land according to their rank ; to a major-general 1100 acres ; a brigadier-general 850 ; a colonel 500, and so on to private soldiers and non-commissioned officers who were to receive 100 acres each.

At the time these appropriations were made the United States did not own an acre of land, and the fulfilment of the obligations incurred was dependent upon the individual States ceding their rights in western lands to the general government in case of conquest. Some of the States, notably Maryland, claimed that these lands belonged to the States in common. Congress never set up this claim, but recognized the title of individual States to the territory fixed by their charters. In 1782 a committee of Congress in its territorial claims against the king of England said :

“Under his authority the limits of these States while in the character of colonies were established ; to these limits the United States considered as independent sovereignties have succeeded. Whatever territorial rights, therefore, belonged to them before the Revolution were necessarily devolved upon them at the era of independence.”

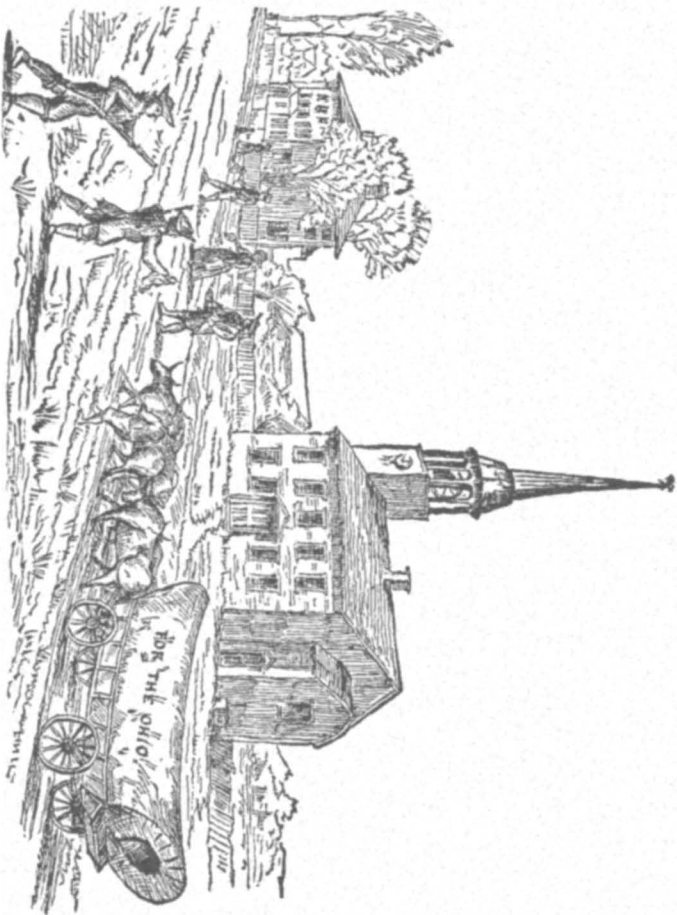
The United States, however, eventually gained control of the western lands by cessions from the States, some with and some without reservations. These cessions were made to the general government that new States might be created out of the western territory, and to enable the general government to pay the debts incurred by the Revolutionary war by selling the lands to settlers.

The theory of making government lands a source of revenue was a new departure, and beginning in 1780 the methods to be adopted in disposing of these lands for several years largely occupied the attention of Congress. Col. Grayson, in a letter dated April 27, 1785, says : “I have been busily engaged in assisting about passing an ordinance for the disposal of the western territory. I think there has been as much said and written about it as would fill forty volumes, and yet we seem far from a conclusion, so difficult is it to form any system which will suit our complex government, and when the interests of the component parts are supposed to be so different.”

The principal points in controversy were the New England plan of settlement by government survey into townships, as opposed to the Virginia plan of “indiscriminate locations,” and as to the sale of lands in large or small tracts. The prohibition of slavery was also one of the questions involved. Gen. Washington favored the New England plan, and the sale of lands in large tracts ; his letters expressing his views on these points had a strong influence toward their final adoption.

In September, and again in October, of 1783, different committees had made reports recommending the formation of the western territory into States, but no action was taken by Congress until 1784, when, on March 1st, a committee, of which Mr. Jefferson was chairman, reported a temporary plan of government for the western territory ; it had a clause prohibiting slavery after 1800, but this clause was stricken out, various amendments added, and on April 23d it became an ordinance of Congress. It remained inoperative until repealed by the ordinance of 1787.

On May 10, 1786, September 19, 1786, and April 26, 1787, three separate ordinances for the government of the western territory were reported to Congress. On May 10, 1787, a fourth had reached its third reading, when further action was suspended by a proposition from Gen. S. H. Parsons, of Middletown, Conn., as representative of the Ohio Company, to purchase a large tract of land in the Ohio country. The Ohio Company was the outgrowth of an endeavor on the part of Revolutionary officers to secure the bounty lands due them for service in the war. On June 16, 1783, two hundred and eighty-eight officers, of whom all except fifty were from New England, had petitioned that their bounty lands be set off in “that tract of country bounded on the north on Lake Erie, east on



DR. CUTLER'S CHURCH AND PARSONAGE AT IPSWICH HAMLET, 1787.

The place from which the First Company started for the Ohio, December 3, 1787.

Pennsylvania, southwest and south on the river Ohio, west on a line beginning at that part of the Ohio which lies twenty-four miles west of the mouth of the river Scioto, thence running north on a meridian line till it intersects the river Miami which flows into Lake Erie, thence down the middle of that river to the lake."

Gen. Rufus Putnam had forwarded this petition to Gen. Washington; accompanying it was a letter requesting that it be laid before Congress, stating that it was the intention of the petitioners to become settlers, and speaking of townships six miles square with reservations for religious and educational purposes.

Washington transmitted the petition and General Putnam's letter to Congress, together with a communication from himself in which he directed attention to the benefits to the whole country that would result from the settlement proposed, and the obligations to the officers and soldiers of the army.

Congress failed to take any action, and no further effort was made to secure their bounty lands until January, 1786, when Generals Rufus Putnam and Ben-



OHIO COMPANY'S OFFICE, BUILT IN 1788.

This is yet standing near the Muskingum, about three-fourths of a mile from its mouth.

jamin Tupper issued a call to the Revolutionary officers (who in 1783 had petitioned Congress) to send delegates to a meeting to be held in March. Eleven delegates met at the "Bunch of Grapes" tavern in Boston, Mass., and on March 3, 1786, organized the Ohio Company of Associates. General Putnam was made president, and Winthrop Sargent, clerk. The object of the meeting was to raise a fund in Continental certificates for the sole purpose of buying lands and making a settlement in the western territory.

In March, 1787, three directors were appointed: Generals Samuel H. Parsons and Rufus Putnam, and Dr. Manasseh Cutler. Major Winthrop Sargent was made secretary, and at a meeting held the following August Gen. James M. Var- num, of Rhode Island, was made a director and Richard Platt, of New York, elected treasurer.

General Parsons, as agent for the Ohio Company, failed to accomplish any satisfactory results, and he returned to Middletown. Dr. Cutler was then appointed agent, and on July 5, 1787, arrived in New York, Congress then being in session in that city. The following day he delivered to Congress his petition for purchasing lands for the Ohio Company, and proposed terms and conditions of purchase.

A new committee, consisting of Messrs. Carrington, Lee, Dane, McKean, and Smith, on July 10, submitted to Dr. Cutler, with leave to make remarks and pro-

pose amendments, a copy of an ordinance which had been prepared for the government of the Northwest Territory. As the purchase of lands for the Ohio Company was dependent upon the form of government of the territory in which those lands lay, Dr. Cutler was deeply interested in this ordinance and proposed several amendments, which with but one exception (on taxation) were subsequently adopted as proposed. In the "North American Review" Mr. W. F. Poole, who has given an extended study to the subject, says: "The ordinance of 1787 and the Ohio purchase were parts of one and the same transaction. The purchase *would* not have been made without the ordinance and the ordinance *could* not have been enacted except as an essential condition of the purchase."

On July 13, 1787, the ordinance was enacted with but one dissenting vote. No act of an American Congress has received greater praise than this. In his "History of the Constitution" Mr. Bancroft says: "An interlude in Congress was shaping the character and destiny of the United States of America. *Sublime and humane and eventful in the history of mankind as was the result, it will not take many words to tell how it was brought about. For a time wisdom and peace and justice dwelt among men, and the great ordinance which could alone give continuance to the Union came in serenity and stillness. Every man that had a share in it seemed to be moved by an invisible hand to do just what was wanted of him; all that was wrongfully undertaken fell by the wayside; whatever was needed for the happy completion of the mighty work arrived opportunely, and just at the right moment moved into its place.*"

In 1830 Daniel Webster said of this great "Ordinance of Freedom:—"

"We are accustomed to praise the law-givers of antiquity; we help to perpetuate the fame of Solon and Lycurgus; but I doubt whether one single law of any law-giver, ancient or modern, has produced effects of more distinct, marked and lasting character than the ordinance of 1787. We see its consequences at this moment, and we shall never cease to see them, perhaps, while the Ohio shall flow."

Having succeeded by rare diplomacy in uniting the different interests involved so as to secure the enactment of an ordinance, with provisions for education, religion and prohibition of slavery, Dr. Cutler made a contract for the sale of 1,500,000 acres of land to the Ohio Company. This was signed by Samuel Osgood and Arthur Lee of the Board of Treasury for the United States, and by Manasseh Cutler and Winthrop Sargent for the Ohio Company. The price was \$1 per acre, payable in "specie, loan office certificates reduced to specie, or certificates of the liquidated debt of the United States." An allowance not exceeding one-third of a dollar per acre was to be made for bad lands. Section sixteen was to be reserved for schools; twenty-nine for the support of religion; eight, eleven and twenty-six to be disposed of by Congress; and two townships for a university.

HOW THE FIRST SETTLERS CAME TO OHIO.

By Hon. Henry C. Noble, Columbus, O.

At a meeting of the directors of the Ohio Company at Bracket's tavern, in Boston, November 23, 1787, it was ordered: That four surveyors be employed under the direction of the superintendent hereinafter named; that twenty-two men shall attend the surveyors; that there be added to this number twenty men, including six boat-builders, four house carpenters, one blacksmith and nine common workmen, in all forty-eight men; that the boat-builders shall proceed on Monday next, and the surveyors rendezvous at Hartford, on the first of January next, on their way to the Muskingum; that the boat-builders and men with the surveyors be proprietors in the company; that their tools and one hoe and one axe to each man and thirty pounds weight of baggage shall be carried in the company's wagons, and that the subsistence of the men on their journey be furnished by the company. After other details this order directs that "each man shall furnish himself with a good small arm, bayonet, six flints, a powder-horn and

pouch, priming wire and brush, half a pound of powder, one pound of balls and one pound of buckshot," and "shall be subject to the orders of the superintendent and those he may appoint, as aforesaid, in any kind of business they shall be employed in, as well boat-building and surveying, as for building houses, erecting defences, clearing land and planting or otherwise, for promoting the settlement." "They shall also be subject to military command during the time of their employment." We call attention to the military precision of this order, and its fulfilment to the letter in the number of men who went and the duties they performed.

Gen. Rufus Putnam was appointed superintendent, and Col. Ebenezer Sproat, from Rhode Island, Anslem Tupper and John Mathews, from Massachusetts, and Col. R. J. Meigs, of Connecticut, were appointed surveyors.

THE FIRST COMPANY.

"In exact compliance with this order a company of twenty-two men, including Jonathan Devoll, a master-shipbuilder, and his assistants, assembled at the house of Dr. Manassah Cutler, in Ipswich, Mass., on December 3, 1787. About the dawn of day they paraded in front of the house, and, after a short address from him, three volleys were fired, and the party went forward, cheered heartily by the bystanders. Dr. Cutler accompanied them to Danvers, where he placed them under command of Major Haffield White and Capt. Ezra Putnam. He had prepared a large and well-built wagon for their use, covered with black canvas, which was driven by William Gray, on which Dr. Cutler had painted with his own hand, in large, white letters, "FOR THE OHIO COUNTRY." After a tedious journey on foot of nearly eight weeks, they arrived at Sumrill's ferry, on the Youghiogheny river (now West Newton, Westmoreland county, Pa.), January 23, 1788, where they were to build the boats to float down the rivers to the Muskingum.

THE SECOND COMPANY.

The other party of twenty-six, including Gen. Putnam and the four surveyors and their assistants, with equal punctuality left Hartford, Connecticut, on January 1, 1788, under the command of Col. Ebenezer Sproat. Gen. Putnam had business in the city of New York, and did not join the division until it reached Swatara creek, just below Harrisburg. When Gen. Putnam overtook his division they could cross the creek only with difficulty, on account of the ice. That night snow fell to a considerable depth, which, with that already on the ground, blocked up the roads so that with their utmost exertions they could get the wagons no farther than Cooper's tavern, at the foot of the Tuscarora mountains, where they arrived on January 29, four weeks after leaving Hartford, a journey which could now be made in probably twenty hours.

They had now reached the great mountain ranges over which all the early emigrants came in wagons, or on horseback, whose journeys were the theme of fireside talks

among them fifty years ago, and over which the Cumberland or National road was built, to facilitate communication between the growing West and seashore.

This company of pioneers ascertained that no one had crossed the mountains since the last fall of snow. They therefore abandoned their wagons, built four stout sledges to carry their baggage and tools, and harnessed their horses in single file. The men went before on foot to break the road, and after two weeks of arduous travel they also reached Sumrill's ferry on February 14, 1788.

BOAT-BUILDING.

When they arrived they found that, on account of the severity of the weather and the deep snow, little progress had been made toward building the boats. Gen. Putnam, who had been brought up to mechanical pursuits, and as an engineer had caused many forts and works to be built during the revolutionary war, infused new spirit into the enterprise. The boat-builders and men already on the ground, recruited by the large party just arrived, went heartily to work under his supervision. The work now progressed rapidly under the immediate direction of Jonathan Devoll, the ship-builder. The largest boat, which the ship-builders called "Adventure Galley," was afterward named the "Mayflower" in honor of the famous vessel that bore the Puritan emigrants into Plymouth bay—an earlier but hardly a more momentous migration than the one about to embark on the Western waters. This boat was forty-five feet long and twelve wide, with curved bows, strongly timbered and covered with a deck roof high enough for a man to walk upright under the beams. The sides were thick enough to resist the bullets of any wandering party of Indians who might attack it, as they attacked and captured several boats later in the season. As the "Galley" could not carry the forty-eight men, horses, wagons, baggage, tools and provisions to keep them until their crops were grown, they constructed a large flat-boat and several canoes. This flotilla was ready on April 1, and after it was loaded it left Sumrill's ferry for the Muskingum on the afternoon of April 2, 1788.

The expedition after a few stoppages by

the way came in sight of Kerr's island a little after sunrise. It was a cloudy, rainy morning, and as they neared the foot of the island Capt. Devoll said to Gen. Putnam, "I think it is time to take an observation; we must be near the mouth of the Muskingum."

In a few minutes they came in sight of Fort Harmar, which was on the northwest shore of the junction of the Ohio and Muskingum. This had been erected in 1785-86. The banks of the Muskingum were thickly clothed with large sycamores whose pendant branches, leaning over the shores, obscured the outlet so much, that those who were on the galley in the middle of the Ohio, on this cloudy morning, passed by without observing it. Before they could correct their mistake they had floated too far to land on the upper point and were forced to land a short distance below the fort.

THE LANDING.

With the aid of ropes and some soldiers from the garrison, sent to their assistance by the commander, and crossing the Muskingum a little above its mouth they landed at the upper point about noon on the 7th day of April, 1788 ever since observed as the anniversary of the first settlement of Ohio.

Jervis Cutler, a lad of sixteen (son of Rev. Manassah Cutler, who did so much to secure the liberal provisions of the ordinance of 1787 and the grant of lands to the Ohio Company), always claimed that he was the first person who leaped ashore when the boat landed; and was also the first to cut down a tree, which commenced the settlement of Ohio.

The weather in the valley had been so mild that the vegetation on landing was in striking contrast to the place of their embarkation, where snow still lingered in the hollows. The buffalo clover and other plants were already knee high and afforded a rich pasture for the hungry horses.

At the time of landing, Capt. Pipe, a principal chief of the Delaware Indians, who lived on the headwaters of the Muskingum with about seventy of his tribe, men, women and children, was encamped at the mouth of the river, whither they had come to trade their peltries with the settlers at Fort Harmar. They received the strangers very graciously, shaking hands with them, saying they were welcome to the shore of the Muskingum, upon whose waters they dwelt. The pioneers immediately commenced landing the boards brought from Buffalo for the erection of temporary huts and setting up Gen. Putnam's large marquee. Under the broad roof of this hempen house he resided and transacted the business of the colony for several months until the block-houses of Campus Martius, as their new garrison was called, were finished.

On the 9th the surveyors commenced to lay off the eight-acre lots. The laborers and others commenced to cut down the trees, and

by the 12th about four acres of land were cleared. Log-houses were built to shelter their provisions and for dwellings. All were delighted with the fertility of the soil, the healthfulness of the climate and the beauty of the country. Their town was at first called *Adelphia*, but this name was changed as soon as the directors met on July 2 to *Marietta*, in honor of Marie Antoinette, the Queen of that French king and nation who had helped these brave men in the times that tried men's souls."

FIRST SCHOOLS.

The Marietta pioneers turned their attention to the education of their children very soon after their arrival in Ohio. In the summer of 1789 Bathsheba Rouse, daughter of John Rouse, from New Bedford, Mass., taught a school in Belpre, and for several subsequent summers in Farmer's Castle. The first teacher in the Marietta settlements was Daniel Mayo, a graduate of Harvard, who came from Boston in the fall of 1788, and during the winter months taught the larger boys and young women in Farmer's Castle. In July, 1790, the directors of the Ohio Company appropriated one hundred and fifty dollars for the support of schools in the three settlements in the territory.

MUSKINGUM ACADEMY.

Before the first decade had passed steps were taken to establish a regular academy at Marietta. On the 29th of April, 1797, a number of the citizens convened "to consider measures for promoting the education of youth," and a committee was appointed to prepare a plan of a house suitable for the instruction of youth and for religious purposes, to estimate the expenses, and recommend a site. The committee consisted of Gen. Rufus Putnam, Paul Fearing, Griffin Greene, R. J. Meigs, Jr., Charles Greene and Joshua Shipman. At the end of a week the committee made their report at an adjourned meeting. They presented a plan of the house, estimated the expense at \$1,000, and recommended city lot No. 605—the lot on Front street north of the Congregational church.

The report was accepted as to the plan of the house, the cost and the location; but the method of securing funds was modified, so as "to assess the possessors of ministerial lands in proportion to the value of their respective possessions." The sums thus paid, either by assessment or subscription, were to be considered as stock at the rate of ten dollars a share; and the stockholders were entitled to votes according to their shares. At a meeting in August of that year fifty-nine shares were presented, of which thirty belonged to Gen. Putnam.

Thus originated the Muskingum Academy, which was probably the first structure of the kind erected in the Northwest Territory. It was used for educational purposes till 1832, when it was removed to Second street, near

the Rhodes block, where it is still standing. It was also used on the Sabbath as a place of worship till 1809, when the Congregational church was completed.—*Centennial Address by Israel Ward Andrews, LL. D., July 4, 1876.*

FORT FREYE.

After the massacre at Big Bottom, the settlers of Waterford and those at Wolf Creek Mills united and constructed Fort Freye, about half a mile below the site of Beverly, on the east side of the Muskingum. It was an irregular triangle, and built similarly to Campius Martius. The fort was completed early in March, 1791, and garrisoned by forty men under the command of Capt. William Gray.

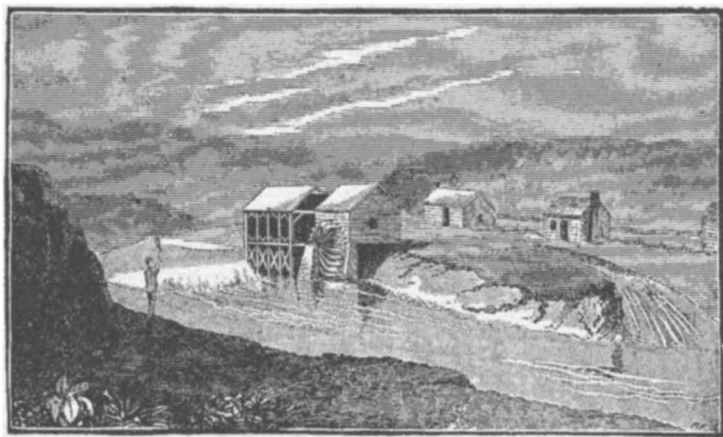
On the 11th of March a party of Wyandot and Delaware Indians made an ineffectual

attack upon the fort. The settlers had been expecting the assault, as a friendly Indian named John Miller, at the risk of his life, had given them timely warning.

Besides those at Fort Harmar, Campius Martius, Farmer's Castle and Fort Freye, there was a garrison at Plainfield—now Waterford—named Fort Tyler, for Dean Tyler, one of the pioneers.

FIRST MILLS.

Grinding corn by hand was a very laborious proceeding, and the early settlers offered large grants of land for the construction of mills. The first successful mills built in the territory were those on Wolf creek, about two miles from its mouth, built in 1789 under the direction of Maj. Haffield White. They were of very great service to all the settlements.



WOLF CREEK MILLS, 1789.

A saw mill was completed on Duck creek in September, 1789, but a heavy flood so damaged the mill and dam that they could not be readily repaired, and the Indian war coming on the mill was abandoned. Later a saw and grist mill was constructed on Duck creek, which sawed much of the lumber used in Marietta buildings, also the lumber used in the construction of the Blennerhassett boats.

FLOATING MILL.

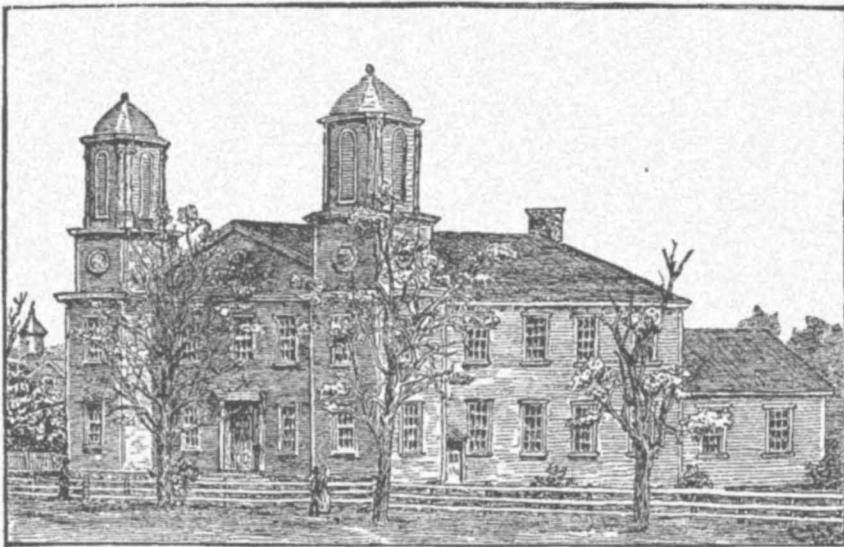
In the summer of 1791 the settlers at Bel-pre determined to undertake the construction of a floating mill. Esquire Griffin Greene, a few years before while travelling in France and Holland, had seen mills erected on boats, the current of the water revolving the wheel. He explained the plan to Capt. Devoll, who built the first floating mill in the settlements. The "County History" describes this mill as follows: "The mill was erected on two boats, one of them being five, the other ten feet wide and forty-five feet long. The smaller one was a pirogue made of the trunk of a large hollow sycamore tree, and the larger

of timber and plank like a flat-boat. The boats were placed eight feet apart, and fastened firmly together by heavy cross-beams covered with oak planks, forming a deck fore and aft of the water-wheel. The smaller boat on the outside supported one end of the water-wheel, and the larger boat the other, in which was placed the mill stones and running gear, covered with a light frame building for the protection of machinery and miller. The space between the boats was covered with planks, forming a deck fore and aft of the water-wheel. This wheel was turned by the natural current of the water, and was put in motion or stopped by pulling up or pushing down a set of boards similar to a gate in front of the wheel. It could grind, according to the strength of the current, from twenty-five to fifty bushels of grain in twenty-four hours. It was placed in a rapid portion of the Ohio, about the middle of Backus (now Blennerhassett) Island, a few rods from the shore and in sight of Farmer's Castle. The current here was strong and safe from the Indians. With the aid of a bolting cloth in the garrison very good flour was made."

RELIGIOUS BEGINNINGS.

The oldest building in the State of Ohio, now used as a place of public worship, is the Congregational church in Marietta. It is known as the "Two Horn" church, a name applied on account of the towers projecting above the roof. The building was planned and its erection superintended by Gen. Rufus

Putnam. It was dedicated May 28, 1809, and cost \$7,300. Although the oldest now standing, this was not the first church within the present limits of Ohio, but the first sermon delivered in the Northwest Territory, other than those delivered to Indian audiences, was that preached Sunday, July 20, 1788, by Rev. William Breck, in the northwest block-house of Campus Martius. In the



THE TWO HORN CHURCH.

This is the oldest church standing in Ohio. It faces the handsome little park that lines the Muskingum for several hundred yards above the upper bridge.

same building, on August 24, Dr. Cutler preached the second sermon delivered in the territory to whites. He also, on August 27th, attended the first funeral in the new settlements. Rev. Daniel Story, who arrived in the spring of 1789, was the first regular pastor settled in Marietta.

In 1791, while the settlers were occupying

the garrison in consequence of the Indian war, Sunday-school was organized in the stockade by Mrs. Mary Lake, an elderly lady who had been engaged in hospital work during the Revolution. This is said to have been the second Sunday-school in America, and was the first in the Northwest Territory.

FIRST PUBLIC CELEBRATION.

The first public celebration in the Northwest Territory was held on July 4, 1788, the twelfth anniversary of American independence. It was to be expected that the Revolutionary soldiers that landed at Marietta would observe the day with appropriate ceremonies. They commenced at daylight with the firing of the Federal salute by the cannons of Fort Harmar. The principal exercises took place on the Marietta side of the Muskingum, where, at one o'clock, Gen. James M. Varnum, one of the judges of the territory, delivered an eloquent and appropriate address.

"A repast, consisting of all the delicacies which the woods and the streams and the gardens and the housewives' skill afforded, was served at the bowery. There was venison barbecued, buffalo steaks, bear meat, wild fowls, fish and a little *pork* as the choicest luxury of all. One fish, a great pike weighing one hundred pounds and over six feet long—the largest ever taken by white men, it is said, in the waters of the Muskingum—was speared by Judge Gilbert Devoll and his son Gilbert."

The day was not all sunshine. "At three o'clock," says Col. John May, "just as dinner was on the table, came on a heavy shower which lasted half an hour. However, the chief of our provisions were rescued from the deluge, but injured materially. When the rain ceased the table was laid again, but before we had finished, it came on to rain a second time. On the whole though we had a handsome dinner."

After dinner a number of toasts were drank, among which were those to Congress, Generals Washington and St. Clair and the Northwestern Territory, and to "the amiable partners of our delicate pleasures." Several Indians were present and enjoyed the festivities, excepting when the cannon were fired. Col. May's journal says "the roar of a cannon is as disagreeable to an Indian as a rope to a thief, or broad daylight to one of your made-up beauties." He also states that "pleased with the entertainment, we kept it up until after twelve o'clock at night, then went home and slept till daylight." A grand illumination of Fort Harmar closed the ceremonies of the day.

TOMAHAWK IMPROVEMENTS.

When the pioneers arrived at Marietta, they found that several families had settled on the Virginia side of the Ohio river and near the mouth of the Muskingum. Among these were Isaac Williams and his wife, Rebecca, who in March, 1787, had moved into a little log-cabin, near the present site of Williams-town.

Isaac Williams was a trapper and hunter; he would select a desirable tract of land, girdle a few trees, plant a small field of corn, and claim the property by right of what were called "tomahawk improvements." This would entitle him to 400 acres of land, the right to which was generally sold to the first-comer for a few dollars, a rifle, or some other small consideration.

"Tomahawk improvements" were recognized by the State of Virginia as entitling the holder, on the payment of a small sum per acre, to the right of entering 1,000 acres of land adjoining the claims. In some localities, within the present limits of Ohio, persons undertook to hold lands by right of "tomahawk improvements," but Congress sent out troops to remove them and burn their cabins.

THE "FAMINE!"

During the season of 1789 Mr. Williams had raised a very large crop of corn. Not so with the settlers of Marietta and Belpre, who having planted their corn later in the season than Mr. Williams, had it so badly damaged by an early frost that it was unfit to eat, and produced sickness and vomiting. As a consequence food became very scarce during the winter of 1789-90, and many families came so near the point of starvation before the crops of 1790 arrived at maturity that the season was designated as the "Famine." Corn having reached the high price of \$2 per bushel, Mr. Williams was besieged by speculators who offered him large prices for his supply, but he refused to sell, except to settlers and at the usual price of fifty cents per bushel—proportioning his corn

according to the number in the family. Mr. Williams continued to reside on his farm until his death in 1820, at the age of 84 years. He lies buried under the oaks on his own farm.

THE BELPRE LIBRARY.

A famous public library was the "Coon-skin Library," established in Ames, Athens county, Ohio. For years it was supposed to have been the first public library in the Northwest Territory, but two others antedate it: the "Cincinnati," organized at Yeatman's tavern, in Cincinnati, February 13, 1802; and the "Putnam Library," organized in 1796, and variously known as the "Putnam Library," the "Belpre Library," and "Belpre Farmers' Library."

The Belpre Library was owned by a joint stock company, and the shares valued at \$10 each. It was supplied with books which had been a part of the family library of Gen. Israel Putnam. After his death in 1790 this library was divided among his heirs, and a number of the books brought to Belpre in 1795 by his son, Col. Israel Putnam. The books were kept at the house of Isaac Pierce, the librarian. Mr. Amos Dunham, who in 1846 furnished a communication to the original edition of this work (see Meigs County), mentions the purchase of a share in the Belpre Library, six miles distant. He says, "From this I promised myself much entertainment."

About 1815 or 1816 the Library Association was dissolved by mutual consent and the books distributed among the shareholders. Among the books were: Locke's "Essays on Human Understanding," Johnson's "Lives of the English Poets," Robertson's "History of England" and Goldsmith's "Animated Nature." Many of the volumes are still preserved by descendants of the shareholders.

FIRST LAWS.

The following extract was published in 1886 in the Cincinnati *Commercial-Gazette*. It is of interest in connection with the first steps

toward law and order. The article is under the caption of

THE GRANDSON OF OHIO'S FOUNDER.

There lives in Chillicothe to-day an aged man who is the last grandchild of Rufus Putnam, who led the first colony of settlers to Ohio in 1788. The grandson bears the full name of his distinguished ancestor, Gen. Rufus Putnam, and he has in his possession a great many relics of historical interest and a large part of his grandfather's correspondence and private papers and manuscripts.

Gen. Putnam is president of the Northwest Pioneer Association, and has a lively interest in all matters bearing upon the early history of the Northwest Territory.

Among the old papers which he has put into my possession is the subjoined schedule of laws for the government of the colony at Marietta, printed and posted in 1788.

"The emigrants, under the command of Gen. Rufus Putnam, landed their boats at the upper point of the Muskingum river, Marietta, on the 7th of April, 1788, where they unloaded their effects. The boards which they brought with them for the erection of temporary huts were landed and properly disposed of. A large tent was put up for the Governor of the colony, Gen. Putnam. And in this tent he transacted all the business of the colony. On the 9th of April, 1788, the Governor's chart of laws was read by his private secretary, Gen. Benj. Tupper, and approved by the members of the colony association.

"First—Be it ordained by the Officery and Council, that said territory be one district, subject to be divided into five districts, as future circumstances may make it expedient.

"Second—Be it ordained that the Governor and his officery may make such laws, civil, criminal and military, for the colony, but not to conflict with the laws of the original re-established United States laws of 1787.

"Third—Be it ordained that the Grand Council be composed of three Supreme Judges and three Territorial Association Judges, before whom shall be tried and decided all the business of the colony, civil, criminal and military.

"Fourth—The Grand Council will hold their sessions 5th July, 7th, 9th of April and second Wednesday September, annually, where all claims against the association must be presented and canceled.

"Fifth—Be it ordained that the Governor receive at the rate of \$40 per month for his services while performing the duties of his office. All other officery and Grand Council \$1 per day while in the performance of their duties, martial, military, musicians, chaplain, singers and teachers of schools.

"Sixth—Be it ordained that all permanent emigrants into the Territory shall be entitled

to 100 acres of land free, within the Northwest purchase.

"Seventh—Be it ordained that all pioneers and their descendants may become life and benefit members of the Emigrant Association, Northwest Territory, by paying \$1 per annum to the Governor, for the use of the association.

"Eighth—Be it ordained that all members must entertain emigrants, visit the sick, clothe the naked, feed the hungry, attend funerals, cabin-raising, log-rollings, huskings; have their latch-strings always out.

"Ninth—Be it ordained that all members of the colony, from the ages of eighteen to forty-five, must perform four days of military duty per annum. All uniformed companies may drill once a month, dates and places fixed by their officers. Officer drills once a year.

"Tenth—Be it ordained that all members of the colony must celebrate 22d February, 7th April and 4th July, annually. Also in a proper manner observe the 28th November, 25th December and 1st day January, annually.

"Eleventh—Be it ordained that every member must keep the Sabbath by attending some place of religious worship agreeably to the dictates of his own conscience.

"Twelfth—Be it ordained that common schools should be established so soon as emigration to the Territory is sufficient.

"Thirteenth—Be it ordained that a library of historical and school-books be established at the Governor's headquarters, and that Gen. McIntosh, who is now engaged in writing a history of the colony, will serve as legal agent for that purpose; also, Col. Timothy Flint act as an assistant. Also, that all official appointments be made by the Governor of the Colony and confirmed by the Grand Council. Be it further ordained that the (Metropolis) be named (Marietta), in honor of Queen Marie Antoinette, of France, who gave aid and influence during the darkest days of the Revolution. Ordered that three copies of this territorial chart of ordinances be copied and posted, as ordained: One at Fort Harmar, one at the East Point, and one at the Stockade. These ordinances to take effect on the 1st day of May, 1788 (Queen Marie's birthday).

"By the Governor of the Northwest Territory, 9th of April, 1788.

RUFUS PUTNAM.

"By his Private Secretary, N. W. T.,

BENJAMIN TUPPER.

"N. B.—Amendment April 7, 1802. The title Governor erased and President instituted. Also, the fee of \$1 per annum to \$1 for life. (Commissions to those entitled, \$1.) True copy from original, price per copy, \$1."

Gen. Putnam is the father of John Putnam, who had a foreign appointment under the Cleveland Administration, and of Rufus Putnam, the editor of the *Ross County Register*.

THE GARNER CASE.

The question as to what constitutes the southern boundary line of the State of Ohio has never been satisfactorily settled ; the Garner case had an important bearing on this question, which is treated more fully in our chapter on Vinton county.

The following account of the Garner case was published in June, 1868, in the *Marietta Register* :

"In 1845 six slaves of John H. Harward, of Washington's Bottom, Virginia, just below Blennerhassett's Island, escaped into Ohio. At the river bank a party of Ohio men, unarmed, met them to assist, but some Virginians having obtained knowledge of the purpose of the negroes were there in advance concealed in the bushes, and fully armed. As the baggage was being taken from the boat, the Virginians rushed on them and secured five of the negroes and captured Peter M. Garner, Crayton J. Lorraine and Mordecai Thomas, white citizens of Ohio. The Virginians claimed that these men, who had never set foot on Virginia soil, were felons, and amenable to the laws of that State for an alleged offence not known to the laws of Ohio. They were forcibly carried over into Virginia on the night of July 9, 1845, and lodged in jail in Parkersburg. No one in Virginia could be found to bail them, though Nahum Ward, A. T. Nye and William P. Cutler offered to indemnify any Virginians who would become their bondsmen. Inter-course with their friends from Ohio was denied them, and Marietta lawyers employed to defend them were rejected. Subsequently, the wives of the prisoners were permitted to visit them under guard.

"August 16th, a public meeting was held in the court-house in Marietta 'to take into consideration further measures for the liberation of Ohio citizens now in jail at Parkersburg, and the vindication of the rights of Ohio.' September 2d, the prisoners, each collared by two men, were taken from the jail to the court-house in Parkersburg and there

pleaded 'not guilty' to the charge of 'enticing and assisting in the county of Wood, Virginia,' the six negroes to escape from slavery. Bail was again refused except by a Virginia freeholder, and the prisoners went back to jail. The jury found a special verdict of guilty turning on 'jurisdiction' in the case, to be tried by a higher court.

"The question of jurisdiction or boundary between the two States was argued before the Court of Appeals at Richmond, December 10-13, and the court divided equally on the question whether the State line was at low-water mark on the Ohio side of the river or above that. The men had been captured just above low water mark. At a special term of the Court of Appeals, held in Parkersburg, Garner, Lorraine and Thomas were admitted to bail in the sum of one hundred dollars each on their own recognizance, and were set at liberty January 10, 1846, having been in jail six months. Hon. Samuel F. Vinton, of Gallipolis, argued the case for the prisoners before the Superior Court of Virginia. It was never decided. Peter M. Garner died at Columbus, O., June 14, 1868, in his sixty-first year ; Mordecai Thomas removed to Belmont county, and Crayton J. Lorraine removed to Illinois. This case was regarded with the deepest interest, and was of far more than local importance. Sixteen years later many of the actors in this affair were living to see the State of Virginia turned into a battle-ground in which the same principle was fought for, and to see, a little later, the overthrow of slavery accomplished."

THE OHIO SYSTEM OF LOCAL GOVERNMENT.

The following paragraphs upon the above subject are from the Centennial Historical address of President I. W. Andrews, delivered at Marietta, July 4, 1876, before the citizens of Washington county. He said : "In the matter of local government there are two very different systems in the United States. In New England the *Town*—answering to the 'township' of Ohio—is the political unit. In all the Southern States until recently, and in most of them now, the *County* is clothed with the chief political power. The town has no existence, or, if existing, it is devoid of all political significance.

"The divisions subordinate to the county are generally called *Precincts* in the South. In Mississippi whole counties have no other names for their subdivisions than those furnished by the ranges and townships ; as if we should know Lawrence only as Township 3, Range 7. In North Carolina the county seems to be divided numerically ; as if Belpre were merely No. 4."

The OHIO SYSTEM is not strictly the town system of New England, or the county system of the South. It is what is called the

"compromise" system in the census report for 1870, and is found in the great Middle States and in most of the Western. The

political power is divided between the county and the town; the former has much more importance than in New England, and the latter has less.

In the incorporation of Marietta as a town in 1800 the features of the town system are seen. The establishment of the Court of Quarter Sessions with many of the powers now exercised by the county commissioners showed the influence of the other system. General Putnam and his associates from New England were able to incorporate into the new communities of the West some of the features of the town system, while Governor St. Clair, from Pennsylvania, and John Cleves Symmes, from New Jersey, introduced various laws from those States.

We may be thankful that we have as much as we have of the town system. The opinion of Mr. Jefferson on the merits of this system,

Virginian though he was, was strongly expressed at different times. He recommended the division of the counties of Virginia into wards of six miles square. "These wards, called townships in New England, are the vital principle of their governments, and have proved themselves the wisest invention ever devised by the wit of man for the perfect exercise of self-government, and for its preservation." Again he says: "These little republics would be the main strength of the great one. We owe to them the vigor given to our revolution in its commencement in the Eastern States, and by them the Eastern States were enabled to repeal the embargo in opposition to the Middle, Southern and Western States, and their large and lubberly divisions into counties which can never be assembled."

THE BLENNERHASSETTS.

There is no story in the annals of Ohio that has excited so much of human sympathy as that of the Blennerhassetts. The romance of it and its pathetic finale make an impress where events of greater historical importance fade from the memory.



THE BLENNERHASSETT MANSION ON THE ISLAND, TWELVE MILES BELOW MARIETTA.

Harman Blennerhassett was born about the year 1767, of Irish parentage, in Hampshire, England, his mother at that date being there on a visit. He received a finished education, graduating from Trinity College, Dublin, in the same class with Thomas Addis Emmet, the heroic Irish patriot. These two studied law together and were admitted to practice on the same day in 1790. Blennerhassett rounded off his studies with a tour through Europe. In 1796 his father died, and Harman became the possessor of a fortune of \$100,000. He married the beautiful and accomplished Margaret Agnew, daughter of the Governor of the Isle of Man.

In the fall of 1797 Blennerhassett and his wife arrived in New York, where their rank, wealth and educational attainments brought them into association with the leading American families. In the winter they went to Marietta, and were treated with great distinction, while locating a site for a western home. They selected the island near Belpre, which had originally belonged to Gen. Washington. The island was then in the possession of Elijah Backus, and of him they purchased the upper portion, comprising one hundred and seventy-four acres, for which, in March, 1798, they paid the sum of \$4,500.

Soon after the Blennerhassetts moved into a block-house on the island, which they occupied until the year 1800, when the mansion was completed. "It was built," says Dr. Hildreth, "with great taste and beauty, no expense being spared in its construction that could add to its usefulness and beauty." The grounds about the house were laid out in a style befitting the elegant mansion.

Here for several years the Blennerhassetts lived an ideal life. Harman Blennerhassett was fond of music, literature and scientific research; his love for scientific investigation could be gratified through the possession of ample apparatus for chemical and other experiments; his literary tastes found gratification in a large and well-selected library, while the superintending of the cultivation and beautifying of his island estate was his principal occupation.

Mrs. Blennerhassett was as cultured and refined as her husband. In person beautiful, well proportioned and agile as an athlete; an expert horsewoman, a charming conversationalist and a liberal hostess. Their home was the social centre for Belpre and Marietta.

Husband and wife were devoted to each other, and united in making their home attractive to the many guests that partook of their superabounding hospitality.

In April, 1805, Aaron Burr first visited this island Eden. He was accorded every distinction that might be bestowed on one who had been Vice-President of the United States. Very soon after his arrival he succeeded in interesting his host in his grand scheme for the establishment of a great western empire, and before his departure in October for the Eastern States Blennerhassett had fully embraced the plans of Burr as represented by the latter.

Early in September, 1806, Blennerhassett made a contract for the building of fifteen large boats, capable of transporting five hundred men. These were to carry the adventurers down the Ohio and Mississippi rivers to their settlement. Arrangements were made for large supplies of provisions, Blennerhassett spending his money freely and assuming responsibility for payment of all debts contracted, pledging more than the amount of his entire fortune.

Many friends endeavored to dissuade him from embarking on the reckless venture, but their efforts were unavailing.

In the meanwhile the United States government, suspecting that Burr was plotting secession and treason, took steps to prevent the consummation of his plans. Governor Tiffin of Ohio called out a company of militia under Captain Timothy Buell, and they were stationed on the bank of the Muskingum to capture and detain any boats descending the Ohio or Muskingum under suspicious circumstances.

On the 9th of December Blennerhassett, learning that he was to be arrested, fled surreptitiously, and when Colonel Phelps, in command of the Virginia militia, took possession of Blennerhassett's island, he found the owners were absent. Mrs. Blennerhassett, who was at Marietta, returned to the island and found it in the possession of drunken and riotous soldiers, whom their commander had been unable to prevent from ransacking the house, ruining the furniture, and despoiling the grounds. With her children she left her ruined home, and after a trying voyage down the ice-blocked river in a small cabin flat-boat, she joined her husband on January 15th at Bayou Pierre. Blennerhassett was arrested, but after a few weeks' imprisonment was discharged. He returned to his island, but

did not remain there. The house was never occupied again, and in 1811 was destroyed by fire. Removing to Mississippi, he settled on a cotton plantation in the vain endeavor to retrieve his ruined fortunes, but after a ten years' struggle was obliged to sell the plantation to pay his debts. He then wandered from place to place trying to earn a bare living for himself and family, but only sinking deeper and deeper into the depths of poverty. In 1831 he died at the home of a charitable sister in the Isle of Guernsey.

Mrs. Blennerhassett died in 1842 in a tenement house in New York city, after having for eleven years waited in vain for Congress to pay a claim of \$10,000 for damage to their island property by the Virginia militia.

Of the three children of the Blennerhassetts, Dominick, the eldest, a shiftless drunkard, disappeared from St. Louis after a drunken debauch, and was never after heard from. Harman, a half-witted man, in 1854 was found dying of starvation in a New York attic. Joseph, the youngest, was killed while fighting in the rebel army.

BIOGRAPHY.

RUFUS PUTNAM, a cousin of General Israel Putnam, was born April 8, 1738, O. S., at Sutton, Massachusetts. At the age of 15 he was apprenticed to a millwright, with whom he served four years, and then enlisted as a common soldier in the French and Indian war. He served faithfully three years, was engaged in several actions, and was at the time the army disbanded, in 1761, serving as ensign, to which office his good conduct had promoted him. After this, he resumed the business of millwright, at which he continued seven or eight years, employing his leisure in studying mathematics and surveying.

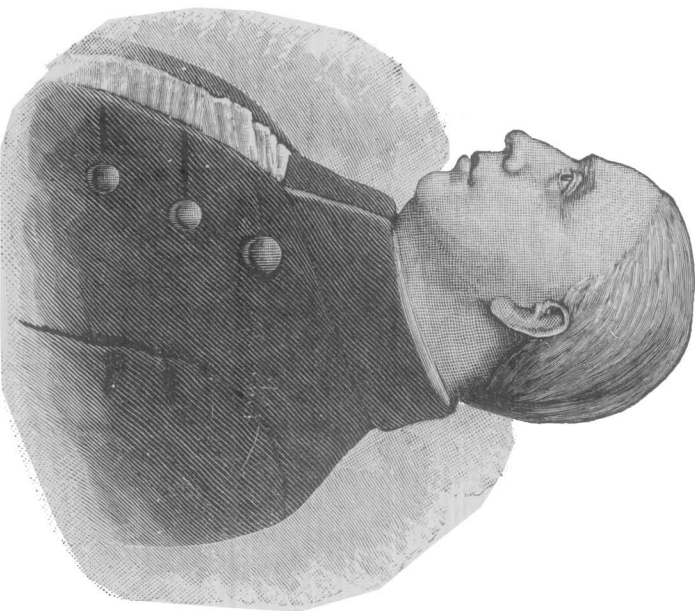
He was among the first to take up arms in the revolutionary contest, and as an evidence of the estimation in which he was held was appointed lieutenant-colonel. He was afterwards appointed, by Congress, military engineer. He served throughout the war with honor, and was often consulted and held in high estimation by Washington. On the 8th of January, 1783, he was honored with the commission of brigadier-general, having some time previously served as colonel. He was appointed by the Ohio Company superintendent of all business relating to their contemplated settlement; and in April, 1788, commenced the first settlement at Marietta. In 1789 he was appointed by Washington a judge of the Supreme Court of the Territory. On the 5th of May, 1792, he was appointed brigadier-general in the army of the United States, destined to act against the Indians; but resigned the next year in consequence of ill health. In October, 1796, he was appointed surveyor-general of the United States, in which office he continued until 1803. He was a member, from this county, of the convention which formed the State constitution. From this time his advanced age led him to decline all business of a public nature, and he sought the quiet of private life. He died at Marietta, May 1, 1824, at the age of 86.

General Putnam was a man of strong, good sense, modest, benevolent and scrupulous to fulfil the duties which he owed to God and man. In person he was tall, of commanding appearance, and possessed a frame eminently fitted for the hardships and trials of war. His mind, though not brilliant, was solid, penetrating and comprehensive, seldom erring in conclusions.

RETURN JONATHAN MEIGS was born at Middletown, Ct., in 1765, graduated at Yale, studied law and was admitted to the bar in his native town. He was among the first settlers of Marietta. In the winter of 1802-3 he was elected chief justice of the Supreme Court of the State. The next year he resigned this office, having received from Jefferson the appointment of commandant of the United States troops and militia in the upper district of Louisiana, and shortly after was appointed one of the judges of the Territory of Louisiana. In April, 1807, he was commissioned a judge of Michigan Territory; resigned the commission in October, and becoming a candidate for governor of Ohio, was elected, in a



HERMAN BLANNERHASSETT.



GEN. RUFUS PUTNAM.

spirited canvass, over his competitor, General Massie; but not having the constitutional qualification of the four years' residence in the State, prior to the election,



RETURN JONATHAN MEIGS.

his election was contested and decided against him. In the session of 1807-8 he was appointed Senator in Congress, which office he afterwards resigned, and was elected Governor of Ohio in 1810. In the war with Great Britain, while holding the gubernatorial office, he acted with great promptness and energy. In March, 1814, having been appointed Postmaster-General of the United States, he resigned that office, and continued in his new vocation until 1823, during which he managed its arduous duties to the satisfaction of Presidents Madison and Monroe. He died at Marietta, March 29, 1825. In person he was tall and finely formed, with a high retreating forehead, black eyes, and aquiline and prominent nose. His features indicated his character, and were remarkably striking, expressive of mildness, intelligence,

promptness and stability of purpose. His moral character was free from reproach, and he was benevolent, unambitious, dignified, but easy of access. He was named from his father, Return Jonathan Meigs, a colonel of the revolutionary army, and one of the surveyors for the Ohio Company and of the first settlers at Marietta. In his early life he was called Return Jonathan, Jr.

REV. DANIEL STORY, the earliest Protestant preacher of the gospel in the territory northwest of the Ohio, except the Moravian missionaries, was a native of Boston, and graduated at Dartmouth in 1780. The directors and agents of the Ohio Company having passed a resolution in 1788, for the support of the gospel and the teaching of youth, Rev. Manasseh Cutler, one of the company's directors, in the course of that year engaged Mr. Story, then preaching at Worcester, to go to the West as a chaplain to the new settlement at Marietta. In the spring of 1789 he commenced his ministerial labors as an evangelist, visiting the settlements in rotation. During the Indian war from 1791 to 1795 he preached, during most of the time, in the northwest block-house of Campus Martius. The Ohio Company at the same time raised a sum of money for the education of youth, and employed teachers. These testimonials sufficiently prove that the company felt for the spiritual as well as the temporal affairs of the colonists.

When the war was over Mr. Story preached at the different settlements; but as there were no roads, he made these pastoral visits by water, in a log canoe, propelled by stout arms and willing hearts. In 1796 he established a Congregational church, composed of persons residing at Marietta, Belpre, Waterford and Vienna, in Virginia. Mr. Story died December 30, 1804, at the age of 49 years. He was a remarkable man, and peculiarly fitted for the station he held.

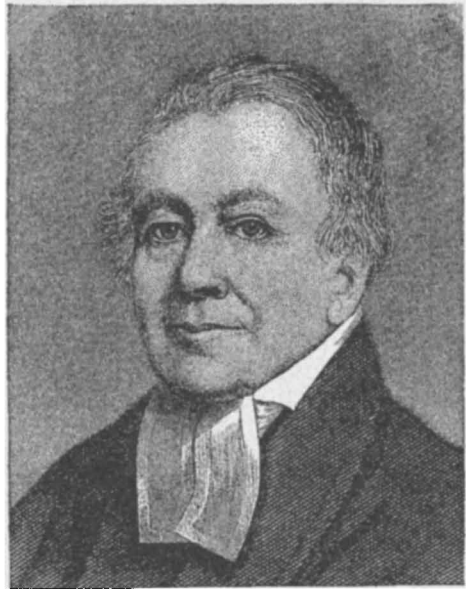
The preceding biographical sketches are abridged from Hildreth's Pioneer Sketches. It is stated above that Mr. Story was the earliest Protestant preacher at Marietta. He was the first employed as a clergyman, but prior to his emigration, in 1788, Rev. Manasseh Cutler, agent of the Ohio Company, had voluntarily delivered several sermons at Marietta.

MANASSEH CUTLER was born in Killingly, Conn., May 3, 1742; died in Hamilton, Mass., July 28, 1823. He worked on his father's farm, and prepared for college under the Rev. Aaron Brown, of Killingly, entering Yale, from which he graduated with high honor in 1765. The following year he married Mary,

daughter of Rev. Thomas Balch, of Dedham, Mass. Studying law, he was admitted to practice in the Massachusetts courts in 1767. In 1769 he commenced the study of theology under the direction of his father-in-law. The next year he was licensed, and commenced preaching at Hamlet parish (then a part of Ipswich, afterward Hamilton). He was ordained pastor Sept. 11, 1771, and continued his pastorate here until his death in 1823.

He served as chaplain under Col. Ebenezer Francis in the 11th Massachusetts Regiment in the Revolutionary war, taking a gallant part in the action in Rhode Island in 1778. Returning to Hamlet parish before the close of the war, he studied medicine, and began with much success to minister to the physical as well as the spiritual welfare of his people. He continued the habits of study acquired in youth, and, notwithstanding the many duties of his active life, found time to make extended researches into astronomy, meteorology, botany and kindred sciences, to which he had been attracted during his college course. He was the first to examine the flora of New England. Over 350 species were examined by him, and classified according to the Linnæan system. As a scientist, his reputation was second only to that of Franklin. Honorary degrees were conferred upon him by Yale, Harvard and other institutions, and he was elected to honorary membership in many scientific, philosophical and literary societies.

When the association of Revolutionary officers was organized for the purpose of locating and settling on bounty lands in the West, Dr. Cutler took an active part in the movement, and was one of a committee of five appointed to draft a plan of an association to be called the "Ohio Company." In 1787 he was appointed by the directors of the Ohio Company its agent to make a purchase of lands upon the Muskingum. In June, 1787, the Continental Congress being then in session in New York, he visited that city for the purpose of negotiating the purchase. It was while on this mission to Congress that he visited Philadelphia and met Benjamin Franklin, who received him with great cordiality, and with whom he was much pleased. Their tastes and pursuits were very much alike.



REV. DR. MANASSEH CUTLER.

While Dr. Cutler's mission to Congress was for the purchase of lands for the Ohio Company, the purchase was dependent upon the form of government of the territory in which those lands lay, and Dr. Cutler's energies were as much engaged in the provisions of the ordinance then before Congress for the government of the Northwest Territory as in the purchase. He was eminently fitted, both by nature and acquirements, for the great diplomatic work required of him, and was so successful that he united the discordant elements so as to make possible the enacting of those wise and beneficent measures relating to education, religion and slavery in the ordinance that was passed by Congress July 13, 1787. Having arranged the purchase of lands for the Ohio Company, he returned to his home.

In December, 1787, the first company of men under Gen. Rufus Putnam set out for the Muskingum, and arrived at Marietta April 7, 1788. The following July Dr. Cutler started in his sulk to visit the new settlement, and arrived there August 19th after a journey of 750 miles, which he accomplished in twenty-nine

days. He was present at the opening of the first court in the Northwest Territory, and was greatly interested in the ancient earthworks in the vicinity of Marietta. After a short time he returned to New England, and, although he contemplated removing with his family to the new settlement, he found it would require too great sacrifices, and abandoned the project.

In 1795 he was tendered a commission as Judge of the Supreme Court of the Northwest Territory, but declined it. In the fall of 1800 he was elected as a Federalist to Congress, and after serving two terms declined a re-election. He was elected a member of the American Academy in 1791, and contributed a number of scientific papers to its "proceedings."

Felt's History of Ipswich, Mass., says: "In person Dr. Cutler was of light complexion, above the common stature, erect and dignified in his appearance. His manners were gentlemanly; his conversation easy and intelligent. As an adviser he was discerning and discreet. . . . His mental endowments were high."

"The Life, Journal and Correspondence of Rev. Manasseh Cutler, LL.D.," prepared by his grandchildren, Wm. P. Cutler and Julia P. Cutler, and published in two volumes by Robert Clarke & Co., of Cincinnati, is a most valuable history of the inception of Ohio.

Although Dr. Cutler never settled in Ohio, three of his sons, Ephraim, Jervis and Charles, were residents.

CHARLES CUTLER was born March 26, 1773; graduated at Harvard in 1793; taught the South Latin School, Boston; served in the army two years; then studied law, and came to Ohio in 1802 on account of ill health. He taught school at Ames; among his pupils was Thomas Ewing. He died at the age of thirty-two.

JERVIS CUTLER was born in Edgartown, Mass., September 19, 1768; died in Evansville, Ind., June 25, 1844. He came to Ohio with the band of pioneers led by Gen. Rufus Putnam, and on April 7, 1788, cut the first tree on the present site of Marietta. He was for a time an officer in the army, and in 1808 was stationed at Newport Barracks.

Maj. Cutler learned the art of engraving. In a letter to a friend he says: "I had not tools to work with, and never saw an engraver at work in my life." In 1824, while in Nashville, Tenn., he pursued the profession of an engraver, and was employed to engrave plates for banknotes in Tennessee and Alabama. He was a man of much versatility of talent, and a great taste for the fine arts.

In 1812 he published a "Topographical Description of the State of Ohio, Indiana Territory and Louisiana." The view of Cincinnati in 1810, in our work, is copied from one in that.

Ephraim Cutler, eldest son of Rev. Manasseh Cutler, LL.D., was born April 13, 1767. He was brought up at Killingly, Connecticut, by his grandfather, Hezekiah Cutler, a man of sterling integrity and patriotism, who at his death made him sole legatee of his estate. At the age of twenty, April 8, 1787, he married Leah, daughter of Ebenezer Attwood. Having three shares in the Ohio Company's purchase, he left Killingly for the West, June 15, 1795, and arrived at Marietta, September 18 of that year. Two of his children died on the way.

He settled at Waterford, on the Muskingum, and engaged in mercantile business until May, 1799, when he removed to his land on Federal creek, where he owned 1,800 acres, and opened a farm and built a mill. He was appointed by Gov. St. Clair judge of the Court of Common Pleas, justice of the peace, captain and afterward major of the militia. He was a member of the Territorial Legislature, and also of the Convention which formed in 1802 the Constitution of Ohio, and to him belongs the honor of introducing into it the section which excluded slavery from the State.

In 1806 he established his family on the bank of the Ohio, six miles below

Marietta, where his wife died at the age of forty-two years, leaving four children. He married, April 13, 1808, Sally, daughter of William Parker, of Newburyport, Mass., by whom he had five children.

Judge Cutler became a trustee of the Ohio University at Athens in 1820, and was unceasing in his efforts to promote the prosperity of that institution. He served in the State Legislature as representative or senator, from 1819 to 1825, and was known there as the friend and advocate of common schools, introducing into that body in 1819 the first bill for their regulation and support, and as the author of the *ad valorem* system of taxation which was the foundation of the credit of the States, enabling her to make canals and other improvements. In 1839 he represented his Congressional district in the Whig Convention at Harrisburg, Pa., when Gen. Wm. H. Harrison was nominated for the Presidency. He was a ruling elder for many years, and twice a delegate to the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in the United States. He died peacefully at his home, July 8, 1853, aged eighty-six years.



JUDGE EPHRAIM CUTLER.

ABRAHAM WHIPPLE was born in Providence, R. I., September 16, 1733 ; died in Marietta, O., May 29, 1819. Early in life he commanded a vessel in the West Indian trade, but during the old French war of 1759-60 he became captain of the privateer "Gamecock," and captured twenty-three French vessels in a single cruise. In June, 1772, he commanded the volunteers that took and burned the British revenue schooner "Gaspé" in Narragansett bay. This was the first popular uprising in this country against a British armed vessel.

In June, 1775, Rhode Island fitted out two armed vessels, of which Whipple was put in command, with the title of commodore. A few days later he chased a tender of the British sloop "Rose," off the Conanicut shore, capturing her after sharp firing. In this engagement Whipple fired the first shot of the Revolution on the water. He was appointed captain of the "Columbus" on December 22, 1775, and afterward of the schooner "Providence," which captured more British prizes than any other American vessel ; but she was finally taken, and Whipple was placed in command of a new frigate of the same name, in which, when Narragansett bay was blockaded by the British in 1778, he forced his way, in a dark and stormy night, through the enemy's fleet by pouring broadsides into it and sinking one of their tenders. At that time he was bound for France with important despatches that related to a treaty between the United States and that government, and after a successful voyage he returned in safety to Boston.

In July, 1779, while commanding the "Providence" as senior officer, and with two other ships, he attacked a fleet of English merchantmen that were under the convoy of a ship-of-the-line and some smaller cruisers. He captured eight prizes and sent them to Boston. The value of these ships exceeded \$1,000,000. In 1780 he went to Charleston, S. C., in an endeavor to relieve that city, which at that time was besieged by the British ; but he was captured and held a prisoner until the close of the war. He subsequently became a farmer at Cranston, R. I., but in 1788 he connected himself with the Ohio Company, and settled at Marietta. —*Appleton's Cyclopædia of American Biography.*

BENJAMIN TUPPER was born in Stoughton, Mass., in August, 1738; died in Marietta, O., in June, 1792. He served in the French war of 1756-63 and was in the field the whole of the Revolutionary war. In August, 1776, he commanded the gunboats and galleys on the North river. He served under Gen. Gates at Saratoga, was at the battle of Monmouth in 1788, and was brevetted a general before the war closed. In 1785 he was appointed one of the surveyors of the Northwest Territory. With Gen. Rufus Putnam he originated the Ohio Land Company.

In 1786 he took an active part in suppressing Shay's rebellion. Early in 1788 he removed to Marietta with his family, and that of his son-in-law, Ichabod Nye, reaching there 19th August, 1788. These families and those of Col. N. Cushing and Maj. Goodale, who accompanied them, were the first families to settle in what is now the State of Ohio.

Gen. Tupper was appointed Judge of the Common Pleas in September, 1788, and, with Gen. Putnam, held the first court in the Northwest Territory.

The following entry in Dr. Cutler's journal indicates that Gen. Tupper was the real inventor of the *screw propeller*: "Friday, August 15, 1788. This morning we went pretty early to the boat. Gen. Tupper had mentioned to me a mode for constructing a machine to work in the head or stern of a boat instead of oars. It appeared to me highly probable it might succeed. I therefore proposed that we should make the experiment. Assisted by a number of people, we went to work, and constructed a machine in the form of a screw with short blades, and placed it in the stern of the boat, which we turned with a crank. It succeeded to admiration, and I think it a very useful discovery."—*Life of Rev. Manasseh Cutler*.

MAJOR ANSELM TUPPER, son of Gen. Benjamin Tupper, was born in Easton, Mass., October 11, 1763. In 1779, at the age of sixteen, he was appointed adjutant of Col. Ebenezer Sproat's regiment, which was engaged at Trenton, Princeton and Monmouth. He served through the war, and was a member of the Society of Cincinnati. In 1786 he was with his father in the survey of the seven ranges, and when the Ohio Company was formed he became a shareholder and was engaged by them as a surveyor, and "arrived at Marietta in the company of forty-eight, April 7, 1788." At the organization of the military companies at Marietta, in 1789, under Col. Sproat, "Anselm Tupper was appointed post-major, and had command of Campius Martius during the war." That winter he taught school in one of the block-houses of the fort. He was the secretary of the Union Lodge of Free Masons, before whom he delivered an address on St. John's day, 1790. Maj. Tupper was a brilliant man and a favorite in society. He died, unmarried, at Marietta, December 25, 1808.—*The Founders of Ohio*.

MAJOR WINTHROP SARGENT was born in

Gloucester, Mass., May 1, 1753; graduated at Harvard in 1771. He served in the Revolutionary war. As secretary of the Ohio Company, he was associated with Dr. Cutler in the purchase of the lands. He removed to Marietta in 1788, having been appointed secretary of the Northwest Territory. He served as adjutant-general to St. Clair's army in 1791, and was severely wounded. He was also adjutant-general to Gen. Wayne in 1794. In 1798 he removed to Natchez, having received the appointment of Governor of the Mississippi Territory. He died June 3, 1820, while on a voyage to Philadelphia.

COL. EBENEZER SPROAT was born in Middleborough, Mass., in 1752; died in Marietta, Ohio, in Feb., 1805. He served through the war of the Revolution, attaining the rank of lieutenant-colonel. At the close of the war he married Catharine, daughter of Commodore Whipple. He came to Marietta with the first party as one of the Ohio Company surveyors. Was the first colonel of militia commissioned in the Northwest Territory; the first sheriff of Washington county, serving for fourteen years.

He was six feet four inches tall, and his commanding figure so impressed the Indians that they called him "Hetuck" (Big Buck-eye).

MAJOR HAFFIELD WHITE was born in Danvers, Mass. At the close of the war of the Revolution he had attained the rank of major.

He was the head of the party of pioneers that left Danvers, Mass., Dec. 3, 1787. During the first year at Marietta he acted as steward for the Ohio Company. The next year, with Col. Robert Oliver and Capt. John Dodge, he erected the first mills built in Ohio, those at Wolf creek. He died Dec. 13, 1817.

CAPT. JONATHAN DEVOLL was born in Tiverton, R. I., in 1756. He was a skilful shipcarpenter, and superintended the building of the "Adventure Galley," or "Mayflower;" also engaged on the construction of Campus Martius. He prepared the plans and directed the building of "Farmer's Castle;" he constructed the "floating mill."

In 1792 he built entirely out of red cedar a twelve-oared barge for the use of Gen. Putnam, and in 1801 built a 400-ton ship, all of the wood used being black walnut. His mechanical skill and ingenuity were of great service to the pioneers. His death occurred in 1824.

SAMUEL PRESTON HILDRETH was born in Methuen, Mass., Sept. 30, 1783; died in Marietta, Ohio, July 24, 1863. He received an academic education, studied medicine, and received his medical degree from the Medical Society of Massachusetts in 1805. He came to Ohio in 1806, settling at Belpre, but two years later removed to Marietta, where he acquired a large and successful practice, also serving in the legislature in 1810-11. At Marietta he began the first meteorological register in this State, which he kept for about fifty years. In 1837 he was a member of the geological survey of Ohio. Dr. Hildreth made collections in natural history and con-

chology, which, together with his valuable scientific library, he presented to Marietta College. During forty years he contributed to "Silliman's Journal" articles on meteorology, geology, botany and paleontology. He also devoted much study and labor to the antiquities and to the pioneer history of Ohio. A large amount of valuable history has been preserved through his writings.



DR. SAMUEL P. HILDRETH.

Col. Charles Whittlesey writes of him: "Dr. Hildreth had not a robust, physical constitution, but this did not prevent an active life, from youth to old age. His manners were characterized by never failing good humor. In his extensive journeys on horseback among the frontier settlers they only recognized an early settler like themselves with the barren title of doctor. But he observed and noticed everything that came within the range of a capacious mind. It was by this quiet faculty, and by the lapse of time, that he concentrated knowledge on various subjects, most of which was original, and in addition to that of the books of his era. Without brilliancy or ambition, by persistent labor he left a deep, clearly cut impress upon a great State during the first half century of its growth."

Chief among his publications are "Pioneer History" (Cincinnati, 1848); "Lives of the Early Settlers of Ohio" (1852); "Contributions to the Early History of the Northwest" (1864), and "Results of Meteorological Observations Made at Marietta in 1826-59," reduced and discussed by Chas. A. Schott in "Smithsonian Institution's Contributions to Knowledge" (1870).

SALA BOSWORTH was born in Halifax, Mass., Sept. 15, 1805, and when a child of eleven years came to this county. He studied painting in Philadelphia, and was the artist to whom the public are indebted for the portraits of Gen. Rufus Putnam, Judge Ephraim Cutler, Col. Joseph Barker and

many others of the pioneers. The pictures of "Campus Martius," "Farmer's Castle at Belpre," "Wolf Creek Mills," "The Blennerhassett Mansion" and "Marietta at the Point in 1792," originally published in "Hildreth's Pioneer History," and in numerous other works, were all copies from his drawings, made from data supplied to him from the pioneers. He held various public offices, as county auditor, postmaster at Marietta under Lincoln. He died Dec. 22, 1890, in his eighty-sixth year. He was gentle, unselfish and much beloved. He left a widow, a daughter, Mrs. Dawes, the wife of Maj. E. C. Dawes, and a son, Mr. C. H. Bosworth, Vice-President Illinois H. & S. R. R. Co.

ISRAEL WARD ANDREWS was born in Danbury, Conn., Jan. 3, 1815. He graduated at Williams College in 1837, and taught an academy at Lee, Mass., for one year, when he was appointed tutor at Marietta College, Ohio.

In April, 1839, he was elected professor of mathematics, and upon the resignation of Dr. Smith in 1855 became the president of the college. In his administration of the affairs of the college he was eminently successful, not only as an educator, but in its financial affairs as well. One whom he taught has written:

"Dr. Andrews had no superior as an instructor and disciplinarian. He was one of the ablest mathematicians of the day, and before a college class he was an inspiration. No one of the five or six hundred graduates of Marietta College can ever forget his perspicuous, forcible and exhaustive methods in



REV. DR. I. W. ANDREWS.

the class-room. The dullest and most diffident student was made at ease, and taught to express in the best way what he knew, and, in addition, every student was instructed in what he did not know."

Throughout his long service of thirty years as President of Marietta College Dr. Andrews

was a hard student, giving to every subject thorough and careful investigation. His published writings are forceful, clear and concise, and marked by careful thought and deep research into every particular of the subject in hand. His "Manual of the Constitution" has been widely adopted as a textbook for instruction in the principles of the American government.

His investigations and contributions to current magazines, on the history of the Northwest Territory and early Ohio history, are extensive and of great value.

Dr. Andrews was one of the chief promoters of the celebration of Ohio's centennial in 1888, but died in Hartford, Conn., a few days later, April 18th, without having been able to participate in the patriotic celebrations he had labored so ardently to make successful.

WILLIAM P. CUTLER, son of Judge Ephraim Cutler, and grandson of Dr. Manasseh Cutler, was born in Warren township, Washington county, Ohio, July 12, 1812. He entered Ohio University in the class which graduated in 1833, but ill health obliged him to leave college during his junior year. He was thrice elected to the Ohio legislature, acting as speaker in the session of 1846-47. He was a member of the Ohio Constitutional Convention of 1851. In 1860 was elected to Congress. His congressional career is marked for his strong denunciation of slavery. Mr. Cutler was a prime mover in the development of the railroad system of southeastern Ohio. His career was active and of great usefulness to the community in which he dwelt. Every public measure for the advancement of its interests found in him a leader. Mr. Cutler married, Nov. 1, 1849, Elizabeth Voris, daughter of Dr. William Voris. His death occurred in 1889.

GEN. JOHN EATON was born in Sutton, N. H., Dec. 5, 1829. He graduated at Dartmouth College in 1854, and for two years was principal of a school in Cleveland, Ohio; superintendent of schools of Toledo, Ohio, 1856-9.

He then studied for the ministry, and was ordained by the presbytery of Maumee, Ohio, in Sept., 1861. He entered the army as chaplain of the 27th O. V. I. In Oct., 1863, he was appointed colonel of the 63d U. S. Colored Infantry, and received the brevet of brigadier-general in March, 1865. After the war he settled in Tennessee, became editor of the *Memphis Post*, and was elected State superintendent of public schools in 1866. He was appointed U. S. commissioner of education in 1870, and served in that capacity until Aug., 1886, when he became president of Marietta College. The following is from Appleton's *Cyclopedia of American Biography*:

"The Bureau of Education, at the time of his appointment, had but two clerks, not over a hundred volumes belonging to it, and no museum of educational illustrations and appliances; but when he resigned there were thirty-eight assistants, and a library including 18,000 volumes and 47,000 pamphlets. Gen.

Eaton represented the Department of the Interior at the Centennial Exhibition held in Philadelphia in 1876. He was chief of the department of education for the New Orleans Exposition, and organized that vast exhibition; was president of the International Congress of Education held there, and vice-president of the International Congress of Education held in Havre, France. He received the degree of Ph.D. from Rutgers in 1872, and that of LL.D. from Dartmouth in 1876. Gen. Eaton is a member of many learned associations, and has published numerous addresses and reports on education and the public affairs with which he has been connected."

BENJAMIN DANA FEARING, grandson of Hon. Paul Fearing, the first lawyer of the Northwest Territory, was born in Harmar, Ohio, Oct. 13, 1837, and died there Dec. 9, 1881. He graduated at Marietta College in 1856.

In April, 1861, he enlisted in the 2d O. V. I., and took part in the battle of Bull Run. On Dec. 17th he was made major of the 77th Ohio, which, under his fearless leadership, distinguished itself by conspicuous gallantry at the battle of Shiloh. On March 22, 1863, he was promoted to a colonelcy. At Chickamauga he again distinguished himself by his superior courage, and was severely wounded in this battle.

In March, 1864, he returned to his regiment, and in December was brevetted brigadier-general for "gallant and meritorious services during the campaign from Chattanooga to Atlanta, and from Atlanta to Savannah." He commanded a brigade in Sherman's march to the sea, and was again wounded at Bentonville, where he led a glorious charge that "probably turned the fortunes of the day."

After the war he engaged in business in Cincinnati, but was compelled to withdraw from active life on account of precarious health resulting from his wounds. He returned to his old home in Harmar, where the last years of his life were spent in literary pursuits.

RUFUS R. DAWES was born in Marietta, Ohio, July 4, 1838; graduated at Marietta College in 1860. The beginning of the war found him in Juneau county, Wis. He at once raised a company, and May 13, 1861, was commissioned captain of Company K, 6th Wisconsin. Capt. Dawes served with this regiment throughout the war, assuming command of it in May, 1864. Col. Dawes' regiment had very severe service, and participated in a large number of engagements. Only nine regiments in the war suffered greater loss in killed and wounded. Col. Dawes was mustered out Aug. 10, 1864, by reason of expiration of service. March 13, 1865, he was commissioned brevet brigadier-general. Gen. Dawes married, Jan. 18, 1864, Mary B. Gates, daughter of Beman Gates, of Marietta. In 1880 he was elected to Congress, and has since been prominently mentioned as the candidate of the Republican

party for the governorship of Ohio. Brevet Lieut.-Col. E. C. Dawes, Commander Ohio Commandery Loyal Legion U. S., is a brother.

FRANCES DANA GAGE was born in Marietta, Ohio, Oct. 12, 1808, and died in Greenwich, Conn., Nov. 10, 1884. Her father, Col. Joseph Barker, was one of the early settlers of Marietta. The following sketch of Mrs. Gage's career is from Appleton's *Cyclopedia of American Biography*:

"Miss Barker married, in 1829, James L. Gage, a lawyer of McConnellsville, Ohio. She early became an active worker in the temperance, anti-slavery and woman's rights movements, and in 1851 presided over a woman's rights convention in Akron, Ohio, where her opening speech attracted much attention. She removed in 1853 to St. Louis, where she was often threatened with violence on account of her anti-slavery views, and twice suffered from incendiarism. In 1857-58 she visited Cuba, St. Thomas and Santo Domingo, and on her return wrote and lectured on her travels. She afterward edited an agricultural paper in Ohio; but when the civil war began she went south, ministered to the soldiers, taught the freedmen, and, without pay, acted as an agent of the sanitary commission at Memphis, Vicksburg and Natchez. In 1863-64 she was superintendent, under Gen. Rufus Saxton, of Paris Island, S. C., a refuge for over 500 freedmen. She was afterward crippled by the overturning of a carriage in Galesburg, Ill., but continued to lecture on temperance till Aug., 1867, when she was disabled by a paralytic shock. Mrs. Gage was the mother of eight children, all of whom lived to maturity. Four of her sons served in the National Army in the civil war. Mrs. Gage wrote many stories for children, and verses, under the pen name of 'Aunt Fanny.' She was an early contributor to the *Saturday Review*, and published 'Poems' (Philadelphia, 1872); 'Elsie Magoon, or The Old Still-House' (1872); 'Steps Upward' (1873); and 'Gertie's Sacrifice.'"

DON CARLOS BUELL was born in Lowell, near Marietta, Ohio, March 23, 1818. His grandfather, Captain Timothy Buell, is said to have built the first brick house in Cincinnati. His father's death, and the second marriage of his mother, resulted in his being taken by his uncle, Geo. P. Buell, to Lawrenceburg, Ind., where he spent his boyhood days.

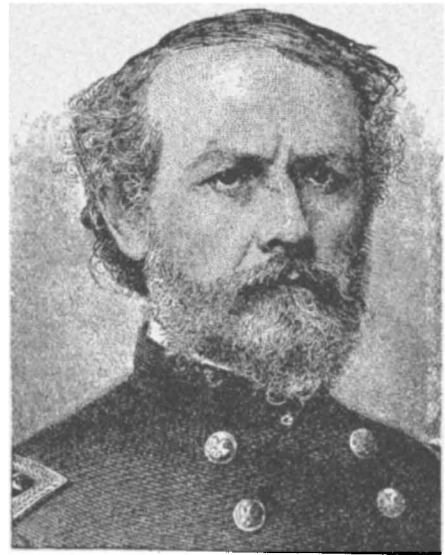
In 1841 he graduated from West Point, and was assigned to duty as brevet lieutenant of the 3d Infantry. He served during the Mexican war, and was severely wounded at Churubusco. At the beginning of the civil war he was serving as adjutant-general at Washington. He was appointed brigadier-general of volunteers May 17, 1861. Of his military career we give the following summary, abridged from Appleton's *Biographical Encyclopedia*: After assisting in organizing the army in Washington he was assigned to a division in the Army of the Potomac, which became distinguished for its discipline. In

November he superseded Gen. W. T. Sherman in the Department of the Cumberland, which was reorganized as that of the Ohio.

Early in December he entered upon the campaign which resulted in his troops entering Nashville March 25th, supported by gunboats.

He was promoted major-general of volunteers on March 21, 1862, and on the same day his district was incorporated with that of Mississippi, commanded by Gen. Halleck. He arrived with part of the division on the battle-field of Shiloh near the close of the first day's action. The next day three of his divisions came up, and the Confederates were driven back to Corinth. On June 12th he took command of the district of Ohio.

In July and August Gen. Bragg's army advanced into Kentucky, and Gen. Buell was obliged to evacuate central Tennessee and re-



GEN. D. C. BUELL.

treat to Louisville, which he reached Sept. 24, 1862. On Sept. 30th Gen. Buell was ordered to turn over his command to Gen. Thomas, but was restored the same day. The next day he began to pursue the Confederates, and met them in battle at Perryville. The action began early in the afternoon of Oct. 8, 1862, and was hotly contested until dark, with heavy losses on both sides. The next morning Gen. Bragg withdrew to Harrodsburg, and then slowly retreated to Cumberland Gap. Gen. Buell pursued him, but was blamed for not moving swiftly enough to bring on another action, and on the 24th was succeeded in his command by Gen. Rosecrans. A military commission appointed to investigate his operations made a report, which has never been published. Gen. Buell was subsequently offered commands under Generals Sherman and Canby, but declined them.

He was mustered out of the volunteer service on May 23, 1864, and on June 1st re-

signed his commission in the regular army, having been before the military commission from Nov. 24, 1862, till May 10, 1863. He became president of the Green River Iron Works of Kentucky in 1865, and subsequently held the office of pension agent at Louisville, Ky.

Gen. Buell is reserved in manner, cultivated and polished. His replies to the attacks made upon himself in the public press are written with great force and pungency,

impressing the reader with a high opinion of his ability. Whitelaw Reid says he is "one of the most accomplished military scholars of the old army, and one of the most unpopular generals of volunteers during the war of the rebellion—an officer who oftener deserved success than won it—who was, perhaps, the best organizer of an army that the contest developed, and who was certainly the hero of the greatest of the early battles of the war."

On "Cleona Farm," just above the city, is an old family mansion in which, in 1811, JOHN BROUGH, one of Ohio's war governors, was born. A sketch of him is under the head of Cuyahoga County.

MARIETTA CENTENNIAL.

At the annual meeting of the Washington County Pioneer Association, April 7, 1881, the initial step was taken for the centennial celebration of the first organized settlement of the territory northwest of the Ohio river, at Marietta, April 7, 1788.

A committee was formed to take the necessary measures for the centennial, April 7, 1888, with Rev. Dr. I. W. Andrews, chairman; R. M. Stimson, secretary; Beman Gates, and two others who did not act, Hon. Wm. P. Cutler soon taking the place of one of them. There were some subsequent changes, till in addition to the above, as the time approached for the celebration, Gen. A. J. Warner, Col. T. W. Moore, Gen. R. R. Dawes, Hon. John Eaton, Prof. O. H. Mitchell, Capt. S. L. Grosvenor and Hon. Wm. G. Way had become co-operating members of the committee, with Mr. Way as secretary. Maj. Jewett Palmer was made the grand marshal and chief executive officer for the occasion.

The results were a magnificent success, April 7, 1888, crowning several happy annual celebrations of April 7th—Forefather's Day—notably that of the Ninety-fifth in 1883, when Hon. Geo. B. Loring, of Massachusetts, delivered the oration.

The centennial exercises began Thursday evening, April 5th, with an address by F. C. Sessions, Esq., of Columbus, president of the Ohio Archæological and Historical Society, followed by an address by Judge Joseph Cox, of Cincinnati. On Friday, 6th, addresses were made in the afternoon by Hon. Wm. M. Farrar, of Cambridge, with short addresses by R. B. Hayes, ex-President of the United States; David Fisher, of Michigan; Prof. F. W. Putnam, of Massachusetts, and at night an address by Hon. Wm. Henry Smith, of New York. On the 7th—Centennial Day—Gov. J. B. Foraker, of Ohio, presided, making a spirited address, with an oration by U. S. Senator George F. Hoar, of Massachusetts, in the forenoon, and an oration by Hon. John Randolph Tucker, of Virginia, in the afternoon. Also addresses were made by Hon. Samuel F. Hunt, of Cincinnati, and Rev. Dr. Edward Everett Hale, of Boston. General reception at the City Hall in the evening. On Sunday, 8th, there were historical discourses in several of the churches in the morning, and at 3 P. M. Rev. Dr. Henry M. Storrs, of New Jersey, delivered an address in the City Hall; and at 7 P. M., in the same place, addresses were made by Rev. Dr. A. S. Chapin, of Wisconsin; Rev. Dr. J. F. Tuttle, of Indiana; Rev. Dr. B. W. Arnett, of Wilberforce University; Rev. Dr. J. M. Sturtevant, of Cleveland, and Rev. Dr. E. E. Hale. Exercises also at the Unitarian Church.

The Centennial Day was exceedingly beautiful in the weather, as indeed were all the days and evenings throughout, and everything tended to make a joyous affair. The banquet in the armory room of the 7th found some 1,500 persons at the dining-tables. Music, cannon-firing, bell-ringing, the great attendance from abroad of distinguished people, and the festivities generally, everything, from first

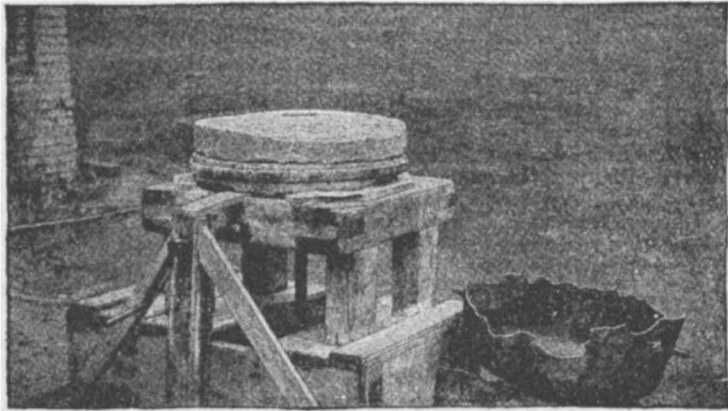
to last, conspired to make the Centennial of April 7th at Marietta complete and delightful.

CENTENNIAL, JULY 15, 1888, AT MARIETTA.

The celebration of the first settlement of Ohio and the Northwest Territory, at Marietta, did not exhaust by any means the resources of the people in this locality, and on July 15th a second celebration was successfully held in Marietta, the centennial of the reception of Gov. St. Clair, in 1788, by the people who here had begun the foundation of city and State, when the ordinance of 1787 for the government of the people northwest of the river Ohio was read, and accompanying addresses made. This second celebration was of a popular character, and was attended by enormous crowds of people. The pageant, the Elgin (Ill.) Military Band, and all the addresses and festivities, were enthusiastic and satisfying, except the weather, which was not the best for the season.

Among the chief managers were Judge William B. Loomis, A. T. Nye, Wm. H. Buell and S. M. McMillen. Gov. Foraker presided, and the oration in chief was by the Hon. John W. Daniel, United States Senator from Virginia, and among those who made addresses were Hon. Thomas Ewing, of New York; Mrs. Mary A. Livermore, of Massachusetts; Prof. J. D. Butler, of Wisconsin; Hon. John Sherman, Hon. Charles H. Grosvenor, Hon. Wm. M. Evarts, etc.

The historical relic departments of both celebrations were very large, and were objects of universal interest.



FIRST MILLSTONES AND SALT KETTLE IN OHIO.

[Exhibited in the Relic Department. The millstones were used in the block-house at Fort Harmar; the salt kettle in the production of the first salt made in Ohio.]

REMINISCENCES OF MARIETTA SOCIETY AT AN EARLY DAY.

Hon. E. D. Mansfield, when a very young child, came with his father's family to Marietta, and in his "Personal Memories" has left some interesting items. His father, Col. Jared Mansfield, of whom there is a sketch in this volume under the head of Richland County, first took up his residence at Marietta. We quote:

"My father's removal to the West, which took place in 1803, required in those days a long journey, much time and a good deal of trouble. The reader will understand that there were then no public conveyances west of the Allegheny. Whoever went to Ohio from the East had to provide his own carriage and take care of his own baggage. At

that time there was really but one highway from the East to the West, and that was the great Pennsylvania route from Philadelphia to Pittsburgh. It professed to be a turnpike, but was really only a passable road, and on the mountains narrow and dangerous. It was chiefly traversed by the wagoners, who carried goods from Philadelphia to the West.

A private carriage and driver, such as my father had to have, was the abhorrence of the wagoners, who considered it simply an evidence of aristocracy. They threatened and often actually endangered private carriages. My mother used to relate her fears and anxieties on that journey, and, as contrasted with the mode of travelling at the present day, that journey was really dangerous.

"Arrived at Marietta, Ohio, my father established his office there for the next two years. At first, some trouble arose from differences of political opinions at Marietta. Political excitement at the election of Jefferson had been very high—perhaps never more so. Gen. Rufus Putnam, my father's predecessor as Surveyor-General, had been a Revolutionary officer and a Federalist, while my father was a Republican (now called Democrat), and supposed to be a partisan of Jefferson. This political breeze, however, soon passed over. The people of Marietta were, in general, intelligent, upright people, and my father not one to quarrel without cause. The Putnams were polite, and my parents passed two years at Marietta pleasantly and happily. I, who was but a little child of three or four years of age, was utterly oblivious to what might go on in Marietta society. Two things, however, impressed themselves upon me. They must have occurred in the summer and spring of 1805.

"The first was what was called 'The Great Flood.' Every little while we hear about extraordinary cold, heat, or high water; but all these things have occurred before. The impression on my mind is that of the river Ohio rising so high as to flood the lower part of Marietta. We lived some distance from the Ohio, but on the lower plain, so that the water came up into our yard, and it seems to me I can still recall the wood and chips floating in the yard. However, all memories of such early years are indistinct, and can only be relied on for general impressions. As I was four years old at the time of the Marietta flood, it is probable that my impressions of it are correct.

"The other event which impressed itself on my mind was the vision of a very interesting and very remarkable woman. One day, and it seems to have been a bright summer morning, a lady and a little boy called upon my mother. I played with the boy, and it is probably this circumstance which impressed it on my mind, for the boy was handsomely dressed, and had a fine little sword hanging by his side. The lady, as it seems to me, was handsome and bright, laughing and talking with my mother. That lady soon became historical—her life a romance and her name a theme of poetry and a subject of eloquence. It was Madame Blennerhassett.

"It is seventy years since Wirt, in the trial of Burr, uttered his beautiful and poetic description of Madame Blennerhassett and the island she admired. Poetic as it was, it did less than justice to the woman. An intelligent lady who was intimate with her, and

afterward visited the courts of England and France, said she had never beheld one who was Mrs. Blennerhassett's equal in beauty, dignity of manners, elegance of dress, and all that was lovely in the person of woman. With all this, she was as domestic in her habits, as well acquainted with housewifery, the art of sewing, as charitable to the poor, as ambitious for her husband, as though she were not the 'Queen of the Fairy Isle.' She was as strong and active in body as she was graceful. She could leap a five-rail fence, walk ten miles at a stretch, and ride a horse with the boldest dragoon. She frequently rode from the island to Marietta, exhibiting her skill in horsemanship and elegance of dress. Robed in scarlet broadcloth, with a white beaver hat, on a spirited horse, she might be seen dashing through the dark woods, reminding one of the flight and gay plumage of some tropical bird; but, like the happiness of Eden, all this was to have a sudden and disastrous end. The 'Queen of the Fairy Isle' was destined to a fate more severe than if her lot had been cast in the rudest log-cabin.

"During my father's residence at Marietta there appeared in the Marietta papers a series of articles in favor of the schemes of Burr, and indirectly a separation of the Western and Eastern States. These articles were censured by another series, signed 'Regulus,' which denounced the idea of separating the States, and supported the Union and the administration of Jefferson. At the time, and to this day, the writer was and is unknown. They are mentioned in Hildreth's 'Pioneer History,' as by an unknown author. They were, in fact, written by my father, and made a strong impression at the time.

"Here let me remark on the society of the past generation as compared with the present. There is always in the PRESENT time a disposition to exaggerate either its merits or its faults.

"Those who take a hopeful view of things, and wonder at our inventions and discoveries, think that society is advancing, and we are going straight to the millennium. On the other hand, those who look upon the state of society to-day, *especially if they are not entirely satisfied with their own condition*, are apt to charge society with degeneracy. They see crimes and corruptions, and assert that society is growing worse.

"Let me here assure the reader that this is not true, and that while we have all reason to lament the weakness of human nature, it is not true that society is declining. No fact is more easily demonstrated than that the society of educated people—and they govern all others—is in a much better condition now than it was in the days succeeding the Revolution. The principles and ideas that caused the French Revolution, at one time, brought atheism and free thinkers into power in France, and largely penetrated American society.

"Skepticism, or, as it was called, free thinking, was fashionable; it was aided and

strengthened by some of the most eminent men of the times. Jefferson, Burr, Pierrepoint Edwards, of Connecticut, and many men of the same kind, were not only skeptics, but scoffers at Christianity. Their party came into power, and gave a sort of official prestige to irreligion. But this was not all; a large number of the revolutionary army were licentious men. Of this class were Burr, Hamilton, and others of the same stripe. Hamilton was not so unprincipled a man as Burr, but belonged to the same general caste of society. No one can deny this, for he published enough about himself to prove it. Duelling, drinking, licentiousness, were not regarded by the better class of society as the unpardonable sins which they are now regarded. At that time wine, spirits and cordials were offered to guests at all hours of the day, and not to offer them was considered a want of hospitality. The consequence was that intemperance, in good society, was more common than now, but probably not more so among the great masses of the people. Intemperance is now chiefly the vice of laboring men, but then it pervaded all classes of society.

"Judge Burnet, in his 'Notes on the Northwest,' says that of nine lawyers cotemporary with himself, in Cincinnati, all but one died drunkards. We see, then, that with a large measure of infidelity, licentiousness and intemperance among the higher classes, society was not really in so good a state as it is now. At Marietta were several men of superior intellects who were infidels, and others who were intemperate; and yet this pioneer town was probably one of the best examples of the society of pioneer times.

"I have said that my father was appointed to establish the meridian lines. At that time but a part of Ohio had been surveyed, and he made Marietta his headquarters.

"In the rapid progress of migration to the West his surveys also were soon necessary in western Ohio and in Indiana. Indiana was then an unbroken wilderness, although the French had established the post of Vincennes. This was one of a line of posts which they established from the lakes to the Gulf of Mexico, with a view to holding all the valley of the Mississippi. There may have been a settlement at Jeffersonville, opposite Louisville, but except these there was not a white settlement in Indiana. It became necessary to extend the surveyed lines through that State, then only a part of the great Northwest Territory. For this purpose my father, in 1805, in the month of October, undertook a surveying expedition in Indiana. As it was necessary to live in the wilderness, preparations for doing so were made. The surveying party consisted of my father, three or four surveyors, two regular hunters and several pack-horses. The business of the hunters was to procure game and bring it into the camp at night. Flour, coffee, salt, and sugar were carried on the pack-horses, but for all meat the party depended on the hunters. They went out early in the morn-

ing for game and returned only at night. As the surveying party moved only in a straight line, and the distance made in a day was known, it was easy for the hunters to join the others in camp.

"It was in this expedition that some of those incidents occurred that illustrate the life of a backwoodsman. One day the hunters had been unfortunate, and got no game, but brought in a large rattlesnake, which they cut into slices and broiled on the coals. My father did not try that kind of steak, but the hunters insisted the flesh was sweet and good. On another day a hunter was looking into a cave in the rocks and found two panthers' cubs. He put them in a bag, and afterward exhibited them in New Orleans. Here let me say, that posterity will never know the kinds and numbers of wild animals which once lived on the plains of the Ohio. Some are already exterminated east of the Mississippi, and can only be found on the mountains of the West. A citizen of these days will probably be astonished to hear that the buffalo was once common in Ohio, and roamed even on the banks of the Muskingum; but such was the fact.

"A large part of Ohio was at one time a prairie, and the vegetation of the valley very rich. The wild plum, the pawpaw, the walnut, and all kinds of berries were abundant, so that Ohio was as fruitful and generous to Indians and wild animals as it has since been to the white man. In the valleys of the Muskingum, the Scioto and the Miamis were Indian towns where they cultivated corn as white men do now. Marietta, Chillicothe, Circleville, Cincinnati, Xenia and Piqua are all on the sites of old Indian towns. The wild animals and the wild Indian were as conscious as the civilized white man that Ohio was an inviting land—a garden rich in the products which God had made for their support. But man was commanded to live by labor; hence, when man, the laborer, came, he supplanted man, the hunter.

"The animals most common in Ohio were the deer, the wild turkey, squirrel, buffalo, panther and wolves. All these were found near Marietta, and all but the buffalo subsequently near Cincinnati.

"It is not my purpose, however, to go into the natural history of Ohio. The inhabitants of the woods fast disappeared before the man with the spade. I, myself, saw birds and animals in the valleys of the Miamis which no man will hereafter see wild in these regions.

"I recollect one bird which made a great impression on me—the paroquet—much like the parrot, its colors being green and gold, but much smaller. This bird I have seen at Ludlow station in large flocks. I was told it was never seen east of the Scioto.

"Our residence at Marietta lasted two years. In 1803 Ohio was admitted to the Union, with a constitution which continued until 1850. The first constitution of Ohio was, I thought, the best constitution I ever saw, for the reason that it had the fewest limitations. Having established the respec-

tive functions of government, judicial, executive and legislative, it put no limitation on the power of the people, and in a democratic government there should be none. For half a century Ohio grew, flourished, and prospered under its first constitution. It was the best and brightest period Ohio has had. It

was the era of great public spirit, of patriotic devotion to country, and of the building up of great institutions of education which are now the strength and glory of the State. In forming educational institutions I had some part myself, and I look upon that work with unalloyed pleasure."

THE ORIGIN OF OHIO'S COUNTY CHILDREN'S HOMES.

Given by that of the history of their founder, Mrs. Catharine Fay Ewing.

In 1866 the Legislature of Ohio passed a law, prepared by Hon. S. S. Knowles, a Senator from Washington county, which was amended in 1867, by which the commissioners of any county could purchase lands and erect buildings for a Children's Home, and provide means by taxation for their cost and maintenance of the same by county taxation. The commissioners were empowered to appoint a board of trustees for the same. Children under 16 years of age were eligible for admission, "by reason of abandonment, or orphanage, or neglect, or inability of parents to provide for them."

On their arrival at 16 years of age the trustees were empowered to indenture the children and provide suitable homes for them.

As a result of this law thirty-six of the eighty-eight counties of Ohio have established Children's Homes, and about 3000 children have been taken from poverty and neglect, largely from almshouses from the association with the adult inmates and their vicious degrading companionship.

In the Children's Homes the inmates enjoy a home-life as near the good natural home as possible. "In the nursery or the play-ground, in the dormitory and dining-room, in the school-room and chapel, they find the uplift of education, social, industrious and religious, that prepares them for an early and safe transfer to good homes outside. In these Homes the industrial training begins. House work, garden work, light chores, interest the children, develop a love of labor, and teach them habits of industry, of order and neatness, so necessary for their success in the battle of life. Many poor waifs, ignorant, uncouth and almost repulsive, are received into these Homes. To them it is humanitarianism in the gospel of clean clothes, soap and water, a seat at the table and a nice bed in the dormitory; is the beginning of a new life, the dawn of a brighter and a better day." It is estimated there are to-day in Ohio 20,000 children suffering from the want of parental love, cheer and guidance, all involved in a good safe home. It is from the families of the wretched largely come the criminal classes that prey upon the public, and fill our prisons and almshouses.

CHILDREN'S HOMES.

The greatest charity of Ohio, the *Children's Home*, the greatest because in behalf of the weakest and most helpless of its population, owes its origin to one single determined, devoted woman, with a clear intellect and pitying heart inspired by the Divine Spirit, Mrs. Catharine Fay Ewing, of Marietta. It would be difficult to find in our land a single other woman who has been the author of such great good. She began in poverty, her only capital "Love, Faith and Works," and to-day this capital abides: it is her all, but then it is huge. I called upon her to obtain the story of her life. I found her home a small two-story ancient frame house; its ceilings low, which gives the place a cozy air, and is saving of fuel, and the stairs to the upper regions short, and that saves from weariness of limbs. In that humble spot beneficent work progresses.

Therein, Mrs. Ewing, a woman of sixty-four years, with the assistance of her niece, a young slender girl, was doing the cooking for a club of twenty college students, who each paid fifty cents a week, and this was about all that kept the wolf from coming and howling at the door to disturb the slumbers of herself, in-

valid husband and smiling young niece, Miss Hattie. At times Mrs. Ewing was very weary from her labor, but happy, because she was enabled to help struggling young men to get an education.

Aside from this, she had on Sundays a class of sixty scholars, and on Saturday afternoons another, 26 young girls, whom she taught to sew, mostly children of washerwomen. Mrs. Ewing is rather large in person, a blonde, has a face full of benevolence, as it ought to be with one whose entire life has been filled with the love and care of helpless little ones. Although she never had a child of her own, she has had 600 under her care, and adopted five of the neglected and forsaken as her own. The story of her life follows as given to me mainly from her own lips.

MRS. CATHARINE FAY EWING was born in Westboro, Mass., July 18, 1822. She was the daughter of a farmer. Eleven years later her parents removed to Marietta. She was bred to the profession of a teacher, and taught a mission school among the Choctaw Indians for ten years. Her salary was her board and \$100 a year. While among them her sympathies were aroused for an infant left forsaken and friendless. In a drunken spree this child was killed accidentally by a party of Indians. The sight threw her into a state of nervous prostration, and it was long before she recovered. It resulted in a determination to start a children's home at the earliest opportunity.

Soon after she returned to Marietta, and visiting the county infirmary was so shocked at seeing little children receiving their first impressions of life in the midst of such degradation and woe, that she at once took steps to found a home for them. The directors of the infirmary eventually acceded to her proposition.

1. This was to take charge of them in a home that she would build for \$1.00 per capita a week.

2. They to supply a new suit of clothes when she should take them.

3. They to pay one-half the cost of medical attendance, and in case of death the burial expenses.

Her pecuniary means to carry out her project were ridiculously meagre. She had saved about \$200 in the course of years from her slender salary as a teacher, which with a legacy of \$160, and \$150 borrowed from a friend, amounted to \$500 in all. With this, in 1857, she purchased twelve acres of land on Moss Run, ten miles east of Marietta, and began the erection of a home. There was a cottage on the farm of two rooms when she bought it. Into this cottage on the 1st of April, 1858, she received from the county poor-house nine children, eight of them boys, and all under ten years of age—four of them were babes.

On the 1st of May she took five of these children to the district school. On her arrival she found sixteen men by the door, who told her she should not take her little paupers among their children. She replied: "I am not afraid of you; I know I am right, and you are wrong;" and persisting, in she went. The teacher told her that he could not keep them without permission of the three trus-

tees, who were among the sixteen men. Next Monday she went to Marietta, and got an appointment from the court as guardian over the children, which gave her full authority, and the second time she went to school with the children. Again was she confronted at the school door by thirteen men, two of whom were the trustees, who felt chagrined at the idea of the association of their children with paupers, for that neighborhood was composed of old Virginia families, who inherited a full share of their ancestral pride. Time with its developments changed all this, especially as the institution, by the increase of children for that district, lessened their school tax, the State disbursing a certain amount per capita for each scholar.

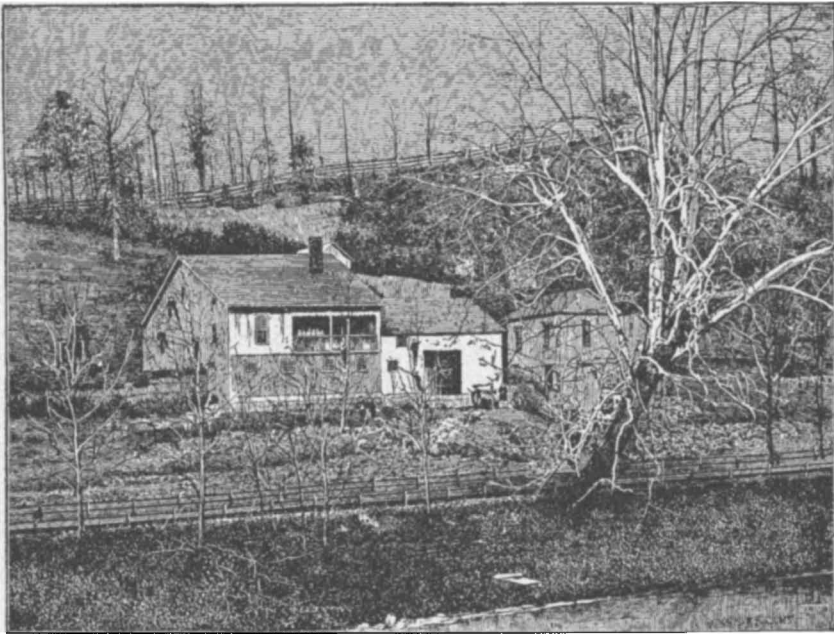
In the following August the permanent Home Building was finished. It had twenty rooms, and of the joy with which they moved in, why it cannot be written. This building cost full \$2000, but she managed it all with the meagre income of which we have spoken and the credit which she got from the builder. In five years she had expended \$4000 on the property, and cancelled every debt.

She relates some curious incidents. The name was as an inspiration. "One night after I had been thinking over this matter I had a dream, in which appeared a wall on which in red block letters were two words: 'CHILDREN'S HOME.' I never," she says, "ever mentioned this before to any one, but I do it to you because it is the truth.

"On an afternoon I left the home for a visit of an hour or two with my sister in the neighborhood, leaving the home in charge of my four hired girls, with about twenty-five children. I had been there but a few moments when I seemed to hear a voice saying: 'You must go!' I sprang up to obey the summons, telling my sister. She ridiculed me for my folly. Again I sat down, when again louder than before came the summons: 'You must go!' and I went. What possessed me to go into the basement I do not know, but there I went. The four girls were together playing with the babes in the upper rooms. In the basement was a pile of shavings, in the midst of which was a meat-block, and there I found the boys, twelve in number, amusing themselves by bringing hot coals from the kitchen fire, placing them on the block as on an anvil, and beating them with clubs to see the sparks fly. The shavings were smoking in several places, and in one a



MRS. CATHERINE FAY EWING.



Cadwalader, Photo.

THE ORIGINAL CHILDREN'S HOME.

The first Children's Home in Ohio was established by Mrs. Ewing in 1858 on Moss Run, ten miles east of Marietta.

blaze had started. To seize a pail of water and put out the fire was but the work of a moment.

Wanting some lumber for building purposes a neighbor whom I shall here call Mr. Smith, a man of bad reputation, brought me what he said was 1800 feet. I told him that I would have my carpenters measure it, and, if they found it correct, would take it at his price. He flew into a passion that I should doubt his word in the matter. My carpenters found it some 400 feet short. I took it at that, and gave him my note, payable in three months—amount, \$20.30.

In a little short of three weeks, one Friday it was, Smith came to me and said I must be ready for that note on the next Monday, or he would sue me. I was completely taken aback, and asked to see the note. Then I discovered that he had altered the word "months" to "weeks." I was in great distress. The idea of being sued and thus disgraced before my children and the community was terrible, lone woman as I was. When Smith left I retired to my room, and threw my burden at the feet of Christ. Relief was instant, as it always was. The next morning I answered a knock at the door, and there stood a young gentleman of about thirty years of age in light clothes, and with the blackest eyes I think I ever saw.

He asked: "Are you Miss Fay, the matron of this institution?" "I am." "Here is a package for you."

With that he turned on his heel, and before in my astonishment I could even thank him disappeared.

Who he was, where he came from, or where he went, I never was able to learn from that day to this, now over twenty years ago. On opening I found it to contain exactly the amount of my note, \$20.30.

"Many of my neighbors had strange ideas of my work. They thought it a mere money-making scheme, and an injury to them, as they paid taxes to the State, and they tried to injure me. At night they opened my gates and let in hogs and cattle upon my garden and fields, and killed my chickens. Once when I went to take one of my children to a home I found on my return fifty-two of my sixty chickens dead."

In June, 1860, her family were attacked with diphtheria, and sickness lasted for months. Her hired girls left her, and on the day the last left she was sick also. "I crawled downstairs and found things in a dreadful condition. The children gathered around me so pleased to have me with them again, and with the help of the two oldest, a girl of twelve and a boy of thirteen, I went to work to get things in order, but soon the sick upstairs needed my attention. I was too weak to walk; I had to creep on my hands and knees. There lay six dear children, very sick, one of whom died next day. Thus it went on for weeks. Many a day I had no one to speak to but the children.

"The hardest time came one evening when I knew that one of the little ones could not

live through the night. I dreaded to be alone, and just at night I sent one of the boys to ask a neighbor to come and stay at least a part of the night. He returned with the answer: 'Tell old Kate she was paid for taking care of the children, and now she might do it.' When the boy told me this I broke down and cried, until one of the children came and put his arm round my neck, and said: 'God can take care of us.' 'So he can,' I said; 'I will trust in him.' Nor did I trust in vain, for before dark Dr. Beckwith came, bringing his wife with him."

Mrs. Ewing's enterprise was sneered at by many, who regarded it as a great folly; but her strength was in her utmost faith in God, and in many instances aid seemed to come almost miraculously. Her motto always was "never let up." To pause is misery; to move is, in some unseen way, joy and perhaps eventual victory.

God raised up friends for her. He always does. The citizens of Marietta and Harnar by two entertainments at one time raised \$400, and lifted her out of debt.

At the close of the war two-thirds of the children were soldiers' orphans. At that period the donations were less frequent, and at the same time were more greatly needed; for the war had caused the prices of goods and clothing to greatly increase. At this period she had thirty-six children. Her allowance for the care of each child was raised to \$1.25 per week. In her reports to the county commissioners she plead for a Soldiers' Orphans' Home, and, as a consequence, was the establishment of the noble institution at Xenia.

Early in her career, on account of the many epithets applied to her children by the other children at the district school, and the annoyance she had in receiving anonymous letters containing threats of mobbing and burning, she decided to build a school-room and employ a teacher at the home. During the ten years she had charge of the home 101 indigent children were taken care of by her, she finding homes for them as opportunity offered.

Through these years of trial, the greatest care of all being to meet her expenses, she found time to exert an influence upon the public mind to ask for legislation upon the subject of children's homes, and in the years 1866-67 an act was passed by which a home could be established in every county if so desired. As soon as this was effected a purchase of a farm of 100 acres was made two miles from Marietta on the bank of the Muskingum for \$18,000. When the plan was perfected, and everything was in readiness to receive the children, Miss Fay, who had married six months before Mr. Ewing, a farmer by avocation, was soon to remove the family to the Children's Home; she received a letter asking if she would like the superintendence of the new home, adding that a farmer had been hired to manage the farm. She replied, "When you leave my husband out you leave me out also." Thus was the connection severed between the mother of this first home

and her family. She clothed them all, as she expresses it, in flannel, and gave them many garments and bedding beside, and near the 1st of April, 1868, these children, thirty-six in number, entered the first home established by law.

This, the first Children's Home on the "Ohio Plan," is justly a matter of pride with

the citizens of Washington county for the great work of good it is doing, and the ability shown in its management. The home has now an average of over one hundred children, ranging in age from a few months to sixteen years. The property is valued at about forty thousand dollars. It is supported by direct taxation and the income from the farm.

GREAT TREES.

The valleys of the Muskingum and the Scioto have been noted for immense trees. The most noted was a sycamore, which stood on the banks of the Muskingum at the time of the first settlement in 1788, and is thus described by Dr. Cutler in his journal :

Sunday, Aug. 24.—Cloudy this morning and very muddy. Attended public worship in the hall at Campus Martius. Hall very full. People came from the Virginia shore and from the garrison. Dined with Generals Parsons and Varnum.

We took a walk out just at sunset, and went as far as the great tree. Measured the diameter—thirteen feet in diameter in the two opposite directions, *i. e.*, at right angles. The tree is broken down : one side is about eighteen feet high ; the opposite is about two feet. The inside of the tree is not only hollow, but burnt so there is but a thin shell. The growth of the tree is sloping ; if cut off about two feet above the ground would contain sixty-four men, allowing eighteen inches to a man. Six horsemen could ride in abreast and parade in the tree at the same time.

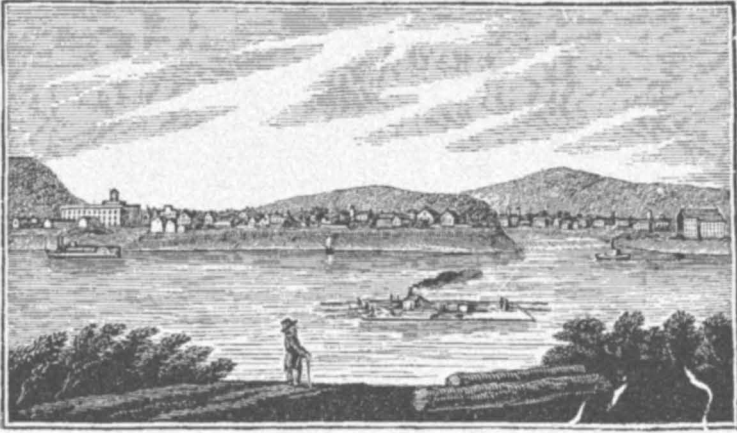
We measured the circumference as near the ground as possible so as to take in all the bulges, and made it $46\frac{1}{2}$ feet. About two feet above the ground we measured the circumference again, and found it to be $41\frac{1}{2}$ feet. This seems to have been the proper place to have measured it to give the proper circumference, and gives the diameter fourteen feet. At the height of sixteen feet the tree was only six feet in diameter ; at eighteen feet it branched into three large branches which now lie on the ground. General Parsons, elsewhere states Dr. Cutler, measured a black walnut tree near the Muskingum, whose circumference at five feet from the ground was twenty-two feet."

On the Rathbun place, famous for its fine sweet potatoes, near the Children's Home, in the Muskingum valley, is an immense elm which I measured, and found to have, two feet above the ground, a girth of about twenty-four feet ; five feet above the ground eighteen feet ; length of branches from north to south 127 feet. On my way thither, Thursday, May 6, 1886, I called upon Mr. Lewis J. P. Putnam, born March 2, 1808, and great-grandson of General Israel Putnam, called hereabouts General Wolf Putnam, to distinguish him from General Rufus Putnam, his cousin. He told me when a boy he saw that elm. It was then a sapling of say twenty feet high, four inches through, and growing out of the hollow of a stump. This would now make it about a century old from the seed. The average life of an elm is about 170 years. This tree bids fair to become widely famous, for the soil is remarkably generous for tree growth.

Mr. Geo. M. Woodbridge, in connection with the study of the ancient mounds, has been investigating for years the ages of trees hereabouts, and the oldest he has discovered was on the Woodbridge farm about eight miles above the city, nearly a mile back of the river and a mile east of the 7th range line. It was an ash tree. Three feet above the ground its girth was sixteen feet three inches. When cut in logs he counted the concentric rings carefully ten feet from the base with a glass, and made it 300 years.

He took me to the spot and then to the saw-mill of Mr. John W. Gitchell near by, which was rapidly converting the once gigantic trees of the hillside into lumber, and Mr. Gitchell showed me by his mill the stump of an oak about as old and as large.

Hon. W. M. Farrar writes me that about three-quarters of a mile northwest of Caywood station, on the C. & M. R. R., in this county, is a pair of oak trees that become merged in one. They start from the ground two feet apart. At the height of twenty feet they are four apart. Then the smaller, which is ten inches in diameter, turns nearly at right angles and unites with the larger tree, which is two feet in diameter, and the two become thenceforth one. For references to various noted Ohio trees see Index.



Drawn by Henry Howe in 1846.

HARMAR, FROM THE VIRGINIA SHORE OF THE OHIO.

[On the right appears "the Point" at Marietta with the Muskingum and its falls; also in the distance the towers of the "Two Horn" church; in front is Harmar.]

Harmar in 1846.—Harmar is very pleasantly situated on the south bank of the Muskingum, opposite Marietta. It contains 1 Methodist church, a male and female academy, 5 mercantile stores, 1 steam mill, 1 extensive foundry, a large hotel (shown on the left of the view), and had, in 1840, 692 inhabitants. Steam-boat building has been extensively carried on here. It will probably become a manufacturing town, a grant having lately been given by the State to use the waters of the Muskingum at the dam.—*Old Edition.*

The Fort Harmar, completed in the spring of 1786, stood near the point on the west side of the Muskingum, and upon the second terrace above ordinary flood water. Joel Buell, one of the first settlers at Marietta, was on the frontier as early as 1785, and spent considerable time at Fort Harmar. In his journal he states that the pay of the soldiers was only \$3.00 per month, or ten cents a day. "Drunkenness and desertion were prevalent evils. The punishment for drunkenness and other trifling offences was not infrequently flogging to the extent of one hundred or even two hundred lashes, and the death penalty, without the process of court-martial, was inflicted upon deserters. Buell relates that three men, the finest soldiers of the company, deserted at McIntosh, and being captured were shot by order of Major Wyllis, who commanded the fort—an act which he chronicled as the most inhuman that he ever saw."

Drunkenness was common in that day among all classes. A large proportion of the soldiers of the revolution died drunkards. Early in this century if a beggar appeared at one's door, and they often did, and clothed in rags, it was common to characterize him as an "old soldier." It was from this fact arose the old time doggerel :

"Who comes here?" A grenadier.
 "What do you want?" A pot of beer.
 "Where's your money?" I forgot.
 "Get you gone you drunken sot."

OLD-TIME DRINKING HABITS.

A chaplain of a regiment of the Continental army complained that the men were not punctual at morning prayers. "Oh, I'll fix that," said the colonel, so he issued an order that the liquor ration would hereafter be given out at the close of morning prayers. It worked like a miracle; not a man was missing.

It is impossible for this generation to conceive of the position of society when the drinking habit was universal among the American people, as it was even down to the period of my youth.

Alcoholic liquids were considered a necessity of life; a sort of panacea for all ills; a crowning sheaf to all blessings; good in sickness and in health; good in summer to dispel the heat, and good in winter to dispel the cold; good to keep on work, and more than good to help on a frolic.

So good were they considered, that their attributed merits were fixed by pleasant names. The first dram of the morning was an "eye-opener;" duly followed by the "eleven-o'clocker" and the "four-o'clocker;" whilst the very last was a "night-cap;" after which one was supposed to take no more drinks that day, unless he was unexpectedly called up at night, when, as people generally slept in rooms without fires, he prudently fortified himself against taking cold.

Don't imagine these were *all* the drinks of the day—by no means. The decanter was at the dinner-table and stood ready at all times on the side-board of every well-to-do family. My father was not an exception. If a friend had called, he had been welcomed by the "social glass;" if one had departed, a pleasant journey was tendered in a flowing bumper; if a bargain had been made, it was rounded by a liquid "clinch;" if a wedding had come off, a long and prosperous life was drunk to the happy pair; if one died, the watchers with the dead (as was the custom of the time) were provided with refreshments through the long solemn hours of night; ardent spirits were always included, while the bearers at the funeral had set out for them the decanter and glass.

Drinking, all the way from the cradle to the grave, seemed the grand rule. Dinah, the black nurse, as she swaddled the new-born infant, took her dram; and Uncle Sam (I remember him), the aged, gray-haired sexton, with the weak and watery eyes and bent, rheumatic body, soon as he had thrown the last spadeful of earth upon the little mound he had raised over the remains of a fellow-mortal, turned to the neighboring bush on which hung his green baize jacket, for a swig at the bottle; after which, and smacking his lips the while, he gathered up his tools and slowly and painfully hobbled homeward to attend to his duties to the living—one was to ring the town-bell at noon, the dinner hour, and again at nine at night, to warn the people to close the stores, stop work and prepare to retire.

This was in accord with a favorite couplet of the day:

"Early to bed and early to rise,
Makes people healthy, wealthy and wise."

An hour later, almost the entire population of the little town, after burying up their fires and blowing out their miserable, dim, little lights, would be laid out around in horizontal positions in their various dwellings—some with "night-caps" and some without "night-caps," and some with two "night-caps"—one outside and the other *in*—sometimes *more* than that *in*.

Poets and philosophers have written much in praise of sleep. It is an early habit of the race. The first man of us all, only, on awakening from a sound nap, found "his affinity," and ever after she was by his side. There is GOOD in sleep.

Blissful sleep! This death while yet living—mysterious, transient death—the body still holding the soul within its portals while the mind, helpless and helmless, may be wafted by the varying currents of spiritual power through the limitless re-

gions of the great unknown: but memory gone, it returns no report save that, in some mysterious way, it has noted the passing of time—can tell whether it has been wandering one hour or ten.

In those ancient and somewhat melancholy days, church deacons not only frequently ran distilleries, but sold rum, whiskey and gin over the counter at two cents a dram (the price of the time); while the parson, that good old man, after finishing a round of social visits, not unfrequently returned to his own dwelling so mellowed by the soothing influence of the cordial welcomes of his parishioners, as to feel that this was not such a very bad world after all.

LYMAN BEECHER'S TESTIMONY.

This may seem an exaggeration as to the habits of the people and old-time clergy; but none can gainsay the evidence of Lyman Beecher. In his autobiography, Mr. Beecher describes a scene at a meeting of the Consociation of Congregational ministers and laity at the house of Rev. Mr. Heart, in Plymouth, which took place in the year 1811, on the occasion of the ordination of Mr. Heart. He says:

“In the sitting-room of Mr. Heart’s house, beside food, was a broad side-board covered with decanters and bottles and sugar and pitchers of water. There we found all the various kinds of liquor then in vogue. The drinking was apparently universal. This preparation was made by the society as a matter of course. When the Consociation arrived they always took something to drink round; also before public services, and always on their return. As they could not all drink at once, they were obliged each to stand and wait for his turn, as people do when they go to mill.

There was also a decanter of spirits on the dinner-table to help digestion, and gentlemen partook of it through the afternoon and evening as they felt the need, some more and some less. The sideboard, with the spillings of water and sugar and liquor, looked and smelled like the bar of a very active grog-shop. None of the Consociation were drunk; but that there was not at times a considerable amount of exhilaration I cannot affirm.

When they had all done drinking, and taken pipes and tobacco, in less than fifteen minutes there was such a smoke you could not see. And the noise I cannot describe; it was the maximum of hilarity. They told their stories and were at the height of jocose talk. They were not old-fashioned Puritans. They had been run down. Great deal of spirituality on the Sabbath, and not much when they got where there was something GOOD to *drink*.

When things are at their worst they begin to mend. The terrible evils arising from intemperance finally startled the land. The first point in the reform was gained when as one entered a friend’s house the latter no longer felt it a breach of hospitality not to give a sidewise toss of the head and an angular glance of an eye to the sideboard, and then with a smile of tender solicitude ask, “What will you have to drink?”

And then farther along in the progress of the Temperance idea, when a stranger guest was present, the old, coarse, disgusting question, “What will you have to drink?” was not put at all, and so when an invitation was extended it came from some old fossil of antiquated habits, moved by the spirit of sociality, who, in a hesitating, timid sort of manner, would inquire—“Do you *ev-er in-INDULGE?*”

The Temperance Reform began in 1832, and soon there came such a moral resurrection of the old-style American people as history has not seen—the banishment of intoxicating liquors as a common beverage from the homes of respectable families. Such a use had become disgraceful, for public opinion sustained what the enlightened moral sense could only contemplate with a loathing and a shudder.

This was a wonderful point gained and it came to stay, greatly blessing society.

But then in some few cases an unlooked-for extreme was reached: not only did such people banish alcoholic drinks from their homes but all sorts of stimulants, as tea and coffee; and then came a crusade against meat, inaugurated by Sylvester Graham, who advocated a purely vegetable diet as a preservative against a desire for stimulants. He had many followers: among his captives was Horace Greeley, who for a while lived in a *vegetarian* boarding house, and when there in a lady-boarder met the lady who captured him.

HARMER is on the Ohio river, at the mouth of the Muskingum river and opposite Marietta. It is on the C. W. & B. and M. C. & N. R. R. City officers, 1888: Geo. P. Stevens, mayor; Henry Strecker, clerk; A. W. Tompkins, treasurer; S. G. Stage, marshal; Sanford Loffland, street commissioner. Churches: 1 Congregational and 1 Methodist Episcopal.

Manufactures and Employees.—Harmar Foundry and Machine Co., 7; Strecker, Tompkins & Co., flour, etc., 7; George Strecker & Co., boilers, etc., 8; W. F. Robertson & Co., plows, etc., 37.—*Ohio State Report, 1888.*

Population, 1880, 1,571. School census, 1888, 619; John D. Phillips, superintendent of schools. Capital invested in manufacturing establishments, \$51,000. Value of annual product, \$91,000.—*Ohio Labor Statistics, 1888.*

In June, 1890, Harmar lost its distinction as a corporation, having been annexed to Marietta, and its population, some 1700, is included in the census of that year.

BELPRE is on the Ohio river, twelve miles below Marietta and opposite Parkersburg, West Va., and on the C. W. & B. R. R. It has five churches. School census, 1888, 311; F. P. Ames, superintendent of schools.

BEVERLY is twenty-three miles above Marietta, on the bank of the Muskingum river and on the Z. & O. R. R. It has a normal school and is the seat of Beverly College; W. C. Hawks, principal. City officers, 1888: J. M. Truesdell, mayor; Chas. Wilson, clerk; C. W. Reynolds, treasurer; Perley Chapman, marshal; Chas. McCarty, street commissioner. Newspapers: *Dispatch*, Independent, Roberta Smith, editor and publisher. Churches: 1 Presbyterian, 1 Methodist and 1 Methodist Episcopal. Bank: Citizens', E. S. McIntosh, president; Chas. W. Reynolds, cashier. Population, 1880, 834. School census, 1888, 267.

WATERFORD is opposite it, on the west bank of the river.

LOWELL is on the Muskingum river, ten miles northwest of Marietta. Population, 1880, 322. School census, 1888, 150.

MATAMORAS, P. O. New Matamoras, is on the Ohio river, thirty-one miles above Marietta. Newspaper: *Mail*, Democrat, Geo. W. Tary, editor and publisher. Churches: 1 Methodist Episcopal, 1 Presbyterian, 1 Baptist. Population, 1880, 631.

MACKSBURG is sixteen miles north of Marietta, on the C. & M. R. R. School census, 1888, 248. This is in the once noted Macksburg oil district, for account of which see Noble County.

UPPER NEWPORT, town with a population in 1890 of 1236, and LOWER NEWPORT, town with a population of 1169, are on the Ohio river, a few miles above Marietta.

WAYNE.

WAYNE COUNTY was established in 1796. The surface is mostly rolling, with numerous glades of level land ; the prevailing soil is a deep clayey loam, capable of the highest fertility. It has excellent coal mines and quarries of building, and is one of the best wheat counties of Ohio.

Area about 540 square miles. In 1887 the acres cultivated were 215,848 ; in pasture, 36,641 ; woodland, 55,274 ; lying waste, 4,950 ; produced in wheat, 886,580 bushels ; rye, 1,540 ; buckwheat, 307 ; oats, 942,657 ; barley, 2,613 ; corn, 947,969 ; broom corn, 3,495 lbs. brush ; meadow hay, 32,211 tons ; clover hay, 31,328 ; flax, 174,565 lbs. fibre ; potatoes, 100,132 bushels ; tobacco, 147,685 lbs. ; butter, 1,039,793 ; cheese, 138,053 ; maple sugar, 15,148 lbs. ; honey, 4,966 ; eggs, 950,512 dozen ; grapes, 63,463 lbs. ; wine, 1,312 gallons ; sweet potatoes, 235 bushels ; apples, 79,361 ; peaches, 26,549 ; pears, 3,701 ; wool, 134,874 lbs. ; milch cows owned, 10,770. Ohio Mining Statistics, 1888 : Coal, 91,157 tons, employing 208 miners and 44 outside employees. School census, 1888, 12,830 ; teachers, 354. Miles of railroad track, 153.

TOWNSHIPS AND CENSUS.	1840.	1880.	TOWNSHIPS AND CENSUS.	1840.	1880.
Baughman,	1,741	2,473	Lake,	1,145	
Canaan,	1,826	2,135	Milton,	1,352	1,864
Chester,	1,985	2,105	Mohecan,	2,046	
Chippewa,	1,787	3,527	Paint,	1,610	1,474
Clinton,	873	2,077	Perry,	2,100	
Congress,	2,008	2,851	Plain,	2,134	1,993
East Union,	1,864	2,048	Salt Creek,	2,223	1,775
Franklin,	1,504	1,460	Sugar Creek,	2,223	2,093
Greene,	1,751	3,309	Wayne,	1,841	1,831
Jackson,	1,645		Wooster,	3,119	7,061

Population of Wayne in 1820, 11,933 ; 1830, 23,327 ; 1840, 36,015 ; 1860, 32,483 ; 1880, 40,076 ; of whom 29,767 were born in Ohio ; 5,642, Pennsylvania ; 322, New York ; 243, Virginia ; 227, Indiana ; 15, Kentucky ; 1,152, German Empire ; 348, Ireland ; 323, France ; 305, England and Wales ; 98, Scotland ; 63, British America. Census, 1890, 39,005.

FORMATION AND ORIGINAL EXTENT.

Wayne county was established by proclamation of Gov. St. Clair, August 15, 1796, and was the third county formed in the Northwest Territory. Its original limits were very extensive, and were thus defined in the act creating it : " Beginning at the mouth of the Cuyahoga river, upon Lake Erie, and with the said river to the Portage, between it and the Tuscarawas branch of the Muskingum ; thence down the said branch to the forks at the carrying place above Fort Laurens, thence by a west line to the east boundary of Hamilton county (which is a due north line from the lower Shawnese town upon the Scioto river), thence by a line west-northerly to the southern part of the Portage, between the Miamis of the Ohio and the St. Mary's river ; thence by a line also west-northerly to the southwestern part of the Portage, between the Wabash and the Miamis of Lake Erie, where Fort Wayne now stands ; thence by a line west-northerly to the southern part of Lake Michigan ; thence along the western shores of the same to the northwest part thereof (including the lands upon the streams emptying into the said lake) ; thence by a due north line to the territorial boundary in Lake Superior, and with

the said boundary through Lakes Huron, Sinclair and Erie to the mouth of Cuyahoga river, the place of beginning."

These limits embrace what is now a part of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Wisconsin, and all of Michigan, and the towns of Ohio City, Chicago, Sault St. Mary's, Mackinaw, etc.

In February, 1846, the principal part of the townships of Jackson, Lake, Mohecan and Perry were taken from Wayne to form a part of the new county of Ashland.

This county was named from Gen. ANTHONY WAYNE. He was born in Chester county, Pa., January 1, 1745. After leaving school he became a surveyor, and paid some attention to philosophy and engineering, by which he obtained the friendship of Dr. Franklin, who became his patron. He entered the army of the revolution in 1775, and was made brigadier-general in 1777. He was in the army through the war, and particularly distinguished himself in the battles of Brandywine, Germantown and Monmouth. His attack upon Stony Point, in July, 1779, an almost inaccessible height, defended by 600 men and a strong battery of artillery, was the most brilliant exploit of the war. At midnight he led his troops, with unloaded muskets, flints out, and fixed bayonets, and without firing a single gun, carried the fort by storm and took 543 prisoners. He was

struck, in the attack, by a musket-ball in the head, which was momentarily supposed to be a mortal wound; he called to his aids to carry him forward and let him die in the fort. The crowning acts of his life were his victory over the Indians on the Maumee, and the treaty of Greenville in 1795. His life of peril and glory was terminated in 1796, in a cabin at Presque Isle (now Erie, Pa.), then in the wilderness. His remains were there deposited, at his own request, under the flag-staff of the fort, on the margin of Lake Erie; and were removed in 1809, by his son, to Radnor churchyard, Delaware county, Pa. Wayne was one of the best generals of the revolution. He was irresistible in leading a charge, and a man of great impetuosity of character, bordering on rashness; but he conducted his last campaign with great caution and skill.

Kilbuck's creek, in this county, was named from Killbuck, a Delaware chief. His village, called Killbuck's town, was on the road from Wooster to Millersburg, on the east side of the creek, about ten miles south of Wooster. It is laid down on maps published as early as 1764. When the country was first settled, Killbuck was a very old man. There were several chiefs by this name.

An Indian settlement stood just south of Wooster, on the site of the Baptist burying-ground. It was named Beaver-Hat, from an Indian chief of that name, who resided there with a few others. His Indian name was *Paupelenan*, and his camp or residence was called by him *Apple chauquecake*, i. e., "Apple Orchard." The Indian trail from Pittsburgh to Lower Sandusky passed just north of Beaver-Hat.

INDIAN TRAILS.

The Indians in their expeditions against the early settlers travelled a regular system of trails or paths as familiar to them as our highways and railroads are to us: it is a somewhat remarkable fact that many of our railroads follow the line of the same trails, they having served to point out to the engineer the best route. It is said that the earlier emigrants west of the Mississippi, aware of the singular engineering tact of the Indians (which is also possessed by the buffalo), never hesitated to follow an Indian or buffalo path, certain it would lead by the most direct accessible route to its destination.

The early settlers soon acquired a knowledge of these trails, and by them traced marauding Indians to their villages. In later years they served as highways to the pioneers seeking future homes.

They were narrow paths through the forests and along the streams, more or less beaten and marked according to the amount of recent travel, and generally followed the banks of some water-course.

The first great trail was from Fort Du Quesne to Sandusky; commencing at Pittsburg it ran northwest to the mouth of the Big Beaver, from there to the junction of the Sandy and Tuscarawas creeks at the south line of Stark county,

from thence northwest to Wayne county, passing south of where Wooster now is, crossing the Killbuck north of the bridge on the Ashland road ; continuing west passing near the present site of Reedsburg to Mohican Johnstown, crossing the Jerome fork of the Mohican ; thence west of north passing through Wyandot town (now Castalia) to Fort Sandusky on Sandusky bay and continuing on to Fremont ; the entire distance covering 240 miles. This was a much travelled route probably for many years before white men were even known in this region.

This trail also branched off at Mohican Johnstown, passing through Plain township by the "Long Meadow" or perhaps a little south by Mohican John's Lake in Wayne county, thence across Killbuck some twelve miles south of Wooster, where Rogers crossed that stream, and probably Col. Crawford also crossed and encamped near O'Dell's (formerly Mohican John's Lake) on his expedition to the Moravian settlement on Sandusky creek, in Crawford county. There was another trail from Mohican Johnstown running northwest to Greentown, by or near the site of Goudy's old mill, to the Quaker springs in Vermillion township ; thence southwest over Honey creek to a point about three miles west of Perrysville. This trail, afterwards known as the Old Portage road, was the route of many of the pioneers in Green township. The trail continued in the direction of the site of Lucas to near Mansfield.

From Mohican Johnstown another trail ran up the Jerome fork, a favorite route of the Mohicans on their hunting excursions on

the Black river ; and the north part of Ashland county, to the junction of the Catotaway in the eastern part of Montgomery township, where it crossed and passed near the residence of Moses Latta and Burkholder's mill, thence up the creek past the old Gierhart farm, where resided Catotaway, an old Indian hunter after whom the stream was named. There was another trail passed up in the direction of Vermillion lake and down the Vermillion river. Various other trails generally following the course of some stream branched out to different points.

At the early settlement of the country these trails were well marked and so worn by the Indians (who travel in single file) that they were easily followed by the pioneers. For the Indians they served as highways between the Lake villages and those in the southern and in eastern parts of the State and in turn became the arteries through which flowed the hardy pioneers who redeemed this great State from barbarism and developed its resources.

Wooster in 1846.—Wooster, the county-seat, named from Gen. David Wooster, an officer of the revolution, is 93 miles northeast of Columbus, and 52 southerly from Cleveland, on the stage road between the two places. It is situated near the junction of Apple with Killbuck creek, on a gradual slope of ground, elevated about fifty feet above the latter, and is surrounded by a beautiful undulating country. To the south, from the more elevated parts of the town, is seen the beautiful valley of the Killbuck, stretching away for many miles, until the prospect is hid by the highlands in the county of Holmes, 12 or 14 miles distant. Wooster is compactly and well built, and is a place of much business. The view was taken near Archer's store, and shows a part of the public square, with the west side of Market street : the county buildings are shown on the left, and the spire of the Baptist church in the distance. The town contains 1 Presbyterian, 1 Methodist, 1 German Lutheran, 1 German Reformed, 1 Seceder, 1 Disciples, 1 Lutheran, 1 Baptist church, a female seminary in good repute, 4 grocery, 10 dry goods, 2 hardware, 2 book and 3 drug stores, 1 bank, and had, in 1840, 1913 inhabitants, and now is estimated to contain 2700. Carriage-making is extensively carried on.—*Old Edition.*

EARLY HISTORY.

This county lies within what was once called "the New Purchase," a very extensive tract, lying south of the Reserve, east of the Tuscarawas, north of the Greenville treaty line, and extending as far west as the western line of the Reserve. The land office for this tract was at Canton, Col. Thomas Gibson, register, and Col. John Sloan, now of Wooster, receiver. The first lands were sold in this district at Canton, in 1808, when was purchased the sites of Mansfield, Richland county, Wooster, and a few scattering tracts in the purchase.

Wooster was laid out in the fall of 1808, by the proprietors, John Beaver, William Henry and Joseph H. Larwill, on a site 337 feet above Lake Erie. The

first house built in the county was a log structure now (1846) standing on Liberty street, in Wooster, immediately west of the residence of William Larwill. It was raised about the time the town was laid out, and was first occupied by William Larwill and Abraham Miller, a young man. The next spring the father of the latter moved in from Stark county, with his family—the first that settled in the town—and opened it as a house of entertainment. About the same time, James Morgan, from Virginia, settled with his family on Killbuck, just north of the old Indian town. In 1810 the yellow brick building on the north side of Liberty street, adjoining the public square, was erected by John Beaver, being the first brick edifice erected in the county. In the fall of 1808 a road was cut from what is now Massillon to Wooster, which was, it is said, the first road made in the county. The first State road running through the county, from Canton to Wooster, was laid out in 1810, by the commissioners.

When Wooster was settled there were no white inhabitants between it and the lake; on the west, none short of the Maumee, Fort Wayne and Vincennes; on the south, none until within a few miles of Coshocton, and those on the Tuscarawas were the nearest on the east. Wooster was made the seat of justice for the county, May 30, 1811. Previously, the whole county was comprised in Killbuck township, which had, by the census of 1810, but 320 inhabitants. Wooster was not the first county-seat. The spot chosen by the first commissioners was on an eminence now known as Madison hill, about $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles southeast of the town, on land then owned by Bezaleel Wells & Co., which place they called Madison. But a single cabin was afterwards built there. The selection displeased the people of the county, which resulted in the legislature appointing new commissioners, who located it at Wooster.

The first mill was erected in the county in 1809, by Joseph Stibbs, of Canton, on Apple creek, about a mile east of Wooster. Some time after, Stibbs sent a man by the name of Michael Switzer, who opened for him, in a small building attached to the mill, the store, consisting of a small stock of goods suitable for the settlers and Indians.

One morning a singular incident occurred. In the store was William Smith, Hugh Moore, Jesse Richards, J. H. Larwill and five or six Indians. Switzer was in the act of weighing out some powder from an eighteen-pound keg, while the Indians were quietly smoking their pipes filled with a mixture of tobacco, sumach leaves and kinnickinnick, or yellow willow bark, when a puff of wind coming in at the window, blew a spark from one of their pipes into the powder. A terrific explosion ensued. The roof of the building was blown into four parts, and carried some distance; the sides fell out, the joists came to the floor, and the floor and chimney alone were left of the structure. Switzer died in a few minutes. Smith was blown through the partition into the mill, and badly injured. Richards and the Indians were also hurt, and all somewhat burned. Larwill, who happened to be standing against the chimney, escaped with very little harm, except having, like the rest, his face well blackened, and being knocked down by the shock.

The Indians, fearful that they might be accused of doing it intentionally, some days after called a council of citizens for an investigation, which was held on the bottom, on Christmas run, west of the town.

In the war of 1812 a block-house was erected in Wooster, on the site of Col. John Sloan's residence. It was built by Captain George Stidger, of Canton, and was intended more particularly for a company he had here and other troops who might be passing through the country.—*Old Edition.*

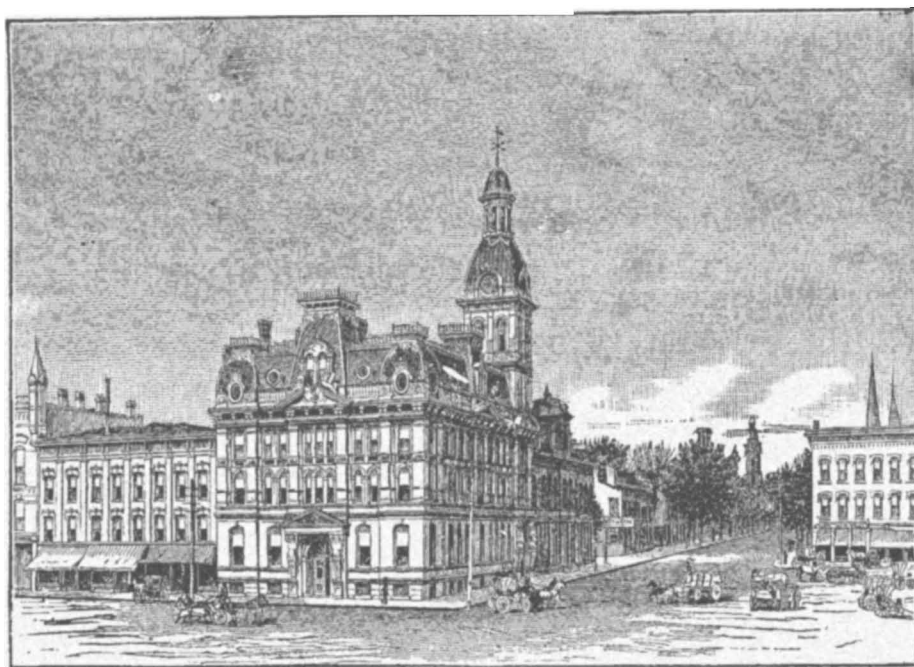
WOOSTER, county-seat of Wayne, ninety-three miles northeast of Columbus, on the P. Ft. W. & C. R. R., is near the junction of Apple creek with Killbuck. It is the seat of Wooster University.

County officers, 1888: Auditor, Thomas E. Peckinpaugh; Clerk, Eli Zaring; Commissioners, Lucien Graber, Jacob Hess, Andrew Oberlin; Coroner, Solon



Drawn by Henry Howe in 1846.

PUBLIC SQUARE, WOOSTER.



Teeples, Photo., 1887.

PUBLIC SQUARE, WOOSTER.

Boydston; Infirmary Directors, Joseph Marshall, Francis Little, Elias Langell; Probate Judge, Hiram B. Swartz; Prosecuting Attorney, Asbury D. Metz; Recorder, Joseph A. Schuch; Sheriff, Ethan A. Brown; Surveyor, Philip Markley; Treasurer, Rezin B. Wasson. City officers, 1888: J. R. Woodworth, Mayor; C. C. Adams, Clerk; Philip Elisperman, Marshal; Edward Miller, Street Commissioner. Newspapers: *Republican*, Republican, H. N. Clemens, editor and publisher; *Jacksonian*, Democrat, J. F. Marchands, editor and publisher; *Journal*, German-Democrat, M. E. Weixelbaum, editor and publisher; *University Voice*, College, Chas. K. Carpenter and Chas. M. Mains, editors and publishers; *Wayne County Democrat*, Democrat, E. B. Eshelman, editor; *Wayne County Herald*, Prohibition, J. W. Campbell, editor; *Collegian*, Students of Wooster University, editors and publishers; *Royal Arcanum Journal*, Order of the Royal Arcanum, T. E. Peckinpaugh, editor and publisher. Churches: 1 Catholic, 1 German-Lutheran, 2 Presbyterian, 1 German Reformed, 1 Lutheran, 2 Methodist, 1 Baptist, 1 United Presbyterian, 1 Reformed. Banks: National Bank of Wooster, John Zimmerman, president; Curtis V. Hard, cashier; Wayne County National, Jacob Frick, president; A. G. Coover, cashier.

Manufactures and Employees: Plank Bros., flour and feed; Hartman & Durstine, sash, doors and blinds, 24 hands; Standard Coach Pad Co., coach pads, etc., 34; Landis & George, furniture; D. W. Immel, tannery; Fred. Weis, lager beer; J. R. Naftzger, flour and feed; Wooster Brush Works, brushes, 27; C. K. Bowman, rye whiskey; M. P. Huston, laundrying, 6; E. Thoman, tannery; Wooster Co-operative Foundry Co., 12; D. C. Curry & Co., sash, doors and blinds, 24; Overholt & Co., flour and feed, 20; W. Young, bottling works; Alcock & Donald, granite works; B. Barrett's Sons, general machinery, 10; W. H. Banker, carriages; Underwood Whip Co., whips, 64.—*State Report, 1888*. Population, in 1890, 5,901. School census, in 1888, 1,950; W. S. Eversole, school superintendent. Capital invested in industrial establishments, \$256,000. Value of annual product, \$371,000.—*Ohio Labor Statistics, 1887*.

The UNIVERSITY OF WOOSTER was founded in 1868 by the Ohio, Cincinnati and Sandusky Synods of the Presbyterian Church. Ephraim Quinby, Jr., a wealthy and liberal citizen of Wooster, generously offered a handsome site on an elevated knoll, containing twenty-one acres of oak forest. The citizens of Wayne county raised a subscription of more than \$100,000, which they offered for the erection of a building on the Quinby grounds. Over \$250,000 in other subscriptions was raised by the executive committee of the university by October, 1869. The institution was formally opened and dedicated with appropriate ceremonies on September 7, 1870.

The university has been very successful from the start. In 1877 it graduated from its collegiate department the largest number of classical alumni of any college in Ohio. In 1889 it had 24 instructors; 451 male and 225 female students, graduating in that year 32 male and 12 female students. Since its founding it has graduated 434 male and 76 female students. It has property valued at \$385,000, and its library contains 11,000 volumes. Sylvester F. Scovel, president.

HISTORICAL MISCELLANY.

The following miscellaneous collection of incidents and experiences is extracted and abridged from the valuable "History of Wayne County," by Mr. Ben. Douglas, of Wooster:

INDIAN WANTED GREASE.

John Butler, a justice of the peace, of Franklin township, had raised considerable corn in the bottoms, and had a good many hogs. A gang of Indians passed one day and shot one of them. Mr. Butler followed after,

and found them encamped in the region of the present site of Shreve. He went to the chief and told him the circumstance, and that he must pay him. The chief went to the thief and told him he must pay for the hog. He asked him why he had killed the hog, and the Indian replied, "I wanted grease."

The chief made him pay for the animal, Mr. Butler receiving therefore two deer skins, which the Indian indignantly kicked toward him. It was soon after that Mr. Butler's cabin was burned, and he claimed that the gang of Indians did it. Mr. Butler rebuilt his cabin on the same spot, and lived there until his death in 1837.

The Morgan Block-House.—This fort stood on the Thomas Dowty farm, was quite a large structure, and a source of protection to the pioneers. During the summer of Hull's surrender a company of soldiers was stationed here from Tuscarawas county. A would-be brave soldier of this company was ever boasting of his courage, and ached for a fight with the Indians. The boys concluded they would accommodate him. They caused to be painted and decked in true Indian costume one of their number, and had him secrete himself in a swamp close by. The company proceeded on one of its scouts and passed by this swamp, when the mythical Indian sprang out, yelling, and pointing his gun, took after this Sir Valiant soldier, who rushed at the top of his speed and concealed himself in a marsh. The company and the painted gentleman rapidly returned to the block-house. Soon thereafter the would-be Indian fighter, who had lost his shoes in the swamp, returned. Some of the boys went in search of his shoes, and brought them to camp.

AN INDIAN SCARE.

To show the uneasy and excited state of the public mind for some time subsequent to Hull's surrender, we relate an incident that occurred in what was called Smith's settlement, near the site of the present county infirmary. One afternoon two of the Smith women had heard what they supposed to be guns firing in the direction of Wooster "at the rate of five hundred a minute." The neighborhood was soon assembled, numbering between thirty and forty persons, men, women and children. After consultation it was decided that James McIntire should approach Wooster cautiously to ascertain the exact state of affairs there, and that the balance of the company should at once set out for Steubenville by way of the Indian trail, the women and children on horseback, the men on foot with their guns.

The party travelled in silence during the entire night, not a child giving the least sign of fretfulness. In the morning they were overtaken by McIntire, who brought the welcome news that Wooster was resting in quietude, and that the noise that had frightened the two women was the sound made by men cutting straw with axes in a trough for feed. At this intelligence the main part of the fugitives returned, hungry and weary, to their cabin homes in the forest. A few, however, continued on their flight to the old settlements in Pennsylvania.

CHIEF JOHNNY-CAKE "SKEDADDLES."

Nevertheless this stampede of the settlers

was not without thrilling incident. When the party in its flight was crossing Big Sugar creek, they discovered a camp-fire close to the Indian trail, the Indian dogs barked, and immediately Indians raised the whoop. At this the company took shelter in the brush-wood as best they could. All became quiet in a short time, when those with guns began to scout around in order to ascertain the character of the Indians in the camp. They proved to be Chief Johnny-Cake and his tribe. The story the whites told alarmed them, and they said they also would flee the country, as they were, as friendly Indians, equally in danger from the hostile tribes, but that they must have their supper first off the deer that was then roasting at the fire.

Afterwards, McIntire passed their camp blowing a large tin horn, and riding at a full gallop to overtake the flying settlers and apprise them of their groundless apprehension of danger, at which Johnny-Cake and his braves evidently fled supperless, as the returning settlers next day found the camp entirely deserted, and the deer, burned to a crisp, still suspended over the smouldering embers. Johnny-Cake and his people were never seen again by the whites in that settlement, although they had heretofore been inconveniently familiar.

REMAINS OF BUFFALOES AND CEDAR TREES.

Between Springville and Millbrook the land-owners in plowing, but more especially in ditching, come in contact with the remains of cedar trees. Half a century ago immense logs were taken out, three feet from the surface, that had lain there for ages, and were sawed into boards. Trees were found three and four feet in diameter. More recently, in ditching in the lowlands directly south of Millbrook, have been found more of these cedar relics. What is mysterious about this is the fact that there are no cedar forests in that section, nor have we any knowledge of them from any source whatever. South and east of the village on the old Culbertson farm, and the one where James Bruce lives, were found buffalo skulls and horns, and remains of human bodies of immense size.

ADAM POE, THE INDIAN FIGHTER.

Adam Poe was born in Washington county, Pa., in the year 1745, and died September 23, 1838, in Stark county, four miles west of Massillon, at the residence of his son, Andrew Poe. In 1813 Adam Poe removed from Columbiana county, Ohio, to Wayne county, bringing with him his wife and youngest son David, and daughter Catharine. He first settled in Wooster, his family living on North Market street, and he followed the business of shoemaking for three years, being then nearly seventy years old. He was a tanner by trade and an excellent shoemaker. He then removed to Congress township and lived on a farm for nearly twelve years, when,

growing old and infirm, he removed to Stark county, where he died.

The following adventure was related by his daughter, and had never been published before it appeared in Douglass' "History of Wayne County:"

ONE WHIPS FIVE.

While living on the Ohio two Indians crossed the river, both of whom were intoxicated, and came to Adam Poe's house. After various noisy and menacing demonstrations, but without doing any one harm, they retired a short distance, and under the shade of a tree sat down and finally went to sleep. In the course of two hours, and after they awoke from their drunken slumber, they discovered that their rifles were missing, when they immediately returned to Poe's house, and after inquiring for their guns and being told they knew nothing about them, they boldly accused him of stealing them and insolently demanded them. Poe was apprehensive of trouble, and turning his eyes in the direction whence they came, discovered three more Indians approaching.

Without manifesting any symptoms of surprise or alarm, he coolly withdrew to the house, and saying to his wife, "There is a fight and more fun ahead," told her to hasten slyly to the cornfield near by with the children and there hide. This being accomplished, he seized his gun and confronted the five Indians, who were then in the yard surrounding the house, and trying to force open the door. He at once discovered that the two Indians who came first had not yet found their guns, and that the other three were unarmed. So he dropped his gun, as he did not want to kill any of them unless the exigency required it, and attacked them with his fist, and after a terrific hand-to-hand encounter of ten minutes, crushed them to the earth in one promiscuous heap. After having thus vanquished and subdued them, he seized them, one at a time, and threw them over the fence and out of the yard.

THE INTREPIDITY OF HARRY FRANKS.

Henry Franks was born in Fayette county, Pa., and came to Wayne county, Ohio, in 1816-17, settling on a farm a short distance south of Doylestown, where he died in 1836. Henry Franks, known as "Old Henry," with some others, was taken prisoner on the Ohio river by the Indians when he was a young man, and held in captivity by them. He was tall, straight, and a large, powerful man, and his captors immediately fancied him, and by ceremonies introduced him to Indian citizenship. Its first condition being to run the gauntlet, he was compelled to comply with it, and at the end of the race he was, to save his own life, forced to strike an Indian with his hatchet, whom he nearly killed. This successful act of daring on his part ingratiated him with his captors, who exclaimed, "He make good Indian." Mr. Franks receiving

a wound in this test of mighty manhood, the Indians instantly took charge of him, nursing and treating him kindly until he thoroughly recovered. After the capture of Crawford in Ohio, and during the excitement of his horrible death, all of which Mr. Franks witnessed, he made an effort to escape, in which he was successful. He fled to the lake shore, boarded a British vessel, went by water as far as Montreal, crossed to the American side, and thence on foot to Philadelphia, Pittsburg, and to his home in Fayette county, Pa., after a captivity of five years.

A GANG OF OUTLAWS.

The Driskel family were among the first settlers of Wayne county; they came from Columbiana county prior to 1812, and for a time lived near Stibbs' mill, on Apple creek. For some years they were generally regarded as honest and respectable citizens, but suspicion of dishonest practices finally fastened upon John Driskel and Steve Brawdy, a connection by marriage. Brawdy was arrested and sent to the penitentiary for stealing a heifer and making a murderous assault and stabbing Moses Loudon while the latter was assisting in his arrest.

A series of thefts and other unlawful acts had convinced the authorities that the neighborhood was infested with a gang of outlaws, and the arrest and conviction of a young man named Ben. Worthington, for stealing a yoke of oxen from Gen. Beall, led to revelations that proved Driskel and Brawdy were the leaders of this gang.

A CONVICT ESCAPE.

Driskel was finally arrested for stealing horses in Columbiana county. He was sent to the penitentiary, and with a chain and fifty-six weight fastened to his leg was set to work on the Ohio canal. He made his escape by picking up the ball in his hands and starting on a run. Immediately six guards fired their guns at the escaping convict, but failed to hit him. Arriving at a farm-house, he found an axe in the wood-shed, and severed the ball from the chain. He then made his way back to his family in Wayne county, where the chain was filed from his leg.

JUDGE LYNCH ACTS.

An effort was made to recapture him, when, to elude pursuit, he led for a time a roving life, stealing horses and concealing them in thickets, burning barns, houses, etc., finally leaving the county. Shortly afterward he was captured in Ashland county, and started for the penitentiary in charge of two men, from whom, by his shrewdness and force, he managed to escape while stopping over night in Sunbury, Delaware county. He was next heard of in the West, where his family and confederates joined him and continued their criminal pursuits for some years. In time the Regulators of northern Illinois

rose upon them, capturing old John, his son William, and others of the gang. These were immediately shot, and his youngest son David was soon afterward caught and hanged to a tree by Judge Lynch.

The leading villainies of this gang—composed of John Driskel's family, Brawdy and others—consisted in burglaries, incendiarism and horse-stealing. They concealed their stolen horses in the dense thickets of the woods, stole corn from the farmers to feed them, and at a suitable opportunity conducted them out of the county. They were men of invincible courage, of powerful physical strength, and enjoyed nothing so well as a carouse and a knock-down.

A NOSE FOR AN EAR.

On one occasion at a public muster in Lisbon, Columbiana county, John Driskel challenged any man to a fight. No one responded to his challenge, when, selecting a large, bony specimen of a man, named Isaac Pew, he offered him sundry indignities, and then, suddenly and without warning, hit him a stunning blow, sprang upon him and bit off Pew's ear. When next muster day came around Driskel and Pew were both present; the latter remarked, "He has my ear, now I'll have his nose." Pew followed Driskel around, and watching his opportunity, sprang upon him and bit his nose off.

A TERRIFIC HITTER.

On another occasion old John was parading the streets of Wooster, talking boisterously and shouting that he weighed 208 pounds, and no man could whip him. Smith McIntire, who was clearing off some land on the Robison farm, south of Wooster, came to town in his shirt-sleeves to procure tobacco. McIntire was a good, quiet citizen, industrious, honest and honorable. Being a very muscular-looking man, Gen. Spink and Mr. McComb approached him and asked him if he thought he could whip that man, pointing toward Driskel. McIntire said, "I can whip anybody, but I don't know that man, and I am a stranger here, and more than that I am a peaceful man;" whereupon he started back to his work, when Spink and McComb called to him to return. He obeyed their summons and, after some entreaty, consented to whip Driskel, upon the consideration of preserving quiet and establishing order. Spink remarked to Driskel that here was a man (pointing to McIntire) that he had not yet whipped, when

Driskel rapidly advanced toward him and said, "Do you think you can handle me?" to which McIntire responded, "I do." Driskel said, "Well, let us take a drink, and then to business." McIntire responded, "I want nothing to drink." Driskel took his drink and faced McIntire, and when the word "ready" was given McIntire hit him one blow that knocked him insensible, and so serious was the result that Dr. Bissell had to be called, and it was several hours before he rallied from the prostration.

A BURNT OFFERING.

Not satisfied with this encounter, in a short time afterward he challenged McIntire to a second test, which the latter accepted, having General Spink and Colonel James Hindman for his seconds, Driskel choosing for his backers one of his sons and his son-in-law, Brawdy. The contestants met, and with a similar result. McIntire, after his adversary was on the floor, picked him up like a toy and started with him toward the fire-place exclaiming: "I will make a burnt offering of him!" but which rash purpose was prevented. This fight occurred in the bar-room of Nailor's tavern.

MARKET HOUSE MOB.

In 1833 a market house was erected on the southwest side of the public square in Wooster. The dimensions of the building were about 75x40 feet, one story high, with ceilings arched and plastered.

In a few years after its construction, located in such a prominent place, it soon became a nuisance to the citizens doing business around the public square, and the town authorities were besieged for its removal, but refused to act in the matter. An unsuccessful attempt was made, by an unknown incendiary, to destroy it by fire. Finally, on the night of August 9, 1847, a number of disguised men, said to be among the "first citizens," made an attack on the market house. They were armed with axes, hooks, rope and tackle, and with the assistance of a strong horse soon razed the objectionable structure to the ground. This act created considerable excitement; the dignity of the law had been offended. The mayor offered a reward for the apprehension of the guilty participants, but no arrests were made, as the sympathies of the public were with the despoilers, although many deprecated the accomplishment of the end by such unlawful means.

BIOGRAPHY.

REASIN BEALL was born in Montgomery county, Maryland, December 3, 1769. In 1790 he served as an officer in General Harmar's expedition against the Indians. In March, 1792, he was appointed an ensign in the United States army, and in 1793 battalion-adjutant, serving under Gen. Anthony Wayne in his campaign against the Indians. Resigning from the army he settled in Pennsylvania in 1801, and two years later removed to New Lisbon, O., where he remained

until 1815, when he removed to Wooster. During his residence in New Lisbon he filled various public offices, and took much interest in the militia. In September, 1812, he was made brigadier-general of Ohio volunteers. He immediately organized a detachment, and at the head of several hundred men marched to Wayne and Richland counties to protect the frontier, and subsequently joined the troops under Generals Wadsworth and Perkins at Camp Huron, when the command devolving upon General Perkins as senior officer, General Beall returned home.

In 1813 he was elected to Congress, resigning his seat in 1814 to accept the office of register of the land office for the Wooster district, which office he held until 1824. He was chosen to preside over the great Whig mass convention held at Columbus, February 22, 1840, and afterwards was chosen a Presidential Elector. He died at Wooster, February 20, 1843.

JOHN SLOANE was born in York, Pa., in 1779. At an early age he removed to Washington county, Pa., and from thence to Ohio, settling first in Jefferson county and then Columbiana county. He was a member of the State Legislature, 1804-6, serving as speaker the last two years. He was receiver of public moneys at Canton in 1808-16, when in conjunction with General Beall he removed the office to Wooster. He remained in the receiver's office until March, 1819, when he resigned to take a seat in Congress, to which he had been elected the preceding fall. He served in Congress by successive elections until March, 1829.

In 1831 he was appointed clerk of the Court of Common Pleas, which place he held seven years. In 1841 the Legislature appointed him Secretary of State for three years. On November 27, 1850, he was appointed by President Fillmore Treasurer of the United States, serving till April, 1853. During the war of 1812 he was colonel of militia. He died in Wooster, May 15, 1856.

EDWARD THOMSON was born in Portsea, England, October 12, 1810. When seven years old his parents removed to Wooster, Ohio. He studied medicine at the University of Pennsylvania, receiving his diploma when nineteen years old. He practised in Wooster and Jeromeville. He united with the Methodist church April 29, 1832, and the following July was licensed to preach. On September 19th of the same year the conference at Dayton admitted him on trial. From the first his great abilities were apparent. In 1837 he became principal of Norwalk Seminary, and in 1843 was offered the chancellorship of Michigan University and the presidency of Transylvania College. In 1844-48 he was editor of the *Ladies' Repository*, which position he resigned to accept the presidency of the Ohio Wesleyan University, where he remained until 1860, when he was elected editor of the *Christian Advocate*. Here he remained until 1864, when he was elected Bishop of the M. E. Church.

He was an eloquent and powerful speaker, a profound student, and an able editor, but his highest achievements were in the department of education. "Here he seemed a prince in his native domain. He ruled by the charms of personal goodness, and by the magic spell of an inimitable character. He taught with felicity, and made every topic luminous by fertility and aptness of illustration."

He was married in Mansfield, Ohio, July 4, 1837, to a daughter of Hon. Mordecai Bartley, afterward Governor of Ohio. His first wife died December 31, 1863. He was married a second time May 9, 1866, to Miss Annie E. Howe, well known for her piety and poetic genius. Bishop Thomson died in Wheeling, West Va., March 22, 1870, and was buried in Delaware, Ohio. In 1846 he received the degree of D. D. from Indiana Asbury (now DePauw) University, and in 1855 that of LL.D. from Ohio Wesleyan. Among Bishop Thomson's published works are "Educational Essays" (new edition, Cincinnati, 1856); "Moral and Religious Essays" (1856); "Letters from Europe" (1856), and "Letters from India, China and Turkey" (2 vols. 1870).

FRANCES FULLER was born in Rome, N. Y.; her younger sister, Metta, was

born in Erie, Pa., in 1831. The family removed to Wooster in 1839, and the daughters received their education in the public schools of that place. They both acquired considerable reputation for literary ability, not only as writers of poetry, but also for their prose contributions to the press.

In 1852 Frances removed to Michigan, a year later was married to Jackson Barrett, of Pontiac, Michigan, and subsequently removed to the Pacific Coast. She obtained a divorce from Mr. Barrett, and was married a second time to Mr. Victor, a brother of her sister's husband.

We give an extract from one of her poems entitled "The Post Boy's Song :"

Like a shuttle thrown by the hand of fate,
Forward and backward I go ;
Bearing a thread for the desolate
To darken their web of woe ;
And a brighter thread to the glad of heart,
And a mingled one to all ;
But the dark and the light I cannot part,
Nor alter their hues at all.

METTA FULLER, the younger sister, at the age of fifteen, composed a romance, founded upon the supposed history of the dead cities of Yucatan, and entitled "The Last Days of Tul."

In July, 1856, she was married to O. J. Victor, and the following year removed to New York. Numerous prose and poetical, humorous and satirical productions over the *nom de plume* of "Singing Sybil" attest her genius. The following from "Body and Soul" is an example of her poetry :

A living soul came into the world,
Whence came it? Who can tell?
Of where that soul went forth again,
When it bade the earth farewell?
A body it had this spirit knew,
And the body was given a name.
.
Whether the name would suit the soul
The giver never knew,
Names are alike, but never soul,
So body and spirit grew
Till time enlarged their narrow sphere
Into the realms of life,
Into this strange and double world,
Whose elements are strife.

N. P. Willis wrote concerning these sisters: "We suppose ourselves to be throwing no shade of disparagement upon any one in declaring that in 'Singing Sybil,' her not less gifted sister, we discern more unquestionable marks of true genius, and a greater portion of the unmistakable inspiration of true poetic art than in any of the lady minstrels, delightful and splendid as some of them have been, that we have heretofore ushered to the applause of the public. One in spirit and equal in genius, these most interesting and brilliant ladies, both still in the earliest youth, are undoubtedly destined to occupy a very distinguished and permanent place among the native authors of this land."

THOMAS THOMPSON ECKERT was born in St. Clairsville, Ohio, April 23, 1825. In 1849 he was appointed postmaster at Wooster, and in connection therewith operated the first telegraph line to that place. He became an expert in telegraphy, and, being possessed of fine executive abilities, soon won his way to a high position in the Western Union Telegraph Company.

During the war he was superintendent of telegraphy for the Army of the Potomac. In September, 1862, was called to Washington to establish the military headquarters in the War Department buildings.

From this time till the close of the war he was on intimate terms with President Lincoln and Secretary Stanton. In 1864 he was brevetted lieutenant-colonel, and afterward brigadier-general. The same year he was appointed Assistant-Secretary of War, resigning in 1866 when he became general superintendent of the eastern division of the lines of the Western Union Telegraph Company, and in 1881 became vice-president and general manager of the company.

WILLIAM B. ALLISON was born in Perry, Wayne county, Ohio, March 2, 1829. At school he was somewhat familiarly known as "Big-Eyed Bill;" and the girls of those days about Wooster, Ohio, used to laugh at the awkward and overgrown youngster, who took it good humoredly, however, and soon showed that he had good stuff in him. A lady who was in school with him says:



WM. B. ALLISON.

"Little did any of us think that boy would ever amount to anything. He was at the foot of our class and the butt of all, he was such a greenhorn. He lived on a farm, and walked into Wooster every day to school. He never wore any suspenders, and was always hitching up his trousers like a sailor. When we girls made fun of him he would run after us, and if he caught one that girl was sure to be kissed. And he had a horrible tobacco breath. I believe that boy chewed tobacco from the time he put on

boy's clothes. But he was kind hearted and would never tell the teacher, no matter what we put on him. Yes, 'Big Eyed Bill' was patient as an ox."

Mr. Allison has grown into much more manly and graceful shape, and has acquired great mastery of the world's ways; he is, in fact, a large, handsome and graceful man, and in personal intercourse quite polished and agreeable.

When Mr. Allison's academic course was ended, he alternately taught school and attended college for some years, graduating at the Western Reserve College, at Hudson, Ohio. In 1851 he was admitted to the bar in Wooster; in 1854-56 he took an active part in politics as a Republican, and in 1857 he located at Dubuque, Iowa, which is still his home.

Mr. Allison's law practice was soon large in Iowa, but he was invited to a front rank in politics at once. As delegate, writer and speaker he was very efficient, and as one of the secretaries of the memorable Chicago convention of 1860, he counted the votes and announced the nomination of Abraham Lincoln.

He was a member of the governor's staff in 1861, and rendered valuable service in raising troops for the war. He was elected in 1862 to the Thirty-eighth Congress as a Republican, and returned for the three succeeding Congresses, serving in the House of Representatives from December, 1863, till March, 1871. In 1873 he was elected to the United States Senate for the term ending in 1879, and has been thrice re-elected.

HERR DRIESBACH, the Lion Tamer.—This man, greatly distinguished in his profession, lived and died in Wayne county. He was born in Sharon, Schoharie county, New York, Nov. 2, 1807; his parents were from Germany. When he was eleven years of age his father died, and the boy in a few years drifted to New York city, where he obtained work in the Zoölogical Gardens, and soon, youth as he was, made a reputation for control of wild beasts, being the first person to make a performing animal of the leopard. In 1830 he connected himself with the travelling menagerie of Raymond & Co., and soon thereafter went to Europe

with Raymond, meeting with unprecedented success. He travelled throughout England, Scotland and Ireland, then France, Germany, Holland, Russia, etc., exhibiting before all the crowned heads and nobles of Europe, and receiving many marks of their personal favor.

He returned to the United States about 1840, having established a world-wide reputation and become the foremost man in his profession.

From that time he made annual tours of the States of the Union until 1854, when he united in marriage with Miss Sarah Walter, daughter of John Walter, of Wooster township, and settled down to the peaceful pursuits of rural life.

In 1875 he began hotel keeping at Apple Creek Station. Here, after two days' sickness, on December 5, 1877, he died, leaving a widow and one son.

Herr Driesbach was a very remarkable man, and his life was full of perilous incident, adventure and romance.

Among the anecdotes related concerning



HERR DRIESBACH.

him is one describing how he frightened Edwin Forrest, the actor, and his personal friend. Forrest was playing at the old Bowery, in New York, and the entertainment would close with an exhibition of lions by Driesbach. Forrest was one day saying that he had never known fear, and had never experienced any emotion of fright. Driesbach made no remark at the time, but in the evening, after the curtain had fallen, he invited Forrest home with him. Forrest assented, and the two, entering a house, walked a long distance through many dark passages, and finally Driesbach said, after opening a door: "This way, Mr. Forrest." The actor followed, and heard a door locked behind him, and at the same time he felt something soft rubbing against his leg. Putting out his hands he touched what felt like a cat's back. A low, rasping growl greeted his ears, and he saw two fiery eyeballs glaring up at him. "Are you afraid, Mr. Forrest?" asked Driesbach. "Not a bit," replied For-

rest. Driesbach said something, and the growl deepened and became hoarser; the back began to arch and the eyes to shine more fiercely.

Forrest held out for several minutes, but the symptoms became so terrifying that he owned up that he was afraid. He beseeched the lion king to let him out, as he dared not move a finger while a lion kept rubbing against his leg. After Forrest acknowledged that he knew what fear was, and agreed to stand a champagne supper, Driesbach released him.

The following is told in Driesbach's own words: "I was exhibiting in the city of Baltimore. We were playing a piece in which one of my tigers was to leap from above upon me as though to kill me. After he would jump on me we would roll around on the floor as though engaged in mortal combat. The theatre in which we were playing had a large pit, and it was filled almost to suffocation that evening with men and boys. This time the tiger jumped over my head and was making for the pit when I caught him by the tail and hauled him back. I needn't tell you that standing room was made mighty quick in that pit when they saw the animal coming. They rushed out, yelling and screaming for me to hold on to him."

Probably the only speech made by Driesbach was delivered by him in Philadelphia after he had conquered an enraged elephant. It was the time when the elephant Columbus killed his keeper in the Quaker City, and afterward roamed through the building, demolishing cages and other property. Driesbach succeeded in subduing the vicious beast, and, not content with placing him in shackles, he led Columbus into the ring, and, after making him lie down, Driesbach stood upon his head and addressed the astonished spectators as follows: "Gentlemen—Unaccustomed, as I am, to public speaking, allow me to say to you that this is the proudest day of my life. Napoleon and other warriors have left monuments of skulls, but I have the skull of a conquered elephant for my monument. This is my first and last appearance as a public speaker."

Mrs. Driesbach, the lion tamer's widow, has been matron of the Boys' Industrial School at Lancaster, O., and is now (1890) in the U. S. Indian school service, at

Haskell Institute, Lawrence, Kansas. The story of her courtship and marriage is a pleasing romance from real life.

One August day in 1850 Driesbach, with his circus, was travelling over the old Wooster and Wheeling stage route, which passes through Mount Eaton. That little hamlet was reached at a meal hour, and the tavern there became the place of entertainment for Driesbach and his company. Mrs. Driesbach, then Miss Walters, was a boarder at the hostelry and assisted in preparing the meal. Her meeting with the lion tamer is given in her own words: "We had taken special pains to get up a nice meal, and I went into the dining-room to help wait on the tables. Like any other country girl, I was on the lookout for Driesbach, of whom I had heard as the lion tamer. He came in and took a seat at the table near where I stood.

"Another gentleman, whom I afterward learned was Gus Hunt, an old showman known as Uncle Gus, who had been with Driesbach for many years, sat at the side of Driesbach and remarked to him, 'Well, Driesbach, how does this meal suit you? About everything here, ain't there?' Driesbach surveyed the table and replied, 'Yes, about everything but an onion.' I heard him mention onion, and I stepped up and inquired if

he desired any. He told me he would take one if fresh. I ran out into the garden and hastily secured two nice onions, which I took to him. The man Hunt then said to him in a sort of undertone, which I overheard, 'Old fellow, I guess you struck your match that time.' Driesbach looked up at me and smiled and said, 'Perhaps.' That was all that was said then, but that evening I spoke to him casually, passing the compliments of the day.

"A few days after he had left I received a letter from him asking me to correspond. I answered the letter and from that on we corresponded. Tom Eckert, who is now general manager of the Western Union Telegraph Company, was postmaster at Wooster at the time, and used to tease me about writing to the lion tamer. But I fooled Mr. Eckert. Driesbach would send me the route of his show and I would inclose my letter in an envelope addressed to the postmaster of the town where the show would stop. It is told that a few months after I met Driesbach we were married. Such was not the case. We were married in April, 1854, four years after we first met."

In connection with Herr Driesbach, mention of Rarey, the horse-tamer, is in place, and we give herewith the following sketch from Appleton's excellent "Encyclopedia of American Biography:"

"JOHN S. RAREY, the horse-tamer, was born in Groveport, Franklin county, Ohio, in 1828; and died in Cleveland, Ohio, October 4, 1866. At an early age he displayed tact in managing horses, and by degrees he worked out a system of training that was founded on his own observations. He went to Texas in 1856, and after experimenting there gave public exhibitions in Ohio, and from that time was almost continuously before the public. About 1860 he went to Europe and surprised his audiences everywhere by his complete mastery of horses that had been considered unmanageable. In England particularly the most vicious were brought to him, and he never failed to control them. One of the greatest triumphs of his skill was the taming of the racing colt "Cruiser," which was so vicious that he had killed one or two grooms and was kept under control by an iron muzzle. Under Mr. Rarey's treatment he became perfectly gentle and submissive, and was brought by Rarey to this country. In 1863 Mr. Rarey was employed by the government to inspect and report upon the horses of the Army of the Potomac. He was the author of a "Treatise on Horse Taming," of which 15,000 copies were sold in France in one year (London: 1858; new ed., 1864).

ORRVILLE is eleven miles northeast of Wooster, on the P. Ft. W. & C.; C. A. & C. and W. and L. E. Railroads.

City Officers, 1888: Wm. Gailey, Mayor; David Blackwood, Clerk; Alexander Postlewaite, Treasurer; J. L. Hall, Marshal; Jerome Ammann, Street Commissioner. Newspaper: *Crescent*, Neutral, James A. Hamilton, editor and publisher. Churches: 1 Presbyterian, 1 Reformed, 1 Methodist, 1 German Lutheran and 1 Lutheran. Bank: Orrville Banking Co., O. K. Griffith, president, H. H. Strauss, cashier.

Manufactures and Employees.—Thomas Overton, tile, 4; F. Dysli & Brother, tannery, 6; Crystal Burial Case Co.; The Orrville Milling Co., 31; Orrville Planing Mill Co., 7; The Orrville Machine Co., 25.—*State Report, 1888.*

Population, 1880, 1,441. School census, 1888, 508 ; J. L. Wright, superintendent of schools. Capital invested in manufacturing establishments, \$80,000. Value of annual product, \$95,000.—*Ohio Labor Statistics, 1888.*

DOYLESTOWN is eighteen miles northeast of Wooster, on the Silver Creek Branch of the N. Y. P. & O. R. R. Newspaper : *Journal*, Independent, J. V. McElhenie, editor and publisher. Churches : 1 Methodist Episcopal, 1 Presbyterian, 1 Catholic and 1 German Lutheran. Bank : Seiberling, Miller & Co., S. H. Miller, treasurer. Population, 1880, 1,040. School census, 1888, 449.

SHREVE is ten miles southwest of Wooster, on the P. Ft. W. & C. R. R. Newspaper : *News*, Independent, W. Jay Ashenhurst, editor and publisher. Churches : 1 Presbyterian, 1 Methodist and 1 Christian. Bank : Farmers', A. J. Mumper, president, J. L. Campbell, cashier. Population, 1880, 908. School census, 1888, 312 ; James L. Orr, superintendent of schools.

DALTON is thirteen miles east of Wooster, on the W. & L. E. R. R. Newspaper : *Gazette*, Neutral, W. C. Scott, editor and publisher. Churches : 1 Methodist Episcopal, 1 United Presbyterian, 1 Presbyterian. Population, 1880, 486. School census, 1888, 212.

STERLING is thirteen miles northeast of Wooster, on the N. Y. P. & O. and C. L. & W. Railroads. Newspapers : *News*, Neutral, H. I. Monroe, editor.

Manufactures and Employees.—Amstutz & Co., flour and feed, 4 ; The Sterling Wrench Co., 39.—*State Report, 1888.*

Population about 450. Capital invested in manufacturing establishments, \$80,300. Value of annual product, \$150,500.—*Ohio Labor Statistics, 1888.*

CRESTON is twelve miles north of Wooster, on the N. Y. P. & O. and W. & L. E. Railroads. Newspapers : *Journal*, Independent, J. W. Parsons, editor and publisher. Bank : W. P. Stebbins & Son. Population about 400. Capital invested in manufacturing establishments, \$3,000. Value of annual product, \$3,500.—*Ohio Labor Statistics, 1888.*

FREDERICKSBURG is nine miles southeast of Wooster, on the C. A. & C. R. R. *Manufactures and Employees.*—John C. Lytle, 6 ; Imperial Flour Co., 5 ; M. L. Stophlet, 2 ; A. J. Peterman, 10.—*State Report, 1888.*

Population, 1880, 550. School census, 1888, 208.

CONGRESS is twelve miles northwest of Wooster. Population, 1880, 301. School census, 1888, 87.

BURBANK is thirteen miles northwest of Wooster, on the N. Y. P. & O. R. R. It has churches, 1 Methodist Episcopal, 1 United Brethren, and 1 Presbyterian. Population, 1880, 293. School census, 1888, 92.

APPLE CREEK is six miles southeast of Wooster, on the C. A. & C. R. R. School census, 1888, 152.

WEST SALEM is fifteen miles northwest of Wooster, on the N. Y. P. & O. R. R. Population, 1880, 878. School census, 1888, 270.

MARSHALLVILLE is thirteen miles northeast of Wooster, on the C. A. & C. R. R. Population, 1880, 376. School census, 1888, 160.

MOUNT EATON is fifteen miles southeast of Wooster. Population, 1880, 298. School census, 1888, 140.

WILLIAMS.

WILLIAMS COUNTY was formed from old Indian Territory, April 1, 1820, and organized in April, 1824. The surface is slightly rolling or level. In the west are oak openings with a light sandy soil. The soil is generally of a clayey nature, a portion of it sandy loam. In the north is a rich black soil.

Area about 420 square miles. In 1887 the acres cultivated were 125,634; in pasture, 34,071; woodland, 54,858; lying waste, 1,198; produced in wheat, 433,241 bushels; rye, 1,199; buckwheat, 7,434; oats, 615,682; barley, 2,690; corn, 720,331; broom corn, 2,000 lbs. brush; meadow hay, 19,460 tons; clover, 12,921 bushels seed; potatoes, 48,898 bushels; butter, 587,400 lbs.; cheese, 38,280; sorghum, 1,888 gallons; maple syrup, 6,153; honey, 8,852 lbs.; eggs, 816,312 dozen; grapes, 17,330 lbs.; wine, 196 gallons; sweet potatoes, 207 bushels; apples, 219,933; peaches, 250; pears, 971; wool, 145,870 lbs.; milch cows owned, 6,697. School census, 1888, 7,574; teachers, 254. Miles of railroad track, 71.

TOWNSHIPS AND CENSUS.	1840.	1880.	TOWNSHIPS AND CENSUS.	1840.	1880.
Brady,	351	1,985	Milford,	175	
Bridgewater,	110	1,398	Mill Creek,	110	1,102
Centre,	339	1,689	North West,		1,582
Defiance,	944		Pulaski,	279	4,430
Delaware,	201		Saint Joseph,	191	2,073
Farmer,	281		Springfield,	359	2,117
Florence,	119	2,228	Superior,	166	1,846
Hicksville,	67		Tiffin,	222	
Jefferson,	363	1,573	Washington,	98	
Madison,		1,798			

Population of Williams in 1830, 1,039; 1840, 4,464; 1860, 16,633; 1880, 23,821; of whom 18,407 were born in Ohio; 1,520, Pennsylvania; 690, New York; 486, Indiana; 122, Virginia; 19, Kentucky; 896, German Empire; 299, France; 117, England and Wales; 85, British America; 82, Ireland; 22, Scotland, and 3, Norway and Sweden. Census, 1890, 24,897

DAVID WILLIAMS, one of the three captors of Andre, from whom this county was named, was born in Tarrytown, N. Y., October 21, 1754, and died near Livingstonville, N. Y., August 2, 1831. He enlisted in the Revolutionary army in 1775, served under General Montgomery at St. John's and Quebec. During his service his feet were badly frozen, and this partially disabled him for life.

After the war he bought a farm near the Catskill mountains. Williams being of generous disposition endorsed freely for friends, and was obliged to mortgage his farm, but managed to retain possession of it through the aid of \$200 per year received from the government. The estate is now in the possession of his grandson, William C. Williams. Williams was given a silver medal by order of Congress, and also received in New York city a cane made from the *cheval-de-frise* for obstructing the Hudson at West Point. In December, 1830, he visited New York by invitation of the mayor, who gave him a carriage, horse and harness, and the pupils of one of the city schools presented him with a silver cup. A monument has been erected to his memory by the State at the stone fort near Schoharie court-house. The captors of Andre, viz., Williams, Paulding and Van Wert, were of Dutch lineage, and neither of the three could speak English well.

This county was much reduced in 1845 by the formation of Defiance, to which the townships of Defiance, Delaware, Farmer, Hicksville, Milford, Tiffin and

Washington, now belong. The population were principally from Ohio, New England, New York, Pennsylvania and Germany. Previous to 1835 there were but few families within its present limits.

Two lake beaches cross the county, the upper of which is the highest of the series. It is nearly straight, and passes with a northeasterly course just west of Bryan, while Williams Centre and West Unity are situated upon it. The second beach is parallel to the upper and a mile farther east.

The first discovery of artesian water, now obtained in so many parts of the Maumee valley, was made in Bryan in 1842.

The *mineral water* discharged from the deep well at Stryker is of a different character; it was struck at a depth of 230 feet below the surface. It does not overflow in virtue of its own head, but is thrown out periodically by violent discharges of hydro-sulphuric acid gas. This is constantly rising in some amount through the water, and at intervals of about six hours finds vent in great volume from some subterranean reservoir, and throws out in a foaming torrent many barrels of water. The water possesses medicinal properties of high value.

Among the first settlers in Williams county were James Guthrie, who settled in Springfield township in 1827; Samuel Holton, who came to St. Joseph township the same year; John Zediker, John Perkins, Josiah Packard, Rev. Thomas J. Prettyman, Mrs. Mary Leonard and her three sons-in-law, James Overleas, Sebastian Frame, John Heckman, John Stubbs.

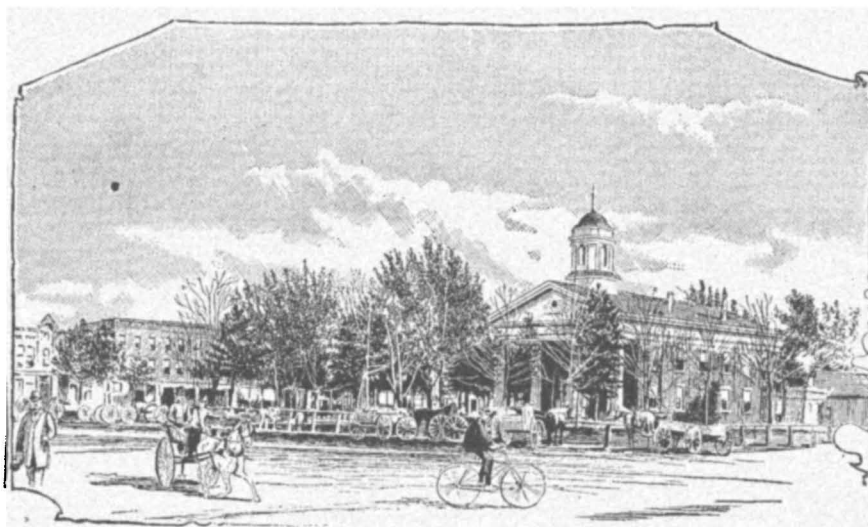
The Indians that the whites found in this county were of the Ottawa, Miami, Pottawatamie and Wyandot tribes. In St. Joseph's township, below the site of the village of Denmark, and on the western bank of the St. Joseph river, is a low piece of meadow land, called the "Indian Meadow," on which the Indians raised corn.

Bryan in 1846.—Bryan, the county-seat, is 173 miles northwest of Columbus and eighteen from Defiance. It was laid out in 1840, and named from Hon. John A. Bryan, formerly auditor of the State, and later *charge d'affaires* to Peru. It is a small village, containing perhaps forty or fifty dwellings.—*Old Edition.*

From the organization of Williams the county-seat had been at Defiance, until removed to Bryan. Williams Centre and Pulaski were strong competitors for the seat of justice, when John A. Bryan donated the ground for its location on the site bearing his name. The surveyor was William Arrowsmith, and he recorded the town plat November 24, 1840.

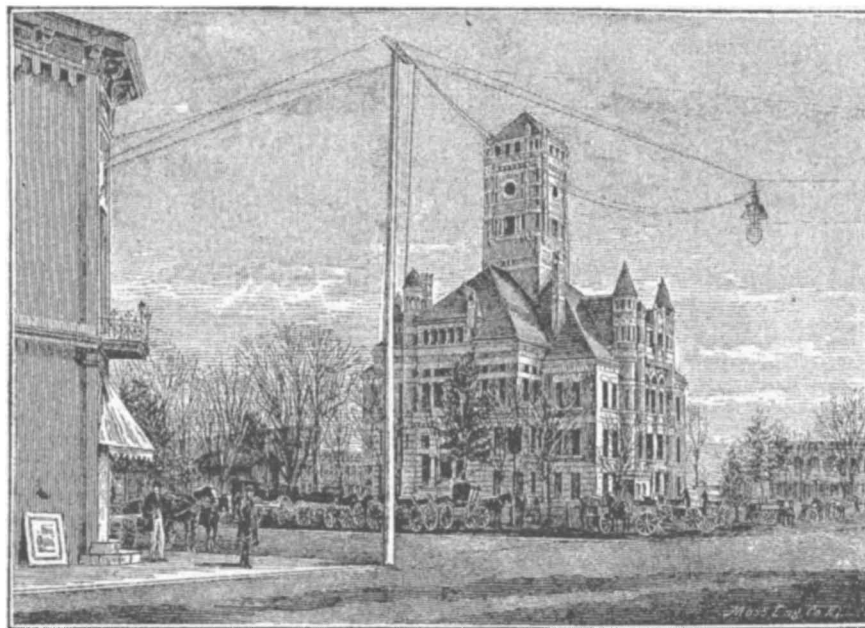
BRYAN, county-seat of Williams, about 135 miles northwest of Columbus, 54 miles west of Toledo, is on the L. S. & M. S. R. R. County officers, 1888: Auditor, Albert C. Marshall; Clerk, Wm. W. Darby; Commissioners, Walter I. Pepple, Archibald Pressler, Wm. A. Bratton; Coroner, Clark M. Barstow; Infirmary Directors, Jacob Clay, George A. Burns, Thompson L. Dunlap; Probate Judge, George Rings; Prosecuting Attorney, Thomas Emery; Recorder, Eli Swigert; Sheriff, Miller W. Burgoyne; Surveyor, John C. Grim; Treasurer, George Ruff. City officers, 1888: H. H. Calvin, Mayor; Silas Peoples, Clerk; W. E. Stough, Treasurer; John Yates, Street Commissioner; August Heidley, Marshal. Newspapers: *Democrat*, Democratic, Robert N. Patterson, editor and publisher; *Maumee Valley Prohibitionist*, Prohibition, Harry L. Canfield, editor; *Press*, Republican, Simeon Gillis, editor and publisher. Churches: 1 Presbyterian, 1 Universalist, 1 Methodist Episcopal, 1 Baptist, 1 Lutheran, 1 German Lutheran and 1 Catholic. Banks: Farmers' National, John W. Leidigh, president, E. Y. Morrow, cashier; First National, A. J. Tressler, president, D. C. Baxter, cashier.

Manufactures and Employees.—Niederauer Brothers, lumber, shingles, etc., 10 hands; Scott & Powell, flour, etc.; Bryan Plow Co., plows, 32; Bryan Manufacturing Co., wheelbarrows, 32; G. Lockhart, pumps, etc.; M. C. Moore, flour, etc.; Halm's Fountain City Brewery, beer, 20 hands; E. Harrington, wagons, etc.; Lindesmith Bros., carriages, etc., 12.—*State Reports, 1887.*



J E Beach, Photo

PUBLIC SQUARE, BRYAN, 1886.



J. E. Beach, Photo.

PUBLIC SQUARE, BRYAN, 1890.

Population in 1880, 2,952. School census, 1888, 825. Capital invested in industrial establishments, \$229,200; value of annual product, \$291,200.—*Ohio Labor Statistics, 1887.*

Census, 1890, 3,068.

PIONEER INCIDENTS.

FORESTS AND GAME.

When Bryan was laid out in 1840, a native forest of immense trees, bearing evidence of the natural wealth of the soil, covered the ground for miles around; but in Williams county, as in many others, the first settlers had but slight conception of the importance of preserving the native timber. Forests that would have great value, and an important influence on the climate at the present day, were ruthlessly destroyed to make way for the plowed field. These forests contained an abundance of game; deer and bear were numerous, and many are the tales of deer-killing and bear-fighting experiences that have been handed down. It is related that one autumn two pioneers, George W. Bible, of Superior township, and Frederick Miser, of Centre township, tried to see who could kill the largest number of deer within two months' time. Mr. Bible killed ninety-nine and his opponent sixty-five. Mr. Bible was anxious to make it an even hundred, and was disappointed in his failure to do so. The skins and part of the flesh were sold, while the hams were salted down.

The early history of every township in the county is replete with BEAR STORIES. Bruin was very fond of young pig, and it was no unusual experience for a pioneer to be roused in the night by a terrible commotion in the neighborhood of his pig-pen. Bruin might be frightened off for the time being, but was almost sure to return the next night. On his second visit, however, the settler would have his bear trap set, and rarely failed to secure a supply of bear meat. The bear trap was what is called a "dead-fall," and was constructed as follows:

A log about a foot in diameter was fastened upon the ground at a suitable place, and wooden pins were driven into holes bored on the upper side, after which the upper ends of the pins were sharpened. Another log, fully as large, was partly suspended over the lower one, and provided on the lower side with sharpened pins, as above described. A trigger was made and baited with a portion of a dead hog, and arranged in such a manner that the bear must stand directly over the lower log and under the upper to secure the meat. To get the bait the bear must necessarily pull the trigger, which would cause the upper log to fall, thus pinning the animal like a vise between the two logs, and piercing it with the sharp pins. The trap worked like a charm, and when examined at the proper time, the bear would be found dead between the logs, pierced through and through by the pins.

A REAL BEAR STORY.

A very remarkable adventure with a bear is related in the "Williams County History." It occurred near Mill Creek river, in Mill Creek township. The hero of the adventure was John Gillet, and no one ought to doubt

the accuracy of the account, for it is related in the hero's own words, as follows:

"I had known for some time by the signs that there was a nest of cub bears somewhere in the neighborhood, so one day I concluded that I would put in my time finding them, as a party in Adrian wanted a pair to send over to Baltimore to a friend who was fond of outlandish pets. You see, it was along about the first of September, and pretty warm at that, and after walking up and down the creek, I began to get pretty tired; so I sat down by the side of a smooth stump, about twelve or fourteen feet high, to rest. I hadn't been there more than a minute until I heard something inside the stump, and soon made out that it was a couple of cub bears playing with one another. I looked on all sides of the stump to find an opening, but none was to be seen. Then I happened to notice the marks of claws up the side of the stump, and I understood it. The hole went in at the top. I set my gun against a bush, up-ended the branch of a tree, and was soon at the top of the stump, looking in at the two cubs, which were about the size of full-grown rat dogs. I was so excited that I jumped down into the stump and grabbed the cubs. They at first began to squeal, and then turned on me for fight. But they were small enough to handle, and in a minute or two I had their mouths tied so they could not bite, and their feet fastened so they could not scratch.

"*Terrible Predicament.*—I knew that the old bear would be along pretty soon and make it hot for me if she found me in the nest; so I swung the youngsters into my buckskin belt, preparatory to getting out.

"Get out? Did I get out? Land of love! It makes me shiver to think of it yet. I could no more get out of that stump than I

could fly. The hollow was bell-shaped, larger at the bottom than at the top—so large, in fact, that I could not put my back against one side and my feet and hands against the other, and crawl up, as rabbits and other animals climb up, inside of hollow trees. In no way could I get up a foot. There were no sticks inside to help me up, and I made up my mind I had to die certain. About the time I came to this conclusion I heard the old bear climbing up the outside of the stump. With only my hunting-knife as a means of defence, and in such close quarters, you may possibly imagine the state of my feelings. The old bear was not more than half a minute, at the outside, climbing up the stump; but it seemed like a month, at least. I thought of all my sins a dozen times over. At last she reached the top, but she didn't seem to suspect my presence at all, as she turned around and began slowly descending, tail foremost. I felt as though my last hour had come, and I began to think seriously about lying down and letting the bear kill me, so as to get out of my misery as quickly as possible.

"A Valuable Idea.—Suddenly an idea struck me, and despair gave way to hope. I drew out my hunting-knife and stood on tip-toe. When the bear was about seven feet from the bottom of the hollow, I fastened on her tail with my left hand with a vise-like grip, and with my right hand drove my hunting-knife to the hilt in her haunch, at the same time yelling like a whole tribe of Indians. What did she do? Well, you should have seen the performance. She did not stop to reflect a moment, but shot out at the top of the stump like a bullet out of a gun. I held on until we struck the ground. Then the old bear went like lightning into the brush and was out of sight in half a minute. I took the cubs to Adrian the next day and got five dollars apiece for them, and in those times five dollars were as good as fifty dollars are now."

A Boy Murdered.—The "County History" also gives an account of a brutal murder which occurred in Jefferson township. That was the murder of the son of Peter D. Schamp by Daniel Heckerthorn and A. J. Tyler as accessory, which occurred about the 20th day of June, 1847, on the farm now owned by John H. Schamp. Tyler professed to be a fortune-teller, and came to the house of Mr. Schamp and told him his fortune; thence he came to where Heckerthorn lived, told his fortune, and made inquiry if Schamp was not a man of money. Receiving an affirmative answer, he told Heckerthorn if he

would kill Schamp's boy and hide him in a secret place (known to Tyler), that Schamp would come to him and pay him a large sum of money to tell him where the boy was, and he would give him money enough to go back to Wayne county, Ohio.

On the next Sunday morning, according to previous arrangement, Heckerthorn came to Schamp's, and, decoying the boy from the house (he being but six years old), took him to the large woods north of Schamp's. He there took the boy by the heels, and struck his head against a knot on a beech tree, and killed him. The knot was subsequently chopped out of the tree and brought to court. The boy's hair was seen on it. He then placed him in a hollow tree, put old rotten wood on him, and placed green brush on it. Sunday afternoon the search commenced by some of the neighbors, and on Monday it became general.

The Fortune-Teller Consulted.—At night Schamp went to see Tyler, to ascertain if he could tell the whereabouts of the boy. He said he was near water, and under rotten wood and green brush. The excitement became general. On Tuesday men and boys came for miles to hunt, but obtained no tidings. On Thursday the woods for miles were full of people. In the afternoon suspicion fastened on Heckerthorn, and Jacob Bohner and the writer (M. B. Plummer) found Heckerthorn at his brother's house concealed. He was taken into custody, and finally confessed the guilt of himself and Tyler. The same day George Ely, then a justice of the peace for Brady township, issued a warrant for the arrest of Tyler and Heckerthorn. They were committed to jail, taken to Bryan at the fall term of the Court of Common Pleas, and indicted separately.

The Murderers Convicted.—Tyler elected to be tried by the Supreme Court. The jail at Bryan was not safe, and they were taken to Maumee City and remained there until the fall of 1848, when Tyler was tried for murder in the first degree, was found guilty and sentenced to be hanged Jan. 26, 1849. J. Dobbs was prosecutor, assisted by C. Case. S. E. Blakeslee was attorney for the defendant. Daniel Langle was at the time sheriff, and made an inclosure in which to hang Tyler. On the evening of the 25th the people came and found there was an inclosure set up during the night. They demolished it, and Tyler was hung in public. At the spring term of the Court of Common Pleas Heckerthorn was tried and found guilty of murder in the second degree, and sentenced to the penitentiary for life.

The history of all pioneer settlements is replete with stories of children lost in the woods, and not only children, but of grown people with considerable knowledge of woodcraft. One of the most touching of these stories is related in the Centre township chapter of the "County History."

A LOST BOY.

One day in early times a small boy, about four years old, belonging to a family which lived in the southwestern part of the township, became lost. The mother had gone to one of the neighbors, and the child had attempted to follow her. The loss was not discovered until the mother returned, about dark. Search was immediately instituted, the neighborhood was aroused, and soon the woods were filled with anxious searchers. Torches were carried, and the search continued all night; but the morning dawned, and the first day passed without success. The mother was almost distracted with grief and nervous anxiety. People came by the score to assist in the search, some as far distant as five or six miles; but, although more than a hundred active searchers were present, no concerted and organized effort was made, strange to say, until the third day. On this day a long line was formed, the men and women being stationed sixty feet apart, and the word was given by the captain to march.

Found Dead.—It was not long before the

little boy was found. He was dead, but his body yet contained warmth, showing that death had occurred only a short time before. The spot where the little fellow had slept each night was found. When night overtook him, he had, as was his habit, taken off his clothes, thinking that he must do so in order to go asleep. It was October and the nights were quite cold, and the little wanderer could not survive the chilling weather. When he arose the first morning he was unable to put on his clothes properly, and thus wandered about half clad. Had the search been organized, as it should have been, on the second day, the little boy would have been found alive. It was the easiest thing in the world even for grown people to get lost in early days. The sensations on such occasions are described as terrifying. The mind and senses become wild with bewilderment, see familiar objects under new and strange aspects, and refuse to recognize trees and paths known for years. Old settlers, lost, have been known to pass within a few yards of their own doors without recognizing a single familiar object.

THE LOST CHILDREN.

The outcome of the story we have here related is sad indeed. We here relate from "Perrin's History of Starke County" a story of a search for lost children, not so sad, but which is told with such clearness of statement as to give it place among the best narratives of the kind extant.

About the year 1821 two small children, a brother and sister, the former six and the latter eight years of age, belonging to a family in the southern part of Portage county, became lost while after the cows. The children tried to drive the cattle to what they thought was home, but in reality was in a different direction; and, as the animals refused to go as desired, were abandoned by the children. Had they but followed the cows they would soon have reached home.

The cows went home, and the children wandered farther into the tangled wilderness. As night closed around, and the cows came home without the children, the parents became alarmed, and immediately surmised that they had become lost. The county was new and thinly settled, but the parents hurried around and roused what few neighbors they could. Guns were fired, horns were blown, but no tidings came of the wanderers. The morning dawned, and quite a number of the neighbors assembled from far and near to begin the search in a systematic manner. A few traces of where the children had been were discovered, and a long line formed to pursue the march southward.

If slight but sure signs of the children should be discovered the horn was to be blown once, if good signs twice, and if the children themselves three times, when all the searchers were to gather together. The search was given in charge of a hunter who had the ability to track game by very slight signs. All day long the search was continued. During the afternoon the hunter saw a footprint made by one of the children. The horn sounded the news along the line. The track was near a large tree that had been cut for a bear, and after a few moments the hunter held up a bit of calico that had been torn from the dress of the little girl.

The horn again carried the tidings along

the line. The excitement became intense, but none were permitted to leave the line. The parents were excluded from the line and left at home, for fear that when a few signs were discovered they in their eagerness would rush forward and obliterate them. For the same reason the line was ordered not to break until the horn was sounded three times in succession. The old hunter and a few competent assistants took the advance, and announced their success to others who were beating the bushes for a mile or more on each side.

Darkness again came and the search had to be abandoned, save continued soundings of the horns and reports of the guns. The

line was taken up again in the morning, and continued with occasional successes until nearly night. The searchers passed southward through Lexington township, Starke county, into Washington of the same, advancing as far as section fourteen, very near where Mr. Tinsman lived.

Here the old hunter picked up a piece of spicewood that bore upon it the marks of teeth. One suggested that it had been bitten by a deer, but the old hunter proved that to be impossible, as on the limb were marks of upper teeth.

The horn again rang out the welcome note. The line moved on, and soon came to a "slashing" of some five acres. Here the old hunter plainly saw marks of where the children had walked in. They had followed on an old deer-path that led to the centre of the slashing. This was a splendid retreat for the animals when they were attacked by swarms of flies, as the place was thickly covered with weeds and undergrowth.

"What was to be done?" was the question. The old hunter was told to enter, which he did, and as he passed along the path he saw an object bound off a log and rush towards him. It was the little girl, paying no heed to his questions, and seeming to fear him although she had run into his arms. He asked where her brother was, but she did not appear to understand him, and made an effort to leave and run off into the underbrush. The search was continued in the slashing by the hunter and his assistants, and in a few minutes the little boy was found fast asleep under the protecting side of a large log.

He was roused up, but was as wild as his sister. The horns rang out three times in succession, and the overjoyed settlers in a few minutes gathered together. The children

were taken to Mr. Tinsman's house, but refused to eat, and made continued efforts to rush out into the woods. A little nourishing food was poured down their throats, and then they were taken rapidly towards their home.

The parents heard the horns and shouts, and were overwhelmed with joy when their children were placed in their arms. The little boy and girl did not recognize them, but stared wildly around. They were put to bed, and were soon asleep. Early the next morning the little boy called out, "Where's my little axe?" The little girl awoke and called for her calico dress, the one that had been torn in pieces in her rambles. The children were all right, and strange to say could not remember anything of having been lost. Other instances of a similar nature are, says the county historian, related.

When people are lost they become so bewildered that they often fail to recognize objects with which they are perfectly familiar. Mr. Perrin relates the case of a Mr. Johnson, who having become lost wandered about in a bewildered state, when he finally came to a stable in the yard of which was an old horse. The animal was poorer than Job's turkey, and Mr. Johnson wondered why in the name of humanity the owner did not feed the poor creature and take better care of the yard. He moved on a little farther, saw a log-house and near it a woman, who when she saw him asked, "What have you there?" It then dawned upon the bewildered Mr. Johnson for the first time, that his own wife was talking to him, and that the horse and stable-yard he had seen were his own. These bewildered, dazed mental states find an illustration in the old story of a wight who, on discovering his house to be on fire, threw a looking-glass out of the window and carried a tea-kettle out into the yard.

THE STORY OF THE ANDREWS' RAID.

Early in the spring of 1862 General Mitchell with 10,000 men was moving southward from Murfreesboro through the mountains of Tennessee. Buell had joined Grant, and was moving down the Mississippi; General Morgan was at Cumberland Gap ready to march on Knoxville, and General McClellan was preparing to advance on Richmond. The Confederate General Beauregard was at Corinth; General Leadbetter with about 3,000 men occupied Chattanooga; General Kirby Smith was at Knoxville; General Bragg had evacuated Kentucky; but the Confederates held the railroad from Richmond to Knoxville, and thence via Chattanooga to Corinth. All the Confederate stores had been transferred to Atlanta, and from thence forwarded over the Western and Atlantic Railroad to Chattanooga as needed. Supplies, reinforcements and communication between the South and its armies in Tennessee depended entirely upon the Western & Atlantic Railroad, and to cut it off meant a serious blow to Beauregard's army at Corinth, and Kirby Smith's at Knoxville.

CAPTAIN ANDREWS' PLAN.

Captain Andrews' plan was to secure the destruction of the thirteen wooden bridges on the Western & Atlantic Railroad, which spanned the Chickamauga river, and thus

render the road useless to the Confederacy for an indefinite period, as they had no facilities for replacing them before the results aimed at could be accomplished. This plan was submitted to General Mitchell by Captain J. J. Andrews, a Virginian by birth, but a

citizen of Fleming county, Ky., at the outbreak of the war. He was a model of physical as well as intellectual and moral manhood; polished and courtly, courageous and determined, with a voice as soft and winning as a woman's, he was withal as true and generous as he was brave. His plan, which for shrewdness and boldness of conception remains unequalled in the annals of the rebellion, was approved by General Mitchell. Accordingly, on April 7, 1862, his call for volunteers was responded to by nine men from the 21st Ohio, seven from the 33d Ohio, and seven from the 2d Ohio. They met that night in a small clearing in the forest near Shelbyville; the service was explained to them, its perils fully portrayed, and all who desired given leave to withdraw. Every man promptly expressed his willingness to go, and amidst the crashing of thunder and flash of lightning of an approaching storm, they solemnly pledged their lives to the success of the enterprise. They then separated, each dressed in citizen's clothes, with ample money for expenses, and arrived the following Friday at Marietta, a station twenty-one miles north of Atlanta on the Western & Atlantic R. R.

A DISASTROUS DELAY.

It had been previously arranged to meet at Marietta on Thursday night, but wet weather had delayed Captain Andrews' men. On this, as proven by subsequent events, hinged the success of the expedition; for had they had any other man to contend against than Captain W. A. Fuller, the conductor of the train they boarded, the expedition would probably have been successful, and the cause of the Confederacy received such a blow as to have changed the entire subsequent history of the rebellion. However, according to previous arrangements they boarded the early north-bound train at Marietta, which stopped at Big Shanty (about ten miles from Marietta), where the conductor, engineer and train hands proceeded to get breakfast; and while they were eating, Captain Andrews' men took the places assigned them, quietly uncoupled the engine and three forward cars (empty box cars), and in the presence of hundreds of soldiers in the adjoining Camp McDonald sped away like the wind.

AN UNPROMISING CHASE.

Conductor Fuller while eating breakfast was informed of what had occurred, and supposing the runaways were deserters, who after proceeding a few miles would desert the train and take to the woods, started off on foot in pursuit, followed by his engineer and one train hand, amid the derisive cheers of the soldiers of Camp McDonald, who sympathizing with the supposed deserters called out: "Go it, old long legs! You'll catch 'em, if your wind holds out!" Arriving at Moon's station, two miles distant, he met some track hands, who informed him of the number of the fugitives, and that they had

taken their tools from them and cut the telegraph wires. Realizing that these were not the acts of deserters, he conceived some idea of the real purpose of the fugitives; and with a fertility of resource, courage and determination entered into a chase which was as remarkable on the part of the pursuer as the pursued, and brought it to a culmination that would not have been reached by one man in 10,000 under similar circumstances. Taking a hand car the track hands had been using, Fuller with his companions, now nearly fagged out, continued the chase, Fuller propelling the car by pushing, for it had no other propelling power, with occasional relief from his companions. At one place, where the fugitives had removed a rail, the car and load went pitching into a muddy ditch, but no serious damage was done.

At Etowah river was a short branch road leading to Cooper's iron works, and when Fuller arrived here he found an old switch-engine called the "Yonah." The Yonah was already fired up, and Fuller continued the pursuit at the rate of 60 miles an hour.

When the fugitives left Big Shanty they proceeded moderately, stopping several times between stations to cut the telegraph wires, and when obliged to stop at stations Captain Andrews explained to the station master that he was transporting three car-loads of ammunition to General Beauregard, and that Fuller's train would follow. Andrews was familiar with the schedule, and was aware that a local freight would be met at Kingston, thirty-two miles from Big Shanty.

After passing this he intended to proceed with increased speed, burning the thirteen bridges as they passed over them. Fearing no pursuit, no precautions were taken, except cutting the wires and removing one rail until Kingston was reached.

UNEXPECTED OBSTACLES.

Arriving at Kingston Andrews learned of two extra freight trains, of which he had no previous knowledge, and was delayed more than an hour waiting for them to pass. This was a trying ordeal, for the station was surrounded with citizens and soldiers, who plied him with questions, and were with great difficulty prevented from opening the doors of the box cars in which were concealed twenty of his comrades. Andrews' coolness and courage during this trial was sublime. Finally they succeeded in leaving the station, and after proceeding a few miles they stopped to cut the wires and tear up the track, and then started on at full speed.

About this time Fuller met the first freight coming out of Kingston. Jumping from the Yonah, he and his men ran to the station and secured an engine just come in on the Rome branch, and followed on. Coming to where Andrews' men had torn up the track, they again abandoned their engine, running ahead until they met the local freight which the fugitives had passed at Adairsville; backing

the train to the siding, they continued the pursuit with the engine.

A DISAGREEABLE SURPRISE.

In the meantime Andrews had stopped a short distance beyond Calhoun to cut the telegraph wire and remove a rail; just ahead was the first bridge they expected to burn. Not being aware of any pursuit, they were struck dumb with amazement at hearing the whistle of an approaching engine. Hastily boarding their train, they smashed the sides and end of the rear box car into kindling wood and piled it up ready to light when the bridge was reached, expecting to have ample time while the pursuing party were engaged in replacing the rail they had removed, which they had rendered extra difficult by taking it out of curve. To their amazement, however, they saw the smoke of the pursuing engine looming up in the distance, having passed over the curve without derailment. Nothing daunted, the kindling was removed to a forward car and the rear car uncoupled to collide with the pursuing engine. Fuller reversed his engine, met it without shock, and pushed the car before him; a second car was uncoupled with a like result. Relieved of the two cars, the Andrews party commenced to gain on their pursuers, so that after passing Resaca, they stopped again to cut the wires and place obstructions upon the track, which failed of the desired result. On and on the chase continued, the fugitives exerting every ingenuity for defeating the pursuit, but without effect. A singular fatality seemed to pursue the Andrews party, precautions that seemed certain of checking the pursuit failed; while every circumstance seemed to bend to the favor of the pursuers.

SINGULAR FATALITY.

The wire was cut and the track obstructed for the last time just beyond Dalton, but too late to prevent a despatch from Capt. Fuller to Gen. Leadbetter, at Chattanooga. The remaining car was now cut loose and set on fire in the covered bridge beyond Dalton, but owing to the late frequent rains did not ignite the bridge before it was removed by the pursuing engine. Upon reaching a point twelve miles from Chattanooga, Capt. Andrews' fuel and steam were exhausted, and it became necessary to abandon the engine and take to the woods, separating, in hopes that some of the party might escape; but they were all captured, being tracked by dogs and overtaken before the Federal lines could be reached.

CONDEMNED AS SPIES.

About two weeks after the capture, Capt. Andrews was tried upon the charge of being a spy and condemned to death. Seven others were tried on the same charge with the same result; of the remaining fourteen, eight escaped in Atlanta in Oct., 1862, and six were exchanged in March, 1863. A few days before the

date set for the execution of Capt. Andrews he and John Woolam escaped from their prison by cutting a hole in one of the planks in the wall of their prison, but were recaptured and brought back. A scaffold was erected for Andrews at Chattanooga, but owing to the fears of interference by sympathizing citizens (the daring exploit of Andrews and his companions having excited the admiration of the people) he was removed with his companions to Atlanta. On their arrival they were conducted to a building near at hand, while a brief consultation was held by those having the management of the affair. Soon a squad of soldiers led Capt. Andrews away. The parting scene was affecting in the extreme; his low, sad farewells were spoken in the calm, sweet tones characteristic of him.

NOBLE FORTITUDE OF CAPT. ANDREWS.

A few days before his execution he had written a letter to a friend, in which he said: "I was captured on the 14th of April, 1863. I am satisfied I could easily have got away had they not put a pack of dogs on my trail; it was impossible to elude them. The death sentence seems a hard one for the crime proven against me, but I suppose the court that tried me thought otherwise. *I have now calmly submitted to my fate and have been earnestly engaged in preparing to meet my God in peace, and I have found that peace of mind and tranquillity of soul that even astonishes myself. I never supposed it possible that a man could feel so entire a change under similar circumstances.* Hoping that we may meet in that better country, I bid you a long and last farewell."

He was heavily ironed, placed in a carriage and hastily driven to the scene of execution, followed by an eager crowd, and his companions taken to the city jail.

The gallows had been erected in a small opening in the forest, outside the city limits. The doomed man was allowed to make a few parting remarks; this he did in a calm, unimpassioned manner, saying that he had devoted his life to his country, and he was willing, if Providence so decreed, that it should be sacrificed. His manly words and proud bearing produced a profound impression, and the managers of the affair realizing the influence it was creating on the on-looking crowd, hastened the ceremony to prevent interference.

His remains were buried near the spot of his execution, but have since been removed to the National cemetery at Chattanooga.

SEVEN MORE HANGED.

On the 18th of June his seven companions who had been tried and sentenced were led out for execution; a brief time was allowed for prayer and the utterance of farewells. Little ceremony was used. The nooses were adjusted and all launched into eternity together. One of the number was so ill of fever that it was found necessary to hold him upright until the fatal moment arrived. An-

other, William Campbell, fell to the ground by the breaking of the rope; he was quickly carried back and hung again, not being allowed a moment's respite for prayer, which he begged for. The only notice the local papers gave of the affair was that "seven more of the engine thieves were hung this morning."

Following is a list of Capt. Andrews' little band of heroes:

Executed in Atlanta: Wm. Campbell, Geo. D. Wilson, Marion A. Ross, Perry G. Shadrack, Saml. Robinson, John Scott, James J. Andrews, Saml. Slavens.

Escaped in Atlanta: W. W. Brown, engineer, Wm. Knight, engineer, J. A. Wilson, J. R. Porter, Mark Wood, M. J. Hawkins, John Wollam, D. A. Dorsey.

Exchanged: Wm. Pittenger, Robt. Bufum, Wm. Bensinger, Wm. Reddick, E. H. Mason, Jacob Parrott.

W. J. Knight, the engineer in charge of the locomotive in the Andrews raid into Georgia, is now a resident of Stryker, Williams county, Ohio. Mr. Knight wears the gold medal voted the raiders by Congress, which reads as follows:

The Congress
To Private William J. Knight, Company E,
Twenty-first Regiment, Ohio Volunteers.

Mr. Knight has prepared an illustrated lecture on the incidents of the famous raid, which has been delivered quite extensively for the benefit of Grand Army Posts in different localities.

Rev. Wm. Pittenger, another of the survivors, and now a resident of New Jersey, has given a detailed account of the experiences of himself and fellow-raiders in a work entitled "Daring and Suffering."

TRAVELLING NOTES.

Bryan has a neat, domestic air, and is New England like in its general appearance. The court-house square is large and well shaded. It is the north-westernmost court-house in Ohio, and therefore it is but a short distance into the realms of Michigan, the land of the wolverines, and Indiana, the land of the Hoosiers, with the people of whom those in this corner of Ohio have more or less of business and social relations. The entire county, at the time of the issue of my first edition, had but about 6,000 population, and Bryan but a few hundred. Being densely wooded, emigrants passed this region of Ohio for the more easily tilled prairie lands farther west, and so it slowly filled up. As a recompense it got a solid, sturdy body of pioneers ready to swing axes into some of the hardest sort of wood. In the afternoon of November 23d I rode in a hack to West Unity, distance about ten miles, to see Dr. Frank O. Hart, an active member of the Ohio Historical Society, and who has a fine cabinet of ancient relics. The ride over was pleasant, through a rich, level country. The farms are large, the farm-houses white, the barns have windows and are often painted red. As the landscape, woods and fields were brown and sere, the red barns enlivened the scenery. Many of them were immense, and filled with the fat of the land in the line of corn, wheat and oats. The wind pumps to draw the water were unusually plentiful. They add to the picturesque; so white farm-houses, red barns, apple orchards, wind pumps, level fields, tall woods and a gloomy November sky after a morning of showers, were objects to occupy my eyes as I passed along.

THE TALL STEEPLE.

My companions were a single passenger, a young man, and the driver. In a few miles we came to a hamlet named Pulaski, the scene of a catastrophe the week before. A cyclone had passed over it like an infuriated demon, and seizing the church steeple in its fingers had twisted it off, and dashed it, as it were, contemptuously on to the ground. We passed by the ruins. It was, the driver said, the tallest steeple in the whole country around, and then he told me that four miles above was another church with a very tall steeple, and a farmer who was attending that church, and lived half way between the two, when this was erecting, promised that if they would build the steeple of the new church taller than the other he would leave that and con-

tribute seventy-five dollars to the expense and take his family here "to meeting." This they had done.

An old friend of mine in the long ago, when learning of a stranger coming into his village, never asked with the usual curiosity of a Yankee rustic, "What is he worth?" but "Where does he go to meeting?" And now that the tall steeple has gone it is a natural question to put, "Where does that half-way farmer now go to meeting?"

A COUNTRY GRAVEYARD.

Beyond the hamlet we passed a country graveyard with some ambitious monuments, for they were solid granite, with epitaphs glittering in gold. In the olden time it was considered morally wrong to speak in praise

of a man to his face; it was ministering to vanity and pride, which was sinful. But when one was dead and buried, and good words were of no earthly comfort to him, they often made up for it by extravagant eulogy, which led an honest-spoken man, on visiting an old-style graveyard, to say, "Here lie the dead, and here the living *lie*."

BLACK WALNUT TREES.

The country is level, giving broad views, with not much left in forest. The early settlers seemed to have such a spite against the woods that there is not, I am told, left a single one of the old magnificent forest trees in a village in the county, and probably not one before the door of any farm-house. There was altogether too reckless a swinging of the axe, and now they are all sorry. The country originally was well filled with black walnut trees, which, if left, in many cases would to-day have been of untold value. A single black walnut grown in this county—a veritable monarch of the forest—a few years ago, under competition from buyers, it is said, brought \$1,000. We passed by a fence bounding the roadside, perhaps a quarter of a mile long, with palings of black walnut and posts of cedar. That fence was forty years old, and yet so valuable was it regarded after this long use that its owner refused to exchange a new fence of ordinary wood and one hundred dollars in cash. In the fields back of the fence were some of the stumps of the original black walnuts, and they are of much value. I am told that they are taken by car loads from this, the Black Swamp region of Ohio, to the eastern cities and sawed into veneering strips for furniture, the roots being rich in hue and beautiful in graining.

THE BIRD OF GRATITUDE.

On my arrival at West Unity I found the doctor had gone up into Michigan on business, and yet there were many deaths on that very day in the village. The subjects, however, were not a kind to require his professional services, although they averaged at least one to each household. The explanation of this is that it was on the eve of Thanksgiving. As Yankee Hill used to slowly drawl it out as a piece of impressive wisdom:

"When we are in Rome we must do as the Romans do;
And when we are in Turkey we must do as the Turks do."

So when in a Christian land we must do as the Christians do; that is, on Thanksgiving Day eat the turkeys. That was what these West Unitarians, being thoroughly orthodox, were preparing to do, smacking their lips withal, as it were, in anticipation.

I know of no prettier, morally grateful sight than the gathering at the Thanksgiving board of old and young, with their happy, smiling face in the beginning of the feast,

their eyes fastened in expectancy upon some huge gobbler lying upon an ample platter ready for their service; lying flat on his back, his legs well up in the air, and he looking so dainty, well stuffed and cooked, and "done to a T," with that nicely browned coat upon him, where shade blends into shade of varying beauty tints. They talk about the Bird of Paradise, but he is nowhere compared to the Thanksgiving turkey, which, being offered up as a heart oblation, should be called the Bird of Gratitude.

MEDICINAL VALUE OF ONIONS.

It was not until the close of the next day, Thanksgiving, that the doctor arrived from the land of the wolverines, and after a ride of thirty-five miles over a frozen hobble road and in a cruel, chilling wind. He had caught a severe cold, but by the free use of quinine and onion pellets prevented its tarrying. Onions are a great nerve and refreshment. In a tiny onion pellet is the concentrated strength of an entire onion. A department commander, who had great experience on the plains, told me that after a hard day's march nothing was so refreshing and invigorating to the soldiers as the eating of a raw onion. A drink of raw whiskey was nothing to it as a restorer from extreme fatigue. He did not, however, commend either alone, or even the union of both, as altogether judicious for a breathing emanation prior to one's *entree* into a polite assemblage.

ANECDOTES OF ANIMALS.

The doctor is a lover of animals, and this to any one enhances the interest in life. He gave two or three anecdotes, which I repeat for the amusement of my children readers. The first is a cat story. In the course of this work are plenty of stories of bears, wolves, snakes, and children getting lost in the woods, and these will help out the variety. It all appertains to life, the animals having taken passage in the same boat with ourselves.

Tom, the doctor's white cat with the beautiful fur, was present, and came rubbing against me, tail up and back arched, when the doctor said: "When I take my easy-chair Tom is fond of jumping into my lap. He does not like cigar smoke very much, and when I'm smoking watches me until I finish and have thrown the end away, when up he comes.

A CAT STORY.

"One day I sat smoking, and being busy in meditation I dropped off into a sort of doze. My cigar went out, and I remained holding the stump between my lips. Seeing my somniferous condition Tom gave a spring into my lap, crawled up to my face, and then turned partly round, and with a poke of his paw knocked the stump out of my mouth on to the floor. Then he cuddled down into my lap and began purring. I never was more

surprised. I felt almost like stopping smoking at the thought of a dumb animal like Tom teaching me such a lesson."

POOR OLD GREY.

It was a good cat story, but I thought I had a better, and thus told it. "My once city home had a cellar-kitchen, an abomination from which you country folk are free. To get out of it into the back yard were three steps. The yard outside was on a level with the kitchen window. The kitchen table where food was prepared was on a level with and against the window. Our 'Old Grey' was a mother cat. Over her eyes, as over all grey cats, were some black lines forming the letter W, which might have signified *war*. However that may have been, she had much of what is called 'character,' and, as this incident I now relate shows, an innate sense of the proper and fitting. The time of this incident was a summer morning. Our girl Mary was at the table preparing food for breakfast; I think they were cod-fish balls. Old Grey was seated demurely on the kitchen floor watching her. There appeared at the window outside the last of Old Grey's kittens that had escaped the drowning. It came in, and annoying Mary she gently put it down on the floor, for she was fond of kittens, when it ran out up the steps into the yard and again came into the window, Old Grey still watching in all her furry dignity. Mary again gently put it on to the floor, when it again ran out and appeared at the window the third time, Old Grey still watching. Then she acted as though she had thought: 'Now I'll stop this impertinence. Mary is a good girl; you sha'n't bother her so; she will never be able to get her breakfast ready in this world.' So she sprang up on to the window-sill, met her kitten, boxed its ear, drove her back, and it came no more." Here were exhibited the identical qualities of the human mind—observation, reflection and judgment; and yet a president of one of the first colleges of our land once said to me, "Animals have no reflection."

Poor Old Grey not long after this considerate act left these mortal scenes. She was seized with an incurable and infectious disease, so the doctor said, and that it was dangerous, as she might communicate it not only to other animals, but to human beings. That opinion was her doom. It was a dreadful thing to do; but somebody had to do it, so I took a tin boiler, put in it a sponge saturated with chloroform, and called her to me. She came with alacrity at my summons, looking upon me as her best friend. She lay in my arms gentle as a lamb, all confidence, supremely happy, and purred in joy. Proceeding but a few yards I laid her softly in the bottom of the boiler, shut the cover down tight, and awaited the event. In a few moments there was a great rustling noise inside as though there was some object there going round and round, and then it suddenly ceased. Then I knew Old Grey had been overcome

by the fumes and was passing away. A grave was made for her in the garden, and with some of the bystanders there was a swelling of the throat, and their eyes yielded the tribute of a tear. And to this day none of us who knew Old Grey can think of her without a pang. And it did us no good afterwards to learn that the medical man was one of those who knew altogether too much; the disease was not dangerous to any one, and was easily cured. The heart that cannot feel another's woe, even if it be but an humble, dependent animal, will never see the kingdom of heaven, at least that part of it that sometimes bends down to earth.

STORY OF A PET WOLF.

The doctor followed with a wolf story: "In 1882 a friend sent me from Kansas a babe wolf, and so young that it had not opened its eyes. It grew to be a very kindly, timid and frolicsome animal. When I entered the house it sprang to meet me with all the joyous manifestations of a dog. It was very fond of my little girl, and once seized her doll and ran with it under the table. Upon this she sat down on the floor and cried. Taking pity upon her the wolf brought it back and laid it at her feet. Then when she took it up again he jumped and capered around her, as though he could scarcely contain himself for joy.

"The wolf followed me about the streets like a dog. Few, however, recognized it as a wolf; strangers generally thought it a new variety of the dog family. His weight was about forty pounds; but if he heard any unusual noise he would run to me for protection, being exceedingly timid. I taught him to howl, so that he would do so by a mere wave of the hand. It was a most horrid noise, which became at last such a nuisance to ourselves and neighbors that we were obliged to get rid of him."

A CHARMING WEDDING TOUR.

As the doctor finished the wolf anecdote, I changed for one of a different character, and said: "Last Sunday I dined with a young couple who had married but a few years before, and then as usual started on their wedding tour. Not a soul could have guessed its objective point for the passing their 'honeymoon.' It is not probable any other couple living has had such an experience. It was to the White House that they had been invited by their friends, its occupants, Mr. and Mrs. Hayes. On telling me this the lady followed it with another. 'When I was a little girl, going home from school with other girls, we passed by a door where General Grant was sitting quietly smoking his cigar. He stopped us, chatted a while, and finally took me in his arms and kissed me. Nothing exactly satisfies in this world, for when I had run home and told my mother, she expressed her regret that I did not have on my pretty new dress.'"

A CURIOUS EPITAPH.

After giving these incidents of proud memory, to relate I trust in the coming years to her grandchildren, her youthful husband invited me to an after-dinner walk. As from the grave to the gay is the usual ending on the mimic stage, I here reverse it, and go from the gay to the grave. It was to the only spot where on a Sunday in my early days one could go for a stroll without, in the opinion of some estimable people, violating "God's holy day"—a graveyard.

The day was what is called a weather-breeder—clear, sunny, still—and the graveyard old and little, and near the banks of the Sandusky, and there I copied this quaint inscription:

"Prince Howland, Jr. Died October 7, 1817, aged 24 years.

"DEATH, bungling archer,
Lets his arrow fly;
Misses old age,
And lo a youth must die."

WEST UNITY is ten miles northeast of Bryan, on the L. S. & M. S. R. R. Newspaper: *Chief*, Independent, C. F. Grisier, editor and publisher. Churches: 1 Methodist Episcopal; 1 United Brethren; 1 Presbyterian, and 1 Church of God Bethel. Population, 1880, 884. School census, 1888, 265.

PIONEER is fourteen miles north of Bryan. It is an important wool market, and a large creamery leads in its industries. Newspaper: *Tri-State Alliance*, Independent Republican; C. J. DeWitt, editor. Churches: 1 United Brethren; 1 Methodist Episcopal; 1 Baptist. Population, 1880, 754. School census, 1888, 189.

STRYKER is nine miles northeast of Bryan, on the L. S. & M. S. R. R. Newspaper: *Advance*, Independent, Kitzmiller & Son, editors and publishers. Churches: 1 Universalist; 1 Methodist; 1 United Brethren; 1 Catholic. Population, 1880, 662. School census, 1888, 367; W. A. Saunders, superintendent schools.

EDGERTON is ten miles west of Bryan, on the L. S. & M. S. R. R. Newspaper: *Earth*, Independent, Charles W. Krathwohl, editor and publisher. Churches: 1 Methodist Episcopal; 1 Presbyterian; 1 Disciple; 1 Lutheran; 1 Catholic and 1 Reformed. Bank: Farnham & Co. Population, 1880, 782. School census, 1888, 328; J. R. Walton, superintendent schools.

MONTPELIER is eight miles northwest of Bryan, on the St. Joseph's river and W. St. L. & P. R. R. Its principal industries are the manufactures of oars and handles, hardwood lumber, flouring, brick and tile. Newspapers: *Democrat*, Democrat, Willett & Ford, editors and publishers; *Enterprise*, Republican, Geo. Strayer, editor and publisher. Churches: 1 United Brethren; 1 Methodist; 1 Episcopal; 1 German Lutheran and 1 Presbyterian. Bank: Montpelier Banking Company; James Draggoo, president; M. E. Griswold, cashier. Population, 1880, 406. School census, 1888, 324.

EDON is fifteen miles northwest of Bryan. Population, 1880, 513. School census, 1888, 194.

WOOD.

WOOD COUNTY was formed from old Indian Territory, April 1, 1820, and named from the brave and chivalrous Col. Wood, a distinguished officer of engineers in the war of 1812. The surface is level, and covered by the black swamp, the soil of which is a rich, black loam, and very fertile, and peculiarly well adapted to grazing. The population are mainly of New England descent, with some Germans. The principal crops are corn, hay, potatoes, oats and wheat.

Area about 620 square miles. In 1887 the acres cultivated were 167,492; in pasture, 26,485; woodland, 65,055; lying waste, 1,059; produced in wheat, 661,013 bushels; rye, 104,379 (largest in the State); buckwheat, 1,560; oats, 815,896; barley, 27,080; corn, 1,884,832; meadow hay, 21,000 tons; clover, 6,095; flaxseed, 84 bushels; potatoes, 88,656; tobacco, 70 lbs.; butter, 635,765; sorghum, 2,274 gallons; maple syrup, 4,873; honey, 21,140 lbs.; eggs, 749,213 dozen; grapes, 56,220 lbs.; wine, 962 gallons; sweet potatoes, 21 bushels; apples, 39,660; peaches, 1,383; pears, 1,537; wool, 83,799 lbs.; milch cows owned, 8,481. Ohio Mining Statistics, 1888: Limestone, 36,565 tons burned for lime; 81,000 cubic feet of dimension stone; 57,199 cubic yards of building stone; 8,892 cubic feet of ballast or macadam. School census, 1888, 12,763; teachers, 410. Miles of railroad track, 196.

TOWNSHIPS AND CENSUS.	1840.	1880.	TOWNSHIPS AND CENSUS.	1840.	1880.
Bloom,	437	2,022	Montgomery,	609	2,283
Center,	97	2,023	Perry,	559	1,474
Freedom,	238	1,667	Perrysburg,	1,041	4,112
Henry,	213	1,688	Plain,	272	1,985
Jackson,	26	1,028	Portage,	199	1,434
Lake,		2,207	Ross,		639
Liberty,	215	1,292	Troy,	383	1,407
Middleton,	193	1,606	Washington,	244	1,426
Milton and Weston,	539		Webster,		1,197
Milton,		2,181	Weston,		2,351

Population of Wood in 1830, 1,096; 1840, 5,458; 1850, 9,165; 1860, 17,886; 1880, 34,022: of whom 25,808 were born in Ohio; 1,569, Pennsylvania; 1204, New York; 169, Virginia; 158, Indiana; 38, Kentucky; 2092, German Empire; 626, England and Wales; 321, British America; 274 Ireland; 118, France; 110, Scotland; and 21, Norway and Sweden. Census, 1890, 44,392.

DRAINAGE.

Since our original edition of 1847 few counties of the State have been so surprisingly transformed as Wood. It was then an almost unbroken forest, covering the black swamp, and with few inhabitants. This advance has been owing to the very extensive system of drainage and clearing off the forest, which has brought a large body of agriculturalists to settle up the country, three-fourths of whom are, to-day, within a radius of about $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles of some line of railway: hence there has been a steady and uniform advance in agricultural development. It is now fast becoming one of the great garden spots of the country.

What drainage is doing for this entire region is told in the article, "The Black Swamp," under the head of Putnam County. One single ditch in Wood county, the "Jackson Cut-off," drains 30,000 acres, and cost \$110,000. It is therein stated that, counting in the railway ditches with the public and private ditches of the farmers, there are in Wood county alone 16,000 miles of ditches, at an aggre-

gate cost of millions of dollars. These are the basis of the great agricultural prosperity of the county in connection with the richness of the soil. And later, comes the discovery and use of its great gas and oil resources to further enhance its prosperity.

EARLY HISTORY.

The following sketch of the early history of this region was communicated to our original edition by HEZEKIAH L. HOSMER, then a young lawyer of Perrysburg. He eventually removed to the Pacific Slope, and held there a high judicial position.

The Military Expeditions against the Indian tribes in the West, commenced under the colonial government about the middle of the last century, were finally terminated on this river by the decisive victory of Gen. Wayne in 1794. Previous to that event no portion of the West was more beloved by the Indians than the valleys of the Maumee and its tributaries. In the daily journal of Wayne's campaign, kept by George Will, under date of Aug. 6, 1794, when the army was encamped fifty-six miles in advance of Fort Recovery, the writer says: "We are within six miles of the Auglaize river, and I expect to eat green corn to-morrow." On the 8th of the same month, after the arrival of the army at the Camp Grand Auglaize (the site of Fort Defiance), he continues: "We have marched four or five miles in corn-fields down the Auglaize, and there is not less than 1,000 acres of corn around the town." This journal, kept from that time until the return of the army to Fort Greenville, is full of descriptions of the immense corn-fields, large vegetable patches, and old apple trees, found along the banks of the Maumee from its mouth to Fort Wayne. It discloses the astonishing fact that for a period of eight days while building Fort Defiance, the army obtained their bread and vegetables from the corn-fields and potato patches surrounding the fort. In their march from Fort Defiance to the foot of the rapids the army passed through a number of Indian towns composed of huts, constructed of bark and skins, which afforded evidence that the people who had once inhabited them were composed, not only of Indians, but of Canadian French and renegade Englishmen.

The Maumee Valley After Wayne's Victory.

—What the condition of the valley was for some years after Wayne's campaign may be gathered from the following extracts from one of Judge Burnet's letters, published by the Ohio Historical Society. After assigning some reasons for the downfall of the Indians, he says: "My yearly trips to Detroit, from 1796 to 1802, made it necessary to pass through some of their towns, and convenient to visit many of them. Of course I had frequent opportunities of seeing thousands of them, in their villages and at their hunting camps, and of forming a personal acquaintance with some of their distinguished chiefs. I have eat and slept in their towns, and partaken of their hospitality, which had no limit but that of their contracted means. In journeying more

recently through the State, in discharging my judicial duties, I sometimes passed over the ground on which I had seen towns filled with happy families of that devoted race without perceiving the smallest trace of what had once been there. All their ancient settlements on the route to Fort Defiance, and from thence to the foot of the rapids, had been broken up and deserted.

"The battle-ground of Gen. Wayne, which I had often seen in the rude state in which it was when the decisive action of 1794 was fought, was so altered and changed that I could not recognize it, and not an indication remained of the very extensive Indian settlements which I had formerly seen there. It seemed almost impossible that in so short a period such an astonishing change could have taken place."

These extracts prove that even after the battle of Presque Isle, although crushed and humbled, the Indian refused to be divorced from the favorite home and numerous graves of his race. A chain of causes which followed this battle finally wrested from him the last foothold of his soil. These may be said to have commenced with the treaty of Greenville, made on the 3d of August, 1795, with the Wyandots, Ottawas, and other tribes located in this region. By this treaty, among various other cessions of territory, a tract of land twelve miles square at the foot of the rapids, and one of six miles square at the mouth of the river, were given to the United States. This treaty was followed by the establishment of the boundaries of the county of Wayne, which included a part of the States of Ohio, Indiana and the whole of Michigan.

The First White Settler.—Notwithstanding this actual declaration of ownership by the government, few only of the whites of the country were willing to penetrate and reside in this yet unforsaken abode of the Indian. Col. John Anderson was the first white trader of any notoriety on the Maumee. He settled at Fort Miami as early as 1800. Peter Manor, a Frenchman, was here previous to that time, and was adopted by the chief Fontogany, by the name of *Sawendebans*, or "the Yellow Hair." Manor, however, did not come here to reside until 1808. Indeed, I cannot learn the names of any of the settlers prior to 1810 except the two above mentioned. We may mention among those who came during the year 1810, Maj. Amos Spafford, Andrew Race, Thomas Leaming, Halsey W. Leaming, James Carlin, Wm. Carter, George Bla-

lock, James Slason, Samuel H. Ewing, Jesse Skinner, David Hull, Thomas Dick, Wm. Peters, Ambrose Hickox, Richard Gifford. All these individuals were settled within a circumference of ten miles, embracing the amphitheatre at the foot of the rapids, as early as 1810. Maj. Amos Spafford came here to perform the duties of collector of the port of Miami. He was also appointed deputy postmaster. A copy of his return to the government as collector for the first quarter of his service, ending on the 30th June, 1810, shows the aggregate amount of exports to have been \$5,640.85. This was, for skins and furs, \$5,610.85, and for twenty gallons of bear's oil, \$30.

When War Broke out in 1812 there were sixty-seven families residing at the foot of the rapids. Manor—or Minard, the Frenchman above alluded to—states that the first intimation that the settlers had of Hull's surrender at Detroit manifested itself by the appearance of a party of British and Indians at the foot of the rapids a few days after it took place. The Indians plundered the settlers on both sides of the river, and departed for Detroit in canoes. Three of their number remained with the intention of going into the interior of the State. One of these was a Delaware chief by the name of Sac-a-manc. Manor won his confidence, under the pretence of friendship for the British, and was by him informed that in a few days a grand assemblage of all the northwestern tribes was contemplated at Fort Malden, and that in about two days after that assemblage a large number of British and Indians would be at the foot of the rapids, on their march to relieve Fort Wayne, then under investment by the American army, as was supposed. He also informed him that, when they came again, they would massacre all the Yankees found in the valley. Sac-a-manc left for the interior of the State, after remaining a day at the foot of the rapids.

Flight of the Settlers.—The day after his departure Minard called upon Maj. Spafford, and warned him of the hostile intentions of the Indians, as he had received them from Sac-a-manc. The major placed no confidence in them, and expressed a determination to remain until our army from the interior should reach this frontier. A few days after this conversation a man by the name of Gordon was seen approaching the residence of Maj. Spafford in great haste. This individual had been reared among the Indians, but had, previous to this time, received some favors of a trifling character from Maj. Spafford. The major met him in his corn-field, and was informed that a party of about fifty Pottawatomies, on their way to Malden, had taken this route, and in less than two hours would be at the foot of the rapids. He also urged the major to make good his escape immediately. Most of the families at the foot of the rapids had left the valley after receiving intelligence of Hull's surrender. The major assembled those that were left on the bank of the river, where they put in tolerable sail-

ing condition an old barge, in which some officers had descended the river from Fort Wayne the year previous. They had barely time to get such of their effects as were portable on board, and row down into the bend below the town, before they heard the shouts of the Indians above. Finding no Americans here, the Indians passed on to Malden. The major and his companions sailed in their crazy vessel down the lake to the Quaker settlement at Milan, on Huron river, where they remained until the close of the war.

Sac-a-manc, on his return from the interior of the State, a few days after the event, showed Manor the scalps of three persons that he had killed during his absence, on Owl creek, near Mount Vernon. At the time mentioned by him a detachment of the British army, under command of Col. Elliott, accompanied by about 500 Indians, came to the foot of the rapids. They were anxious to obtain guides. Manor feigned lameness and ignorance of the country above the head of the rapids, a distance of eighteen miles up the river. By this means he escaped being pressed into their service above that point. He accompanied them that far with his cart and pony, and was then permitted to return. On his return he met Col. Elliott, the commander of the detachment, at the foot of Presque Isle Hill, who stopped him, and, after learning the services he had performed, permitted him, with a curse, to go on. A mile below him he met a party of about forty Pottawatomies, who also desired to know where he was going. Manor escaped being compelled to return by telling them he was returning to the foot of the rapids after forage for the army. The British and Indians pursued their march up the river until they saw the American flag waving over Winchester's encampment at Defiance, when they returned in double quick time to Canada. On their return they burned the dwellings, stole the horses and destroyed the corn-fields of the settlers at the foot of the rapids.

Manor, soon after his arrival at the foot of the rapids, went down the river to the British fleet, then lying at the mouth of Swan creek, under command of Capt. Mills. Here he reported himself, told what he had done for the army, and desired leave to go to his family at the mouth of the river. Capt. Mills, having no evidence of his loyalty beyond his own word, put him under hatches as a prisoner of war. Through the aid of his friend, Beaupré, Minard was released in a few days, joined his family, and was afterwards a scout for our army during the remainder of the war. He is now (1846) living at the head of the rapids, on a reservation of land granted him by the government, at the request of his Indian father, Ton-tog-sa-ny. [Another account of Peter Manor is in Lucas County.]

After Peace was Declared, most of the settlers that had lived here previous to the war returned to their old possessions. They were partly indemnified by government for their losses. Many of them lived in the block-houses on Fort Meigs, and one or two

of the citizens of our town were born in one of them. The settlement of the valley was at first slow, but the foot of the rapids and vicinity was settled long before any of the rest. In 1816 government sent an agent to lay out a town at the point best calculated for commercial purposes. That agent sounded the river from its mouth, and fixed upon Perrysburg. The town was laid out that year, and named after Com. Perry by Hon. Josiah Meigs, then Comptroller of the Treasury. This county was then embraced in the county limits of Logan county, Bellefontaine being the county-seat. When the limits of Wood county were first determined, there was a great struggle between these three towns

at the foot of the rapids—Orleans, Maumee and Perrysburg—for the county-seat. The decision in favor of Perrysburg was the cause of the abandonment of the little town of Orleans, which soon after fell into decay.

The last remnant of the powerful Ottawa tribe of Indians removed from this valley west of the Mississippi in 1838. They numbered some interesting men among them. There was Nawash, Ockquenox, Charloe, Ottoca, Petonquet, men of eloquence, remembered by many of our citizens. Their burying-grounds and village-sites are scattered along both banks of the river, from its mouth to Fort Defiance.

This part of the Maumee valley has been noted for military operations. Wayne's victory over the Indians (see Lucas County), Aug. 20, 1794, was gained within its borders. It was also the theatre of important operations in the war of 1812.

March of Gen. Hull.—About the middle of June, 1812, the army of Hull left Urbana, and passed through the present counties of Logan, Hardin, Hancock and Wood, into Michigan. They cut a road through the forest, and erected Forts M'Arthur and Findlay on the route, and arrived at the Maumee on the 30th of June, which they crossed at or near the foot of the rapids. Hull surrendered at Detroit on the 16th of the August following.

Tupper's Expedition.—In the same summer, Gen. Edward W. Tupper, of Gallia county, raised about 1,000 men for six months' duty, mainly from Gallia, Lawrence and Jackson counties, who, under the orders of Gen. Winchester, marched from Urbana north by the route of Hull, and reached the foot of the Maumee rapids. The Indians appearing in force on the opposite bank, Tupper endeavored to cross the river with his troops in the night; but the rapidity of the current, and the feeble, half-starved condition of his men and horses were such, that the attempt failed. The enemy soon after collected a superior force, and attacked Tupper in his camp, but were driven off with considerable loss. They returned to Detroit, and the Americans marched back to Fort M'Arthur.

Winchester's Defeat.—On the 10th of Jan-

uary, 1813, Gen. Winchester, whose troops had been stationed at Forts Wayne and Defiance, arrived at the rapids, having marched from the latter along the north bank of the Maumee. There they encamped until the 17th, when Winchester resumed his march north, and was defeated with great loss on the 22d, on the river Raisin, near the site of Monroe, Michigan.

On receiving information of Winchester's defeat, Gen. Harrison sent Dr. McKeehan from Portage river with medicines and money to Malden, for the relief of the wounded and the prisoners. He was accompanied by a Frenchman and a militia-man, and was furnished with a letter from Harrison, addressed to any British officer whom he might meet, describing his errand. The night after they left they halted at the Maumee rapids to take a few hours' sleep, in a vacant cabin upon the north bank of the river, about fifty rods north of the present bridge. The cariole in which they travelled was left at the door, with a flag of truce set up in it. They were discovered in the night by a party of Indians, accompanied, it is said, by a British officer; one of the men was killed, and the others taken to Malden, where the doctor was thrown into prison by Proctor and loaded with irons.

THE BUILDING OF FORT MEIGS.

After the defeat of Winchester, Gen. Harrison, about the first of February, established his advanced posts at the foot of the rapids. He ordered Capt. Wood, of the engineer corps, to fortify the position, as it was his intention to make this point his grand depot. The fort erected was afterwards named Meigs, in honor of Governor Meigs.

Harrison ordered all the troops in the rear to join him immediately. He was in hopes, by the middle of February, to advance upon Malden, and strike a blow that should in some measure retrieve the misfortunes that had befallen the American arms in this quarter.

On the 9th of February intelligence was brought of the encampment of about 600 Indians, twenty miles down, near the Bay shore. Harrison had with him

at this time about 2,000 men at the post. The same night, or that following, 600 men left the fort under Harrison, and marched down the river on the ice twenty miles, when they discovered some fires on the north side of the river, which proved to have been that of the Indians who had fled the day before. Here the detachment, which had been joined by 500 men more from the post, waited a few minutes, without having time to warm themselves, it being intensely cold, when the object of the expedition was made known. This was to march after the Indians; and all those unable by fatigue to continue were ordered to follow the next day. On resuming the line of march the army had proceeded only about two miles when their only cannon, with the horses attached, broke through the ice. This was about two hours before morning, and the moon unfortunately was nearly down. In endeavoring to extricate the horses, Lieut. Joseph H. Larwill, who had charge of the piece, with two of his men, broke through the ice and narrowly escaped drowning. The army thereupon halted, and a company ordered to assist in recovering the cannon, which was not accomplished until daybreak. Some of the men gave out from being wet, cold and fatigued; but the lieutenant, with the remainder, proceeded with the cannon after the main army, which they overtook shortly after sunrise, on an island near the mouth of the bay. The spies were then arriving with the intelligence that the Indians had left the river Raisin for Malden. Upon this the troops, having exhausted their provisions, returned, arriving at Fort Meigs just as the evening gun had been fired, having performed a march of forty-five miles on the ice in less than twenty-four hours.

LANGHAM'S DESPERATE ENTERPRISE.

A few hours after this, about 250 men volunteered to go on an enterprise of the most desperate nature. On Friday, the 26th, the volunteer corps destined for this duty were addressed on parade by Gen. Harrison, who informed them that when they had got a sufficient distance from the fort they were to be informed of the errand they were upon, and that all who then wished could return, but not afterwards. He represented the undertaking as in a high degree one of peril and privation; but he promised that those who departed themselves in a gallant and soldierlike manner should be rewarded, and their names forwarded to the general government.

The corps took up their line of march and concentrated at what is now Lower Sandusky, where was then a block-house, on the site of Fort Stephenson, at that time garrisoned by two companies of militia.

The force, which was under the command of Capt. Langham, consisted of 68 regulars, 120 Virginia and Pennsylvania militia, 32 men under Lieut. Madiss, and 22 Indians, making, with their officers, 242 men; besides these were 24 drivers of sleds and several pilots.

On the morning of the 2d of March they left the block-house with six days' provisions, and had proceeded about half a mile when Capt. Langham ordered a halt. He addressed the soldiers and informed them of the object of the expedition, which was to move down to Lake Erie and cross over the ice to Malden, and, in the darkness of night, to destroy with combustibles the British fleet and the public stores on the bank of the river. This being done, the men were to retreat in their sleighs to the point of the Maumee bay, when their retreat was to be covered by a large force under Harrison. At this time, independent of the garrison at Malden, in that vicinity was a large body of Indians, and it required a combination of circumstances to render the enterprise successful. Capt. Langham gave liberty for all who judged it too hazardous to withdraw. Twenty of the militia and six or seven of the Indians availed themselves of the liberty. The rest moved down the river in sleighs, and took the land on the west side of the bay, passing through and across the peninsula, and crossed at the bay of Portage river, and soon came in view of the lake and its embosoming islands. Some of the men

walking out on the ice of the lake were alarmed by what was judged to be a body of men moving towards them. It was subsequently discovered to be the rays of the sun, reflecting on ice thrown up in ridges.

The party encamped near the lake, and being without any tents, were thoroughly wet by the snow and rain. After the guards were stationed, and all had retired to rest, the report of a musket was heard, and every man sprang to his post, ready for action. It proved to have been a false alarm—an accidental discharge through the carelessness of one of the men. Capt. Langham was almost determined to have the soldier shot for his carelessness, as it now had become particularly necessary for the utmost precaution; but motives of humanity prevailed, and he was suffered to go unpunished.

On the next morning, March 3d, they proceeded on the ice to Middle Bass island, seventeen miles from their encampment. Just before they left the lake shore an ensign and thirteen militia, one of the Indian chiefs and several of the Indians deserted them. During their progress to the island the weather was stormy, wind blowing and snowing, and in places it was quite slippery. They arrived at the northwest side of the island early in the afternoon, when the weather moderated.

In the course of the afternoon sled tracks were discovered on the ice, going in the direction of Malden. These were presumed to have been made by two Frenchmen, who left Sandusky the day before the corps of Langham. They had then stated they were going to the river Huron, which was in an opposite direction: the officers now felt assured they were inimical to their designs, and were on their way to give the British notice of their intentions. Moreover, to the north of the island on which they were the ice was weak, and the lake appeared to be broken up to the north.

It being the intended route to go by the western Sister island, to elude the spies of the enemy, the guides gave it as their opinion that it was totally impossible to go to Malden; that the river Detroit and the lake from the middle Sister were doubtless broken up, and that there was a possibility of getting as far north as the middle Sister; but as the distance from that to the Detroit river, eighteen miles, had to be performed after night, they could not attempt going, being fully satisfied that they could not arrive at the point of destination, and as the weather was and had been soft, that, should a southerly wind blow up, the lake would inevitably break up, and they might be caught on it or one of the islands. They then affirmed they had gone as far as they thought it either safe or prudent, and would not take the responsibility on them any farther. Capt. Langham called the guides and officers together. He stated that he had been instructed to go no farther than the guides thought safe, asked the opinion of the officers, who unanimously decided that it was improper to proceed, and that they should return.

The weather having slightly improved, although still unfavorable, a second council was called of the officers and guides, but with the same result. The captain then called the men and gave the opinion of their superiors, and presented the importance of the expedition to the government should they succeed; on the other hand, he represented that they might be lost on the lake by the breaking up of the ice, without rendering any service to their country, who would thus be deprived of the choice troops of the army. The soldiers, on thus being called for their opinion, expressed themselves as ready to go wherever their officers would lead; at the same time said they should abide by the decision of their superiors, whose judgment was better than their own.

The party returned by the way of Presque Isle, at which point they met Gen. Harrison with a body of troops. From thence they proceeded to Fort Meigs in safety. In the course of their journey back they found the lake open near the western Sister island.

On the 9th of March, the day being very fine, several of the men went down as far as the old British fort. Some of them discovered a party of Indians, and gave the alarm. The latter fired at them, and one man, while running, was shot through the left skirt of his coat. Luckily a hymn-book which he carried there received the ball, which was buried in its leaves. The men escaped safely into the fort, but Lieut. Walker, who was out hunting for wild fowl, was killed. His body was found the next day and brought into the fort, where his grave is to be seen at the present day.

Harrison had determined, if possible, to regain Detroit, and in a measure atone for the disasters of the war in this quarter; but the weather had proved unfavorable for the transportation to Fort Meigs of a sufficient body of troops for such an object. His force there was diminished, soon after his arrival, by the expiration of the term of service of a part of those at the rapids, and nothing more was left for him but to remain on the defensive. Satisfied that, in his weakened condition, the enemy would make a descent from Malden upon the fort as soon as the ice broke up in the lake, he left in March for the interior, to hasten on all the troops he could raise to its defence. On the 12th of April he returned at the head of a detachment of troops, and applied himself with great assiduity to completing the defences.

About this time a Canadian Frenchman, with about a dozen of his own countrymen, all volunteers, had a desperate boat-fight with an equal number of Indians in the river, near the north side of the large island below the fort, and defeated them. The whites were all either killed or wounded, except the captain and two of his men. As they were

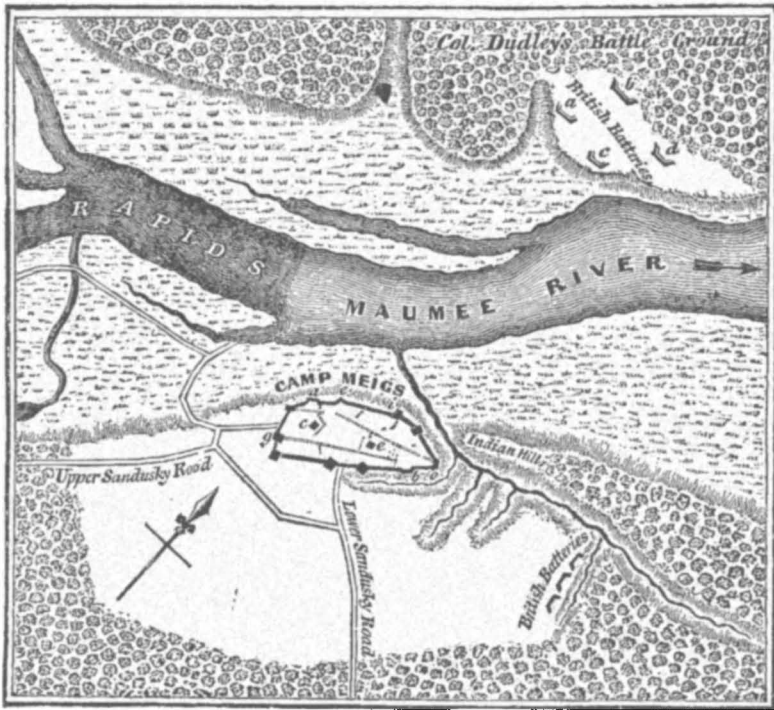
returning to the fort they saw a solitary Indian, the sole survivor of his party, rise up in one of their two canoes and paddle to the shore.

All the foregoing is from the Journal of Lieut. Larwill, who was one of Capt. Langham's party.

PLAN OF FORT MEIGS.

The annexed plan of Fort Meigs with its environs is from the survey of Lieut. Joseph H. Larwill, made between the two sieges. It was obtained directly from him for our first edition. He was one of the original proprietors of Mansfield and also of Wooster. He showed me some of his field books with entries of surveys of wild lands, with remarks upon soil timber. If the woods were beech and sugar maple, it was certain it was first-class soil for wheat. He was an old-style Jackson Democrat of positive convictions and declarations, and hated the British and Indians. In the history of Wooster (see page 531) is told what a narrow escape my old friend Larwill had from being blown up. Luckily he lived to fight and help whip the British and their red-skinned allies and then made notes to show how they did it.

[*Explanations.*—*a*, grand battery, commanded by Capt. Daniel Cushing; *b*, mortar battery; *e*, *i*, *o*, minor batteries; *g*, battery commanded at the second siege



FORT MEIGS AND ITS ENVIRONS.

by Col. (now Gen.) Gaines; *c*, magazines. The black squares on the lines of the fort represent the position of the block-houses. The dotted lines show the traverses, or walls of earth, thrown up. The longest, the grand traverse, had a base of 20 feet, was 12 in height, and about 900 in length. The traverses running lengthwise of the fort were raised as a protection against the batteries on the opposite side of the river, and those running crosswise were to defend them from the British batteries on this side. The British batteries on the north side of the river were named as follows: *a*, queen's; *b*, sailors'; *d*, kings', and *c*, mortar. The fort stood upon high ground, on the margin of a bank, elevated about sixty

feet above the Maumee. The surface is nearly level, and is covered by a green sward. The outline of the fort is now (1846) well defined, and the grand traverse yet rises six or eight feet from the surrounding ground. The work originally covered about ten acres, but was reduced in area between the two sieges, to accommodate a smaller number of troops. Just above, a large number of sunken graves indicate the locality of the soldiers' burying-ground. The graves of Lieut. Walker and Lieut. McCullough—the last of whom was shot while conversing with Gen. Harrison—are within the fort. The first is surmounted by a small stone, with an inscription—the last is enclosed by a fence. (See view of Maumee City, in Lucas County.) To understand the position of Fort Meigs, with reference to the British fort and surrounding country, see map in Lucas County illustrating the battles of the Maumee country.

THE SIEGE OF FORT MEIGS.

"On the breaking up of the ice in Lake Erie, General Proctor, with all his disposable force, consisting of regulars and Canadian militia from Malden, and a large body of Indians under their celebrated chief, Tecumseh, amounting in the whole to two thousand men, laid siege to Fort Meigs. To encourage the Indians, he had promised them an easy conquest, and assured them that General Harrison should be delivered up to Tecumseh. On the 26th of April the British columns appeared on the opposite bank of the river, and established their principal batteries on a commanding eminence opposite the fort. On the 27th the Indians crossed the river, and established themselves in the rear of the American lines. The garrison, not having completed their wells, had no water except what they obtained from the river, under a constant firing of the enemy. On the first, second and third of May their batteries kept up an incessant shower of balls and shells upon the fort. On the night of the third the British erected a gun and mortar battery on the left bank of the river, within two hundred and fifty yards of the American lines. The Indians climbed the trees in the neighborhood of the fort, and poured in a galling fire upon the garrison. In this situation General Harrison received a summons from Proctor for a surrender of the garrison, greatly magnifying his means of annoyance; this was answered by a prompt refusal, assuring the British general that if he obtained possession of the fort, it would not be by capitulation.* Apprehensive of such an attack, General Harrison had made the governors of Kentucky and Ohio minutely acquainted with his situation, and stated to them the necessity of reinforcements for the relief of Fort Meigs. His requisitions had been zealously anticipated, and General Clay was at this moment descending the Miami with twelve hundred Kentuckians for his relief.

"At twelve o'clock in the night of the fourth an officer† arrived from General

* "The conversation which took place between General Harrison and Major Chambers, of the British army, was, as nearly as can be recollected, as follows :—

"*Major Chambers.*—General Proctor has directed me to demand the surrender of this post. He wishes to spare the effusion of blood.

"*General Harrison.*—The demand, under present circumstances, is a most extraordinary one. As General Proctor did not send me a summons to surrender on his first arrival, I had supposed that he believed me determined to do my duty. His present message indicates an opinion of me that I am at a loss to account for.

"*Major Chambers.*—General Proctor could never think of saying anything to wound your feelings, sir. The character of General Harrison, as an officer, is well known. General Proctor's force is very respectable, and there is with him a larger body of Indians than has ever before been embodied.

"*General Harrison.*—I believe I have a very correct idea of General Proctor's force; it is not such as to create the least apprehension for the result of the contest, whatever shape he may be pleased hereafter to give to it. Assure the general, however, that he will never have this post *surrendered* to him upon any terms. Should it fall into his hands, it will be in a manner calculated to do him more honor, and to give him larger claims upon the gratitude of his government, than any capitulation could possibly do."

† This messenger was Capt. William Oliver, now (1846) of Cincinnati, then a young man,

Clay, with the welcome intelligence of his approach, stating that he was just above the rapids, and could reach him in two hours, and requesting his orders. Harrison determined on a general sally, and directed Clay to land eight hundred men on the right bank, take possession of the British batteries, spike their cannon, immediately return to their boats, and cross over to the American fort. The remainder of Clay's force were ordered to land on the left bank, and fight their way to the fort, while sorties were to be made from the garrison in aid of these operations. Captain Hamilton was directed to proceed up the river in a periauger, land a subaltern on the left bank, who should be a pilot to conduct General Clay to the fort; and then cross over and station his periauger at the place designated for the other division to land. General Clay, having received these orders, descended the river in order of battle in solid columns, each officer taking position according to his rank. Colonel Dudley, being the eldest in command, led the van, and was ordered to take the men in the twelve front boats, and execute General Harrison's orders on the right bank. He effected his landing at the place designated, without difficulty. General Clay kept close along the left bank until he came opposite the place of Colonel Dudley's landing, but not finding the subaltern there, he attempted to cross over and join Col. Dudley; this was prevented by the violence of the current on the rapids, and he again attempted to land on the left bank, and effected it with only fifty men amid a brisk fire from the enemy on shore, and made his way to the fort, receiving their fire until within the protection of its guns. The other boats, under the command of Colonel Boswell, were driven farther down the current, and landed on the right to join Colonel Dudley. Here they were ordered to re-embark, land on the left bank, and proceed to the fort. In the meantime two sorties were made from the garrison, one on the left, in aid of Colonel Boswell, by which the Canadian militia and Indians were defeated, and he enabled to reach the fort in safety, and one on the right against the British batteries, which was also successful.*

"Colonel Dudley, with his detachment of eight hundred Kentucky militia,

noted for his heroic bravery. He had previously been sent from the fort at a time when it was surrounded by Indians, through the wilderness, with instructions to General Clay. His return to the fort was extremely dangerous. Captain Leslie Coombs, now of Lexington, Ky., had been sent by Colonel Dudley to communicate with Harrison. He approached the fort, and when within about a mile was attacked by the Indians, and after a gallant resistance was foiled in his object and obliged to retreat with the loss of nearly all of his companions. Oliver managed to get into the fort through the cover of the darkness of the night, by which he eluded the vigilance of Tecumseh and his Indians, who were very watchful and had closely invested it.—H. H.

* "The troops in this attack on the British battery were commanded by Col. John Miller, of the 19th United States regiment, and consisted of about 250 of the 17th and 19th Regiments, 100 twelve-month volunteers, and Captain Seebre's company of Kentucky militia. They were drawn up in a ravine under the east curtain of the fort, out of reach of the enemy's fire; but to approach the batteries it was necessary, after having ascended from the ravine, to pass a plain of 200 yards in width, in the woods beyond which were the batteries protected by a company of grenadiers, and another of light infantry, upwards of 200 strong. These troops were flanked on the right by two or three companies of Canadian militia, and on the left by a large body of Indians under Tecumseh. After passing along the ranks and encouraging the men to do their duty, the general placed himself upon the battery of the right rear angle, to witness the contest. The troops advanced with loaded but trailed arms. They had scarcely reached the summit of the hill when they received the fire of the British infantry. It did them little harm; but the Indians being placed in position, and taking sight or aim, did great execution. They had not advanced more than fifty yards on the plain before it became necessary to halt and close the ranks. This was done with as much order by word of command from the officers as if they had been on parade. The charge was then made, and the enemy fled with so much precipitation that although many were killed none were taken. The general, from his position on the battery, seeing the direction that a part of them had taken, despatched Major Todd with the reserve of about fifty regulars, who quickly returned with two officers and forty-three non-commissioned officers and privates. In this action the volunteers and militia suffered less than the regulars, because from their position the latter were much sooner unmasked by the hill, and received the first fire of all the enemy. It was impossible that troops could have behaved better than they did upon this sortie."

completely succeeded in driving the British from their batteries, and spiking the cannon. Having accomplished this object, his orders were peremptory to return immediately to his boats and cross over to the fort; but the blind confidence which generally attends militia when successful proved their ruin. Although repeatedly ordered by Colonel Dudley, and warned of their danger, and called upon from the fort to leave the ground; and although there was abundant time for that purpose before the British reinforcements arrived, yet they commenced a pursuit of the Indians, and suffered themselves to be drawn into an ambuscade by some feint skirmishing, while the British troops and large bodies of Indians were brought up and intercepted their return to the river.* Elated with their first success, they considered the victory as already gained, and pursued the enemy nearly two miles into the woods and swamps, where they were suddenly caught in a defile and surrounded by double their numbers. Finding themselves in this situation, consternation prevailed; their line became broken and disordered, and huddled together in unresisting crowds, they were obliged to surrender to the mercy of the savages. Fortunately for these unhappy victims of their own rashness, General Tecumseh commanded at this ambuscade and had imbibed since his appointment more humane feelings than his brother Proctor. After the surrender and all resistance had ceased, the Indians, finding five hundred prisoners at their mercy, began the work of massacre with the most savage delight. Tecumseh sternly forbade it, and buried his tomahawk in the head of one of his chiefs who refused obedience. This order, accompanied with this decisive manner of enforcing it, put an end to the massacre. Of eight hundred men only one hundred and fifty escaped. The residue were slain or made prisoners. Colonel Dudley was severely wounded in the action, and afterwards tomahawked and scalped.

"Proctor, seeing no prospect of taking the fort, and finding his Indians fast leaving him, raised the siege on the 9th of May, and returned with precipitation to Malden. Tecumseh and a considerable portion of the Indians remained in service; but large numbers left it in disgust, and were ready to join the Americans. On the left bank, in the several sorties of the 5th of May, and during the siege the American loss was eighty-one killed and one hundred and eighty-nine wounded."

When the enemy raised the siege they gave a parting salute, which killed ten or twelve, and wounded double that number. "However," says one who was present, "we were glad enough to see them off on any terms. The next morning found us something more tranquil; we could leave the ditches, and walk about with something more of an air of freedom than we had done for the last fourteen days; and here I wish I could present to the reader a picture of the condition we found ourselves in when the withdrawal of the enemy gave us time to look at each other's outward appearance. The scarcity of water had put the washing of our hands and faces, much less our linen, out of the question. Many had scarcely any clothing left, and that which they wore was so begrimed and torn by our

* After Dudley had spiked the batteries, which had but few defenders, some of his men loitered about the banks and filled the air with cheers. Harrison and a group of officers who were anxiously watching them from the grand battery (a) with a presentiment of the horrible fate that awaited them, earnestly beckoned them to return. Supposing they were returning their cheers, they reiterated their shouts of triumph. Harrison seeing this, exclaimed in tones of anguish: "*They are lost! they are lost!* Can I never get men to obey my orders?" He then offered a reward of a thousand dollars to any man who would cross the river and apprise Colonel Dudley of his danger. This was undertaken by an officer. Upon arriving at the beach he attempted to launch a large perogue which was drawn up there, but before this could be effected, and he with the assistance of some men could reach the middle of the river, the enemy had already arrived in force from below.

This defeat of Dudley was occasioned by the impetuous valor of his men. In one of the general orders after the 5th of May, Harrison takes occasion to warn his men against that rash bravery which he says "is characteristic of the Kentucky troops, and if persisted in is as fatal in its results as cowardice."

residence in the ditch and other means, that we presented the appearance of so many scarecrows."

The British force under Proctor during the siege amounted, as nearly as could be ascertained, to 3,200 men, of whom 600 were British regulars, 800 Canadian militia, and 1,800 Indians. Those under Harrison, including the troops who arrived on the morning of the 5th, under General Clay, were about 1,200. The number of his men fit for duty was, perhaps, less than 1,100.

LORRAINE'S NARRATIVE OF INCIDENTS OF THE SIEGE.

We give below extracts from an article on the siege of Fort Meigs, by Rev. A. M. Lorraine, originally published in the *Ladies' Repository* for March, 1845 :

One afternoon, as numbers were gathered together on the "parade," two strangers, finely mounted, appeared on the western bank of the river, and seemed to be taking a very calm and deliberate survey of our works. It was a strange thing to see travellers in that wild country, and we commonly held such to be enemies, until they proved themselves to be friends. So one of our batteries was cleared forthwith, and the gentlemen were saluted with a shot that tore up the earth about them, and put them to a hasty flight. If that ball had struck its mark, much bloodshed might have been prevented ; for we learned subsequently that our illustrious visitors were Proctor and Tecumseh. The garrison was immediately employed in cutting deep traverses through the fort, taking down the tents and preparing for a siege. The work accomplished in a few hours, under the excitement of the occasion, was prodigious.

The grand traverse being completed, each mess was ordered to excavate, under the embankment, suitable lodgings, as substitutes for our tents. Those rooms were shot-proof and bomb-proof, except in the event of a shell falling in the traverse and at the mouth of a cave.

The above works were scarcely completed before it was discovered that the enemy, under cover of night, had constructed batteries on a commanding hill north of the river. There their artillery men were posted ; but the principal part of their army occupied the old English fort below. Their Indian allies appeared to have a roving commission, for they beset us on every side. The cannonading commenced in good earnest on both sides. It was, however, more constant on the British side, because they had a more extensive mark to batter. We had nothing to fire at but their batteries, but they were coolly and deliberately attended to ; and it was believed that more than one of their guns were dismounted during the siege.

One of our militia-men took his station on the embankment, and gratuitously forewarned us of every shot. In this he became so skilful, that he could, in almost every case, predict the destination of the ball. As soon as the smoke issued from the muzzle of the gun, he would cry out "shot," or "bomb," as the case might be. Sometimes he would exclaim, "block-house No. 1," or "look out, main battery ;" "now for the meat-house ;" "good-by, if you will pass." In spite of all the expostulations of his friends, he maintained his post. One day there came a shot that seemed to defy all his calculations. He stood silent—motionless—perplexed. In the same instant he was swept into eternity. Poor man ! he should have considered, that when there was no obliquity in the issue of the smoke, either to the right or left, above or below, the fatal messenger would travel in the direct line of his vision. He reminded me of the peasant, in the siege of Jerusalem, who cried out, "Woe to the city ! woe to the temple ! woe to myself !" On the most active day of the investment there were as many as five hundred cannon balls and bombs* thrown at our fort.

* A large number of cannon balls were thrown into the fort, from the batteries on the opposite side of the river. Being short of a supply, Harrison offered a gill of whiskey for

Meantime the Indians, climbing up into the trees, fired incessantly upon us. Such was their distance, that many of their balls barely reached us, and fell harmless to the ground. Occasionally they inflicted dangerous and even fatal wounds. The number killed in the fort was small, considering the profusion of powder and ball expended on us. About eighty were slain, many wounded, and several had to suffer the amputation of limbs. The most dangerous duty which we performed within the precincts of the fort was in covering the magazine. Previous to this, the powder had been deposited in wagons, and these stationed in the traverse. Here there was no security against bombs; it was therefore thought to be prudent to remove the powder into a small block-house, and cover it with earth. The enemy, judging our designs from our movements, now directed all their shot to this point. Many of their balls were red-hot. Wherever they struck, they raised a cloud of smoke, and made a frightful hissing. An officer, passing our quarters, said, "Boys, who will volunteer to cover the magazine?" Fool-like, away several of us went. As soon as we reached the spot, there came a ball and took off one man's head. The spades and dirt flew faster than any of us had before witnessed. In the midst of our job, a bomb-shell fell on the roof, and lodging on one of the braces it spun round for a moment. Every soldier fell prostrate on his face, and with breathless horror awaited the vast explosion which we expected would crown all our earthly sufferings. Only one of all the gang presumed to reason on the case. He silently argued that, as the shell had not burst as quick as usual, there might be something wrong in its arrangement. If it burst where it was, and the magazine exploded, there could be no escape: it was death anyhow; so he sprang to his feet, seized a boat-hook, and pulling the hissing missile to the ground, and jerking the smoking match from its socket, discovered that the shell was filled with inflammable matter, which, if once ignited, would have wrapped the whole building in a sheet of flame. This circumstance added wings to our shovels; and we were right glad when the officer said, "That will do: go to your lines."

UNDERWOOD'S NARRATIVE OF DUDLEY'S DEFEAT AND MASSACRE.

The following particulars of the defeat of Colonel Dudley were published in a public print many years since by Joseph R. Underwood, who was present on the occasion, in the capacity of lieutenant in a volunteer company of Kentuckians, commanded by Captain John C. Morrison.

After a fatiguing march of more than a month, General Clay's brigade found itself, on the night of the 4th of May, on board of open boats, lashed to the left bank of Miami of the Lakes, near the head of the rapids, and within hearing of the cannon at Fort Meigs, which was then besieged by the British and Indians.

every cannon ball delivered to the magazine keeper, Mr. Thomas L. Hawkins, now residing at Lower Sandusky. Over 1000 gills of whiskey were thus earned by the soldiers.

For safety against bombs, each man had a hole dug under ground in rear of the grand traverse, which, being covered over with plank, and earth on top, fully protected them. When the cry *bomb* was heard, the soldiers either threw themselves upon the ground, or ran to the holes for safety. A bomb is most destructive when it bursts in the air, but it rarely explodes in that way: it usually falls with so much force as to penetrate the earth, and, when it explodes, flies upwards and in an angular direction, in consequence of the pressure of the earth beneath and at its sides; consequently, a person lying on the ground is comparatively safe.

A heavy rain at last filled up the holes, rendering them uninhabitable, and the men were obliged to temporarily sleep in their tents. Then every once in a while, the startling cry, "BOMB!" aroused them from their slumbers. Rushing from their tents, they watched the course of the fiery messenger of death, as it winged its way through the midnight sky, and if it fell near, fall flat upon the ground; otherwise, returned to their tents, only to be aroused again and again by the startling cry. So harassing was this, so accustomed had the men become to the danger, and so overpowering the desire for sleep, that many of the soldiers remained in their tents locked in the embrace of sleep, determined, as one said, not to be disturbed in their slumbers "if ten thousand bombs burst all around them."—H. H.

Very early on the morning of the 5th we set off, and soon began to pass the rapids. We were hailed by a man from the right bank, who proved to be Captain Hamilton, of the Ohio troops, with orders from General Harrison, then commanding at the fort. He was taken to the boat of General Clay, and from that to Colonel Dudley's, this last being in advance of the whole line. Captain Morrison's company occupied the boat in which the colonel descended. It being a damp, unpleasant morning, I was lying in the stern, wrapped in my blanket, not having entirely recovered from a severe attack of the measles. I learned that we were to land on the left bank, storm the British batteries erected for the purpose of annoying the fort; but what further orders were given I did not ascertain. Hearing that we were certainly to fight, I began to look upon all surrounding objects as things which to me might soon disappear forever, and my mind reverted to my friends at home, to bid them a final farewell. These reflections produced a calm melancholy, but nothing like trepidation or alarm.

My reveries were dissipated by the landing of the boat, about a mile or two above the point of attack. Shortly before we landed we were fired upon by some Indians from the right bank of the river, and I understood that Captain Clarke was wounded in the head. The fire was returned from our boats, and the Indians fled, as if to give intelligence of our approach. Captain Price and Lieutenant Sanders, of the regular army, landed with us and partook in the engagement, having under command a few regular soldiers, but I think not a full company. The whole number of troops that landed amounted probably to 700 men. We were formed on the shore in three parallel lines, and ordered to march for the battery at right angles with the river; and so far as I understood the plan of attack, one line was to form the line of battle in the rear of the battery, parallel with the river; the other two lines to form one above and one below the battery, at right angles to the river. The lines thus formed were ordered to advance, and did so, making as little noise as possible—the object being to surprise the enemy at their battery. Before we reached the battery, however, we were discovered by some straggling Indians, who fired upon us and then retreated. Our men pleased at seeing them run, and perceiving that we were discovered, no longer deemed silence necessary, and raised a tremendous shout. This was the first intimation that the enemy received of our approach, and it so alarmed them that they abandoned the battery without making any resistance.

In effectuating the plan of attack, Captain J. C. Morrison's company were thrown upon the river, above the battery. While passing through a thicket of hazel, toward the river, in forming the line of battle, I saw Colonel Dudley for the last time. He was greatly excited; he railed at me for not keeping my men better dressed. I replied, that he must perceive from the situation of the ground, and the obstacles that we had to encounter, that it was impossible. When we came within a small distance from the river, we halted. The enemy at this place had gotten in the rear of our line, formed parallel with the river, and were firing upon our troops. Captain J. C. Morrison's company did not long remain in this situation. Having nothing to do, and being without orders, we determined to march our company out and join the combatants. We did so accordingly. In passing out, we fell on the left of the whole regiment, and were soon engaged in a severe conflict. The Indians endeavored to flank and surround us. We drove them between one and two miles, directly back from the river. They hid behind trees and logs, and poured upon us, as we advanced, a most destructive fire. We were from time to time ordered to charge. The orders were passed along the lines, our field officers being on foot. . . . Shortly after this, Captain J. C. Morrison was shot through the temples. The ball passing behind the eyes and cutting the optic nerve, deprived him of his sight. . . . Having made the best arrangement for the safety of my much esteemed captain that circumstances allowed, I took charge of the company and continued the battle. We made several charges afterwards, and drove the enemy a considerable distance. . . .

At length orders were passed along the line directing us to fall back and keep up a retreating fire. As soon as this movement was made, the Indians were greatly encouraged, and advanced upon us with the most horrid yells. Once or twice the officers succeeded in producing a temporary halt and a fire on the Indians, but the soldiers of the different companies soon became mixed—confusion ensued—and a general rout took place.

The retreating army made its way towards the batteries, where I supposed we should be able to form and repel the pursuing Indians. They were now so close in the rear as to frequently shoot down those who were before me. About this time I received a ball in my back which yet remains in my body. It struck me with a stunning, deadening force, and I fell on my hands and knees. I rose and threw my waistcoat open to see whether it had passed through me; finding it had not, I ran on, and had not proceeded more than a hundred or two yards before I was made a prisoner. In emerging from the woods into an open piece of ground near the battery we had taken, and before I knew what had happened, a soldier seized my sword and said to me, "Sir, you are my prisoner!" I looked before me and saw, with astonishment, the ground covered with muskets. The soldier, observing my astonishment, said, "Your army has surrendered," and received my sword. He ordered me to go forward and join the prisoners. I did so. The first man I met whom I recognized was Daniel Smith, of our company. With eyes full of tears he exclaimed, "Good Lord, lieutenant, what does all this mean?" I told him we were prisoners of war. . . .

On our march to the garrison the Indians began to strip us of our valuable clothing and other articles. One took my hat, another my hunting-shirt, and a third my waistcoat, so that I was soon left with nothing but my shirt and pantaloons. I saved my watch by concealing the chain, and it proved of great service to me afterwards. Having read, when a boy, Smith's narrative of his residence among the Indians, my idea of their character was that they treated those best who appeared the most fearless. Under this impression, as we marched down to the old garrison, I looked at those whom we met with all the sternness of countenance I could command. I soon caught the eye of a stout warrior painted red. He gazed at me with as much sternness as I did at him, until I came within striking distance, when he gave me a severe blow over the nose and cheek-bone with his wiping stick. I abandoned the notion acquired from Smith, and went on afterwards with as little display of hauteur and defiance as possible.

On our approach to the old garrison the Indians formed a line to the left of the road, there being a perpendicular bank to the right, on the margin of which the road passed. I perceived that the prisoners were running the gauntlet, and that the Indians were whipping, shooting and tomahawking the men as they ran by their line. When I reached the starting place I dashed off as fast as I was able, and ran near the muzzles of their guns, knowing that they would have to shoot me while I was immediately in front, or let me pass, for to have turned their guns up or down the lines to shoot me would have endangered themselves as there was a curve in their line. In this way I passed without injury, except some strokes over the shoulders with their gun-sticks. As I entered the ditch around the garrison the man before me was shot and fell, and I fell over him. The passage for a while was stopped by those who fell over the dead man and myself. How many lives were lost at this place I cannot tell—probably between twenty and forty. The brave Capt. Lewis was among the number.

When we got within the walls we were ordered to sit down. I lay in the lap of Mr. Gilpin, a soldier of Capt. Henry's company, from Woodford. A new scene commenced. An Indian, painted black, mounted the dilapidated wall, and shot one of the prisoners next to him. He reloaded and shot a second, the ball passing through him into the hip of another, who afterwards died, I was informed, at Cleveland, of the wound. The savage then laid down his gun and drew his tomahawk, with which he killed two others. When he drew his toma-

hawk and jumped down among the men, they endeavored to escape from him by leaping over the heads of each other, and thereby to place others between themselves and danger. Thus they were heaped upon one another, and as I did not rise they trampled upon me so that I could see nothing that was going on. The confusion and uproar of this moment cannot be adequately described. There was an excitement among the Indians, and a fierceness in their conversation, which betokened on the part of some a strong disposition to massacre the whole of us. The British officers and soldiers seemed to interpose to prevent the further effusion of blood. Their expression was, "*Oh, niehee wah!*" meaning, "Oh! brother, quit!" After the Indian who had occasioned this horrible scene had scalped and stripped his victims he left us, and a comparative calm ensued. The prisoners resumed their seats on the ground. While thus situated, a tall, stout Indian walked into the midst of us, drew a long butcher knife from his belt and commenced whetting it. As he did so he looked around among the prisoners, apparently selecting one for the gratification of his vengeance. I viewed his conduct, and thought it probable that he was to give the signal for a general massacre; but, after exciting our fears sufficiently for his satisfaction, he gave a contemptuous grunt and went out from among us.

About this time, but whether before or after I do not distinctly recollect, Col. Elliott and Tecumseh, the celebrated Indian chief, rode into the garrison. When Elliott came to where Thomas Moore, of Clarke county, stood, the latter addressed him, and inquired, "If it was compatible with the honor of a civilized nation, such as the British claimed to be, to suffer defenceless prisoners to be murdered by savages?" Elliott desired to know who he was. Moore replied that he was nothing but a private in Capt. Morrison's company; and the conversation ended. . . . Elliott was an old man; his hair might have been termed, with more propriety, white than gray, and to my view he had more of the savage in his countenance than Tecumseh. This celebrated chief was a noble, dignified personage. He wore an elegant broadsword, and was dressed in the Indian costume. His face was finely proportioned, his nose inclined to be aquiline, and his eye displayed none of that savage and ferocious triumph common to the other Indians on that occasion. He seemed to regard us with unmoved composure, and I thought a beam of mercy shone in his countenance, tempering the spirit of vengeance inherent in his race against the American people. I saw him only on horseback. . . .

Shortly after the massacre in the old garrison I was the subject of a generous act. A soldier, with whom I had no acquaintance, feeling compassion for my situation, stripped off my clothes, muddy and bleeding, and offered me his hunting-shirt, which the Indians had not taken from him. At first I declined receiving it, but he pressed it upon me with an earnestness that indicated great magnanimity. I inquired his name and residence. He said that his name was James Boston, that he lived in Clarke county, and belonged to Capt. Clarke's company. I have never since seen him, and regret that I should never be able to recall his features if I were to see him.

Upon the arrival of Elliott and Tecumseh, we were directed to stand up and form in lines, I think four deep, in order to be counted. After we were thus arranged a scene transpired scarcely less affecting than that which I have before attempted faintly to describe. The Indians began to select the young men whom they intended to take with them to their towns. Numbers were carried off. I saw Corporal Smith, of our company, bidding farewell to his friends, and pointing to the Indian with whom he was to go. I never heard of his return. The young men, learning their danger, endeavored to avoid it by crowding into the centre, where they could not be so readily reached. I was told that a quizzical youth, of diminutive size, near the outside, seeing what was going on, threw himself upon his hands and knees, and rushed through the legs of his comrades, exclaiming, "*Root, little hog, or die!*"

Such is the impulse of self-preservation, and such the levity with which men inured to danger will regard it. Owing to my wound I could not scuffle, and was thrust to the outside. An Indian came up to me and gave me a piece of meat. I took this for proof that he intended carrying me off with him. Thinking it the best policy to act with confidence, I made a sign to him to give me his butcher knife—which he did. I divided the meat with those who stood near me, reserving a small piece for myself—more as a show of politeness to the savage than to gratify any appetite I had for it. After I had eaten it and returned the knife, he turned and left me. When it was near night we were taken in open boats about nine miles down the river, to the British shipping. On the day after, we were visited by the Indians in their bark canoes in order to make a display of their scalps. These they strung on a pole, perhaps two inches in diameter, and about eight feet high. The pole was set up perpendicularly in the bow of their canoes, and near the top the scalps were fastened. On some poles I saw four or five. Each scalp was drawn closely over a hoop about four inches in diameter, and the flesh sides, I thought, were painted red.

Thus their canoes were decorated with a flag-staff of a most appropriate character, bearing human scalps, the horrid ensigns of savage warfare. We remained six days on board the vessel—those of us, I mean, who were sick and wounded. The whole of us were discharged on parole. The officers signed an instrument in writing, pledging their honors not to serve against the king of Great Britain and his allies during the war, unless regularly exchanged. It was inquired whether the Indians were included in the term "allies." The only answer was, "that his majesty's allies were known." The wounded and sick were taken in a vessel commanded by Capt. Stewart, at the mouth, I think, of Vermillion river, and there put on shore. I afterwards saw Capt. Stewart a prisoner of war at Frankfort, Kentucky, together with a midshipman who played "Yankee Doodle" on a flute, by way of derision, when *we* were first taken on board *his* vessel. Such is the fortune of war. They were captured by Commodore Perry in the battle of lake Erie. I visited Capt. Stewart to requite his kindness to me when, like him, I was a prisoner.

THE BRITISH ACCOUNT OF THE SIEGE OF FORT MEIGS.

The following is a British account of the siege of Fort Meigs, from the *London New Monthly Magazine* for December, 1826, written by an officer in their army :

Far from being discouraged by the discomfiture of their armies under Generals Hull and Winchester, the Americans despatched a third and more formidable one under one of their most experienced commanders, Gen. Harrison, who, on reaching Fort Meigs, shortly subsequent to the affair at Frenchtown, directed his attention to the erection of works, which in some measure rendered his position impregnable. Determined, if possible, to thwart the movements of the enemy, and give the finishing stroke to his movements in that quarter, Gen. Proctor (lately promoted) ordered an expedition to be in readiness to move for the Miami. Accordingly towards the close of April a detachment of the 41st, some militia and 1,500 Indians, accompanied by a train of battering artillery, and attended by two gun-boats, proceeded up that river and established themselves on the left bank, at the distance of a mile, and selected the site for our batteries.

The season was unusually wet, yet in defiance of every obstacle they were erected in the same night, in front of the American fortress, and the guns transported along the road in which the axle-trees of the carriages were frequently buried in mud. Among other battering pieces were two twenty-four pounders, in the transportation of which 200 men, with several oxen, were employed from 9 o'clock at night until daylight in the morning. At length, every precaution having been made, a gun fired from one of the boats was the signal for their opening, and early on the morning of the 1st of May a heavy fire was commenced, and con-

tinued for four days without intermission, during which period every one of the enemies' batteries were silenced and dismantled. The fire of the twenty-four pound battery was principally directed against the powder magazine, which the besieged were busily occupied in covering and protecting from our hot shot. It was impossible to have artillery better served: every shot that was fired sank into the roof of the magazine, scattering the earth to a considerable distance and burying many of the workmen in its bed, from which we could distinctly see their survivors dragging forth the bodies of their slaughtered companions. Meanwhile the flank companies of the 41st, with a few Indians, had been despatched to the opposite shore, within a few hundred yards of the enemy's works, and had constructed a battery, from which a galling cross-fire was sustained.

Dismayed at the success of our exertions, Gen. Harrison, before our arrival, already apprised of the approach of a reinforcement of 1,500 men, then descending the Miami, under Gen. Clay, contrived to despatch a courier on the evening of the 4th, with an order to that officer to land immediately and possess himself of our batteries on the left bank, while he (Gen. Harrison) sallied forth to carry those on the right. Accordingly, early on the morning of the 5th, Gen. Clay pushed forward the whole of his force, and meeting with no opposition at the batteries, which were entirely unsupported, proceeded to spike the guns, in conformity with his instructions; but elated with his success, and disobeying the positive orders of his chief, which was to retire the instant the object was effected, continued to occupy the position. In the meantime, the flying artillerymen had given the alarm, and three companies of the 41st, several of militia, and a body of Indians, the latter under command of their celebrated chieftain, Tecumseh, were ordered to immediately move and repossess themselves of the works. The rain, which had commenced falling in the morning, continued to fall with violence, and the road, as has already been described, was knee-deep in mud; yet the men advanced to the assault with the utmost alacrity and determination.

The enemy, on our approach, had sheltered themselves behind the batteries, affording them every facility of defence. Yet they were driven at the point of the bayonet from each in succession, until eventually not a man was left in the plain. Flying to the woods, the murderous fire of the Indians drove them back upon their pursuers, so that they had no possibility of escape. A vast number were killed, and independently of the prisoners taken by the Indians, 450, with their second in command, fell into our hands. Every man of the detachment, on this occasion, acquitted himself to the entire satisfaction of his superiors. Among the most conspicuous for gallantry was Major Chambers, of the 41st, acting deputy quarter-general to the division. Supported by merely four or five followers, this meritorious officer advanced under a shower of bullets from the enemy, and carried one of the batteries, sword in hand. A private of the same regiment being opposed, in an isolated condition, to three Americans, contrived to disarm them and render them his prisoners. On joining his company at the close of the affair, he excited much mirth among his comrades, in consequence of the singular manner in which he appeared, sweating beneath the weight of arms he had secured as trophies of victory, and driving his captives before him with an indifference and carelessness which contrasted admirably with the occasion. Of the whole of the division under Gen. Clay, scarce 200 men effected their escape. Among the fugitives was that officer himself. The sortie made by Gen. Harrison, at the head of the principal part of the garrison, had a different result. The detachment supporting the battery already described were driven from their position, and two officers, Lieutenants M'Intyre and Hailes, and thirty men were made prisoners. Meanwhile it had been discovered that the guns on the left bank, owing to some error on the part of the enemy, had been spiked with the ramrods of the muskets, instead of the usual instruments: they were speedily rendered serviceable, and the fire from the batteries renewed. At this moment a white flag was observed waving on the ramparts of the fort, and the courage and perseverance of

the troops appeared about to be crowned with the surrender of a fortress, the siege of which had cost them so much toil and privation. Such, however, was far from being the intention of Gen. Harrison. Availing himself of the cessation of hostilities which necessarily ensued, he caused the officers and men just captured to be sent across the river for the purpose of being exchanged ; but this was only a feint for the accomplishment of a more important object.

Drawing up his whole force, cavalry and infantry, on the plain beneath the fortress, he caused such of the boats of General Clay's division as were laden with ammunition, in which the garrison stood in much need, to be dropped under the works, and the stores immediately disembarked. All this took place in the period occupied for the exchange of prisoners. The remaining boats, containing the private baggage and stores of the division, fell into the hands of the Indians still engaged in the pursuit of the fugitives, and the plunder they acquired was immense. General Harrison having secured his stores, and received the officers and men exchanged for his captives, withdrew into the garrison, and the bombardment was recommenced.

The victory obtained at the Miami was such as to reflect credit on every branch of the service ; but the satisfaction arising from the conviction was deeply embittered by an act of cruelty, which, as the writer of an impartial memoir, it becomes my painful duty to record. In the heat of the action, a strong corps of the enemy, which had thrown down their arms and surrendered prisoners of war, were immediately despatched under an escort of 50 men, for the purpose of being embarked in the gun-boats, where it was presumed they would be safe from the attacks of the Indians. This measure, although dictated by the purest humanity, and apparently offering the most probable means of security, proved of fatal import to several of the prisoners.

On reaching our encampment, then entirely deserted by the troops, they were met by a band of cowardly and treacherous Indians, who had borne no share in the action, yet who now, guided by the savage instinct of their nature, approached the column, and selecting their victims commenced the work of blood. In vain did the harassed and indignant escort endeavor to save them from the fury of their destroyers. The frenzy of these wretches knew no bounds, and an old and excellent soldier named Russell, of the 41st, was shot through the heart, while endeavoring to wrest a victim from the grasp of his murderer. Forty of these unhappy men had already fallen beneath the steel of the infuriated party, when Tecumseh, apprised of what was doing, rode up at full speed, and raising his tomahawk, threatened to destroy the first man who refused to desist. Even on those lawless people, to whom the language of coercion had hitherto been unknown, the threats and tone of the exasperated chieftain produced an instantaneous effect, and they retired at once humiliated and confounded.*

The survivors of this melancholy catastrophe were immediately conveyed on

* Drake, in his life of Tecumseh, in quoting a letter from Wm. G. Ewing to John H. James, Esq., of Urbana, gives full particulars of Tecumseh's interference on this occasion, which we here copy.

"While this bloodthirsty carnage was raging, a thundering voice was heard in the rear, in the Indian tongue, when, turning round, he saw Tecumseh coming with all the rapidity his horse could carry him, until he drew near to where two Indians had an American, and were in the act of killing him. He sprang from his horse, caught one by the throat and the other by the breast, and threw them to the ground ; drawing his tomahawk and scalping knife, he ran in between the Americans and Indians, brandishing them with the fury of a madman, and daring any one of the hundreds that surrounded him to attempt to murder another American. They all appeared confounded, and immediately desisted. His mind appeared rent with passion, and he exclaimed almost with tears in his eyes, "Oh ! what will become of my Indians ?" He then demanded in an authoritative tone where Proctor was ; but casting his eye upon him at a small distance, sternly inquired why he had not put a stop to the inhuman massacre. "Sir," said Proctor, "your Indians cannot be commanded." "Be-gone," retorted Tecumseh, with the greatest disdain, "you are unfit to command ; go and put on *petticoats*."

board the gun-boats, moored in the river, and every precaution having been taken to prevent a renewal of the scene, the escorting party proceeded to the interment of the victims, to whom the rites of sepulture were afforded, even before those of our own men who had fallen in the action. Col. Dudley, second in command of Gen. Clay's division, was among the number of the slain.

On the evening of the second day after this event I accompanied Maj. Muir, of the 41st, in a ramble throughout the encampment of the Indians, distant some few hundred yards from our own. The spectacle there offered to our view was at once of the most ludicrous and revolting nature. In various directions were lying the trunks and boxes taken in the boats of the American division, and the plunderers were busily occupied in displaying their riches, carefully examining each article, and attempting to define its use. Several were decked out in the uniforms of the officers; and although embarrassed in the last degree in their movements, and dragging with difficulty the heavy military boots with which their legs were for the first time covered, strutted forth much to the admiration of their less fortunate comrades. Some were habited in plain clothes; others had their bodies clad with clean white shirts, contrasting in no ordinary manner with the swarthiness of their skins; all wore some articles of decoration, and their tents were ornamented with saddles, bridles, rifles, daggers, swords and pistols, many of which were handsomely mounted and of curious workmanship. Such was the ridiculous part of the picture; but mingled with these, and in various directions, were to be seen the scalps of the slain drying in the sun, stained on the fleshy side with vermilion dyes, and dangling in air, as they hung suspended from the poles to which they were attached, together with hoops of various sizes, on which were stretched portions of human skin, taken from various parts of the human body, principally the hand and foot, and yet covered with the nails of those parts; while scattered along the ground were visible the members from which they had been separated, and serving as nutriment to the wolf-dogs by which the savages were accompanied.

As we continued to advance into the heart of the encampment a scene of a more disgusting nature arrested our attention. Stopping at the entrance of a tent occupied by the Minoumini tribe we observed them seated around a large fire, over which was suspended a kettle containing their meal. Each warrior had a piece of string hanging over the edge of the vessel, and to this was suspended a food which, it will be presumed we heard not without loathing, consisted of a part of an American; any expression of our feelings, as we declined the invitation they gave us to join in their repast, would have been resented by the Indians without much ceremony. We had, therefore, the prudence to excuse ourselves under the plea that we had already taken our food, and we hastened to remove from a sight so revolting to humanity.

Since the affair of the 5th the enemy continued to keep themselves shut up within their works, and the bombardment, although carried on with vigor, had effected no practicable breach. From the account given by the officers captured during the sortie it appears that, with a perseverance and toil peculiar to themselves, the Americans had constructed subterranean passages to protect them from the annoyance of our shells, which sinking into the clay, softened by the incessant rains that had fallen, instead of exploding were speedily extinguished. Impatient of longer privations, and anxious to return to their families and occupations, numbers of the militia withdrew themselves in small bodies, and under cover of the night; while the majority of Indians, enriched by plunder and languishing under the tediousness of a mode of warfare so different from their own, with less ceremony and caution, left us to prosecute the siege as we could.

Tecumseh, at the head of his own tribe (the Shawnees), and a few others, amounting in all to about 400 warriors, continued to remain. The troops also were worn down with constant fatigue; for here, as in every other expedition against the enemy, few even of the officers had tents to shield them from the

weather. A few pieces of bark torn from the trees and covering the skeleton of a hut was their only habitation, and they were merely separated from the damp earth on which they lay by a few scattered leaves, on which was generally spread a blanket by the men and a cloak by the officers. Hence, frequently arose dysentery, ague, and the various ills to which an army encamped on a wet and unhealthy ground is inevitably subject; and fortunate was he who possessed the skin of a bear or buffalo, on which he could repose his wearied limbs, after a period of suffering and privation, which those who have never served in the wilds of America can with difficulty comprehend. Such was the position of the contending parties towards the middle of May, when Gen. Proctor, despairing to effect the reduction of the fort, caused preparations to be made for the raising the siege. Accordingly the gun-boats ascended the river, and anchored under the batteries, the guns of which were conveyed on board under a heavy fire from the enemy. The whole being secured, the expedition returned to Amherstburg; the Americans remained tranquil within their works, and suffered us to depart unmolested.

THE SECOND SIEGE OF FORT MEIGS.

Gen. Harrison having repaired the fort from the damage occasioned by the siege, left for the interior of the State to organize new levies, and entrusted the command to Gen. Green Clay. The enemy returned to Malden, where the Canadian militia were disbanded. Shortly after commenced the *second siege* of Fort Meigs.

On the 20th of July the boats of the enemy were discovered ascending the Miami to Fort Meigs, and the following morning a party of ten men were surprised by the Indians, and only three escaped death or capture. The force which the enemy had now before the post was 5,000 men under Proctor and Tecumseh, and the number of Indians was greater than any ever before assembled on any occasion during the war, while the defenders of the fort amounted to but a few hundred.

The night of their arrival Gen. Green Clay despatched Capt. McCune, of the Ohio militia, to Gen. Harrison, at Lower Sandusky, to notify him of the presence of the enemy. Capt. M'Cune was ordered to return and inform Gen. Clay to be particularly cautious against surprise, and that every effort would be made to relieve the fort.

It was Gen. Harrison's intention, should the enemy lay regular siege to the fort, to select 400 men, and by an unfrequented route reach there in the night, and at any hazard break through the lines of the enemy.

Capt. M'Cune was sent out a second time with the intelligence to Harrison that about 800 Indians had been seen from the fort, passing up the Miami, designing, it was supposed, to attack Fort Winchester at Defiance. The general, however, believed it was a ruse of the enemy to cover their design upon Upper or Lower Sandusky, or Cleveland, and kept out a reconnoitring party to watch.

On the afternoon of the 25th Capt. M'Cune was ordered by Harrison to return to the fort, and inform Gen. Clay of his situation and intentions. He arrived near the fort about daybreak on the following morning, having lost his way in the night, accompanied by James Doolan, a French Canadian.

They were just upon the point of leaving the forest and entering upon the cleared ground around the fort when they were intercepted by a party of Indians. They immediately took to the high bank with their horses, and retreated at full gallop up the river for several miles, pursued by the Indians, also mounted, until they came to a deep ravine, putting up from the river in a southerly direction, when they turned upon the river bottom and continued a short distance, until they found their further progress in that direction stopped by an impassable swamp. The Indians foreseeing their dilemma, from their knowledge of the country, and expecting they would naturally follow up the ravine, galloped thither to head them off. M'Cune guessed their intentions, and he and his companion turned back upon their own track for the fort, gaining, by this manoeuvre, several hundred yards upon their pursuers. The Indians gave a yell of chagrin, and followed at their utmost speed. Just as they neared the fort M'Cune dashed into a thicket across his course, on the opposite side of which other Indians were huddled, awaiting their prey. When this body of Indians had thought them all but in their possession, again was the presence of mind of M'Cune signally displayed. He wheeled his horse, followed by Doolan, made his way out of the thicket by the passage he had entered, and galloped round into the open space between them and the river, where the pursuers were checked by the fire from the block-house at the western angle of the fort. In a few minutes after their arrival their horses dropped from fatigue. The Indians probably had orders to take them alive, as they had not fired until just as they entered the fort; but in the chase M'Cune had great difficulty in persuading

Doolan to reserve his fire until the last extremity, and they therefore brought in their pieces loaded.

The opportune arrival of M'Cune no doubt saved the fort, as the intelligence he brought was the means of preserving them from an ingeniously devised stratagem of Tecumseh, which was put into execution that day, and which we here relate.

Towards evening the British infantry were secreted in the ravine below the fort, and the cavalry in the woods above, while the Indians were stationed in the forest, on the Sandusky road, not far from the fort. About an hour before dark they commenced a sham battle among themselves, to deceive the Americans into the belief that a battle was going on between them and a reinforcement for the fort, in the hopes of enticing the garrison to the aid of their comrades. It was managed with so much skill that the garrison instantly flew to arms, impressed by the Indian yells, intermingled with the roar of musketry, that a severe battle was being fought. The officers even of the highest grades were of that opinion, and some of them insisted upon being suffered to march out to the rescue. Gen. Clay, although unable to account for the firing, could not believe that the general had so soon altered

his intention, as expressed to Capt. M'Cune, not to send or come with any troops to Fort Meigs, until there should appear further necessity for it. This intelligence in a great measure satisfied the officers, but not the men, who were extremely indignant at being prevented from going to share the dangers of their commander-in-chief and brother soldiers, and perhaps had it not been for the interposition of a shower of rain, which soon put an end to the battle, the general might have been persuaded to march out, when a terrible massacre of the troops would have ensued.

The enemy remained around the fort but one day after this, and on the 28th embarked with their stores and proceeded down the lake, and a few days after met with a severe repulse in their attempt to storm Fort Stephenson.

We are informed by a volunteer aid of Gen. Clay, who was in the fort at the second siege, that preparations were made to fire the magazine in case the enemy succeeded in an attempt to storm the fort, and thus involve all, friend and foe, in one common fate. This terrible alternative was deemed better than to perish under the tomahawks and scalping knives of the savages.

The soldiers of the northwestern army, while at Fort Meigs and elsewhere on duty, frequently beguiled their time by singing patriotic songs. A verse from one of them sufficiently indicates their general character :

Freemen, no longer bear such slaughter,
Avenge your country's cruel woe,
Arouse and save your wives and daughters,
Arouse, and expel the faithless foe.
CHORUS—*Scalps are bought at stated prices,
Malden pays the price in gold.*

Perrysburg in 1816.—Perrysburg, the [former] county-seat, named from Com. Perry, is 123 miles northwest of Columbus, on the Maumee river, just below Fort Meigs. It was laid out in 1816, at the head of navigation on the river. It contains 1 Presbyterian, 1 Methodist and 1 Universalist church, 2 newspaper printing offices, 8 mercantile stores, and had, by the census of 1840, 1,041 inhabitants. The building of steamers and sail vessels has been carried on here to a considerable extent. A canal for hydraulic purposes has been constructed here. It commences in the rapids of the Maumee, five miles above, and has eighteen feet fall, affording power sufficient to carry forty runs of stone.—*Old Edition.*

A correspondent, residing in Perrysburg, has communicated to us a sketch of the speculations which attracted so much attention to the Maumee valley at an early date.

The notable era of speculation, embracing 1834-6, and part of 1837, first attracted public attention to the Maumee valley as a commercial mart. From the mouth of the river to the foot of the rapids the country swarmed with adventurers. Those that did not regard any of the settlements (for neither of the beautiful villages of Toledo, Maumee or Perrysburg were more than settlements at that time) as the points designated by nature

and legislation for the great emporium, purchased tracts of land lying between and below these towns, and laid out cities. It would amuse one to take the recorded maps of some of these embryo cities, with the designated squares, parks and public buildings, and walk over the desolate sites of the cities themselves. *Manhattan*, at the mouth of the river; *Oregon*, five miles above; *Austerlitz*, six miles, and *Marengo*, nine miles, were

joint contenders, with the villages that have grown up, for the great prize. They all had their particular advantages. Manhattan based her claim upon the location at the exact debouchure of the river. Oregon, in addition to all the advantages claimed by the other towns, added the facilities of the location for engaging in the *pork* business, and her leading proprietor, in a placard posted up publicly in 1836, professed his belief that these particular advantages were greater even than those enjoyed by the city of Cincinnati. Marengo based her claims upon the fact that her location was at the foot of the rock bar, and therefore at the virtual head of navigation. The result of all this was that hundreds of young men, from the east and south,

flocked to this valley during the years above named with the hope of speedily amassing a fortune; and of this number it is not too much to say that full three-quarters, having no means at the commencement, and depending upon some bold stroke for success, left the valley before the close of the year 1837 hopelessly involved. All these towns, some eleven, if I recollect rightly, in number, still form a part of the primeval forests of the Maumee, most of them, after ruining their proprietors, have been vacated, and the sounding names by which they were known are a by-word, a reproach, or the butt end of the coarse jokes of the more recent and fortunate adventurers in the valley.—*Old Edition.*

PERRYSBURG is thirteen miles north of Bowling Green, nine miles southwest of Toledo, at the head of navigation, on the Maumee river and D. & M. R. R. It has 8 churches: 2 Presbyterian, 2 Lutheran, 2 Methodist, 1 Catholic, 1 Evangelical. City Officers, 1888: J. H. Pierce, mayor; T. B. Oblinger, clerk; J. H. Rheinfrank, treasurer; L. L. Fink, Marshal. Newspaper: *Journal*, Independent, James Timmons, editor and publisher. Bank: Citizens' (N. L. Hanson & Co.), N. L. Hanson, cashier.

Manufactures and Employees.—Perrysburg Mill and Elevator, 3 hands; S. P. Tolman, baskets, etc., 6; H. M. Hoover, hoops, 7.—*State Report, 1888.*

Population, in 1890, 1,747. School census, 1888, 710; S. M. Dick, superintendent schools. Capital invested in manufacturing establishments, \$20,535. Value of annual product, \$23,700.—*Ohio Labor Statistics, 1888.*

This is a pleasant, well-shaded village. The Maumee at this point is greatly expanded, embosoming an island in its centre. The site is well shown by the old view taken in 1846. It has a good public library, founded by a bequest of \$15,000 from Willard D. Way, Esq., who died in 1875, and by various benefactions will long be remembered pleasantly by the citizens. One of the curiosities of the place is the old hotel built in 1825 by Samuel Spafford, and later called the Norton Exchange. Many amusing scenes occurred in the early days of its history, when in court times the bench and bar for a large area of country were accustomed to make it their social headquarters.

There is an interesting story told of a bell which once did good service for the proprietor. The history of it is thus given in a late publication:



THE SPAFFORD EXCHANGE HOTEL.

THE STORY OF A BELL.

At the top of the little hotel at Elmore, in the adjoining county of Ottawa, is a bell with a peculiar history. It is now the property of Mr. D. B. Day, the proprietor of the house, who takes a pride in reciting its origin and subsequent tribulations. In 1825 Mr. Spafford built a tavern in Perrysburg, once the site of old Fort Meigs, of the war of 1812 fame.

In those days a hotel was not complete without a bell to call the guests to their meals, swung on the top of the building. Bell foundries were not so plentiful then as now, but after considerable inquiry Mr. Spafford heard of a man in Detroit who cast bells. Detroit, then in the Territory of Michigan, was quite a

remote point, as distance was then calculated ; but Spafford had to have a bell, and he finally made his way thither to have it cast. The bellman was found and the job undertaken, but when the foundry endeavored to make the cast, it was discovered that there was not metal enough. Here was a dilemma, but Spafford was equal to the emergency. He took thirty-six Spanish dollars and threw them into the molten mass, and the bell was his.

With his treasure, worth almost its weight in gold, Spafford returned to Perrysburg and hung the bell up in a tree in his yard, so that it might be investigated by the curious. The Indians, who were then quite plentiful in and about Perrysburg, were caught by the novel attraction. They climbed the tree where the bell was hung, and kept it ringing day and night until the thing became an intolerable nuisance, and Spafford had about concluded to take it down when the Indians relieved him by stealing the bell and carrying it away.

This act made Spafford furious, and he determined to recover it if it cost him his life. Securing the services of Sam Brady, an old scout who had killed a score or more of Indians, and Frank McCallister, the first white man who had settled at Perrysburg, they started toward Upper Sandusky. They travelled three days and nights, and on the morning of the fourth day, while they were eating breakfast, they heard the bell in the distance.

Hastily finishing their meal they hurried in the direction from whence the sound came, and soon beheld a sight that was laughable in the extreme. The Indians had tied the bell around the neck of a pony, and the whole tribe, bucks, squaws and youngsters, armed with hickory switches, were running the poor animal around an open space at the top of its speed, meanwhile yelling like demons as an accompaniment to the furious ringing of the bell.

Spafford and his companions made a charge on the crowd, and soon succeeded in driving the pony away from the village, where they could secure the bell without trouble, which they did, and got safely home without being pursued or having any fight with the Indians. The bell was taken back to Perrysburg, where it remained for many years, performing the mission for which it was cast. When Mr. Spafford died it became the property of his daughter, Mrs. Day, whose husband is the hotel man at Elmore, and it still rings out as clearly, each meal time, as it did when it first came to Ohio.

BOWLING GREEN, county-seat of Wood, about 100 miles northwest of Columbus, twenty-one miles south of Toledo, is at the eastern terminus of the Bowling Green R. R., and on the T. C. & S. R. R. Natural gas wells here have a flow of more than 25,000,000 cubic feet per day. County officers, 1888 : Auditor, John B. Wilson ; Clerk, Alanson L. Muir ; Commissioners, Frank M. Thompson, Jacob Stahl, Edward B. Beverstock ; Coroner, Andrew J. Orme ; Infirmary Directors, Michael Amos, Jr., Wilson Patterson, John Isch, Jr. ; Probate Judge, Frank M. Young ; Prosecuting Attorney, Robert S. Parker ; Recorder, Christopher Finkbeiner ; Sheriff, Milton F. Miles ; Surveyor, Ferdinand Wenz ; Treasurer, William R. Noyes. City officers, 1888 : B. L. Abbott, Mayor ; Ira C. Taber, Clerk ; W. H. Smith, Treasurer ; Richard Biggs, Marshal. Newspapers : *Wood County Democrat*, Democratic, W. B. & R. T. Dobson, editors ; *Wood County Gazette*, Republican, A. W. Rudolph, editor ; *Wood County Sentinel*, Republican, M. P. Brewer, editor. Churches : 1 Presbyterian, 1 United Brethren, 1 Methodist, 1 Baptist, 1 Catholic, and 1 Christian. Banks : Commercial (Royce, Smith & Coon), W. H. Smith, cashier ; Exchange (Reed & Merry), M. L. Case, cashier.

Manufactures and Employees.—Crystal City Glass Co., bottles, etc., 95 hands ; Buckeye Novelty Glass Co., flint glass goods, 74 ; J. R. Hankey, sash, doors, etc., 20 ; J. H. Bigelow, planing mill, 5 ; The Lythgoe Glass Co., glass hollow-ware, 109 ; Bowling Green Window Glass Co., window glass, 104 ; Cramer & Reider, flour, etc., 4 ; Bowling Green Machine Co., general machine work, 3 ; Royce & Coon, grain elevator, etc., 5 ; Royce & Coon, feed mill, 3.—*State Report, 1888*

Population, 1880, 1,539. School census, 1888, 774; D. E. Niver, school superintendent. Capital invested in manufacturing establishments, \$100,000. Value of annual product, \$100,000.—*Ohio Labor Statistics, 1888*. Census, 1890, 3,521.

GAS, OIL, LIME, ETC.

The city of Bowling Green is situated upon a slightly elevated plateau, in the centre of one of the best of agricultural regions. Wood county, of which it is the county-seat, ranks as one of the most fertile in the State. At the Centennial Exposition, held in Columbus in 1886, this county was awarded a prize of \$500 for the finest exhibition of agricultural products. As a result of the development of the oil and gas interests in Bowling Green and its vicinity, and the consequent location of manufacturing and other enterprises, the city had a phenomenal increase in population in a very short period of time. Within two years more than 300 residences and business houses were built, and so rapidly filled with merchants, professional men and artisans, that the demand for homes and business locations remained larger than the supply. Hotels, banks and schools were increased in capacity and number, and then were taxed to their utmost limits. Within a few weeks, from having been a trading centre for an outlying farming district, the city became a commercial and manufacturing centre of great importance.

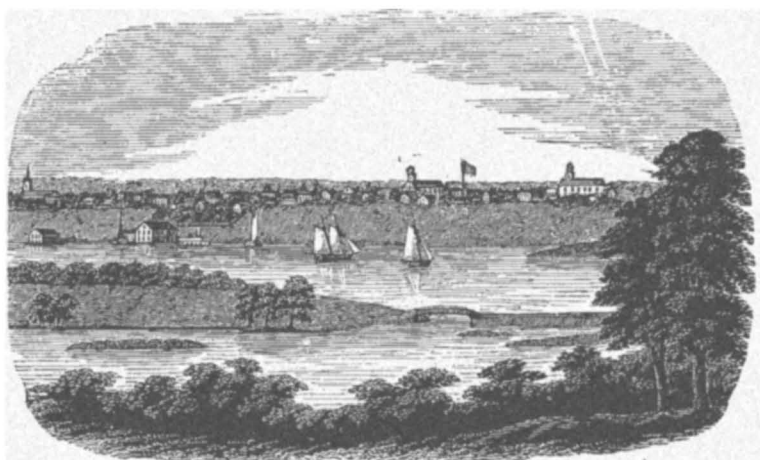
The principal Ohio gas measures begin at Bowling Green, and extend south for thirty miles or more, Findlay and Bowling Green being the two principal centres. A straight line between these two points would intersect the oil and gas fields; to the west of this line the drilling of a well would be quite certain to produce oil, while east of this line gas is almost sure to be struck.

Tributary to Bowling Green, and within Wood county, is the great North Baltimore oil field. The first great flowing well in this field was struck in December, 1886, two miles north of North Columbus. It was known as the "Fulton well." Oil shot a hundred feet into the air, and flooded the land round about before provision could be made for storing it. The output was a hundred barrels an hour. The "Royce Gusher" was the next great well, and its first production was two hundred and forty barrels in fifty minutes. Great excitement followed these discoveries, and all available lands were soon taken up by oil leases of prospectors and speculators. Other wells of large capacity were rapidly developed, and a large part of the territory passed into the control of the Standard Oil Company, whose policy it is to limit supply.

The natural gas development in the central and southern townships of Wood county was as remarkable as those in oil. Its abundance and cheapness brought to Bowling Green and also to North Columbus a large number of manufacturing and other enterprises, notably glass factories, which were enabled to produce their goods from what was almost free raw material and free fuel. Mines of valuable sand for glass manufacturing are located in Lucas county, near at hand. The sand is of a superior quality and can be procured at a lower price than is paid in other localities. The glass manufactories constitute the most important interest in Bowling Green. They are five in number, employing more than five hundred workmen. The most extensive of these establishments is a branch of the Canistota Glass Works of New York.

Another industry which has received a great impetus through the use of natural gas for fuel is that of lime burning. A large part of Wood county is underlaid with magnesium limestone of a rich quality, and Bowling Green is fast becoming one of the greatest lime-producing centres of the West. The stone and gas used to make the lime are both found within a few feet of the kilns.

With all the advantages accruing from the abundant supply of fuel and raw material in the vicinity of Bowling Green, its growth would not have reached such large proportions were it not for the enterprise and liberality of its citizens.



Drawn by Henry Howe in 1846.

PERRYSBURG FROM MAUMEE CITY.



R. P. Morrison, Photo., 1887.

STREET VIEW IN BOWLING GREEN.

In bringing these advantages to the notice of manufacturers, and in offering liberal inducements to such to locate in their community, the citizens acted with wisdom and foresight. The people raised a large fund for this purpose, and the bureau for giving information to investors was overwhelmed with letters of inquiry; Mr. Brewer, of the *Sentinel*, personally answered more than five hundred. While many of the towns of northwestern Ohio lying within the natural gas and oil regions had a wonderfully rapid development in population, manufacturing and commercial interests as a result of the discoveries in oil and gas, probably in no other city was this more striking than in Bowling Green.

NORTH BALTIMORE is fifteen miles south of Bowling Green, on the B. & O., near the crossing of the T. C. & St. L. R. R. It is in the great oil and gas centre of the State, and is a very prosperous, growing little city. Newspapers: *Beacon*, Independent, G. W. Wilkinson, editor and publisher; *Wood County News*, A. B. Smith, editor and publisher. Churches: 1 Presbyterian, 1 United Brethren, 1 Methodist Episcopal. Bank: Peoples', M. B. Walds, cashier.

Manufactures and Employees.—The Dewey Stave Co., 27 hands; Enterprise Window Glass Co., 67; James Hardy & Co., general machine work, 6; Rockwell Brothers, flour, etc., 4; North Baltimore Bottle Glass Co., 94; A. Barns, sash, doors, etc., 11.—*State Report, 1888.*

Population, 1880, 701. School census, 1888, 362. Capital invested in manufacturing establishments, \$20,000. Value of annual product, \$21,000.—*Ohio Labor Statistics, 1888.* Census, 1890, 2,857.

GRAND RAPIDS is twelve miles west of Bowling Green, on the Maumee river, the Miami & Erie Canal, and on the T. St. L. & K. C. R. R., which crosses the river by a fine iron bridge 900 feet long. Newspaper: *Triumph*, Crosby & Freiss, editors and publishers. Bank: George P. Hinsdale. Churches: 1 Presbyterian, 1 Methodist Episcopal, 1 Catholic. It was laid out in 1837, under the name of Gilead, at the head of the first or Grand Rapids of the Maumee.

Population, 1880, 332. School census, 1888, 163.

FREEPORT P. O., **Prairie Depot**, is ten miles southeast of Bowling Green, on the O. C. R. R.

Population, 1880, 216. School census, 1888, 204.

TONTOGANY is six miles northwest of Bowling Green, on the D. & M. and B. G. & T. R. R. It has 1 Presbyterian, 1 Methodist Episcopal, and one Evangelical church. School census, 1888, 114.

BRADNER is twelve miles southeast of Bowling Green, on the C. H. V. & T. R. R. School census, 1888, 144.

PEMBERVILLE is nine miles east of Bowling Green, on the Portage river, and on the C. H. V. & T. & O. C. R. R. Newspaper: *Wood County Index*, neutral, C. R. F. Berry, editor.

Population, 1880, 644. School census in 1888, 341; John S. Hoyman, superintendent of schools. Capital invested in manufacturing establishments, \$25,000. Value of annual product, \$26,000.—*Ohio Labor Statistics, 1888.*

WESTON is eight miles southwest of Bowling Green, on the C. H. & D. R. R. Newspaper: *Wood County Herald*, Republican, S. E. Burson, editor and publisher. Churches: 1 Methodist Episcopal, 1 Presbyterian, 1 Catholic, 1 German Reformed. Bank: Exchange (A. J. Munn & Co.), J. V. Beverstock, cashier.

Population, 1890, 845. School census, 1888, 275. A correspondent writes: "The rural district surrounding our village is specially adapted to agriculture, gardening being one of the chief pursuits. Soil very fertile, and our county contains one of the largest oil and gas wells in the State. Is bound to become the wealthiest in every respect of any county also in the State."

HASKINS is on the right bank of the Maumee river, eight miles northwest of Bowling Green.

Population, 1880, 381. School census, 1888, 121. I. N. Van Tassel, superintendent of schools. •

BAIRDSTOWN is sixteen miles southeast of Bowling Green, on the B. & O. R. R.
Newspapers: *Times*, independent, G. G. Grimes, editor and publisher.

Population, about 350.

MILLBURY is eighteen miles northeast of Bowling Green, and eight miles southeast of Toledo, on the L. S. & M. S. R. R.

Population, 1880, 483. School census, 1888, 106. Census, 1890, 609.

JERRY CITY is ten miles southeast of Bowling Green.

Population, 1880, 234. School census, 1888, 121.

RISING SUN is fourteen miles southeast of Bowling Green, on the C. H. V. & T. R. R.

Population, 1880, 344.

WYANDOT.

WYANDOT COUNTY was formed from Crawford, Marion, Hardin and Hancock, Feb. 3, 1845. The surface is level and soil fertile. About one-third of it is prairie land, being covered by the Sandusky plains. These plains are chiefly bounded by the Sandusky, the Little Scioto and the *Tyemochte*, which last signifies, in the Wyandot language, "around the plains." This tract in its natural state is covered with a rank, wild grass several feet in height, and in some parts are interspersed beautiful groves of timber.

Area, about 400 square miles. In 1887 the acres cultivated were 127,700; in pasture, 56,450; woodland, 36,770; lying waste, 1,336; produced in wheat, 453,013 bushels; rye, 5,694; buckwheat, 434; oats, 406,780; barley, 10,747; corn, 1,103,949; meadow hay, 19,776 tons; clover, 4,613 tons; flaxseed, 862 bushels; potatoes, 63,204; tobacco, 200 lbs.; butter, 388,374; cheese, 24,300; sorghum, 1,682; maple syrup, 4,730 gallons; honey, 3,014 lbs.; eggs, 488,210 dozen; grapes, 1,040 lbs.; sweet potatoes, 84 bushels; apples, 10,384; peaches, 1,011; pears, 828; wool, 409,387 lbs.; milch cows owned, 5,160. School census, 1888, 6,974; teachers, 237. Miles of railroad track, 89.

TOWNSHIPS AND CENSUS.	1880.	TOWNSHIPS AND CENSUS.	1880.
Antrim,	1,928	Pitt,	1,268
Crane,	5,027	Richland,	1,676
Crawford,	2,213	Ridge,	639
Eden,	1,793	Salem,	1,547
Jackson,	1,331	Sycamore,	1,058
Marseilles,	840	Tyemochte,	1,620
Mifflin,	1,455		

Population of Wyandot in 1860 was 15,956; 1880, 22,395; of whom 17,650 were born in Ohio; 1,475, Pennsylvania; 507, New York; 208, Virginia; 173, Indiana; 28, Kentucky; 1,037, German Empire; 214, Ireland; 116, England and Wales; 43, France; 35, British America; 11, Scotland; and 6, Sweden and Norway. Census, 1890, 21,722.

This county was, from an early day, a favorite residence of the Wyandot Indians. It is noted for being the scene of Crawford's defeat in June, 1782, and his subsequent death by the most cruel tortures.

The view representing Crawford's Battle-Ground was taken on the road to Tiffin, three miles north of Upper Sandusky, and one west of the Sandusky river. The action, it is said, began some distance north of the cabin shown, in the high grass of the prairie in which the Indians were concealed. The parties afterwards were engaged in the grove or island of timber represented in the view, called at this day "*Battle Island*," in which the principal action was fought. Many of the trees now [1846] bear the marks of the bullets, or rather the scars on their trunks made by the hatchets of the Indians in getting them out after the action. The large oak on the right of the view has these relics of that unfortunate engagement. A part of the whites slain were buried in a small swamp about thirty rods south of the spot from whence the drawing was taken. It is not shown in the view, as the scene is represented to the eye as if looking in a northern direction.

The annexed history of CRAWFORD'S CAMPAIGN we take from Doddridge's "Notes:—"

Crawford's campaign, in one point of view at least, is to be considered as a second Mo-
ravian campaign, as one of its objects was that of finishing the work of murder and plunder

with the Christian Indians at their new establishment on the Sandusky. The next object was that of destroying the Wyandot towns on the same river. It was the resolution of all those concerned in this expedition not to spare the life of any Indians that might fall into their hands, whether friends or foes. It will be seen in the sequel that the result of this campaign was widely different from that of the Moravian campaign the preceding March.

It should seem that the long continuance of the Indian war had debased a considerable portion of our population to the savage state of our nature. Having lost so many relatives by the Indians, and witnessed their horrid murders and other depredations on so extensive a scale, they became subjects of that indiscriminating thirst for revenge which is such a prominent feature in the savage character, and, having had a taste of blood and plunder without risk or loss on their part, they resolved to go on and kill every Indian they could find, whether friend or foe.

Preparations for this campaign commenced soon after the return of the Moravian campaign in the month of March, and as it was intended to make what was called at that time "a dash," that is, an enterprise conducted with secrecy and despatch, the men were all mounted on the best horses they could procure. They furnished themselves with all their outfits except some ammunition, which was furnished by the lieutenant-colonel of Washington county [Pennsylvania].

The Rendezvous and March.—On the 25th of May, 1782, 480 men mustered at the old Mingo town, just below the site of Steubenville, on the western side of the Ohio river. They were all volunteers from the immediate neighborhood of the Ohio, with the exception of one company from Ten Mile in Washington county. Here an election was held for the office of commander-in-chief for the expedition. The candidates were Col. Williamson and Col. Crawford; the latter was the successful candidate. When notified of his appointment it is said that he accepted it with apparent reluctance.

The army marched along "Williamson's trail," as it was then called, until they arrived at the upper Moravian town, in the fields belonging to which there was still plenty of corn on the stalks, with which their horses were plentifully fed during the night of their encampment there.

Shortly after the army halted at this place two Indians were discovered by three men, who had walked some distance out of the camp. Three shots were fired at one of them, but without hurting him. As soon as the news of the discovery of Indians had reached the camp more than one-half of the men rushed out, without command, and in the most tumultuous manner, to see what happened. From that time Col. Crawford felt a presentiment of the defeat which followed.

The truth is that, notwithstanding the secrecy and despatch of the enterprise, the Indians were beforehand with our people.

They saw the rendezvous on the Mingo bottom, knew their number and destination. They visited every encampment immediately on their leaving, and saw from the writing on the trees and scraps of paper that "no quarter was to be given to any Indian, whether man, woman or child."

Nothing material happened during their march until the sixth of June, when their guides conducted them to the site of the Moravian villages on one of the upper branches of the Sandusky river; but here, instead of meeting with Indians and plunder, they met with nothing but vestiges of desolation. The place was covered with high grass, and the remains of a few huts alone announced that the place had been the residence of the people whom they intended to destroy, but who had moved off to Scioto some time before.

In this dilemma what was to be done? The officers held a council, in which it was determined to march one day longer in the direction of Upper Sandusky, and if they should not reach the town in the course of the day to make a retreat with all speed.

The Battle.—The march was commenced the next morning through the plains of Sandusky, and continued until about two o'clock, when the advance guard was attacked and driven in by the Indians, who were discovered in large numbers in the high grass, with which the place was covered. The Indian army was at that moment about entering a piece of woods, almost entirely surrounded by plains; but in this they were disappointed by a rapid movement of our men. The battle then commenced by a heavy fire from both sides. From a partial possession of the woods which they had gained at the onset of the battle, the Indians were soon dislodged. They then attempted to gain a small skirt of wood on our right flank, but were prevented from doing so by the vigilance and bravery of Maj. Leet, who commanded the right wing of the army at that time. The firing was incessant and heavy until dark, when it ceased. Both armies lay on their arms during the night. Both adopted the policy of kindling large fires along the line of battle, and then retiring some distance in the rear of them to prevent being surprised by a night attack. During the conflict of the afternoon three of our men were killed and several wounded.

In the morning our army occupied the battle ground of the preceding day. The Indians made no attack during the day, until late in the evening, but were seen in large bodies traversing the plains in various directions. Some of them appeared to be employed in carrying off their dead and wounded.

In the morning of this day a council of the officers was held, in which a retreat was resolved on, as the only means of saving their army. The Indians appeared to increase in number every hour. During the sitting of this council, Colonel Williamson proposed taking one hundred and fifty volunteers, and

marching directly to Upper Sandusky. This proposition the commander-in-chief prudently rejected, saying, "I have no doubt but that you would reach the town, but you would find nothing there but empty wigwams, and having taken off so many of our best men, you would leave the rest to be destroyed by the host of Indians with which we are now surrounded, and on your return they would attack and destroy you. They care nothing about defending their towns; they are worth nothing. Their squaws, children and property have been removed from them long since. Our lives and baggage are what they want, and if they can get us divided they will soon have them. We must stay together and do the best we can."

The Indians Renew the Battle.—During this day preparations were made for a retreat by burying the dead, burning fires over their graves to prevent discovery, and preparing means for carrying off the wounded. The retreat was to commence in the course of the night. The Indians, however, became apprized of the intended retreat, and about sundown attacked the army with great force and fury, in every direction, excepting that of Sandusky.

When the line of march was formed by the commander-in-chief, and the retreat commenced, our guides prudently took the direction of Sandusky, which afforded the only opening in the Indian lines and the only chance of concealment. After marching about a mile in this direction, the army wheeled about to the left, and by a circuitous route gained the trail by which they came, before day. They continued their march the whole of the next day, with a trifling annoyance from the Indians, who fired a few distant shots at the rear guard, which slightly wounded two or three men. At night they built fires, took their suppers, secured the horses and resigned themselves to repose, without placing a single sentinel or vedette for safety. In this careless situation, they might have been surprised and cut off by the Indians, who, however, gave them no disturbance during the night, nor afterwards during the whole of their retreat. The number of those composing the main body in the retreat was supposed to be about three hundred.

The Retreat.—Most unfortunately, when a retreat was resolved on, a difference of opinion prevailed concerning the best mode of effecting it. The greater number thought best to keep in a body and retreat as fast as possible, while a considerable number thought it safest to break off in small parties and make their way home in different directions, avoiding the route by which they came. Accordingly many attempted to do so, calculating that the whole body of the Indians would follow the main army; in this they were entirely mistaken. The Indians paid but little attention to the main body of the army, but pursued the small parties with such activity that but very few of those who composed them made their escape.

The only successful party which was detached from the main army was that of about forty men under the command of a Captain Williamson, who, pretty late in the night of the retreat, broke through the Indian lines under a severe fire, and with some loss, and overtook the main army on the morning of the second day of the retreat.

For several days after the retreat of our army, the Indians were spread over the whole country, from Sandusky to the Muskingum, in pursuit of the straggling parties, most of whom were killed on the spot. They even pursued them almost to the banks of the Ohio. A man of the name of Mills was killed, two miles to the eastward of the site of St. Clairsville, in the direction of Wheeling from that place. The number killed in this way must have been very great; the precise amount, however, was never fairly ascertained.

Colonel Crawford Captured.—At the commencement of the retreat Colonel Crawford placed himself at the head of the army and continued there until they had gone about a quarter of a mile, when missing his son, John Crawford, his son-in-law, Major Harrison, and his nephews, Major Rose and William Crawford, he halted and called for them as the line passed, but without finding them. After the army had passed him, he was unable to overtake it, owing to the weariness of his horse. Falling in company with Doctor Knight and two others, they travelled all the night, first north and then to the east, to avoid the pursuit of the Indians. They directed their courses during the night by the north star.

On the next day they fell in with Captain John Biggs and Lieutenant Ashley, the latter of whom was severely wounded. There were two others in company with Biggs and Ashley. They encamped together the succeeding night. On the next day, while on their march, they were attacked by a party of Indians, who made Colonel Crawford and Doctor Knight prisoners. The other four made their escape, but Captain Biggs and Lieutenant Ashley were killed the next day.

Colonel Crawford and Doctor Knight were immediately taken to an Indian encampment at a short distance from the place where they were captured. Here they found nine fellow-prisoners and seventeen Indians. On the next day they were marched to the old Wyandot town, and on the next morning were paraded, to set off, as they were told, to go to the new town. But alas! a very different destination awaited these captives! Nine of the prisoners were marched off some distance before the colonel and the doctor, who were conducted by Pipe and Wingund, two Delaware chiefs. Four of the prisoners were tomahawked and scalped on the way, at different places.

Preparations had been made for the execution of Colonel Crawford, by setting a post about fifteen feet high in the ground, and making a large fire of hickory poles about six yards from it. About half a mile from the

place of execution the remaining five of the nine prisoners were tomahawked and scalped by a number of squaws and boys. Colonel Crawford's son and son-in-law were executed at the Shawnee town. . . .

Dr. Knight was doomed to be burned at a town about forty miles distant from Sandusky, and committed to the care of a young Indian to be taken there, but escaped. See Vol. II., page

Thus ended this disastrous campaign. It was the last one which took place in this section of the country during the revolutionary contest of the Americans with the mother country. It was undertaken with the very worst of views, those of plunder and murder; it was conducted without sufficient means to encounter, with any prospect of success, the large force of Indians opposed to ours in the plains of Sandusky. It was conducted without that subordination and discipline so requisite to insure success in any hazardous enterprise, and it ended in a total discom-

fiture. Never did an enterprise more completely fail of attaining its object. Never, on any occasion, had the ferocious savages more ample revenge for the murder of their pacific friends, than that which they obtained on this occasion.

Should it be asked what considerations led so great a number of people into this desperate enterprise? Why with so small a force and such slender means they pushed on so far as the plains of Sandusky?

The answer is, that many believed that the Moravian Indians, taking no part in the war, and having given offence to the warriors on several occasions, their belligerent friends would not take up arms in their behalf. In this conjecture they were sadly mistaken. They did defend them with all the force at their command, and no wonder, for notwithstanding their Christian and pacific principles, the warriors still regarded the Moravians as their friends, whom it was their duty to defend.

We have omitted to copy from the preceding the account of the burning of Colonel Crawford, for the purpose of giving the details more fully. "The spot where Crawford suffered," says Col. John Johnston, "was but a few miles west of Upper Sandusky, on the old trace leading to the Big Spring, Wyandot town. It was on the right hand of the trace going west, on a low bottom on the east bank of the Tyemochte creek. The Delawares burnt Crawford in satisfaction for the massacre of their people at the Moravian towns on the Muskingum." It was at a Delaware town which extended along the Tyemochte. The precise spot is now [1846] owned by the heirs of Daniel Hodge, and is a beautiful green, with some fine oak trees in its vicinity.

The following is from Heckewelder, and describes an interview which Crawford had with the Indian chief, Wingenund, just previous to his death. Some doubts have been expressed of its truth as the historian Heckewelder has often been accused of being fond of *romancing*, but Colonel Johnston (good authority here) expresses the opinion that "it is doubtless in the main correct"—that it gives the spirit of what was said.

Wingenund, an Indian chief, had an interview with Colonel Crawford just before his execution. He had been known to Crawford some time before, and had been on terms of friendship with him, and kindly entertained by him at his own house, and therefore felt much attached to the colonel. Wingenund had retired to his cabin that he might not see the sentence executed; but Crawford sent for him, with the faint hope that he would intercede for and save him. Wingenund accordingly soon appeared in presence of Crawford, who was naked and bound to a stake. Wingenund commenced the conversation with much embarrassment and agitation, as follows:

Wingenund—"Are you not Colonel Crawford?"

Crawford—"I am."

Wingenund, somewhat agitated, ejaculated, "So!—yes!—indeed!"

Crawford—"Do you not recollect the friendship that always existed between us,

and that we were always glad to see each other?"

Wingenund—"Yes! I remember all this, and that we have often drank together, and that you have been kind to me."

Crawford—"Then I hope the same friendship still continues."

Wingenund—"It would, of course, were you where you ought to be, and not here."

Crawford—"And why not here? I hope you would not desert a friend in time of need. Now is the time for you to exert yourself in my behalf, as I should do for you were you in my place."

Wingenund—"Colonel Crawford! you have placed yourself in a situation which puts it out of my power, and that of others of your friends, to do anything for you."

Crawford—"How so, Captain Wingenund?"

Wingenund—"By joining yourself to that execrable man, Williamson, and his party—the man who, but the other day, murdered

such a number of Moravian Indians, knowing them to be friends; knowing that he ran no risk in murdering a people who would not fight, and whose only business was praying."

Crawford—"But I assure you, *Wingenund*, that had I been with him at the time this would not have happened. Not I alone, but all your friends, and all good men, whoever they are, reprobate acts of this kind."

Wingenund—"That may be; yet these friends, these good men, did not prevent him from going out again to kill the remainder of these inoffensive, yet foolish Moravian Indians. I say foolish, because they believed the whites in preference to us. We had often told them they would be one day so treated by those people who called themselves their friends! We told them there was no faith to be placed in what the white man said; that their fair promises were only intended to allure us that they might the more easily kill us, as they had done many Indians before these Moravians."

Crawford—"I am sorry to hear you speak thus; as to *Williamson's* going out again, when it was known he was determined on it, I went out with him to prevent his committing fresh murders."

Wingenund—"This the Indians would not believe, were even I to tell them so."

Crawford—"Why would they not believe?"

Wingenund—"Because it would have been out of your power to have prevented his doing what he pleased."

Crawford—"Out of my power! Have any Moravian Indians been killed or hurt since we came out?"

Wingenund—"None; but you first went to their town, and finding it deserted, you turned on the path towards us. If you had been in search of warriors only, you would not have gone thither. Our spies watched you closely. They saw you while you were embodying yourselves on the other side of the Ohio. They saw you cross the river—they saw where you encamped for the night—they saw you turn off from the path to the deserted Moravian town—they knew you were going out of your way—your steps were constantly watched, and you were suffered quietly to proceed until you reached the spot where you were attacked."

Crawford felt that with this sentence ended his last ray of hope, and now asked, with emotion, "What do they intend to do with me?"

The account of the BURNING OF COLONEL CRAWFORD is related in the words of Dr. Knight, his companion, and an eye-witness of this tragic scene:

When we went to the fire the colonel was stripped naked, ordered to sit down by the fire, and then they beat him with sticks and their fists. Presently after I was treated in the same manner. They then tied a rope to the foot of a post about fifteen feet high, bound the colonel's hands behind his back and fastened the rope to the ligature between his wrists. The rope was long enough for

Wingenund—"I tell you with grief. As *Williamson*, with his whole cowardly host, ran off in the night at the whistling of our warriors' balls, being satisfied that now he had no Moravians to deal with, but men who could fight, and with such he did not wish to have anything to do—I say, as they have escaped and taken you, they will take revenge on you in his stead."

Crawford—"And is there no possibility of preventing this? Can you devise no way of getting me off? You shall, my friend, be well rewarded if you are instrumental in saving my life."

Wingenund—"Had *Williamson* been taken with you, I and some friends, by making use of what you have told me, might perhaps have succeeded in saving you; but as the matter now stands, no man would dare to interfere in your behalf. The king of England himself, were he to come on to this spot, with all his wealth and treasure, could not effect this purpose. The blood of the innocent Moravians, more than half of them women and children, cruelly and wantonly murdered, calls loudly for revenge. The relatives of the slain who are among us cry out and stand ready for revenge. The nation to which they belonged will have revenge. The Shawanese, our grandchildren, have asked for your fellow-prisoner; on him they will take revenge. All the nations connected with us cry out, Revenge! revenge! The Moravians whom you went to destroy, having fled, instead of avenging their brethren, the offence is become national, and the nation itself is bound to take revenge!"

Crawford—"My fate is then fixed, and I must prepare to meet death in its worst form."

Wingenund—"I am sorry for it, but cannot do anything for you. Had you attended to the Indian principle, that as good and evil cannot dwell together in the same heart, so a good man ought not to go into evil company, you would not be in this lamentable situation. You see now, when it is too late, after *Williamson* has deserted you, what a bad man he must be. Nothing now remains for you but to meet your fate like a brave man. Farewell, Colonel *Crawford*!—they are coming. I will retire to a solitary spot."

The savages then fell upon *Crawford*. *Wingenund*, it is said, retired, shedding tears, and ever after, when the circumstance was alluded to, was sensibly affected.

him to sit down or walk round the post once or twice, and return the same way. The colonel then called to *Girty*, and asked if they intended to burn him? *Girty* answered, "Yes." The colonel said he would take it all patiently. Upon this *Captain Pipe*, a Delaware chief, made a speech to the Indians, viz., about thirty or forty men, sixty or seventy squaws and boys.

When the speech was finished, they all yelled a hideous and hearty assent to what had been said. The Indian men then took up their guns and shot powder into the colonel's body, from his feet as far up as his neck. I think that not less than seventy loads were discharged upon his naked body. They then crowded about him, and to the best of my observation cut off his ears; when the throng had dispersed a little, I saw the blood running from both sides of his head in consequence thereof.

The fire was about six or seven yards from the post to which the colonel was tied; it was made of small hickory poles, burnt quite through in the middle, each end of the poles remaining about six feet in length. Three or four Indians by turns would take up, individually, one of these burning pieces of wood, and apply it to his naked body, already burnt black with the powder. These tormentors presented themselves on every side of him with the burning fagots and poles. Some of the squaws took broad boards, upon which they would carry a quantity of burning coals and hot embers, and throw on him, so that in a short time he had nothing but coals of fire and hot ashes to walk upon.

In the midst of these extreme tortures he called to Simon Girty and begged of him to shoot him; but Girty making no answer, he called to him again. Girty then, by way of derision, told the colonel he had no gun, at the same time turning about to an Indian who was behind him, laughed heartily, and by all his gestures seemed delighted at the horrid scene.

Girty then came up and bade me prepare for death. He said, however, I was not to die at that place, but to be burnt at the Shawanese towns. He swore by G—d I

need not expect to escape death, but should suffer it in all its extremities.

Col. Crawford, at this period of his sufferings, besought the Almighty to have mercy on his soul, spoke very low, and bore his torments with the most manly fortitude. He continued in all the extremities of pain for an hour and three-quarters or two hours longer, as near as I can judge, when at last, being almost exhausted, he lay down on his belly; they then scalped him, and repeatedly threw the scalp in my face, telling me, that "that was my great captain." An old squaw (whose appearance every way answered the ideas people entertain of the devil) got a board, took a parcel of coals and ashes and laid them on his back and head, after he had been scalped; he then raised himself upon his feet and began to walk round the post; they next put a burning stick to him, as usual, but he seemed more insensible to pain than before.

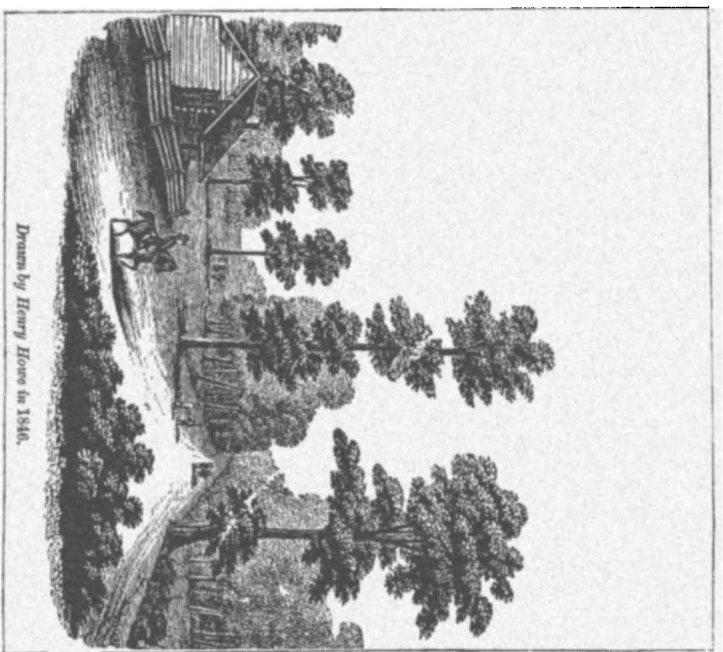
The Indian fellow who had me in charge now took me away to Capt. Pipe's house, about three-quarters of a mile from the place of the colonel's execution. I was bound all night, and thus prevented from seeing the last of the horrid spectacle. Next morning, being June 12, the Indian untied me, painted me black, and we set off for the Shawanese town, which he told me was somewhat less than forty miles distant from that place. We soon came to the spot where the colonel had been burnt, as it was partly in our way; I saw his bones lying among the remains of the fire, almost burnt to ashes; I suppose, after he was dead, they laid his body on the fire. The Indian told me that was my big captain, and gave the scalp halloo.

The following extract from an article in the *American Pioneer*, by Joseph M'Cutchen, Esq., contains some items respecting the death of Crawford, and Girty's interference in his behalf, never before published. He derived them from the Wyandot Indians, who resided in this county, some of whom were quite intelligent:

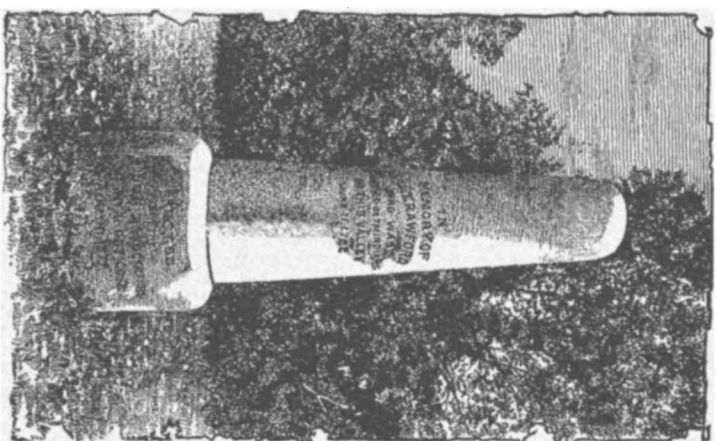
As I have it, the story respecting the battle is, that if Crawford had rushed on when he first came among the Indians, they would have given way and made but little or no fight; but they had a talk with him three days previous to the fight, and asked him to give them three days to collect in their chiefs and head men of the different tribes, and they would then make a treaty of peace with him. The three days were therefore given; and during that time all their forces were gathered together that could be raised as fighting men, and the next morning Crawford was attacked, some two or three miles north of the island where the main battle was fought. The Indians then gave back in a south direction, until they got into an island of timber which suited their purpose, which was in a large plain, now well known as Sandusky plains. There the battle continued

until night. The Indians then ceased firing; and, it is said, immediately afterwards a man came near to the army with a white flag. Col. Crawford sent an officer to him. The man said he wanted to talk with Col. Crawford, and that he did not want Crawford to come nearer to him than twenty steps, as he (Girty) wanted to converse with Crawford, and might be of vast benefit to him. Crawford accordingly went out as requested.

Girty then said, "Col. Crawford, do you know me?" The answer was, "I seem to have some recollection of your voice, but your Indian dress deprives me of knowing you as an acquaintance." The answer was then, "My name is Simon Girty;" and after some more conversation between them, they knew each other well. Girty said, "Crawford, my object in calling you here is to say to you that the Indians have ceased firing until



CRAWFORD'S BATTLE-GROUND.



CRAWFORD'S MONUMENT.

to-morrow morning, when they intend to commence the fight; and as they are three times as strong as you are, they will be able to cut you all off. To-night the Indians will surround your army, and when that arrangement is fully made, you will hear some guns fire all around the ring. But there is a large swamp or very wet piece of ground on the east side of you, where there will be a vacancy; that gap you can learn by the firing, and in the night you had better march your men through and make your escape in an east direction."

Crawford accordingly in the night drew up his men and told them his intention. The men generally assenting, he then commenced his march east; but the men soon got into confusion and lost their course. Consequently, the next day they were almost to a man cut off, and, as history tells us, Crawford taken prisoner. He was taken by a Delaware; consequently the Delawares claimed the right, agreeably to their rules, of disposing of the prisoner. There was a council held, and the decision was to burn him. He was taken to the main Delaware town, on a considerable creek, called Tymochtee, about

eight miles from the mouth. Girty then supposed he could make a speculation by saving Crawford's life. He made a proposition to Capt. Pipe, the head chief of the Delawares, offering three hundred and fifty dollars for Crawford. The chief received it as a great insult, and promptly said to Girty, "Sir, do you think I am a *squaw*? If you say one word more on the subject, I will make a stake for you and burn you along with the white chief."

Girty, knowing the Indian character, retired and said no more on the subject. But, in the meantime, Girty had sent runners to the Mohican creek and to Lower Sandusky, where there were some white traders, to come immediately and purchase Crawford—knowing that he could make a great speculation in case he could save Crawford's life. The traders came on, but too late. When they arrived, Crawford was tied to a stake, blacked, his ears cut off and part burnt—too much so to live had he been let loose. He asked Girty to get a gun and shoot him, but Girty, knowing the rebuke he got the day before, dared not say one word.

Notwithstanding the above, the cruelty of Girty to Crawford at the stake is established by other sources than that of Dr. Knight. Col. Johnston informs us that he has been told by Indians present on the occasion that Girty was among the foremost in inflicting tortures upon their victim. This, however, does not materially conflict with the above when we regard the motives of Girty in his behalf as having been mercenary.

The Crawford monument stands on the bank of the Big Tymochtee, about 300 feet from the spot where he was burnt.

By the treaty concluded at the foot of the Maumee rapids, September 29, 1817, Hon. Lewis Cass and Hon. Duncan M'Arthur, commissioners on the part of the United States, there was granted to the Wyandot tribe a reservation of twelve miles square in this county, the centre of which was Fort Ferree, at Upper Sandusky, and also a tract of one mile square on the Cranberry Swamp, on Broken Sword creek. At the same time was granted to the Delawares a tract of three miles square, adjoining the other, on the south. Their principal chief was Capt. Pipe, son of the chief so officious in the burning of Crawford.

The Delawares ceded their reservation to the United States in 1829. The Wyandots ceded theirs by a treaty made at Upper Sandusky, March 17, 1842, they being the only Indians remaining in the State. The commissioner on the part of the United States was Col. John Johnston, who had then the honor of making the last Indian treaty in Ohio—a State, *every foot of whose soil has been fairly purchased by treaties* from its original possessors. The Wyandots left for the far west in July, 1843, and numbered at that time about 700 souls.

The Wyandots were the bravest of the Indian tribes, and had among their chiefs some men of high moral character. Gen. W. H. Harrison, in a discourse in the "Collections of the Historical Society of Ohio," states this of the Wyandots:

With all other tribes but the Wyandots, flight in battle, when meeting with unexpected resistance or obstacle, brought with it no disgrace. . . . With them, it was otherwise. Their youth were taught to consider anything that had the appearance of an ac-

knowledgment of the superiority of the enemy as disgraceful. In the battle of the Miami rapids, of thirteen chiefs of that tribe who were present, one only survived, and he badly wounded. Some time before this action, Gen. Wayne sent for Capt. Wells, and re-

quested him to go to Sandusky and take a prisoner, for the purpose of obtaining information. Wells—who had been bred with the Indians, and was perfectly acquainted

with their character—answered that he could take a prisoner, but not from Sandusky, because Wyandots would not be taken alive.

We annex a brief sketch of the Wyandot, or *Huron* tribe, as they were anciently called, in a letter from the Rev. Joseph Badger to John Frazier, Esq., of Cincinnati, dated Plain, Wood county, August 25, 1845.

Having been a resident missionary with the Wyandot Indians before the late war, and obtained the confidence of their chiefs in a familiar conversation with them, and having a good interpreter, I requested them to give me a history of their ancestors as far back as they could. They began by giving a particular account of the country formerly owned by their ancestors. It was the north side of the river St. Lawrence, down to Coon lake, and from thence up the Utiwas. Their name for it was Cu-none-tot-tia. This name I heard applied to them, but knew not what it meant. The Senecas owned the opposite side of the river and the island on which Montreal now stands. They were both large tribes, consisting of many thousands. They were blood relations, and I found at this time they claimed each other as cousins.

A war originated between the two tribes in this way. A man of the Wyandots wanted a certain woman for his wife; but she objected, and said he was no warrior: he had never taken any scalps. To accomplish his object, he raised a small war party, and in their scout fell upon a party of Seneca hunters, killed and scalped a number of them. This procedure began a war between the nations, that lasted more than a century, which they supposed was fully a hundred winters before the French came to Quebec. They owned they were the first instigators in the war, and were generally beaten in the contest. Both tribes were greatly wasted in the war. They often made peace; but the first opportunity the Senecas could get an advantage against them they would destroy all they could, men, women and children. The Wyandots, finding they were in danger of being exterminated, concluded to leave their country, and go far to the West. With their canoes the whole nation made their escape to the upper lakes, and settled in the vicinity of Green Bay, in several villages, but, after a few years, the Senecas made up a war-party and followed them to their new settlements, fell on one of their villages, killed a number and returned. Through this long period they had no instruments of war but bows, arrows, and the war club.

Soon after this the French came to Quebec, and began trading with Indians, and supplied them with fire-arms and utensils of various kinds. The Senecas having got supplied with guns, and learned the use of them, made out a second war-party against the Wyandots—came upon them in the night, fired into their huts and scared them exceedingly: they thought at first it was

thunder and lightning. They did not succeed so well as they intended. After a few years they made out a third party, and fell upon one of the Wyandot villages and took them nearly all; but it so happened at this time that nearly all the young men had gone to war with the Fox tribe, living on the Mississippi.

Those few that escaped the massacre by the Senecas agreed to give up and go back with them and become one people, but requested of the Senecas to have two days to collect what they had and make ready their canoes, and join them on the morning of the third day at a certain point, where they had gone to wait for them and hold a great dance through the night. The Wyandots sent directly to the other two villages which the Senecas had not disturbed, and got all their old men and women, and such as could fight, to consult on what measures to take. They came to the resolution to equip themselves in the best manner they could, and go down in perfect stillness so near the enemy as to hear them. They found them engaged in a dance, and feasting on two Wyandot men they had killed and roasted, as they said, for their beef; and as they danced they shouted their victory and told how good their Wyandot beef was. They continued their dance until the latter part of the night, and being pretty tired they all laid down and soon fell into a sound sleep.

A little before day the Wyandot party fell on them and cut them all off; not one was left to carry back the tidings. This ended the war for a great number of years. Soon after this the Wyandots got guns from the French traders and began to grow formidable. The Indians, who owned the country where they had resided for a long time, proposed to them to go back to their own country. They agreed to return, and having prepared themselves as a war party, they returned—came down to where Detroit now stands, and agreed to settle in two villages, one at the place above mentioned, and the other where the British fort, Malden, now stands.

But previously to making any settlement they sent out in canoes the best war party they could make, to go down the lake some distance to see if there was an enemy on that side of the water. They went down to Long Point, landed, and sent three men across to see if they could make any discovery. They found a party of Senecas bending their course around the Point, and returned with the intelligence to their party. The head chief ordered his men in each canoe to strike fire,

and offer some of their tobacco to the Great Spirit, and prepare for action. The chief had his son, a small boy, with him : he covered the boy in the bottom of his canoe. He determined to fight his enemy on the water. They put out into the open lake : the Senecas came on. Both parties took the best advantage they could, and fought with a determination to conquer or sink in the lake. At

length the Wyandots saw the last man fall in the Seneca party ; but they had lost a great proportion of their own men, and were so wounded and cut to pieces that they could take no advantage of the victory but only to gain the shore as soon as possible, and leave the enemy's canoes to float or sink among the waves. Thus ended the long war between the two tribes from that day to this.

Col. John Johnston relates, in his "Recollections," an interesting account of an Indian council, held at Upper Sandusky in 1818, on the occasion of the death of TARHE, or "the Crane," a celebrated chief of the Wyandots.

Twenty-eight years ago, on the death of the great chief of the Wyandots, I was invited to attend a general council of all the tribes of Ohio, the Delawares of Indiana, and the Senecas of New York, at Upper Sandusky. I found, on arriving at the place, a very large attendance. Among the chiefs was the noted leader and orator, Red Jacket, from Buffalo. The first business done was the speaker of the nation delivering an oration on the character of the deceased chief. Then followed what might be called a monody, or ceremony, of mourning and lamentation. Thus seats were arranged from end to end of a large council-house, about six feet apart. The head men and the aged took their seats facing each other, stooping down their heads almost touching. In that position they remained for several hours. Deep, heavy and long continued groans would commence at one end of the row of mourners, and so pass round until all had respended, and these repeated at intervals of a few minutes. The Indians were all washed, and had no paint or decorations of any kind upon their persons, their countenances and general deportment denoting the deepest mourning. I had never witnessed anything of the kind before, and was told this ceremony was not performed but on the decease of some great man.

After the period of mourning and lamentation was over, the Indians proceeded to business. There were present the Wyandots, Shawanese, Delawares, Senecas, Ottawas and Mohawks. The business was entirely confined to their own affairs, and the main topic related to their lands and the claims of the respective tribes. It was evident, in the course of the discussion, that the presence of myself and people (there were some white men with me) was not acceptable to some of the parties, and allusions were made so direct to myself that I was constrained to notice them by saying that I came there as the guest of the Wyandots by their special invitation ; that as the agent of the United States I had a right to be there or anywhere else in the Indian country ; and that, if any insult was offered to myself or my people, it would be resented and punished. Red Jacket was the principal speaker, and was intemperate and personal in his remarks. Accusations, pro and con, were made by the different parties, accusing each other of being

foremost in selling lands to the United States. The Shawanese were particularly marked out as more guilty than any other ; that they were the last coming into the Ohio country, and although they had no right but by permission of the other tribes they were always the foremost in selling lands. This brought the Shawanese out, who retorted through their chief, the Black Hoof, on the Senecas and Wyandots with pointed severity. The discussion was long continued, calling out some of the ablest speakers, and was distinguished for ability, cutting sarcasm and research—going far back into the history of the natives, their wars, alliances, negotiations, migrations, etc.

I had attended many councils, treaties and gatherings of the Indians, but never in my life did I witness such an outpouring of native oratory and eloquence, of severe rebuke, taunting national and personal reproaches. The council broke up late, in great confusion, and in the worst possible feeling. A circumstance occurred towards the close which more than anything else exhibited the bad feeling prevailing. In handing round the wampum belt, the emblem of amity, peace and good will, when presented to one of the chiefs, he would not touch it with his fingers, but passed it on a stick to the person next him. A greater indignity, agreeable to Indian etiquette, could not be offered.

The next day appeared to be one of unusual anxiety and despondency among the Indians. They could be seen in groups everywhere near the council-house in deep consultation. They had acted foolishly—were sorry ; but the difficulty was, who would first present the olive branch. The council convened late and was very full ; silence prevailed for a long time ; at last the aged chief of the Shawanese, the Black Hoof, rose—a man of great influence, and a celebrated orator. He told the assembly they had acted like children, and not men, on yesterday ; that he and his people were sorry for the words that had been spoken, and which had done so much harm ; that he came into the council by the unanimous desire of his people present, to recall those foolish words, and did there take them back—handing strings of wampum, which passed round and were received by all with the greatest satisfaction. Several of the principal chiefs delivered

speeches to the same effect, handing round wampum in turn, and in this manner the whole difficulty of the preceding day was settled, and to all appearance forgotten. The Indians are very courteous and civil to each other, and it is a rare thing to see their assemblies disturbed by unwise or ill-timed remarks. I never witnessed it except on the occasion here alluded to; and it is more than probable that the presence of myself and

other white men contributed toward the unpleasant occurrence. I could not help but admire the genuine philosophy and good sense displayed by men whom we call savages in the transaction of their public business; and how much we might profit in the halls of our legislatures by occasionally taking for our example the proceedings of the great Indian council at Sandusky.

Upper Sandusky in 1846.—Upper Sandusky, the county-seat, is on the west bank of the Sandusky, sixty-three miles north of Columbus. It was laid out in 1843, and now contains 1 Methodist church, 6 mercantile stores, 1 newspaper printing office, and about 500 inhabitants. In the war of 1812 Gen. Harrison built here Fort Ferree, which stood about fifty rods northeast of the court-house on a bluff. It was a square stockade of about two acres in area, with block-houses at the corners, one of which is now standing. One mile north of this, near the river, Gov. Meigs encamped, in August, 1813, with several thousand of the Ohio militia, then on their way to the relief of Fort Meigs. The place was called "the Grand Encampment." Receiving here the news of the raising of the siege of Fort Meigs, and the repulse of the British at Fort Stephenson, they prosecuted their march no farther, and were soon after dismissed.

CRANE TOWN, four miles northeast of the court-house, was the Indian town of Upper Sandusky. After the death of Tarhe, the Crane, in 1818, the Indians transferred their council-house to the present Upper Sandusky, gave it this name, and called the other Crane Town. Their old council-house stood about a mile and a half north of Crane Town. It was built principally of bark, and was about 100 feet long and 15 wide. Their last council-house, at the present Upper Sandusky, is yet standing near the river bank. It is a small frame structure, resembling an ordinary dwelling.—*Old Edition.*

On the bank of the river, half a mile above Upper Sandusky, is a huge sycamore, which measures around, a yard from its base, thirty-seven feet, and at its base over forty feet. On the Tyemochte, about six miles west, formerly and perhaps now stands another sycamore, hollow within, and of such generous proportions that Mr. Wm. Brown, a surveyor, now residing in Marion, with four others, several years since, slept comfortably in it one cool autumnal night, and had plenty of room.—*Old Edition.*

The big sycamore at Upper Sandusky is yet standing, perhaps the largest live tree east of the Rockies. Our correspondent writes: "A measurement taken in the fall of 1889 gave its girth at the base forty-one feet, and a few feet above thirty-nine feet; it has reached its summit of stateliness and glory. The fact is it is now in a state of decline. It has seven branches which start out from some twelve feet from the ground. I believe it would make forty cords of wood, though it is a mere guess."

The big sycamore is about fifty feet from the river. Just before his decease in 1885 the then owner of the land, being a stringent Methodist, was shocked by the oft gathering of the young men of the town, on Sundays, under its branches, to play cards. To remove this temptation he girdled the tree, and hauled brush and piled it around, intending to burn it down. The girdling was not sufficiently deep to destroy it, and then he was taken sick and died before he could effect its destruction by fire.

This tree has had its equals elsewhere in the valleys of the Scioto and Muskingum (see Index).

It was to this county that the celebrated Simon Kenton was brought captive when taken by the Indians. We have two anecdotes to introduce respecting him, communicated orally by Maj. James Galloway, of Xenia, who was with him on



Wickenden, Photo., 1886.

THE BIG SYCAMORE, UPPER SANDUSKY.

the occasion. The first illustrates the strength of affection which existed among the early frontiersmen, and the last their vivid recollection of localities.

In January, 1827, I was passing from Lower Sandusky, through the Wyandot reservation, in company with Simon Kenton. We stopped at Chaffee's store, on the Tymochte, and were sitting at the fire, when in stepped an old man dressed in a hunting-shirt, who, after laying his rifle in a corner, commenced trading. Hearing my companion's voice, he stepped up to him and inquired, "Are you Simon Kenton?" He replied in the affirmative. "I am Joseph Lake," rejoined he. Upon this Kenton sprang up as if by electricity, and they both, by a simultaneous impulse, clasped each other around the neck, and shed tears of joy. They had been old companions in fighting the Indians, and had not met for thirty years. The scene was deeply affecting to the by-

standers. After being an hour or two together, recalling old times, they embraced and parted in tears, never again expecting to meet.

While travelling through the Sandusky plains Kenton recognized at the distance of half a mile the identical grove in which he had run the gauntlet in the war of the Revolution, *forty-nine* years before. A further examination tested the truth of his recollection, for there was the very race-path still existing in which he had run. It was near a road leading from Upper Sandusky to Bellefontaine, eight or ten miles from the former. I expressed my surprise at his remembering it. "Ah!" replied he, "I had a good many reasons laid on my back to recollect it."

UPPER SANDUSKY, county-seat of Wyandot, sixty miles northwest of Columbus, and sixty-four miles southeast of Toledo, is at the crossing of the P. Ft. W. & C. and C. H. V. & T. Railroads. County Officers, 1888: Auditor, Samuel J. Wirick; Clerk, Anselm Martin; Commissioners, Caspar Veith, James H. Barnt-house, John Casey; Coroner, J. A. Francisco; Infirmary Directors, Christian Barth, John Binau, Matthew Orians; Probate Judge, Curtis Berry, Jr.; Prosecuting Attorney, James T. Close; Recorder, Jacob P. Kaig; Sheriff, Henry J. Shumaker; Surveyor, William C. Gear; Treasurer, Andrew H. Flickinger. City Officers, 1888: Joel W. Gibson, Mayor; W. R. Hare, Clerk; Nicholas Grundtisch, Marshal; D. D. Hare, Solicitor; Frand Keller, Treasurer; Joseph Keller, Street Commissioner. Newspapers: *Wyandot Chief*, H. A. Tracht, editor and publisher; *Wyandot Union*, Democrat, R. D. Dumm & Son, editors and publishers; *Die Germania*, German Democrat, Jacob Schell, Jr., editor; *Wyandot County Republican*, Republican, Pietro Cuneo, editor and publisher. Churches: 1 Catholic, 1 Presbyterian, 1 United Brethren, 1 African Methodist Episcopal, 1 German Lutheran, 1 English Lutheran, 1 Methodist Episcopal, 1 Evangelical, 1 German Reformed, 1 Universalist. Banks: First National, S. Watson, president; Jas. G. Roberts, cashier; Wyandot County, Lovell B. Harris, president; Ed. A. Gordon, cashier.

Manufactures and Employees.—Ingard & Smith, planing mill, 5 hands; Kerr Brothers, flour, etc., 4; John Shealy, planing mill, 13; Agerter, Stevenson & Co., general machine work; S. Bechler, lager beer, 4; Jacob Gloeser, tannery, 3; W. S. Streby, flour, etc., 1.—*State Report, 1888.*

Population in 1890, 3,568. School census, 1888, 1,170; W. A. Baker, school superintendent. Capital invested in industrial establishments, \$135,000. Value of annual product, \$143,000.—*Ohio Labor Statistics, 1887.*

The Methodists sustained a mission among the Wyandots for many years. Previous to the establishment of the Methodists a portion of the tribe had been for a long while under the religious instruction of the Catholics. The first Protestant who preached among them at Upper Sandusky was John Stewart, a mulatto, a member of the Methodist denomination, who came here of his own accord in 1816, and gained much influence over them. His efforts in their behalf paved the way for a regularly established mission a few years after, when the Rev. James B. Finley, at present (1846) chaplain of the Ohio penitentiary, formed a church and established a school here. This was the first Indian mission formed by the Methodists in the Mississippi valley.

The mission church building was erected of blue limestone about the year 1824,

from government funds, Rev. Mr. Finley having permission from Hon. John C. Calhoun, then Secretary of War, to apply \$1,333 to this object. The church stands upon the outskirts of the town, in a small enclosure, surrounded by woods. Connected with the mission was a school-house, and a farm of one mile square.



WYANDOT MISSION CHURCH AT UPPER SANDUSKY.

Drawn by Henry Howe in 1846.

The following inscriptions are copied from monuments in the grave-yard, attached to the mission church :

BETWEEN-THE-LOGS, died December, 1826, aged fifty years.

REV. JOHN STEWART, first missionary to the Wyandots; died December 17, 1833, aged 37 years.

SUM-MUN-DE-WAT, murdered December 4, 1845, aged 46 years. Buried in Wood county, Ohio.

The remains of Sum-mun-de-wat were subsequently reinterred here. He was, at the time of his death, on a hunting excursion with his family in Hancock county. In the evening three white men with axes entered their camp, and were hospitably entertained by their host. After having finished their suppers the Indian, agreeable to his custom, kneeled and prayed in his own language, and then laid down with his wife to sleep. In the night these miscreants who had been so kindly treated rose on them in their sleep and murdered Sum-mun-de-wat and his wife with their axes in the most brutal manner. They then robbed the camp and made off, but were apprehended and allowed to break jail. In speaking of this case Col. Johnston says that, in a period of fifty-three years, since he first came to the West, he never knew of but one instance in which a white man was tried, convicted and executed for the murder of an Indian. This exception was brought about by his own agency in the prosecution, sustained by the promptness of John C. Calhoun, then Secretary of War, who manifested an interest in this affair not often shown on similar occasions in the officers of our government.

Sum-mun-de-wat is frequently mentioned in the Rev. Mr. Finley's interesting history of the Wyandot mission, published by the Methodist Book Concern at Cincinnati. The following anecdote which he relates of this excellent chief shows the simple and expressive language in which the Christian Wyandots related their religious feelings :

"Sum-mun-de-wat amused me after he came home by relating a circumstance that transpired one cold evening just before sun-

down. 'I met,' said he, 'on a small path, not far from my camp, a man who ask me if I could talk English.' I said, 'Little.' He

ask me, 'How far is it to a house?' I answer, 'I don't know—may be ten miles—may be eight miles.' 'Is there a path leading to it?' 'No—by and by dis go out (pointing to the path they were on), den all woods. You go home me—sleep—me go show you to-morrow.' Then he come my camp—so take horse—tie—give him some corn and brush—then my wife give him supper. He ask where I come. I say, 'Sandusky.' He say, 'You know Finley?' 'Yes,' I say, 'he is my brother—my father.' Then he say, 'He is *my* brother.' Then I feel something in my heart burn. I say, 'You preacher?' He say, 'Yes;' and I shook hands and say, 'My brother!' Then we try talk. Then I say, 'You sing and pray.' So he did. Then he say to me, 'Sing and pray.' So I did; and I so much cry I can't pray. No go sleep—

I can't—I wake—my heart full. All night I pray and praise God, for his send me preacher to sleep my camp. Next morning soon come, and he want to go. Then I go show him through the woods until come to big road. Then he took me by hand and say, 'Farewell, brother; by and by we meet up in heaven.' Then me cry, and my brother cry. We part—I go hunt. All day I cry, and no see deer jump up and run away. Then I go and pray by some log. My heart so full of joy that I cannot walk much. I say, 'I cannot hunt.' Sometimes I sing—then I stop and clap my hands, and look up to God, my heavenly Father. Then the love come so fast in my heart, I can hardly stand. So I went home, and said, 'This is my happiest day.'"

The history of the mission relates an anecdote of Rohn-yen-ness, another of the Christian Indians. It seems that after the conflict of Poe with the Indians the Wyandots determined on revenge.

Poe then lived on the west side of the Ohio river, at the mouth of Little Yellow creek. They chose Rohn-yen-ness as a proper person to murder him, and then make his escape. He went to Poe's house, and was met with great friendship. Poe not having any suspicion of his design, the best in his house was furnished him. When the time to retire to sleep came he made a pallet on the floor for his Indian guest to sleep. He and his wife went to bed in the same room. Rohn-yen-ness said they both soon fell asleep. There being no person about the house but some children, this afforded him a fair opportunity to have executed his purpose; but the kindness they had shown him worked in his mind. He asked himself how he could get up and kill even an enemy that had taken him in and treated him so well—so much like a brother? The more he thought about it the worse he felt; but still, on the other hand, he was sent by his nation to avenge the death of two of its most valiant warriors; and their ghosts would not be appeased until the blood of Poe was shed. There, he said, he lay in this conflict of mind until about midnight. The duty he owed to his nation, and the spirits of his departed friends, aroused him. He seized

his knife and tomahawk, and crept to the bedside of his sleeping host. Again the kindness he had received from Poe stared him in the face; and he said, it is mean, it is unworthy the character of an Indian warrior to kill even an enemy, who has so kindly treated him. He went back to his pallet and slept until morning.

His kind host loaded him with blessings, and told him that they were once enemies, but now they had buried the hatchet and were brothers, and hoped they would always be so. Rohn-yen-ness, overwhelmed with a sense of the generous treatment he had received from his once powerful enemy, but now his kind friend, left him to join his party.

He said the more he reflected on what he had done, and the course he had pursued, the more he was convinced that he had done right. This once revengeful savage warrior was overcome by the kindness of an evening, and all his plans frustrated.

This man became one of the most pious and devoted of the Indian converts. Although a chief, he was as humble as a child. He used his steady influence against the traders and their fire-water.—*Old Edition.*

The foregoing concludes our original account of the Indian mission. We extend this history with other matters of interest.

HISTORIC AND BIOGRAPHIC MISCELLANIES.

WYANDOT MISSION.

JOHN STEWART, the first preacher among the Wyandots, found living with them a negro, Jonathan Pointer, who acted as his interpreter, as Stewart could not speak the Indian language. Pointer was an unbeliever, and did much to nullify the effect of Stewart's preaching by remarking after the translation of a sentence into the Wyandot tongue, "That's what the preacher says, but I don't believe it," etc. Notwithstanding this Stewart made many converts.

When REV. JAMES B. FINLEY came to the mission in 1821, he built a log-mission and school-house—the first Protestant mission in America.

In this mission house the Indian maidens were taught to cook, bake and sew, while outside, in field, at anvil and at bench, the young men learned the trades of civilization. Thus was started the first industrial school on the continent.

The number of converts continued to increase rapidly, and soon a special place of worship was needed. Through the aid of the government the stone mission church was built. It was finished late in 1824, and for nearly twenty years the Indians met for worship in it, and buried their dead within the shade of its sacred walls.

In 1842 a treaty was effected by which the Wyandot Indians were removed to a reservation west of the Mississippi, the United States government agreeing that the mission church and the ground around it containing the graves of its dead congregation should remain forever consecrated to the purpose for which it was



OLD MISSION CHURCH, 1888.



MOTHER SOLOMON.

originally designed. "In order, therefore," the agreement read, "that the object of the aforesaid reservation may be secured and carried out, we request that the Methodist Episcopal Church take possession thereof and appoint trustees over the same according to its rules and regulations."

For a time after the Indians left, the church and graves were kept up, but they were soon forgotten, and the roof decayed and fell in, and the walls crumbled.

In 1888, however, the General Conference of the M. E. Church determined to make amends, and appropriated \$2,000 to restore the church. Work was begun and finished in 1889. The church has been restored as nearly as possible to its original appearance.

Probably the most interested spectator on this occasion was an old woman who lived alone in an humble home north of Upper Sandusky, on the banks of the Indian's beloved Sandusky river. She was a full-blooded Wyandot Indian, the daughter of John Grey Eyes, a noted chief. She was born in 1816, and when in 1821 Rev. Finley opened his mission school, Margaret Grey Eyes was the first little maiden who was brought to be taught. When the Indians went west in 1843 she went with them, but some years ago, after her husband, John Solomon, died, she returned and bought the home where she lived quietly and alone. Of all the Indians who parted from their beloved church in 1843 she was the only



BETWEEN-THE-LOGS,
A Christian Wyandot preacher.



MONONCUE,
A Christian Wyandot preacher.

one who was present at its restoration, being the only one of the tribe living in Ohio—the last of the Wyandots.

Mother Solomon, as she was known in the vicinity of Upper Sandusky, died August 17, 1890.

Two of the Christian Indians of the Wyandot mission are deserving of special mention, Between-the-logs and Mononcue. The latter was a man of great native eloquence, and of great service to the mission as a local preacher, exerting much influence among the people of his tribe. He was a cheerful and ready worker, and a man of warm affections. Rev. J. B. Finley speaks of him as “my faithful Indian friend and brother.”

Between-the-logs was born about the year 1780, his father a Seneca and his mother a Wyandot of the Bear tribe. He took part in battle with the Indians when they were defeated by General Wayne, became a chief in his tribe at an early age, and on account of his retentive memory and ability in discussion was constituted chief speaker of the nation.

He spent a year with the Shawnee prophet, Tecumseh’s brother, and returning to his tribe convinced them that the prophet’s pretensions were destitute of truth. He also detected the fallacy of the Seneca prophet’s pretensions.

As head chief of the Wyandots in the Indian council at Brownstown, he rejected all overtures to join in war against the Americans. He and his warriors left the council and joined the American cause. When General Harrison invaded Canada, Between-the-logs, in company with a party of Wyandot chiefs and warriors, accompanied him.

After the war he settled permanently near Upper Sandusky. He became intemperate, and in a drunken fit killed his wife. When sober the horror of this deed caused him to measurably abandon the use of ardent spirits.

When Stewart, the colored missionary, went among the Wyandots Between-the-logs was the first man converted. He became a regularly appointed exhorter in the church, was a regular attendant upon the annual Ohio conference, at which he made some of the most eloquent and rational speeches delivered. Rev. James B. Finley, from whose “Autobiography” this sketch is derived, says of this Indian chief:

“Between-the-logs was rather above the common stature, broad and thin built, but otherwise well proportioned, with an open and manly countenance.

“Through his life he had to contend with strong passions, which through grace he happily overcame in the end. His memory was so tenacious that he retained every matter of importance, and related it, when necessary, with a minute correctness that was truly astonishing. And such were his natural abilities otherwise that, had he received a suitable education, few would have exceeded him either as a minister of the gospel or as a statesman or politician.”

THE MATTHEW BRAYTON MYSTERY.

In the fall of 1825 the disappearance of Matthew Brayton, a child of seven years, from the home of his parents in Crawford township, Wyandot county, aroused the sympathy and interest of the pioneers throughout a wide extent of territory.

William Brayton, Matthew’s elder brother, had started with him in search of some stray cattle; after proceeding some two or three miles they were joined by Mr. Hart, a neighbor, and as the search promised to be a protracted one, Matthew was told to follow a path through the forest to Mr. Baker’s house, some sixty rods distant, and there await his brother’s return. At the close of day William Brayton called at Mr. Baker’s residence, but found Matthew had not been there. He hastened to his home, informed his parents, and a hunting party set out at once to search for the missing boy. His tracks were traced for a little way along the path he had taken and then lost. All the next day the search continued, the

hunting party increasing in number as the story of the lost boy spread throughout the region, but the day closed, and no further trace of the boy found. The second day the woods were filled with searching parties that came in from all directions to show their sympathy and lend their aid to the distressed parents.

The Indian villages were examined, but the Wyandots not only expressed ignorance of the boy's movements but joined in the search with great zeal. It was learned from them, however, that a party of Canadian Indians had passed north on the day of the boy's disappearance, but they did not know whether the boy was with them or not.

The search continued for many days, the settlers for miles around participating, but nothing further could be learned of the boy, and the search was finally abandoned.

Years passed by and the story of the boy's disappearance became one of the unsolved mysteries of the past. The parents, however, never gave up hope of recovering their lost child: every vague rumor was followed up without avail, until, after a lapse of sixteen years, the mother died of a broken heart, in her last moments weeping for her lost child.

Thirty-four years after the boy's disappearance the Brayton family learned through a weekly newspaper of an Indian captive, then in Cleveland, who did not know his own name, but in his youth had been stolen by Canadian Indians from some place in northwestern Ohio, had been taken into Michigan, and after thirty-four years of captivity had returned to Ohio to find his parents.

William Brayton at once started to see the "captive." Previous to setting out he had been instructed by his father to look for two scars by which his brother might be identified—one on his head, and the other on his great toe of the right foot, resulting from the cut of an axe. The returned "captive" was examined and found to have these scars on his person just as represented by the father. Word was sent to the Brayton family that the long lost child had been found after many years, and was on his way home. The news spread throughout the region, and for many miles from his home multitudes of people gathered at the railroad stations to see the man whose experience had been so remarkable. Among them were many old men who had searched for the lost boy; aged mothers whose hearts had ached in sympathy for the bereaved parents; young men and maidens who had heard the story of the lost boy related by their parents at the fireside.

The meeting at the family home was extremely touching, but the season of rejoicing was of short duration, for it soon transpired that it was not the long lost son and brother returned, but the child of other parents, and no tidings of Matthew Brayton ever reached his family.

It was conclusively proven that the "captive" was William Todd, and he was restored to his parents in Michigan. At the outbreak of the rebellion he enlisted in the cavalry service, and died in Nashville, Tenn. The foregoing account is abridged from the Wyandot County History.

AN IMMIGRANT'S EXPERIENCES.

The career of Mr. Pietro Cuneo, as given in the *Wyandot County Republican*, is such a striking, instructive example of the result of industrious perseverance in a high purpose and its possibilities under the institutions of American government, as contrasted with the conditions of life under foreign governments, that we are constrained to make a few extracts therefrom for the education of the youth of Ohio.

Mr. Cuneo was born in a small village near Genoa, Italy. He says:

Reports of America.—My father had heard good reports of America. A neighbor of his returned home with some money, and his en-

thusiastic accounts of what he saw here and opportunities for making something gave my father the American fever. He saw no hope

of ever improving his condition over there. Yes, the poor peasant is born in a rude and humble home, and there he must die. He cultivates his little hillside and fields of ground, eats his common coarse meal, admires the beauties with which nature has surrounded him, but no light of education enters his mind. There were then no rolling mills, factories or mechanical establishments to furnish him steady labor, or even to incite him to industry. He was born poor—poor and uneducated he must remain. Nature has done all she could for him, but he is the victim of cruel tyranny. I tell you, my friends, that it may be, and undoubtedly is, very pleasing to the eye, to behold the very elaborate terraced hillsides, and valleys decorated with grapevines, fig and olive trees, but to reside and make a living there is altogether a different thing.

Despotic Rule.—And what is still more undurable is the stern fact of having to live under rulers who occupy their positions, not because of eminent merits, peculiar qualifications, or the voice of the people over whom they rule, but simply by the right of hereditary descent, a principle which originated in hell. Then, too, with the knowledge that those very despots are placed over you and your children for life. There is no alternative but to bow and submit. I wish you to think for a moment, and to imagine what feelings would creep over you, if you were now to be informed that you had no longer a voice in the making of your laws and the choice of your rulers. In this country the people are the rulers, and the officers mere hired servants. In Italy a public functionary will pass you with less respect than you would a cow. In this country he will stop to inquire as to the condition of your health, and that of your family, especially if he be a shrewd politician, with aspirations for re-election or promotion. He knows that, religiously and politically, you stand upon the infallible rock of equality, and he treats you accordingly. Here every citizen worships God as he pleases. If our public servants prove meritorious, we honor them by re-election; and if unworthy, we kick them out and repeal the bad laws they have enacted. In Italy, although a man may have the brains of an ignoramus, and the heart of a villain, yet if he be the son of a king he becomes heir to the throne; and he who is born poor, although endowed with the genius of a Shakspeare, and the wisdom of a Franklin, he must die as he was born, in obscurity.

Liberty and Equality.—But in this country,

Sails for America.—On March 6, 1849, Pietro, then thirteen years of age, accompanied his father to Genoa, from which city they were to sail for America.

"In sixty days from the time we sailed we reached New York city. There were about one hundred passengers on that little ship. We were packed below like criminals, and our situation, especially during the prevalence of sea-sickness, can be better imagined than described."

An Organ Grinder.—"When I arrived in New York I could not understand

thanks be to God, the noble patriots who established this benign government, and the hosts of its living maimed defenders, the fact that a man may have been born in an humble cottage and followed the trade of a tanner, like General Grant; split rails, like Abraham Lincoln; drove a canal boat, like James A. Garfield; or taught school for a living, like Millard Fillmore, does not debar him from becoming the honored executive of the nation. Truly here are no distinctions but such as man's merits may originate. Here the temple of fame opens its portals alike to all. Still it is my experience, that whatever may be a man's surroundings, or the country where he resides, the novelty of all around him will wear off, and in turn he becomes the victim of despondency and discontentment. The peasant of Italy is ignorant, without ambition, and requires much less to satisfy him. Our own people are ambitious. This is right. A man without ambition is as worthless and powerless as an engine without steam. But the more we have the greater our desire for what we have not.

Appreciation of American Institutions.—We take up a poor boy, educate him, make a Governor of him, send him to Congress, and then, instead of feeling grateful, he will growl, and even abandon his benefactors, because they don't keep him there for life, or elect him to the Presidency. The Italian peasant feels thankful and happy when he has health, sufficient to eat and work; but we keep up the perpetual cry of "hard times," because we haven't thousands of bushels of wheat to sell and piles of greenbacks in the bank. And when we have plenty of wheat we are not happy, because the price is too low. Now, my kind reader, when you are disposed to despond, when business is dull, don't fret because you aint in California, digging up nuggets of gold; but remember how transcendently superior is your lot when compared with the condition of the peasants of Italy, and the millions of the poor and oppressed of other lands. He who fails to find a reasonable degree of happiness in America is truly to be pitied, for I don't know where he can go to better his condition. It has often seemed to me that the American people do not appreciate their institutions and privileges as they should. I will not say that I prize and enjoy them better than they, but I do say, most emphatically, that I appreciate them far better than if I had not gone through what I have related in these chats.

a solitary word of the English language, had no trade, and could not read nor write my own name in any language. What to do was the question. Father was advised to start me out with an organ. He accordingly rented one. I shouldered it, and went to that part of the city then called 'Five Points.' I rested the organ on a cane and proceeded to turn the crank. I gathered a few pennies, but soon found that I could not carry it. It was different from those we occasionally see on our streets. It had a top to it in which were figures that danced to the tunes played. It was too heavy for me, and so father had to return it to the owner. I have mentioned this to some kind friends, and it got to the ears of some Democratic editors, and when they got displeased at me they called me 'the organ grinder.' I am guilty, and the worst of it is that I did not make a success of it. I gave them the best tunes that the internal machinery of the box and diligently turning of the crank would afford, took such pennies, and they were few, passers-by saw fit to give me. If I had been three or four years older I think I would have made it go. I would have added a monkey to the business after a while. I had the will but not the strength so I made a failure of it. And I tell you I was discouraged and home-sick."

A Farm Laborer.—From New York he went to Philadelphia, and then worked on a farm in Milford, Del., receiving three dollars per month and board. In about two years, on account of sickness, his father was compelled to return to Italy, expecting Pietro to follow, but the latter had begun to master the difficulties of the English language, and decided to remain in America. For the next four years he drifted from farm to farm in the vicinity of Philadelphia. In 1852, while working on the farm of Mr. Starn near Camden, N. J., he was urged by his friends and fellow-laborers to go to school and learn to read and write.

"Mr. Starn told me that if I wanted to go to school he would board me for what work I could do about the farm night and morning, or, if I wanted to work steadily, he would give me three dollars per month. I accepted the latter offer, and promised to try and learn at home in the evenings. The teacher was boarding in the family of Mr. Starn, and offered to teach me; so I purchased a spelling book and tried a few evenings, but soon became utterly discouraged, and gave the book to a little daughter of Mr. Samuel Ross."

A year later, at the age of seventeen, he again tried to get the rudiments of an education, and took his first lesson in learning the alphabet.

Learning to Read and Write.—"I tried hard to learn, and the teacher and pupils took particular pains to assist me. The teacher, Wm. Snowden, I think, was his name, and the pupils, were very kind to me. He became interested in my welfare, and soon after I began the term he invited me to stand by his side one noon, while he was eating dinner, and spell words on the book, which he helped me to pronounce. The next day I did not go up. The second day he invited me again. I went up, and he asked me why I did not go up the day before. I told him that I did not know that he wanted me to do so. He then

explained that he was willing to hear me every noon. I was only too glad to accept. So, after that, every noon, for the balance of the winter, I stood by his side and spelled a lesson while he was eating his dinner. It was no trouble to him, but a great favor to me. He was one of God's noblest men. On taking my leave of school I asked my teacher to sell me a copy of 'Swann's Instructive Reader,' of which he had several 'second-hand' copies. 'Why,' said he, 'what do you want with it? you can't read it.' 'Well,' said I, 'I will keep it till I can.' He said I could have a copy for 12½ cents. I took him up and honored my promise, as I kept the book, read, and have it yet. I was determined to make a useful man of myself if possible, and decided to work hard during the spring, summer and fall of each year, and attend school during the three winter months till I arrived at the age of twenty-one. I had heard good reports of Pennsylvania, and in the fall came to Coatesville, Chester county, of that State."

"What Does United States Mean?"—During the next two winters he began to study arithmetic and geography. "After a while I came to the map of the 'United States,' and the question in my mind was, What does that mean? I knew I was in America, but I could not understand what the words 'United' and 'States' meant, and I am free to confess I never thoroughly understood their meaning till after I studied 'Young's Science of Government,' 'De Tocqueville's American Institutions,' the history of American Colonies and the War for American Independence. One great obstacle in the way of my progress was the fact that I did not comprehend the meaning of so many words. In studying arithmetic I labored under peculiar difficulties, as I could not understand the rules. Well, I purchased a small pocket dictionary, but here I met with new and unexpected difficulties, for when I resorted to it I was as much at a loss to un-

derstand the definitions as the words themselves. When I read a book or paper I found so many strange words that I could hardly get any sense of the subject. I finally resorted to this practice: When I found strange words I wrote them on a slip of paper, and, after I was through reading, would examine the dictionary and write the definition opposite the word, and carried it in my pocket. When at my work I would reflect over what I had read; and if I could not remember the words or their meaning I would pull the slip from my pocket and read it. To learn to pronounce the words was another great task, and one which I never expected to master."

Wants to be an Editor.—In September, 1856, Mr. Cuneo came to Canton, Ohio, worked in the shops of Aultman & Co., carrying lumber and doing other manual labor at seventy-seven cents a day. He worked for this firm for the next nine years, excepting during certain intervals when he worked on a farm for his board while attending school. He gradually mastered, with great difficulty, one after another of the different branches taught in the public schools until he received notice of his promotion to the high school. From time to time he purchased standard books until he had the nucleus of a library, and in the fall of 1858 taught in a school where he had formerly been a pupil. Through reading the "Life and Essays of Benjamin Franklin" he was stimulated with a desire to become a newspaper editor, and entered the office of the Stark County *Republican* as a printer's "devil" at the age of twenty-two. About five months later his parents arrived in Canton, and as he could render them and his sisters no assistance while an apprentice in a printing office he was obliged to return to work in the shops of Aultman & Co. In the fall of 1865, still ambitious to become an editor, he purchased with his savings a half interest in the *Medina Gazette*. In September, 1866, he sold out this interest and purchased the *Wyandot Pioneer*, of Upper Sandusky. He changed its name to the *Wyandot County Republican* in 1869, and has been its sole editor and proprietor ever since.

In concluding the sketch of his career Mr. Cuneo says:

Mean Fun.—During the several years I worked in the machine shops I carried books in my pocket, and when I arrived at the shops a few minutes before the time to commence work I would seize the books and study them. Sometimes, when deeply absorbed over those books, some of the shop fellows would throw iron turnings on me, which would come down like vigorous hail. But when I looked to learn who threw them, no one was to be seen—that is, the guilty fellow was not visible. It was very annoying and unkind to me, but great fun for the boys.

When working on the farm I kept a book in the barn, and while the horses ate I read. Thus I gathered a little here and a little there, which has been a great help to me.

Poor Boy's Opportunities.—I had now acquired such a thirst for knowledge, that when I heard of a book, the study of which I thought would assist me, I resolved to have it if it took the very last cent. As I continued my readings I found that the great philosopher, Benjamin Franklin, was once a poor printer boy; the statesman, Roger Sherman, was a shoemaker; William Wirt was left a poor orphan boy at eight years of age. In fact I found that a large number of those who have contributed so much to the lustre of our nationality and the glory of our institutions began their careers in obscurity and poverty.

Then, too, as I looked among the living, I saw men everywhere, who were once poor, in the possession of wealth and stations of honor. This encouraged me, for the idea of poor boys becoming rich was new to me, as I never saw such instances in Italy. The experience of others taught me the fact that, in most every community, in this country, the men and women who have made honorable reputations, and achieved success in business and mental culture, began in humble circumstances, often at the very bottom of the ladder. Yes, in the old country, men boast of having royal blood flowing in their veins, but in this country we often point with pride to an humble log-house—which we did not own, but paid rent for the privilege of living in it—as our starting point. True, indeed, that "Westward the star of empire takes its way," and equally true, that the heart of the honest, ambitious American lad looks *upward* and *onward*, in the direction of an honorable career which is within the reach of every boy gifted with common sense, integrity, grit and laudable ambition.

Pleasure in Work.—In conclusion, and in all candor, allow me to assure you, reader, that I see nothing in the story of my humble experience to boast about. Indeed, I have never thought and have no intentions of applying for a patent for anything recorded above. I claim no merits for myself, have done nothing that any ordinary boy may not do. Every boy, born in this country, has at once the advantage of learning our language from his mother's lips, and entering the school door at the age of six years. I had a harder struggle to learn what little I know, of the English language, than most of our boys have in acquiring a practical common school education. In fact, with me, progress in the way of acquiring knowledge and property has always seemed slow, hard work, uphill. But there is a pleasure in diligent study, persistent industry and practical management. I wish I could impress upon the minds of my young readers that we are most happy when we are busy, engaged in accomplishing something useful. The writing of this long article has been a pleasing task to me.

Gratitude for American Institutions.—But may I not hope that the perusal of this simple narration of facts will cheer the hearts of some lads, who are depressed, and whose future seems gloomy, as mine did. Oh, no, I

shall not boast, for the long weary years, the heart-aches and gloomy future of my boyhood and young manhood are far more vividly impressed upon my mind and heart than any joy I ever experienced. No, I claim no merits for myself, but attribute what little success may have attended my efforts to the free, common schools of our glorious country, and have thus briefly related my experience, since arriving in America, for the purpose of demonstrating to our young men that they are surrounded by golden opportunities, which, if properly improved, will enable them in due time to reap a pleasurable harvest. I

close with words and sentiments that I penned a little over eighteen years ago, and which are as warm in my heart now as they were then: "The gratitude I bear toward those who urged me to go to school, and gave me an opportunity to do so: to the teachers and this benign government, which opened the school-room doors to me, shall only fade away when my heart shall beat no more. God grant that this, my adopted country, this beloved land, this paradise for men on earth, this asylum for the oppressed of all countries, this Union of States and of hearts, may be as lasting and indestructible as Time."

WYANDOT EXECUTION.

The following account of the execution for murder of a Wyandot Indian has been written for this work by Dr. A. W. Munson, of Kenton, O., an eye-witness of the execution, under date of Kenton, O., January 3, 1891, and directed to Henry Howe:

In compliance with a promise made you on your visit to this city a few years ago I send the following account of the incidents leading to and connected with the last Wyandot Indian execution which took place at Upper Sandusky in October, 1840. For many years previous to the time here spoken of, owing to Christian influence, the Wyandot nation had been divided into two parties, one known as the Christian, the other as the Heathen party.

Many of the Indians, being very fond of drink, would become intoxicated whenever they could obtain whiskey, and when intoxicated were troublesome and difficult to control. In consequence of this, the United States officers at the Agency had issued an order prohibiting persons settling on the reservation from selling or giving to any Indian any intoxicating liquors.

There being no law preventing persons living outside the reservation from keeping and selling liquor to any person, a number of small villages outside were liberally supplied with liquor vendors, from whom the Indians could obtain all they wanted. It was in one of these villages that a party of Indians in September, 1840, congregated, many of whom became intoxicated and engaged in numerous contentions. Among those present were two who were parties to the tragedy about to be described.

The Murder.—One old man, a half-brother to a prominent half-breed named John Barnet, belonged to the Christian party, and although he had indulged in frequent potations, was but slightly intoxicated; the other, a young man, the son of a noted chief known as "Black Chief," was a rude and turbulent fellow, and had become greatly intoxicated during the day. Late in the afternoon, the former having procured a jug of whiskey started to go home, when the latter joined him. Their route was along a trail through the thick woods. Soon after entering the forest the young Indian wanted the old man to give him some whiskey, and when refused became enraged and seizing a bludgeon dealt the old man a murderous blow on the head, felling him to the ground, and following up his murderous blows crushed the head of the prostrate victim, killing him on the spot.

The Arrest and Trial.—Soon thereafter a body of Indians going along the trail came upon the dead body of the victim, and passing a short distance farther found the mur-

derer, still drunk, and lying upon the ground fast asleep, while the jug sat near by. This party seized the drunken Indian, and, binding his arms, conveyed him, together with the dead body, to Upper Sandusky, and lodged the former in the little Indian jail for safe-keeping. The news of the tragedy created great excitement in the nation, and soon the executive council ordered an examination, whereupon the prisoner was taken before that tribunal, and after examining into the particulars found him guilty of murder while in a state of intoxication, and sentenced him to perpetual banishment and the confiscation of all his property.

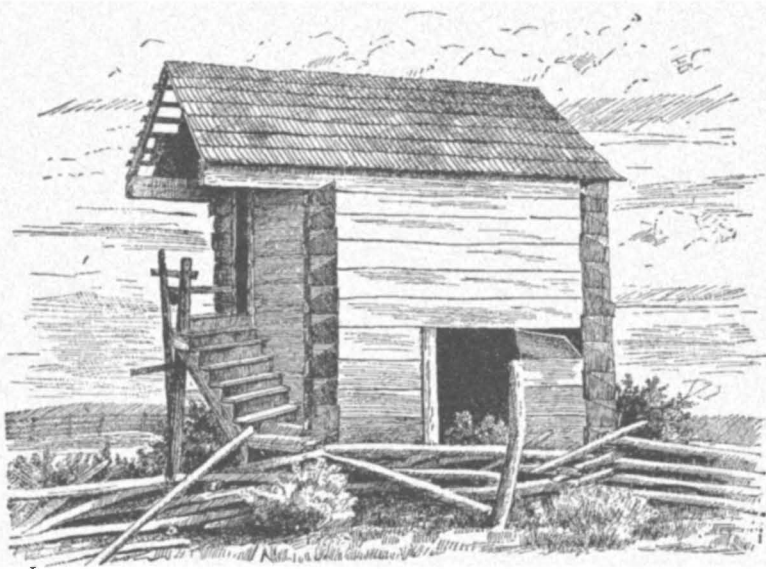
This disposition of the case caused great dissatisfaction among the nation, especially among the Christian party, and a demand was made for a reversal of the decree, and the culprit to be tried by the highest tribunal, viz., a trial before the assembled nation, acting as a jury, to decide by ballot the question of life or death.

Before the Grand Tribunal.—The decree

of the chiefs was set aside, the accused brought before the grand tribunal, and, after a full investigation of the case, the question, "Shall the prisoner suffer death or be permitted to live?" was decided by a vote of all persons entitled to vote (all male persons over twenty-one years of age). The vote resulted in an overwhelming majority in favor of death. The prisoner was thereupon sentenced to be shot to death, and the third Friday thereafter selected as the day. The place of execution was to be the Sandusky bottoms, adjoining the village of Upper Sandusky.

The Indian Jail.—It was early in the morn-

ing of the Friday designated for the execution that I set off on horseback to make a journey of twenty miles to witness the proceedings. I arrived at the village about nine in the morning, and found a considerable number of both whites and Indians of both sexes already in the village. The prisoner was confined in the jail, which was a hewed log structure standing upon a high bluff a short distance northeast from the council-house, which stood on a lot used as an Indian graveyard, and enclosed by a rude fence. Evidences of that graveyard may yet be seen. The jail building was about 14x18 feet and



THE INDIAN JAIL.

two stories high, standing with the ends pointing north and south, and overlooking the Sandusky bottoms to the south and east. The lower story consisted of one room about eight feet high, supplied with one small window in the south end, from which a fair view of the bottoms could be had. The entrance was near the northwest corner; the outer door was a thick, heavy plank batten, and the inner door an iron grated one. These doors were so arranged that the outer one could be opened, and afford an opportunity for outside persons to converse with the prisoner, while the inner grated door, being securely fastened, prevented any escape.

The lower floor, as indeed the upper one, was made of hewed logs about eight or ten inches thick.

The upper room was of the same dimensions as the lower, with a window in the south end and an entrance at the north end, provided with two doors, situated and arranged as in the room below. The roof projected over the north end some six or eight feet, thus affording a kind of porch. The upper room was reached by an outside stair-

way, which commenced at the northwest corner and extended up to the platform at the door to the upper apartment. This building was erected soon after the establishment of the government agency, and stood as a pioneer relic until a few years ago, when the vandal hands of progress demolished it, and nothing now remains to mark the place where it stood.

The Executive Council.—Upon my arrival I was informed that the prisoner could be seen at the jail, and that the execution would not take place until afternoon, as the executive council was then in session in the council-house, probably arranging the details of procedure.

It was also rumored that an effort on the part of friends of the prisoner was being made to have the sentence suspended and the prisoner turned over to the State authorities to be tried by the laws of the State, and that the question was being considered by the council. However, preparations for the execution were going on; the grave was being dug by a party of Indians. The site of the grave was in the Sandusky bottom,

about forty-six rods west from the river and at a point about thirty yards north from the present embankment of the P. Ft. W. & C. R. R., which was also where the execution was to take place.

A Talk With the Prisoner.—I visited the jail for the purpose of seeing the prisoner, and, if possible, to have a talk with him. I found, upon arriving at the jail, quite a number of visitors, actuated by the same motive, already there. The outer door was open, and an old negro interpreter named Jonathan Pointer was seated by the door ready to give any information in his power, or to ask the prisoner any questions desired and interpret the answer. This old negro was taken captive by the Indians when a child, had grown to manhood and to old age (he was then about sixty years old) among them. He had learned to speak their dialect, as also the English language, and was the principal interpreter for the nation.

The prisoner was a stout, muscular young man, apparently about twenty-two years old, brave and sullen as a lion. I conversed with him some by means of the interpreter Jonathan. He had but little to say, answering my questions in the shortest manner possible. He was very uneasy, continually pacing around his prison, frequently stopping for a moment at the little window to gaze away in the direction of his grave-diggers, who were plainly visible at their work. After standing and gazing thus for a few moments he would turn suddenly away, and resume his uneasy walking around his prison like a hyena in his cage.

Preparing for the Execution.—The chiefs of the nation were closely shut in the council-house from early morn until late in the afternoon, when, having arranged the execution, which was to be conducted in true Indian military style, came out and gave orders to proceed with the execution. The executioners were six in number, secretly selected, three from the Christian and three from the heathen party. They were each at the proper time to be furnished with a loaded rifle, five of which were to contain powder and ball, and one to contain only powder. None of these were to know which had the rifle with the blank charge.

As before stated the execution was to take place at the grave. Accordingly, about 4 P. M., the spectators were arranged in two parallel lines, about fifteen yards apart, extending from the grave northward to a point about twenty rods from the grave, at which point the executioners were to be stationed. The Indian spectators were upon the west side of the line, while the whites occupied the east side. There were many more whites than Indians, consequently a better chance of witnessing the proceeding was enjoyed by those on the Indian side. It was my fortune to occupy a position among the Indians, within a few feet of the grave.

The Prisoner Brought Forth.—Orders were given to bring the prisoner to the place of execution, and four braves, with rope in

hand, approached the jail, two of whom entered and bound the prisoner securely by passing the rope twice around his body over his arms, which were securely fastened to his sides. He was now directed to pass out, each guard holding opposite ends of the rope. Once out of the prison the march to the place of execution commenced, the prisoner marching between the guards, two on either side, holding firmly the rope that bound him.

The route taken was along an old trail past the graveyard and council-house before spoken of, down to the river bottom at the southeast part of the village to the grave—a distance of about a mile. I accompanied this march and watched the prisoner closely, who marched the whole distance without a falter, and apparently as firm and steady as though nothing unusual was in waiting. Soon after the arrival of the prisoner, and while he was standing at the foot of his grave, Chief William Walker, one of the principal men of the nation, a good scholar and grand orator, advanced along the open space between the two lines of spectators to a point about twenty feet from the prisoner, and directly fronting him, proceeded in a loud and clear voice to read the death warrant. This was done first in the Wyandot dialect, and then in the English language. This document was a model one, couched in the finest language, and clear and pointed in every detail; one that would do honor to the most learned judiciary of any civilized nation. It recited the circumstances under which the crime had been committed, the details of the trial, how the prisoner had been tried by two tribunals, and had been found guilty by the highest one known to the nation, and sentenced to suffer death.

Stoicism of the Prisoner.—The most perfect silence prevailed among the entire audience during the reading. The prisoner, standing erect and gazing away into space, seemed perfectly unconcerned about what was passing. During the time these proceedings were taking place, his coffin, a rude box, was brought and placed beside his grave. He simply turned his head and took a look at it for a moment, and then, without apparently any emotion, resumed his vacant stare into space. He did not utter a word or make a noise of any kind during this whole performance. After concluding the reading of the death warrant he was asked by Chief Walker if he had anything to say. He simply shook his head, at which Walker, moving away, gave a signal to the guards.

The Death.—One of the guards now advanced and requested the prisoner to kneel at the foot of his grave, which he did without any emotion. The guard then bound a handkerchief over his eyes. The prisoner, after kneeling, raised his head, and, holding himself erect, remained motionless as a statue. The executioners had previously been secreted behind a cluster of willows standing a few rods east from the line of spectators; and as soon as the prisoner had been blindfolded they emerged stealthily in single file, and,

marching directly to the head of the open space between the lines of spectators, took their position, when an officer, detailed for the purpose, advanced and handed each man his rifle, and stepping aside, another officer stepped to the front and to the east, with rod in hand, and raised it up, at which the executioners raised their rifles to take aim; the officer dropped his rod, and the six rifles were fired simultaneously—not a word was spoken.

Upon the report of the rifles the prisoner instantly fell forward and to the right, and did not make a single motion or utter a sound. Dr. Mason, a physician at the agency, stepped forward, and after a short examination pro-

nounced him dead. The body was now put into the coffin and the lid nailed on, and the whole was lowered into the grave and covered. Thus ended the last Indian execution among the Wyandots at Upper Sandusky.

This tribe left their reservation about three years thereafter, and settled in the then Territory of Kansas.

Intemperance was the great curse of the Indians, and one often reads the expression of "tying up an Indian" when wild and dangerous from intoxication. This means tying his elbows together behind his back and his ankles together, and then laying him on the ground until he becomes sober.

CHARLES DICKENS AT UPPER SANDUSKY.

In 1842, four years before my own visit to Upper Sandusky, Charles Dickens passed through the place, tarrying over night at a log-tavern. He had come in a stage coach from Columbus, and was *en route* to Sandusky City, where he took a steamer for Buffalo. In his "American Notes," after describing the roughness of the travelling by stage coach, the painful experience of jolting over corduroy roads, and through forests, bogs and swamps, the team forcing its way cork-screw fashion, he says :

At length, between ten and eleven o'clock at night, a few feeble lights appeared in the distance, and Upper Sandusky, an Indian village, where we were to stay till morning, lay before us. They were gone to bed at the log-inn, which was the only house of entertainment in the place, but soon answered our knocking, and got some tea for us in a sort of kitchen or common room, tapestried with old newspapers pasted against the wall. The bedchamber to which my wife and I were shown was a large, low, ghostly room, with a quantity of withered branches on the hearth, and two doors without any fastening, opposite to each other, both opening on the black night and wild country, and so contrived that one of them always blew the other open; a novelty in domestic architecture which I do not remember to have seen before, and which I was somewhat disconcerted to have forced on my attention after getting into bed, as I had a considerable sum in gold for our travelling expenses in my dressing-case. Some of the luggage, however, piled against the panels soon settled this difficulty, and my sleep would not have been very much affected that night, I believe, though it had failed to do so.

My Boston friend climbed up to bed somewhere in the roof, where another guest was already snoring hugely. But being bitten beyond his power of endurance he turned out again, and fled for shelter to the coach, which was airing itself in front of the house. This was not a very politic step as it turned out, for the pigs scenting him, and looking upon the coach as a kind of pie with some manner of meat inside, grunted round it so hideously that he was afraid to come out again, and lay there shivering till morning. Nor was it possible to warm him, when he did come out, by means of a glass of brandy: for in Indian

villages the legislature, with a very good and wise intention, forbids the sale of spirits by tavern-keepers. The precaution, however, is quite inefficacious, for the Indian never fails to procure liquor of a worse kind at a dearer price from travelling peddlers.

It is a settlement of Wyandot Indians who inhabit this place. Among the company was a mild old gentleman (Col. John Johnston), who had been for many years employed by the United States government in conducting negotiations with the Indians, and who had just concluded a treaty with these people by which they bound themselves, in consideration of a certain annual sum, to remove next year to some land provided for them west of the Mississippi and a little way beyond St. Louis. He gave me a moving account of their strong attachment to the familiar scenes of their infancy, and in particular to the burial places of their kindred, and of their great reluctance to leave them.

He had witnessed many such removals and always with pain, though he knew that they departed for their own good. The question whether this tribe should go or stay had been discussed among them a day or two before in a hut erected for the purpose, the logs of which still lay upon the ground before the inn. When the speaking was done the ayes and noes were ranged on opposite sides, and every male adult voted in his turn. The moment the result was known the minority (a large one) cheerfully yielded to the rest, and withdrew all kind of opposition.

We met some of these poor Indians afterward riding on shaggy ponies. They were so like the meaner sort of gypsies that if I could have seen any of them in England I should have concluded, as a matter of course, that they belonged to that wandering and restless people.

CAREY is ten miles northwest of Upper Sandusky, on the I. B. & W., C. H. V. & T. and C. & W. Railroads. It was founded in 1844 by McDonald Carey and D. Strow, who are yet heavy real estate owners. City Officers, 1888: J. H. Rhodes, mayor; E. G. Laughlin, clerk; J. B. Conrad, treasurer; Charles Buckland, marshal; Albert Hart, street commissioner. Newspapers: *Wyandot County Times*, Independent, W. N. Fisher, editor and publisher. Churches: 1 Catholic, 1 United Brethren, 1 Methodist, 1 Lutheran, and 1 Evangelical. Bank: People's, D. Straw, president; D. H. Straw, cashier. Population, in 1890, 1,605. School census, 1888, 436; R. H. Morrison, school superintendent. Capital invested in manufacturing establishments, \$83,500. Value of annual product, \$270,500.—*Ohio Labor Statistics, 1888.*

Carey is a flourishing little town, is lighted and warmed by gas. It is in a rich agricultural country in a gas and oil producing region.

NEVADA is eight miles east of Upper Sandusky, on the P. Ft. W. & C. R. R. Newspaper: *Enterprise*, Independent, Wilcox & Holmes, editors and publishers. Bank: Nevada Deposit, William L. Blair, president; J. A. Williams, assistant cashier. Population in 1880, 1,036. School census, 1888, 279; George Rossiter, school superintendent.

SYCAMORE is eleven miles northeast of Upper Sandusky, on the O. C. R. R. Newspaper: *Observer*, Republican, F. Ladd, editor and publisher. School census, 1888, 205; H. P. Tracey, school superintendent.

MARSEILLES is twelve miles southwest of Upper Sandusky. Population in 1880, 273.

KIRBY is eight miles west of Upper Sandusky, on the P. Ft. W. & C. R. R. Population in 1880, 294.

WHARTON is eight miles northwest of Upper Sandusky, on the I. B. & W. R. School census, 1888, 176.

ADDENDA.

(i)

JAMES EDWIN CAMPBELL was born in Middletown, Butler county, Ohio, July 7, 1843. His father was of Scotch extraction and his mother of English. His Pilgrim ancestors settled in Plymouth colony soon after its formation. During the Revolutionary war several of his ancestors took a distinguished part, and both of his grandfathers were soldiers in the war of 1812.



GOV. JAMES E. CAMPBELL.

James E. Campbell was educated in the public schools, began the study of law, and for a time taught school. In 1863 he entered his country's service as a master's mate on a gunboat. He served on the gunboats Elk and Naiad, of the Mississippi and Red River flotillas, and took part in a number of engagements, but at the expiration of a year's service his health was so impaired by the miasma of the river-bottoms that he was discharged, and returned home a mere semblance of the vigorous young man that a year before had entered the service.

As soon as his health would permit he resumed his law studies in the office of Doty & Gunckel, of Middletown, and in 1865 was admitted to the bar. He did not commence the practice of his profession until 1867. In the interim he was bookkeeper of the First National Bank of Middletown, and was also a Deputy in the Internal Revenue service at Hamilton. In January, 1870, he was married to Miss Libbie Owens, daughter of Job E. Owens and Mary A. Price.

In 1875 he was elected Prosecuting Attorney for Butler county, and re-elected at the expiration of his term. In 1879 he was defeated for the State Senate by only twelve votes.

Until the Greeley campaign he was a Republican, but since that time has acted with the Democrats.

In 1885 he was elected to Congress, and re-elected in 1887. In 1889 he was elected Governor of Ohio by a plurality of 10,872 votes over ex-Gov. J. B. Foraker.

Gov. Campbell's administration of the State's affairs has been able and vigorous. As a lawyer he is well informed on all points, and has held many important receiverships and other trusts. He is a clear, forcible speaker, and impresses his hearers with his earnestness of purpose. He is somewhat above the average height, with a fine presence, suave and courteous in manner.

STATE OFFICERS.

1890-1891.

Governor—JAMES E. CAMPBELL (D), of Hamilton.
Lieutenant-Governor—WILLIAM V. MARQUIS (D), of Bellefontaine.
Secretary of State—DANIEL J. RYAN (R), of Portsmouth.
Auditor of State—EBENEZER W. POE (R), of Bowling Green.
Treasurer of State—JOHN C. BROWN (R), of Steubenville.
Attorney-General—DAVID K. WATSON (R), of Columbus.
Judges of the Supreme Court—MARSHALL J. WILLIAMS (R), *Chief Justice*, of Wash-
ington C. H.
FRANKLIN J. DICKMAN (R), of Cleveland.
WILLIAM T. SPEAR (R), of Warren.
JOSEPH P. BRADBURY (R), of Pomeroy.
THADDEUS A. MINSHALL (R), of Chillicothe.
Clerk of the Supreme Court—URBAN H. HESTER (R), of Van Wert.
Reporter of the Supreme Court—LEVI J. BURGESS (R), of Columbus.
Commissioner of Common Schools—JOHN HANCOCK (R), of Chillicothe.
Board of Public Works—WELLS S. JONES (R), of Waverly.
WM. M. HAHN (R), of Mansfield.
FRANK J. MCCOLLOCH (R), of Bellefontaine.
Adjutant General—MORTON L. HAWKINS (D), of Cincinnati.
** Commissioner of Labor Statistics*—JOHN McBRIDE (D), of Massillon.
*** Commissioner of Railroads and Telegraphs*—JAMES A. NORTON (D), of Tiffin.
Law Librarian—FRANK N. BEEBE (R), of Columbus.
Inspector of Mines—R. M. HASELTINE (R), of Youngstown.
Inspector of Oils—JOS. H. DOWLING (D), of Dayton.
Inspector of Workshops—WILLIAM Z. McDONALD (R), of Akron.
Superintendent of Insurance—W. H. KINDER (D), of Findlay.
† *State Librarian*—JOHN C. TUTHILL (D), of Lancaster.
† *Supervisor of Public Printing*—L. HIRSCH (R), of Columbus.
Dairy and Food Commissioner—EDWARD BETHEL (D), Zeno.
‡ *State Agent for the Collection of Ohio War Claims*—WILLIAM O. TOLFORD.
State Geologist—EDWARD ORTON.

* Term expires Feb. 15, 1891. ** Term expires March 7, 1891. † Term expires April 18, 1891.
‡ Term expires April 14, 1891. § Term expires Feb., 1891.

SIXTY-NINTH GENERAL ASSEMBLY.

1890-1891.

SENATORS.

District.	Name.	Politics.	County.	Post-office.	Occupation.
14th and 26th	Alexander, J. Park....	R.	Summit	Akron	Manufacturer.
21st.....	Adams, Perry M	D.	Seneca	Tiffin	Attorney-at-Law.
1st.....	Brown, James	D.	Hamilton	Cincinnati	Accountant.
38th and 19th	Buchanan, John A.....	D.	Tuscarawas..	New Phila.....	Attorney-at-Law.
30th....	Brady, George F	D.	Huron.....	Norwalk	Tobacconist.
1st.....	Corcoran, Michael T...	D.	Hamilton ...	Cincinnati	Attorney-at-Law.
7th	Cole, Amos B.....	R.	Scioto.....	Portsmouth ...	Farmer.
8th.....	Carpenter, Jeremiah L	R.	Meigs	Carpenter.....	Farmer.
14th	Cleveland, Henry J.....	R.	Noble.....	Caldwell.....	Millwright.
15th and 16th	Gaumer, Daniel H	D.	Muskingum.	Zanesville	Editor.
25th	Herrman, Charles	R.	Cuyahoga ...	Cleveland	Merchant.
27th and 29th	Hildebrand, George.....	R.	Ashland.....	Ashland	Editor.
21st.....	Howells, Anthony	D.	Stark	Massillon	Gen. Manager of Coal Mines.
27th and 29th	Kerr, Winfield S.....	R.	Richland.....	Mansfield.....	Attorney-at-Law.
9th	Lowry, Virgil C.....	D.	Hocking	Logan	Attorney-at-Law.
3d.....	Marshall, Henry C.....	D.	Montgomery	Dayton	Manufacturer.
6th	Massie, David M.....	R.	Ross	Chillicothe ...	Attorney-at-Law.

SENATORS—Continued.

District.	Name.	Politics.	County.	Post-office.	Occupation.
25th.....	Morison, David.....	R.	Cuyahoga ...	Cleveland	Real Estate Broker.
20th.....	Nichols, J. Wilbur.....	R.	Belmont	St. Clairsville	Attorney-at-Law.
5th	Oren, Jesse N.....	R.	Clinton	Wilmingon ..	Farmer.
4th	*Pattison, John M	D.	Clermont.....	Batavia.....	Insurance.
13th.....	Pumphrey, James B	R.	Hardin.....	Kenton	Farmer.
8th.....	Richards, John K.....	R.	Lawrence.....	Ironton	Attorney-at-Law.
12th.....	† Robertson, Andrew J	D.	Shelby ..	Sidney	Marble Dealer.
23d.....	Reed, Edmund A.....	R.	Trumbull ...	Vernon	Farmer.
33d.....	Ryan, John	D.	Lucas	Toledo	Farmer.
1st.....	Schneider, George A	R.	Hamilton ...	Cincinnati	Book-keeper.
2d	Stephens, Joseph L.....	D.	Warren.....	Lebanon	Physician.
22d.....	Silver, Thomas H.....	R.	Columbiana ..	Wellsville	Banker.
30th.....	Soucrant, John N.....	D.	Erie.....	Sandusky.....	Manufacturer.
32d.....	Shaw, Melville D.....	D.	Auglaize	Wapakoneta ..	Attorney-at-Law.
33d.....	Sutton, William W.....	D.	Putnam	Ottawa.....	Attorney-at-Law.
10th.	Van Cleaf, Aaron R.....	D.	Pickaway ...	Circleville ...	Printer and Editor.
10th.....	Wallace, William T.....	D.	Franklin.....	Columbus	Attorney-at-Law.
11th.....	Wilson, Thomas B.....	R.	Madison.....	London.....	Farmer.
17th and 28th	† Zimmermann, John.....	D.	Wayne.....	Wooster.....	Druggist.

* Vice Thomas Q. Ashburn, deceased.

† Died Jan. 3, 1891.

‡ Died Dec. 29, 1890.

REPRESENTATIVES.

County.	Name.	Politics.	Post-office.	Occupation.
Adams	*R. H. W. Peterson..	D.	Peebles.....	Farmer.
Allen	D. C. Cunningham...	D.	Lima.....	Editor.
Ashland	John D. Beaird.....	D.	Hayesville.....	Farmer.
Ashtabula.....	Leander C. Reeve....	R.	Rome	Farmer.
Athens.....	Wm. L. Kessinger...	R.	Nelsonville	Merchant.
Auglaize	Jacob Boesel.....	D.	New Bremen	Merchant.
Belmont.....	Alex. T. McKelvy....	R.	St. Clairsville.....	Farmer.
Brown.....	Wm. W. Pennell.....	D.	Eastwood	Teacher.
Butler.....	Joseph J. McMaken.	D.	Hamilton.....	Attorney-at-Law.
"	Thos. Goldrick.....	D.	"	Horse-shoer.
Carroll	Robert G. Kean.....	R.	Scroggsfield.....	Farmer.
Champaign	Samuel M. Taylor....	R.	Urbana.....	Attorney-at-Law.
Clark	John F. McGrew.....	R.	Springfield	Attorney-at-Law.
"	D. W. Rawlings	R.	New Moorefield.....	Farmer.
Clermont.....	Jonathan V. Christy.	D.	Marathon.....	Farmer.
Clinton.....	Wilford C. Hudson...	R.	Blanchester.....	Farmer.
Columbiana.....	Alex. H. McCoy.....	R.	Calcutta.....	Farmer.
Coshocton	Jesse P. Forbes.....	D.	Coshocton	Attorney-at-Law.
Crawford.....	Philip Schuler.....	D.	Galion.....	Real Estate.
Cuyahoga.....	Orlando J. Hodge....	R.	Cleveland.....	Journalist.
"	John P. Green.....	R.	"	Attorney-at-Law.
"	Wilbur Parker.....	R.	"	Attorney-at-Law.
"	J. Dwight Palmer....	R.	"	Retired.
"	W. D. Pudney	R.	"	Attorney-at-Law.
"	Morris Porter.....	R.	Nottingham	Farmer.
Darke.....	Andrew C. Robeson..	D.	Greenville.....	Attorney-at-Law.
"	Harvey C. Garber....	D.	"	Telegraph Operator.
Delaware	Rollin K. Willis.....	R.	Lewis Centre.....	Farmer.
Erie	John J. Molter.....	D.	Sandusky	Iron-molder.
Fairfield.....	Thomas H. Dill	D.	Lithopolis.....	Farmer.
Fayette.....	H. M. Daugherty	R.	Washington C. H.	Attorney-at-Law.
Franklin.....	† A. D. Heffner.....	D.	Columbus	Real Estate.
"	Lot L. Smith.....	D.	"	Attorney-at-Law.
Fulton.....	Estell H. Rorick.....	R.	Fayette	Physician.
Gallia.....	Jehu Eakins.....	R.	Patriot.....	Physician.
Geauga and Lake	Elverton J. Clapp....	R.	Thompson.....	Farmer.
Greene.....	Andrew Jackson.....	R.	Cedarville.....	Lumber Merchant.
Guernsey.....	David D. Taylor.....	R.	Cambridge.....	Editor and Publisher.
Hamilton.....	Fred. A. Lamping.....	D.	Cincinnati	Attorney-at-Law.
"	Guy W. Mallon.....	D.	"	Attorney-at-Law.

* Seat awarded to, in contest with W. A. Blair (R).

† Vice John B. Lawlor, deceased.

REPRESENTATIVES—Continued.

County.	Name.	Politics.	Post-office.	Occupation.
Hamilton.....	William M. Day.....	D.	Cincinnati.....	Journalist.
".....	Henry J. Schulte.....	D.	".....	Real Estate Dealer.
".....	James Nolan.....	D.	".....	Law Student.
".....	Philip Dewald.....	D.	".....	Hatter.
".....	John J. Rooney.....	D.	".....	Printer.
".....	Charles Jeffre.....	D.	".....	Butcher.
".....	John J. O'Dowd.....	D.	".....	Steward.
Hancock.....	Henry Brown.....	D.	Findlay.....	Attorney-at-Law.
Hardin.....	M. F. Eggerman.....	D.	Ada.....	Teacher.
Harrison.....	Wesley B. Hearn.....	R.	Cadiz.....	Editor.
Henry.....	Dennis D. Donovan..	D.	Deshler.....	General Business Man.
Highland.....	James M. Hughey.....	R.	Greenfield.....	Grocer Merchant.
Hocking.....	William P. Price.....	D.	Logan.....	Attorney-at-Law.
Holmes.....	William S. Troyer...	D.	Millersburg.....	Sheriff.
Huron.....	Lewis C. Laylin.....	R.	Norwalk.....	Attorney-at-Law.
Jackson.....	Samuel Llewellyn....	R.	Coalton.....	Miner.
Jefferson.....	Charles W. Clancy....	R.	Smithfield.....	Physician.
Knox.....	Chas. E. Critchfield..	D.	Mt. Vernon.....	Attorney-at-Law.
Lawrence.....	Geo. H. Holliday.....	R.	Ironton.....	Commercial Traveler.
".....	Wilbur W. Wiseman...	R.	Arabia.....	Farmer.
Licking.....	Samuel L. Blue.....	D.	Homer.....	Merchant.
".....	Marvin M. Munson....	D.	Granville.....	Farmer.
Logan.....	Chas. M. Wanzer.....	R.	Zanesfield.....	Physician.
Lorain.....	Wm. A. Braman.....	R.	Elyria.....	Real Estate.
Lucas.....	James C. Messer.....	R.	East Toledo.....	Farmer.
".....	Chas. P. Griffin.....	R.	Toledo.....	Real Estate.
Madison.....	Joseph S. Martin.....	R.	Range.....	Farmer.
Mahoning.....	Lemuel C. Ohl.....	R.	Mineral Ridge.....	Farmer and Teacher.
".....	John R. Davis.....	R.	Youngstown.....	Insurance.
Marion.....	Geo. B. Scofield.....	D.	Marion.....	Attorney-at-Law.
Medina.....	Thos. Palmer.....	R.	Chippewa.....	Farmer.
Meigs.....	Joseph C. McElroy....	R.	Racine.....	Woolen Manufacturer.
Mercer.....	Louis N. Wagner.....	D.	Coldwater.....	Teacher and Merchant.
Miami.....	John A. Sterrett.....	R.	Troy.....	Physician.
Monroe.....	Reuben P. Yoho.....	D.	Woodsfield.....	Teacher.
Montgomery.....	Wickliffe Belville....	D.	Dayton.....	Attorney-at-Law.
".....	Wm. A. Reiter.....	D.	Miamisburg.....	Attorney-at-Law.
Morgan.....	Wm. B. Crew.....	R.	McConnelsville.....	Attorney-at-Law.
Morrow.....	Wm. L. Phillips.....	R.	Marengo.....	Minister.
Muskingum.....	Thos. J. McDermott....	D.	Zanesville.....	Attorney-at-Law.
Noble.....	Chris. McKee.....	D.	Belle Valley.....	Farmer.
Ottawa.....	Wm. E. Bense.....	D.	Port Clinton.....	Real Estate and Loan Agent.
Paulding & Defiance.	*John L. Geyer.....	D.	Paulding.....	Surveyor.
Perry.....	Nial R. Hysell.....	D.	Corning.....	Coal Miner.
Pickaway.....	Thad. E. Cromley.....	D.	Ashville.....	Farmer.
Pike.....	Almand Bayhan.....	D.	Buchanan.....	Physician.
Portage.....	E. S. Woodworth.....	R.	Windham.....	Farmer.
Preble.....	†Clement F. Lantis..	D.	West Elkton.....	Carriage Trimmer.
Putnam.....	Milton E. McClure....	D.	Ottawa.....	Real Estate Agent.
Richland.....	Chas. N. Gaumer.....	D.	Mansfield.....	Editor and Publisher.
Ross.....	Elias Moore.....	R.	Kingston.....	Farmer.
".....	Willis H. Wiggins..	R.	Chillicothe.....	Attorney-at-Law.
Sandusky.....	James Hunt.....	D.	Fremont.....	Attorney-at-Law.
Scioto.....	Joseph P. Coates.....	R.	Portsmouth.....	Attorney-at-Law.
Seneca.....	†Chas. Flumergelt....	D.	Old Fort.....	Farmer.
Shelby.....	Jachomyer C. Counts...	D.	Sidney.....	Laborer.
Stark.....	John E. Monnot.....	D.	Canton.....	Attorney-at-Law.
".....	Edward E. Dresbach...	D.	Massillon.....	Minister.
Summit.....	Henry C. Sanford....	R.	Akron.....	Attorney-at-Law.
".....	Thomas Wright.....	R.	Krumroy.....	Farmer.
Trumbull.....	Charles H. Strock...	R.	Niles.....	Attorney-at-Law.
Tuscarawas.....	David H. Troendly....	D.	Baltic.....	Teacher and Farmer.
".....	Elias R. Benfer.....	D.	Strasburgh.....	Farmer.
Union.....	John H. Shearer.....	R.	Marysville.....	Editor.
Van Wert.....	Edward B. Gilliland..	D.	Van Wert.....	Farmer.
Vinton.....	Stephen W. Monahan...	D.	Hamden Junction....	Physician.
Warren.....	Alexander Boxwell....	R.	Red Lyon.....	Attorney-at-Law.
Washington.....	Frederick J. Cutter....	R.	Marietta.....	Attorney-at-Law and Farmer.
".....	Henry Roeser.....	D.	".....	Insurance Agent.
Wayne.....	Michael J. Carroll....	D.	Wooster.....	Farmer.
".....	Charles A. Weiser....	D.	Marshallville.....	Farmer.
Williams.....	Blair Hagerty.....	D.	Montpelier.....	Physician.
Wood.....	George B. Spencer....	R.	Weston.....	Physician.
Wyandot.....	William C. Gear.....	D.	Upper Sandusky.....	Surveyor and Civil Engineer.

* Vice Frank W. Knapp, dec'd. † Vice Robt. Williams, resigned. ‡ Vice Alfred B. Brant, dec'd.

MEMBERS OF THE 51ST CONGRESS.

UNITED STATES SENATORS FROM OHIO.

Senators.	Post-office.	Term.
Henry B. Payne	Cleveland	1885-1891.
John Sherman	Mansfield	1887-1893.

REPRESENTATIVES IN THE 51ST CONGRESS FROM OHIO.

Districts.	Representatives.	Residence.	Districts.	Representatives.	Residence.
1	Benj. Butterworth,* R ...	Cincinnati.	12	Jacob J. Pugsley,* R	Hillsborough.
2	John A. Caldwell, R.....	"	13	Jos. H. Outhwaite,* D....	Columbus.
3	E. S. Williams,* R.....	Troy.	14	Chas. P. Wickham,* R....	Norwalk.
4	S. S. Yoder,* D.	Lima.	15	Chas. H. Grosvenor,* R....	Athens.
5	George E. Seney,* D	Tiffin.	16	James W. Owens, D.	Newark.
6	M. M. Boothman,* R	Bryan.	17	Joseph D. Taylor,* R	Cambridge.
7	Henry L. Morey, R.	Hamilton.	18	Wm. McKinley, Jr.,* R.	Canton.
8	Rob't P. Kennedy,* R....	Bellefontaine.	19	Ezra B. Taylor,* R.....	Warren.
9	Wm. C. Cooper,* R.	Mt. Vernon.	20	Martin L. Smyser, R.....	Wooster.
10	William E. Haynes, D....	Fremont.	21	Theodore E. Burton, R....	Cleveland.
11	A. C. Thompson,* R	Portsmouth.			

* Members of 50th Congress.

MEMBERSE-LECT OF THE 52D CONGRESS.

UNITED STATES SENATORS FROM OHIO.

Senators.	Post-office.	Term.
*Henry B. Payne	Cleveland	1885-1891.
John Sherman	Mansfield	1887-1893.

* Calvin S. Brice, Lima, elected his successor.

REPRESENTATIVES IN THE 52D CONGRESS FROM OHIO.

Districts.	Representatives.	Politics.	Residence.
1	Bellamy Storer	R.	Cincinnati.
2	John A. Caldwell,*	R.	"
3	George W. Houk	D.	Dayton.
4	Martin K. Gantz	D.	Urbana.
5	Fernando C. Layton	D.	Wapakoneta.
6	Dennis D. Donovan	D.	Deshler.
7	William E. Haynes,*	D.	Fremont.
8	Darius D. Hare	D.	Upper Sandusky.
9	Joseph H. Outhwaite,*	D.	Columbus.
10	Robert E. Doan	R.	Wilmington.
11	John M. Pattison	D.	Milford.
12	William H. Enochs	R.	Ironton.
13	Irvine Dungan	D.	Jackson.
14	James W. Owens,*	D.	Newark.
15	Michael D. Harter	D.	Mansfield.
16	John G. Warwick	D.	Massillon.
17	Albert G. Pearson	D.	Woodsville.
18	Joseph D. Taylor,*	R.	Cambridge.
19	Ezra B. Taylor,*	R.	Warren.
20	Vincent A. Taylor	R.	Bedford.
21	Tom L. Johnson	D.	Cleveland.

* Members of 51st Congress.

THE THIRD CONSTITUTIONAL CONVENTION.

In our first volume are given lists of the members of the First and Second Constitutional Conventions. Here follows a list of the members of the Third Convention.

The Third Convention met at Columbus, May 13, 1873. It adjourned Aug. 8th, and met in Cincinnati, Dec. 2d. It adjourned *sine die*, May 15, 1874. At an election on the 18th of August ensuing the Constitution it had formed was submitted to the people and rejected by a majority of 147,284; the nays having been 250,169, and the yeas, 102,885.

Adams, Thomas J. Mullen. *Allen*, Theo. E. Cunningham. *Ashland*, George W. Hill. *Ashtabula*, H. B. Woodbury. *Athens*, Rodolph De Steigner. *Auglaize*, W. V. M. Layton. *Belmont*, Daniel D. T. Cowen. *Brown*, Chilton A. White. *Butler*, Lewis D. Campbell. *Carroll*, William Adair. *Champaign*, John H. Young. *Clark*, John H. Blose. *Clermont*, John Shaw. *Clinton*, A. W. Doan. *Columbiana*, James W. Reilly. *Coshocton*, William Sample. *Crawford*, Thomas Beer. *Cuyahoga*, Sherlock J. Andrews, Jacob Mueller, Amos Townsend, Martin A. Foran, Seneca O. Griswold. *Darke*, George D. Miller. *Defiance and Paulding*, Jacob J. Green. *Dela-ware*, Thomas W. Powell. *Erie*, Joseph M. Root. *Fairfield*, Thomas Ewing, Jr. *Layette*, Mills Gardner. *Franklin*, Llewellyn Baber, John J. Rickly. *Fulton*, Ozias Merrill. *Gallia*, John W. McCormick. *Geauga*, Peter Hitchcock. *Greene*, Thos P. Townsley. *Guernsey*, Charles J. Albright.

Hamilton, John W. Herron, George Hoadley, Rufus King, Richard M. Bishop, Josiah L. Keek, a Joseph P. Carberry, Samuel F. Hunt, Charles W. Rowland, Elias H. Johnson, Julius Freiberg, John L. Miner. b *Hancock*, A. P. Bial. *Hardin*, William H. Phillips, Harrison, William G. Waddle. *Henry*, A. H. Tyler. *Highland*, John A. Smith. *Hocking*, Alexander White. *Holmes*, Carolus F. Voorhes. *Huron*, Cooper K. Watson. *Jackson*, James Tripp. *Jefferson*, Samuel W. Clark. *Knox*, Richard S. Fulloss. *Lake*, Perry Bosworth. *Laurence*, Henry S. Neal. *Licking*, William P. Kerr. *Logan*, William H. West. *Lorain*, John C. Hale. *Lucas*, Morrison R. Waite, a Charles H. Scribner, Jas. B. Steedman. c *Madison*, Charles Phellis. *Mahoning*, David M. Wilson. *Marion*, W. E. Scofield. *Medina*, Samuel Humphreville. *Meigs*, Daniel A. Russell. *Mercer*, Thomas J. Godfrey. *Miami*, G. Volney Dorsey. *Mon-roe*, William Okey. *Montgomery*, A. Clay, Emanuel Shultz. *Morgan*, Francis B. Pond. *Morrow*, John J. Gurley. *Muskingum*, Charles C. Russell, Daniel Van Voorhis. *Noble*, William J. Young. *Ottawa*, Adolphus Kraemer.

Perry, Lyman J. Jackson. *Pickaway*, Henry F. Page. *Pike*, John L. Caldwell. *Portage*, Joseph D. Horton. *Preble*, David Barnett. *Putnam*, Samuel P. Weaver. *Richland*, Barnabas Burns. *Ross*, Milton L. Clark. *Sandusky*, J. S. Van Valkenburgh. *Scioto*, James W. Bannon. *Seneca*, John D. O'Conner, d John McCauley. e *Shelby*, Ednon Smith, d Harvey Guthrie. f *Stark*, Anson Pease, James C. Hostetter. *Summit*, Alvin C. Voris. *Trumbull*, George M. Tuttle. *Tuscarawas*, Charles H. Mitchener. *Union*, John B. Coats. *Van Wert*, Isaac N. Alexander. *Vinton*, Harvey Wells. *Warren*, Thomas F. Thompson. *Washington*, Harlow Chapin. *Wayne*, John K. McBride. *Williams*, Albert M. Pratt. *Wood*, Asher Cook. *Wyandot*, John D. Sears.

MORRISON R. WAITE *President.*
RUFUS KING, (Vice Waite, resigned) *President.*
DUDLEY W. RHODES *Secretary.*

a Resigned. b Vice Josiah L. Keek, resigned. c Vice Waite, resigned. d Deceased.
e Vice O'Conner, deceased. f Vice Smith, deceased.

INDEX.

COUNTIES, CITIES, VILLAGES.

VOL. I.—COUNTIES.

DISTANCE IN MILES AND DIRECTION FROM COLUMBUS	Census, 1890.	Census, 1880.	Square miles.
Adams, 84 s.....	26,093	24,005	488
Allen, 78 N. W.....	40,644	31,314	447
Ashland, 74 N. E.....	22,223	23,883	437
Ashtabula, 166 N. E.....	43,655	37,139	700
Athens, 65 s. E.....	35,194	28,411	485
Auglaize, 75 N. W.....	28,100	25,444	398
Belmont, 111 E.....	57,413	49,638	520
Brown, 87 s.....	29,899	32,911	460
Butler, 90 s. W.....	48,597	42,579	475
Carroll, 110 N. E.....	17,566	16,416	401
Champaign, 40 W.....	26,980	27,817	447
Clark, 41 W.....	52,277	41,948	393
Clermont, 86 s. W.....	33,553	36,713	496
Clinton, 56 s. W.....	24,240	24,756	384
Columbiana, 123 N. E.....	59,029	48,602	538
Coshocton, 64 E.....	26,703	26,642	550
Crawford, 59 N.....	31,927	30,583	393
Cuyahoga, 126 N. E.....	309,970	196,943	480
Darke, 85 w.....	42,961	40,496	600
Defiance, 106 N. W.....	25,769	22,515	414
Delaware, 23 N.....	27,189	27,381	452
Erie, 97 N.....	35,462	32,640	260
Fairfield, 28 s. E.....	33,939	34,284	474
Fayette, 256 W.....	22,309	20,364	398
Franklin.....	124,087	86,797	524
Fulton, 124 N. W.....	22,023	21,053	402
Gallia, 91 s. E.....	27,005	28,124	441
Geauga, 144 N. E.....	13,489	14,251	400
Greene, 51 s. W.....	29,820	31,349	416
Guernsey, 75 E.....	28,645	27,197	517

VOL. II.—COUNTIES.

Hamilton, 90 s. W.....	374,573	313,374	400
Hancock, 79 N. W.....	42,563	27,784	522
Hardin, 57 N. W.....	28,939	27,023	425
Harrison, 107 E.....	20,830	20,456	405
Henry, 105 N. W.....	25,080	20,585	420
Highland, 60 s.....	29,048	30,281	527
Hocking, 45 s. E.....	22,658	21,126	408
Holmes, 70 N. E.....	21,139	20,776	436
Huron, 89 N.....	31,949	31,609	480
Jackson, 67 s.....	28,408	23,686	392
Jefferson, 126 E.....	39,415	33,018	435
Knox, 40 N. E.....	27,600	27,431	527
Lake, 150 N. E.....	18,235	16,326	240
Lawrence, 100 s.....	39,556	39,068	430
Licking, 33 E.....	43,279	40,450	685
Logan, 43 N. W.....	27,386	26,267	448
Lorain, 145 N.....	40,295	35,526	530
Lucas, 117 N.....	102,296	67,377	430
Madison, 23 W.....	20,057	20,129	465
Mahoning, 144 N. E.....	55,979	42,871	422
Marion, 42 N.....	24,727	20,565	416
Medina, 100 N. E.....	21,742	21,453	420
Meigs, 82 s. E.....	29,813	32,325	415
Mercer, 91 w.....	27,220	21,808	460
Miami, 63 w.....	39,754	36,158	396
Monroe, 100 E.....	25,175	26,496	468
Montgomery, 63 W.....	100,852	78,550	480
Morgan, 65 s. E.....	19,143	20,074	400
Morrow, 40 N.....	18,120	19,072	432
Muskingum, 53 E.....	51,210	49,774	651
Noble, 78 E.....	20,753	21,138	415

VOL. III.—COUNTIES.

DISTANCE IN MILES AND DIRECTION FROM COLUMBUS.	Census, 1890.	Census, 1880.	Square miles.
Ottawa, 105 N.....	21,974	19,762	311
Paulding, 115 N. W.....	25,932	13,485	414
Perry, 46 E.....	31,151	28,218	402
Pickaway, 26 S.....	26,959	27,415	501
Pike, 68 S.....	17,482	17,927	436
Portage, 122 N. E.....	27,868	27,500	480
Preble, 105 W.....	23,421	24,533	432
Putnam, 90 N. W.....	30,188	23,713	480
Richland, 60 N.....	38,072	36,306	487
Ross, 44 S.....	39,454	40,307	658
Sandusky, 73 N.....	30,617	32,057	418
Scioto, 85 S.....	35,377	33,511	613
Seneca, 78 N.....	40,869	36,947	544
Shelby, 64 W.....	24,707	24,137	420
Stark, 102 N. E.....	84,170	64,031	560
Summit, 109 N. E.....	54,089	43,788	391
Trumbull, 142.....	42,373	44,880	625
Tuscarawas, 90 N. E.....	46,618	40,198	539
Union, 26 N. W.....	22,860	22,375	427
Van Wert, 102 N. W.....	29,671	23,028	405
Vinton, 57 S. E.....	16,045	17,223	402
Warren, 72 S. W.....	25,468	28,392	428
Washington, 90 S. E.....	42,380	43,244	635
Wayne, 80 N. E.....	39,005	40,076	540
Williams, 140 N. W.....	24,897	23,821	415
Wood, 102 N. W.....	44,392	34,022	623
Wyandot, 60 N.....	21,722	22,395	404

The summary by counties gives the census of Ohio for 1890 3,672,316; for 1880 at 3,198,062; increase, 508,315; and square miles 40,760.

CITIES AND VILLAGES.

CITIES AND VILLAGES.	Counties in which Located, with Volume and Page.	CENSUS.	
		1890.	1880.
A			
ADA.....	Hardinii, 166	2,079	1,760
ABERDEEN.....	Browni, 340	874	885
ADDISON.....	Champaigni, 386	513
AKRON.....	Summit.....iii, 313	27,601	16,512
ALLIANCE.....	Starkiii, 302	7,607	4,636
ANSONIA.....	Darkei, 539	676
ANTWERP.....	Pauldingiii, 39	1,331	1,275
ARCANUM.....	Darkei, 538	1,134	778
ARCHBOLD.....	Fultoni, 662	780	635
ASHLAND.....	Ashland.....i, 251	3,566	3,004
ASHLEY.....	Delaware.....i, 563	628	483
ASHTABULA.....	Ashtabulai, 272	8,338	4,445
ATHENS.....	Athensi, 286	2,620	2,457
ATTICA.....	Seneca.....iii, 269	682	663
AUBURNDALE.....	Lucas.....	1,609
AVONDALE.....	Hamilton.....ii, 141	4,473	2,552
B			
BALTIMORE.....	Fairfield.....i, 600	505	489
BARNHILL.....	Tuscarawas.....	949
BARNESVILLE.....	Belmonti, 324	3,207	2,435
BATAVIA.....	Clermont.....i, 400	988	1,015
BEALLSVILLE.....	Monroe.....ii, 532	512	391
BEDFORD.....	Cuyahogai, 528	1,043	766
BELLAIRE.....	Belmonti, 320	9,934	8,025
BELLE CENTRE.....	Loganii, 370	927	434
BELLEFONTAINE.....	Loganii, 357	4,245	3,998
BELLEVUE.....	Huronii, 235	3,052	2,169
BELLVILLE.....	Richlandiii, 162	941	971

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CITIES AND VILLAGES.	Counties in which Located, with Volume and Page.	CENSUS.	
		1890.	1880.
B			
BELPRE.....	Washington.....iii, 165	1,543
BEREA.....	Cuyahoga.....i, 525	2,533	1,682
BERLIN HEIGHTS.....	Erie.....ii, 227	517
BETHEL.....	Clermont.....i, 413	625	582
BETTSVILLE.....	Seneca.....iii, 269	513
BEVERLY.....	Washington.....iii, 526	784	834
BLANCHESTER.....	Clinton.....i, 433	1,196	776
BLOOMDALE.....	Wood.....	560
BLOOMINGBURG.....	Fayette.....i, 607	638	526
BLOOMVILLE.....	Seneca.....iii, 269	758	689
BLUFFTON.....	Allen.....i, 250	1,290	1,290
BOLIVAR.....	Tuscarawas.....iii, 390	724
BOND HILL.....	Hamilton.....	1,000
BOWLING GREEN.....	Wood.....iii, 578	3,521	1,539
BRIDGEPORT.....	Belmont.....i, 313	3,369	2,395
BROOKLYN.....	Cuyahoga.....	4,881	1,295
BROOKVILLE.....	Montgomery.....ii, 566	618	574
BRYAN.....	Williams.....iii, 544	3,068	2,952
BUCYRUS.....	Crawford.....i, 482	5,974	3,835
BYESVILLE.....	Guernsey.....i, 737	789
C			
CADIZ.....	Harrison.....ii, 169	1,716	1,817
CALEDONIA.....	Marion.....ii, 457	685	627
CALDWELL.....	Noble.....ii, 622	1,248	602
CAMBRIDGE.....	Guernsey.....i, 728	4,361	2,883
CAMDEN.....	Preble.....iii, 131	846	800
CAMP DENNISON.....	Hamilton.....ii, 144	584
CANAL DOVER.....	Tuscarawas.....iii, 387	3,373	2,208
CANAL FULTON.....	Stark.....iii, 305	837	1,196
CANAL WINCHESTER.....	Franklin.....i, 660	782	850
CANFIELD.....	Mahoning.....ii, 445	675	650
CANTON.....	Stark.....iii, 288	26,189	12,258
CARDINGTON.....	Morrow.....ii, 591	1,428	1,365
CAREY.....	Wyandot.....ii, 612	1,605	1,148
CARROLL.....	Fairfield.....i, 600	739	288
CARROLLTON.....	Carroll.....i, 359	1,228	1,136
CARTHAGE.....	Hamilton.....ii, 143	2,059
CEDARVILLE.....	Greene.....i, 725	1,355	1,181
CELINA.....	Mercer.....ii, 499	2,684	1,346
CENTREBURG.....	Knox.....ii, 283	588	400
CHAGRIN FALLS.....	Cuyahoga.....i, 526	1,444	1,211
CHARDON.....	Geauga.....i, 689	1,084	1,081
CHICAGO.....	Huron.....ii, 236	1,299
CHILLICOTHE.....	Ross.....iii, 167	11,288	10,938
CINCINNATI.....	Hamilton.....ii, 65	296,908	255,139
CIRCLEVILLE.....	Pickaway.....iii, 72	6,556	6,046
CLARINGTON.....	Monroe.....ii, 536	739	915
CLEVELAND.....	Cuyahoga.....i, 497	261,353	160,146
CLIFTON.....	Hamilton.....ii, 142	1,575
CLYDE.....	Sandusky.....iii, 230	2,327	2,380
COALTON.....	Jackson.....ii, 247	1,459
COLLEGE HILL.....	Hamilton.....ii, 143	1,346	740
COLUMBIANA.....	Columbiana.....i, 465	1,112	1,223
COLUMBUS.....	Franklin.....i, 612	88,150	51,647
COLUMBUS GROVE.....	Putnam.....iii, 144	1,666	1,392
CONNEAUT.....	Ashtabula.....i, 263	3,241	1,256
CONVOY.....	Van Wert.....iii, 420	500	386
CORNING.....	Perry.....iii, 58	1,551
CORTLAND.....	Trumbull.....iii, 364	697	616
COSHOCOTON.....	Coshocton.....i, 469	3,672	3,044
COVINGTON.....	Miami.....ii, 525	1,778	1,458
CRESTLINE.....	Crawford.....i, 492	2,911	2,848
CRESTON.....	Wayne.....iii, 542	584
CRIDERSVILLE.....	Auglaize.....i, 306	701	260
CUMBERLAND.....	Guernsey.....i, 737	601	519
CYGNET.....	Wood.....	670
D			
DALTON.....	Wayne.....iii, 542	610	486
DAYTON.....	Montgomery.....ii, 546	61,220	38,678
DEFIANCE.....	Defiance.....i, 541	7,694	5,907

CITIES AND VILLAGES.	Counties in which Located, with Volume and Page.	CENSUS.	
		1890.	1880.
D			
DELAWARE	Delaware.....i, 553	8,224	6,894
DEGRAFF	Logan.....ii, 370	1,076	965
DELHI	Hamilton.....ii, 144	531
DELTA	Fulton.....i, 667	1,132	859
DELPHOS	Allen.....i, 249	4,516	3,814
DENNISON.....	Tuscarawas.....iii, 389	2,925	1,518
DESHLER.....	Henry.....ii, 193	1,114	752
DONNELLSVILLE	Clark.....i, 407	1,118	194
DOYLESTOWN	Wayne.....iii, 541	1,131	1,040
DRESDEN	Muskingum.....ii, 623	1,202	1,204
DUNKIRK.....	Hardin.....ii, 167	1,220	1,311
DUPONT.....	Putnam.....iii, 144	531
E			
EAST LIVERPOOL.....	Columbiana.....i, 459	10,956	5,568
EAST PALESTINE.....	Columbiana.....i, 465	1,816	1,047
EATON.....	Preble.....iii, 115	2,996	2,143
EDGERTON.....	Williams.....iii, 556	967	782
EDON.....	Williams.....iii, 556	601	513
ELMORE.....	Ottawa.....iii, 29	1,198	1,044
ELMWOOD.....	Hamilton.....ii, 143	1,980
ELYRIA.....	Lorain.....ii, 373	5,611	4,777
F			
FAIRPORT	Lake.....ii, 296	1,171
FAYETTE	Fulton.....i, 607	853	579
FINDLAY.....	Hancock.....ii, 145	18,553	4,633
FLETCHER.....	Miami.....ii, 526	913	384
FLUSHING	Belmont.....i, 327	528	334
FOREST.....	Hardin.....ii, 167	1,126	987
FOSTORIA.....	Seneca.....iii, 266	7,070	3,569
FRANKFORT.....	Ross.....iii, 195	667	548
FRANKLIN.....	Warren.....iii, 448	2,729	2,385
FRAZEYSBURG	Muskingum.....ii, 624	610	484
FREDERICKSBURG	Wayne.....iii, 542	600	550
FREDERICKTOWN.....	Knox.....ii, 282	847	850
FREEPORT.....	Harrison.....ii, 183	672	387
FREMONT.....	Sandusky.....iii, 197	7,141	8,456
G			
GALLIPOLIS.....	Gallia.....i, 667	4,498	4,400
GALION.....	Crawford.....i, 487	6,326	5,635
GAMBIER.....	Knox.....ii, 283	513	576
GENEVA.....	Ashtabula.....i, 275	2,103	1,903
GENOA.....	Ottawa.....iii, 29	839	930
GERMANTOWN.....	Montgomery.....ii, 566	1,437	1,618
GEORGETOWN.....	Brown.....i, 330	1,473	1,293
GIBSONBURG.....	Sandusky.....iii, 230	585	589
GIRARD.....	Trumbull.....iii, 364	2,150
GLANDORF.....	Putnam.....iii, 145	571
GLENDALE.....	Hamilton.....ii, 143	1,444	1,400
GRAFTON.....	Lorain.....ii, 392	600
GRANVILLE	Licking.....ii, 329	1,293	1,127
GREENFIELD.....	Highland.....ii, 209	2,460	2,104
GREEN SPRING.....	Seneca.....iii, 269	863	720
GREENWICH.....	Huron.....ii, 236	881	647
GREENVILLE	Darke.....i, 530	5,473	3,535
GROVEPORT.....	Franklin.....i, 660	578	650
H			
HAMDEN.....	Vinton.....iii, 430	622	520
HAMILTON.....	Butler.....i, 346	17,565	12,122
HAMLER.....	Henry.....ii, 193	556
HANGING ROCK.....	Lawrence.....ii, 314	846	624
HARMAR.....	Washington.....iii, 525	1,777	1,572
HARRISBURG.....	Franklin.....i, 660	1,410	186
HARRISON.....	Hamilton.....ii, 142	1,690	1,560
HARRISONVILLE	Scioto.....	1,075
HARTWELL.....	Hamilton.....ii, 143	1,507	892
HAZLEWOOD.....	Hamilton.....ii, 144	502
HICKSVILLE.....	Defiance.....i, 547	2,141	1,212
HIGGINSPOET.....	Brown.....i, 339	1,842	762

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H			
HILLSBORO	Highland.....ii, 194	3,645	3,234
HOLGATE	Henry	1,134
HOME CITY	Hamilton	797	422
HUBBARDTOWN	Trumbull.....iii, 366	1,475
HUDSON.....	Summit.....iii, 312	1,119
HUNTERSVILLE.....	Miami.....ii, 566	760	223
HUNTSVILLE.....	Logan	500	429
HURON	Erie.....i, 584	1,380	1,038
I			
IRONTON.....	Lawrence.....ii, 312	10,939	8,857
J			
JACKSON.....	Jackson.....ii, 243	4,275	3,021
JACKSONVILLE	Adams.....i, 240	1,182
JACKSONVILLE.....	Athens.....i, 292	727
JAMESTOWN.....	Greene.....i, 721	1,104	877
JEFFERSON	Ashtabula.....i, 266	1,346	1,008
JEWETT	Harrison.....ii, 183	506
K			
KENT	Portage.....iii, 103	3,481	3,309
KENTON	Hardin	5,557	3,940
KINGSTON.....	Ross.....iii, 194	751	442
L			
LA BELLE	Lawrence	884
LAKEWOOD	Cuyahoga.....i, 518	1,101
LA GRANGE	Lorain	551	511
LANCASTER.....	Fairfield.....i, 725	7,555	6,803
LA RUE.....	Marion	913	614
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LEESBURGH.....	Highland	617	513
LEETONIA.....	Columbiana	2,826	2,552
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LIBERTY CENTRE.....	Henry.....ii, 193	522	504
LIMA.....	Allen.....i, 240	15,987	7,567
LINWOOD	Hamilton	1,276	723
LOCKLAND	Hamilton.....ii, 143	2,474	1,884
LODI	Medina.....ii, 473	568
LOGAN.....	Hocking.....ii, 214	3,119	2,666
LONDON.....	Madison.....ii, 419	3,313	3,067
LORAIN.....	Lorain.....ii, 391	4,863	1,595
LOUDONVILLE.....	Ashland	260	1,497
LOUISVILLE	Stark.....iii, 305	1,323	1,050
LOVELAND.....	Clermont.....i, 420	732	595
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MALVERN.....	Carroll.....i, 370	638
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MARYSVILLE.....	Union.....iii, 392	2,832	2,061
MASON.....	Warren.....iii, 470	564	431
MASSILLON.....	Stark.....iii, 294	10,092	6,836
MAUMEE CITY	Lucas.....ii, 401	1,645	1,780
MCARTHUR.....	Vinton.....iii, 427	888	900
MCCOMB.....	Hancock.....ii, 154	1,030	417
MCCONNELLSVILLE.....	Morgan.....ii, 573	1,771	1,473

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MIAMISBURG	Montgomery	2,952	1,936
MIDDLEPORT	Meigs	3,211	3,032
MIDDLETOWN	Butler	7,681	4,538
MILAN	Erie	627	797
MILFORD	Clermont.....i, 411	995
MILFORD CENTRE	Union	718	490
MILLBURY	Wood	609
MILLERSBURGH	Holmes	1,923	1,814
MILLERSPORT	Fairfield	1,059
MILTON	Miami.....ii, 526	796	688
MINERAL CITY	Tuscarawas	893
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MINGO JUNCTION	Jefferson	2,458
MINSTER	Auglaize	1,126	1,123
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MORROW	Warren	842	946
MOUNT GILEAD	Morrow	1,363	1,216
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MOUNT PLEASANT	Jefferson	628	693
MOUNT STERLING	Madison	764	482
MOUNT VERNON	Knox	6,027	5,249
MOUNT VICTORY	Hardin	689
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NAPOLEON	Henry.....ii, 186	2,764	3,032
NATIONAL MILITARY HOME.....	Montgomery	4,643
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NEWARK	Licking	14,270	9,600
NEW BREMEN	Auglaize	1,239	1,169
NEW CARLISLE.....	Clark	958	818
NEWCOMERSTOWN	Tuscarawas	1,240	926
NEW CONCORD	Muskingum	755	514
NEW HOLLAND	Pickaway	538	478
NEW LEXINGTON	Perry	1,470	1,357
NEW LISBON	Columbiana	2,278	2,028
NEW LONDON	Huron	1,096	1,011
NEW MATAMORAS.....	Washington	590	631
NEW MOORFIELD	Clark	874
NEW PARIS	Preble	842	835
NEW PHILADELPHIA	Tuscarawas	4,476	3,070
NEW RICHMOND	Clermont.....i, 417	2,379	2,545
NEW STRATSVILLE	Perry	2,774	2,782
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NORTH AMHERST.....	Lorain	1,648	1,542
NORTH BALTIMORE	Wood	2,857	701
NORTH LAWRENCE	Stark	837	494
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OAK HARBOR	Ottawa.....iii, 29	1,681	987
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OAKLEY	Hamilton	1,266
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PAYNE	Paulding.....iii, 39	1,146
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PERRYSBURGH.....	Woodiii, 577	1,747	1,909
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POMEROY	Meigsii, 479	4,726	5,560
PROSPECT	Marionii, 457	830	600
PORT CLINTON.....	Ottawaiii, 18	2,049	1,600
PORTLAND	Meigs	1,175
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